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CHRISTIAN TREASURY

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THE
W. J. Stone
CHRISTIAN TREASURY.

CONTAINING

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM MINISTERS AND MEMBERS

OF

VARIOUS EVANGELICAL DENOMINATIONS.

JOHN JOHNSTONE,

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THE
CHRISTIAN TREASURY.

CONTAINING CONTRIBUTIONS FROM MINISTERS AND MEMBERS OF VARIOUS
EVANGELICAL DENOMINATIONS.

NARRATIVE OF A VISIT TO SOME OF THE STATIONS OF THE
EVANGELICAL SOCIETY IN FRANCE.

BY THE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST W. NOEL.

On Tuesday the 15th of September, in company with three friends, I left Paris for Blois. On the road I had an opportunity of remarking that Frenchmen are not always inaccessible on the subject of religion. A French gentleman in the same railway carriage with ourselves, gave us courteously the information which we asked respecting his country, and received in return, with equal readiness, the remarks which were made to him on the subject of personal religion; acknowledged the duty of reading the Word of God; and accepted, with thanks, a copy of the New Testament. Another gentleman, superintendent of one of the railway stations, and an old sailor, jovial, sceptical, and light-hearted, who professed never to read any book whatever, still, after some religious conversation, accepted a New Testament with tears in his eyes; and at parting, expressed his regret that we were obliged so soon to separate. Till within a few years there was no French Protestant in Blois. It has now its excellent minister, M. Cadier, supported by the Evangelical Society. A few converts only meet in the humble room which is set apart for Protestant worship. But in a beautiful site, which looks down upon the picturesque town, with its lofty castle on the right, and its equally proud cathedral on an eminence to the left, a Protestant temple is rising. In that cathedral superstition has chained the minds of its devotees; in that castle, pride and power have held their revels over the prisoners, whose groans from the dungeons below might mingle with the laugh, and

the dance, and the song, in the halls above. There solemn treaties, parliamentary debates, and splendid tournaments, had alternated with deeds of darkness—there, in 1588, Henry Duke of Guise fell dead at the door of Henry III., pierced by the daggers of forty-five assassins, who acted under the orders of the king; and there Henry IV. celebrated his nuptials with Margaret of Anjou. Atrocities and gaieties have alike vanished; but in its place a Protestant Church is forming, and a Protestant temple rising, which may give to Blois and its thirteen thousand inhabitants more honour and advantage than ever it derived from its castle and its cathedral.

A merry party on Wednesday morning, to whom the motion of the railroad was a novelty, laughed and chatted, as the vineyards seemed to flit past us, and the dragon of an engine hurried us along the banks of the glittering Loire, with a speed which might make the pigeon and the swallow envy our rival flight. Yet this gay-hearted family welcomed some religious tracts which were put into their hands; and when they had satisfied their curiosity by thrusting out their heads to see the new bridge over the river in the neighbourhood of Tours, and expressed their admiration of its magnitude and beauty, they listened with more than willingness when it was explained to them that the only safe bridge across the abyss of death, is that simple faith in Christ which alone can conduct us safely to the opposite shore of heaven.

A few years since Tours was without any

Protestant worship in the French language; but the Evangelical Society having established a missionary there, it has now a considerable Church, an established pastor, and a neat temple.

Saumur has had a similar experience. I saw it, as well as Tours, glowing above its glassy river, surrounded by its fruitful vineyards, beneath a cloudless sun. It was once more flourishing than at present. Within the walls of its castle, crowning a central rock in the city, Duplassis Mornay lived as governor. Protestants, protected by him, brought to it the industrious arts, and it flourished in manufactures, commerce, and learning. The revocation of the edict of Nantes destroyed all; and Saumur has never risen from that fall. Forty years ago one solitary Protestant lived there, originally a Catholic, who, in the delirium of the revolution, read his Bible in secret. He was blessed in his search after truth, and became a Protestant. A member of his family still lives to recall the piety of her grandfather; but she is no longer solitary. M. Duvisus, the Protestant pastor, with his colporteur and schoolmaster, conducted us to his neat Protestant temple, introduced us to two of his deacons, grave and simple-minded men, and gave us the opportunity of uniting with about seventy members of his flock in their Wednesday evening worship.

Our course now lay southward to the department of the Charente, where we found no less ample proofs of the blessing of God resting upon evangelical activity. Mausle, a village with 1,800 inhabitants, has few attractions. The clear Charente there rolls over its rushy bed among green meadows, and the undulating neighbourhood was rich with an abundant vintage; but there is nothing picturesque in the scenery. The houses are irregular, poor, and dirty—the inhabitants, like other inhabitants of rural communes in the centre of France, intelligent, half-educated, and irreligious. Here M. Roussel, in 1845, preached for the first time in a barn, to a congregation wholly Catholic. The mayor opposed him, the parish priest aided in the opposition; but the barn was crowded till doors and windows were crammed with the faces of men. Then M. Roussel determined to build, and the barn gave place to a modest temple, which rose on the same spot. This roused the Church and the State. The Bishop of Angoulême mustered his clergy to parade the streets of Mausle, and then fulminated his Episcopal indignation against M. Roussel in the parish church. Then followed Abbé Descordes, who, in successive sermons, endeavoured to excite

the crowds attracted by the fame of his eloquence, against the movement and the Protestants. The mayor commenced a legal process against M. Roussel. The mayor of Ruffec wrote a bitter pamphlet against him. Meanwhile the temple continued to rise. The workmen perversely heeded neither mayors nor clergy, and on Saturday, September 19, about 400 assembled for worship for the first time within the walls. Sunday, 20th, there was a gathering of the friends of the gospel. Above 800 persons crowded the temple; about 200 outside sought admission in vain; and three times that day was the gospel preached to the people—once by M. Roussel, and twice by two Protestant ministers of the neighbourhood.

St. Jean d'Angely, in the Lower Charente, situated on the right bank of the Bontonne, with 6,000 inhabitants, and placed in the midst of luxuriant vineyards, was some time since a scene of equal religious excitement. Hundreds flocked to hear the Word of God when it was first preached there; and it has now its temple and its pastor. At the Reformation nearly all the inhabitants became Protestants; but, as in many other places, they have fallen into superstition or indifference; and at this day it owes its pastor and its little congregation of Protestants, with whom we worshipped on Monday, 21st September, to the zeal of the French Evangelical Society.

Around St. Jean are five stations of the Society, at which five evangelists are encouraged by considerable congregations, who have placed themselves under Protestant instruction. At one of these (Brouillac) about thirty villagers met for worship on Tuesday morning, the 22d, having left their harvest labours for this purpose in the busiest season of their year; amiable and simple persons, who having recently embraced the doctrines of the gospel, are now raising for themselves a place of worship. In that neighbourhood, seventeen communes have asked for Protestant ministers in vain, the pastor of St. Jean d'Angely, M. P. Boubila, and his five coadjutors, who labour in the villages, being utterly unable to comply with their invitations. We will pass by Angoulême, where the zeal of M. Roussel has constructed a temple, to speak of the Upper Vienne, to which we next proceeded. The sun was up in heaven, gleaming on the torrent course of the Vienne. When we approached Limoges from the west, our road lay amidst green meadows, wound among many-shaped hills—now descending almost to the banks of the river, now rising to

some eminence—whence we could descry far and near interminable groves of the Spanish chesnut; and the universal sunshine made every object gay and every heart cheerful as we approached the capital of the Limousin. That part of the department which is visible along the road between Limoges and St. Junien, to the west, and along the road between Limoges and Le Dorat, to the north, is highly picturesque. The vine is only seen in a few favourable positions. There are few fields of wheat. The stony soil yields rye, oats, potatoes, and buckwheat (*blé des Sarrazins*); so that the department is poor. But lofty hills, of which the principal are the Puy de Vieux and Mount Jargeant, rise to the height of 975 metres and 950 metres respectively, present a beautiful background to the immense chesnut groves, through which the Vienne and its tributaries, the Gartempe, the Seine, and the Couze, murmur and glitter along their winding channels. The inhabitants are said to be as superstitious as they are poor. No longer, certainly, is the feast of the Brandons celebrated at Limoges as formerly, when, in the Church of St. Martial, the patron of the city, at the end of each psalm the congregation chanted, “St. Martial, priez pour nous, et nous danserons pour vous”—“St. Martial, pray for us, and we will dance for you.” But other absurdities still maintain their ground. A Limousin on the day of his wedding, must, for fear of sorcerers, take some salt in his pocket, and wear on his finger a ring which the priest has blessed. When several weddings take place at the same time, there is often a quarrel in the church in the struggle to reach the door first, because it is believed that the persons who last leave the church will die first. The saint who is the patron of the village of Darnac, has the privilege of curing all the maladies which affect the different parts of the body. But if they have a sore on the arm, the leg, or the head, they must, to get cured, touch the arm, the leg, or the head of the saint with a ball of wool, thrown from a certain distance; if they fail in touching it, they must throw it a second or a third time, till they succeed in touching the member of the saint which corresponds with that one for which they are desirous to obtain a cure. The same ball of wool must only be used once, and the sacristan picks up those which are thrown. It sometimes happens that this exercise goes on while they celebrate mass, and the curé receives some blows from the bulls, on his head or side; but he pays no attention to it, as he is indemnified for it by an abundant provision of wool.

And we may judge of their views of civil government from the fact, that many of the peasants have adopted for their evening prayer: “*Deliverer nous de tout male et de la justice*”—“Deliver us from all evil and from justice.” If you ask them what they mean by justice, they reply, “From the blue coats and black robes”—meaning the gendarmes and the judges.

All this may easily be believed by those who witnessed, as we did, an enormous procession at Chateau Pousac, headed by priests and other officials, escorting a tawdry doll, representing the Virgin Mary, to one of their churches. On that day I stood for some time in a church, in which the side altar had on its centre a figure of a dancing nymph in plaster-of-Paris; on its left extremity a coarse and odious wooden figure of St. Roch; and on the right a still more detestable image of the Virgin Mary, representing her as a gross, soulless, slovenly, red-visaged old woman, dressed in dirty muslin. These two figures were kissed by hundreds, old and young. Gay, laughing girls followed decrepid age to kiss the feet of these idols; and mothers held their reluctant babes up, and pressed by force their tiny lips to the revolting feet of the figures, or to their soiled drapery. Superstition does not improve the morals and habits of this district. They are thus described by the French author from whom I have taken the previous account of their superstitions: “To drink and play at cards are the only passions which force them from their ordinary moderation. The labourer sometimes hazards sums of money, which are for him considerable, and destroys in a moment the comfort and peace of his family. The fury of play is not so common as the love of drink. Sundays and fair-days one meets on the roads scarcely any whose reason has not been troubled, and who are not staggering in their walk, through wine.”*

To some of the communes of this department a series of providential circumstances led M. Roussel about two years since. He was invited to preach in the village of Ville Favard, and the inhabitants crowded to listen. Forbidden by the authorities, pursued even by the police, he was only the more eagerly followed by the people. Hardship and labour only animated him the more; and the effect upon them was such, that the master of the village inn said to one of my friends, during our visit to that place, “If they were to take him to the stake, we would all of us go to die with him.”

(To be continued.)

* France Pittoresque, art. *Haute Vienne*.

UNLAWFUL ANGER.

MATT. v. 22.

CHRIST is here exposing the shallow views and corrupt interpretations of the Jewish doctors, through which they greatly narrowed the meaning and obligation of the law of God. The method they took in doing so was substantially the same with that pursued by carnal men in every age; they looked chiefly to the outward act enjoined or forbidden in the precept, framing numberless rules and distinctions about that, but leaving nearly unnoticed the state of affection in the heart, or its smaller manifestations in ordinary life. Thus, in regard to the sixth commandment in the law, "Thou shalt not kill," their practice was to consider the precept with respect merely to the act and circumstances of murder, and, as regards liability to punishment, to rest satisfied with holding him who should be guilty of so heinous an offence, obnoxious to the highest penalties of the judgment. *But I say unto you*, is the word of Christ, *that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell-fire.*

We have here three forms, probably also three grades, of angry feeling or intemperate passion mentioned by our Lord, each coupled with something in the way of punishment to mark its guilt and culpability. But what seems strange at first sight, is the circumstance, that apparently the *least* excess—the mere saying to a brother, "Thou fool"—stands connected with the most awful mark of condemnation—with the danger of an appointment to hell-fire. This seeming, but only *seeming* incongruity, has led to the supposition, that a much greater degree of bitter and malignant feeling must have been anciently expressed in the word "Thou fool" than we are now wont to attach to it. Commentators have sought with much diligence for proofs of this; and also for examples of the use of *Raca* (empty, worthless fellow) in a less offensive sense than the other. But they have not been able to produce anything of a satisfactory nature; nor is any proof of the kind needed, and indeed, the attempt to find it, carries us entirely in the wrong direction, and only tends to lead us away from the true scope and meaning of the passage. For what is here the object of our Lord?

His object is to show how far the divine law of love reached in the prohibition of angry and unkind feelings, and how much it was beside *his* purpose in this respect to restrict its meaning, or to cancel its obligation. On the contrary, he intimates that in his kingdom it would be carried to a pitch greatly beyond what they, the then expounders and judges of the law, had as yet formed any idea of: in so much that, not only he who might have commit-

ted murder, but even he who should give way to causeless anger against a brother, would be brought to the judgment-seat as an offender; and the person who should employ such abusive language as *Raca*, would be deemed worthy of a citation before the council (the Sanhedrim), the supreme court of the nation. Nor was even this the whole. Not only should the kingdom of Christ, when fully established, so raise and purify the moral sense of man on earth, that they would account such persons transgressors under the sixth commandment, and deserving of condemnation; *but* (the word is emphatic, and marks a transition to something greater—but) in the higher world, so far from laxer principles prevailing, these are stricter still. The most refined sense of right and wrong amongst men, in this respect, cannot equal, far less exceed, that which exists in the bosom of God; and in *his* judgment, the man who shall call his brother, "Thou fool," shall be held liable to the punishment of hell-fire.

It will readily be understood, that the mention our Lord has made of earthly courts, was only intended to render his meaning more clear and manifest to those he addressed. He glances at what the courts of law then usually did, and rises from that to what they would now do, if they were to visit with due penalties all the breaches of the law of love, as now fully brought out according to its real meaning. In that case, not only would their inferior courts of justice take cognizance of the outbreaks of causeless anger; but even the highest tribunal, the court for greater offences, would not deem such abusive epithets, as those here noticed, beneath its regard; these would *now* be reckoned among the more heinous misdemeanours. Nothing, however, could be farther from our Lord's intention than to encourage legal prosecutions for such offences; he merely sought in this way to mark the high sense to be entertained of the evil of those offences, where the divine law of love came to be understood in its proper depth of meaning.

But viewing the statement of our Lord thus, does it not express a fearful degree of rigour, since it connects the mere calling of another "a fool," with the doom of everlasting destruction? Does not this seem, in the worst sense, to be making a man an offender for a word? So we might be disposed to think, if we did not attend to the connection. But it must be remembered, that the discourse here is of anger, and not anger of any sort; but such only as may be said to be in the same line with murder, and if fed and nourished, runs out into that as its natural termination. It is, in the strictest sense, anger *without cause*, that is meant—without cause either as to the occasion that stirs it, or the way in which it manifests itself.

There is a kind and degree of anger which exposes to no condemnation; for we read of the spotless Redeemer himself being on one

occasion conscious of anger toward the Pharisees, when they opposed his purpose to heal a diseased man on the Sabbath, and obstinately shut their ears against all instruction on the subject. "He looked round about on them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts." (Mark iii. 5.) But this manifestly was no causeless rage, or immoderate passion; but only that righteous indignation which the pious heart justly feels at the sight of flagrant iniquity—a feeling akin to sorrow rather than to violence. It may weep over the wickedness that has provoked it, or speak in the language of solemn rebuke, or turn away with aversion; but no thought of evil can be harboured in its bosom. And as anger in this sense may be righteously entertained, so the expressions here mentioned may be lawfully and fitly employed by it. As when our Lord himself called the Pharisees "fools and blind" (Matt. xxiii. 17, 19); and even his own disciples, "Fools, and slow of heart to believe" (Luke xxiv. 25). Or, when the Apostle Paul breaks forth on the Galatians with the reproofing, yet still tender address, "O foolish Galatians," and James turns on the fruitless professor with an "O vain man" (substantially the Raca of our text).

It is not, therefore, the mere words, but the *feeling* with which the words are spoken, which may render the use of them a violation of the divine law of love. There is a violation of it, when this feeling is of such a kind as tends to personal violence, or ultimately to murder—when it breathes some measure of the same hatred or dislike, and is as the first feeble spark of a devouring flame—if, with such a feeling of angry passion, thou dost assail thy brother with abusive language, or even hold him up to scorn as a fool, love does not reign as it should do in thy bosom; the root is already there of the foulest misdeeds; violence breathes in thy words, and if it does not proceed to open outrage, not love, but shame, or prudence, or the force of circumstances, restrains it. Set a watch, therefore, upon thy course, and keep the door of thy lips; nay, exercise a godly jealousy over the motions of thy spirit, and seek to have malice, even in its faintest breathings, banished from thy bosom.—*Free Church Magazine.*

THE CHRISTIAN TRAVELLER'S TEMPTATIONS.

CHRISTIAN travellers should always be known as Christian pilgrims. Their religion should neither be left at home, nor put away in their trunks with the Bible or prayer-book, but kept as a personal possession, for personal and constant use. But summer religion, in travelling, is too apt to be as light and trifling as a summer's dress. There are great temptations to the forgetfulness of God and of divine things, in travelling, against which it becomes Christians to be much on their guard.

We shall state some things demanding the Christian traveller's watchful attention, if he would not come back from his journeyings with a heart that has wandered farther from God than his body has travelled from home. It is a much easier thing for a man to get back to his friends and home in the city or the country, from a long tour or a short one, than it is to get back to God with the heart, when it has wandered from him—heart wanderings from God being lasting evils—evils that do more ill to the soul than the pleasantest summer recreations can do good to the body.

The Christian traveller must be watchful as to his daily habits of secret prayer, that they be not broken up. For this purpose he must take time for prayer, wherever he may be. Every day must have its sacred seasons. The spiritual nourishment of the soul must be renewed by communion with Him who has taught us to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread." Because we are on board a steam-boat, we do not therefore neglect our daily meals nor our nightly rest; and if there can be time secured for that, so there can be for prayer, which is much more important. Travellers from morning till night in the rail-cars always get opportunities for refreshment; because they are travelling, they do not therefore neglect the care of life. But the soul's spiritual life is the thing above all other things important to be attended to. It *must* be attended to.

But it needs effort, it needs decision, it needs remembrance, and the collection of the thoughts, and the fixing of them upon God, upon Christ, and upon the things of the eternal world. This can be done, even amidst a crowd, if the Christian will give himself to it. It is a great help to this, to have a pocket Testament or some devotional book at hand, to direct the heart into a holy channel of feeling, and fix it without interruption. But a particular effort at a particular time is needed, as much as at home. The soul that has no particular time for seeking God, will be seeking him at no time. A spiritual frame cannot be maintained, either at home or abroad, without particular seasons daily given to God in prayer. To secure such seasons should be a great object of watchfulness and remembrance to the Christian traveller. Fatigue ought not to prevent them. Impatience, bustle, and hurry in the morning ought not to prevent them. Neither impatience nor haste would prevent a traveller from his breakfast before starting.

Now it is a good proverb, that *prayer and providence never hindered a journey*. The first time we ever heard this proverb, was from the lips of the excellent Dr. Porter, of the Andover Theological Seminary. We do not know that we ever heard it repeated by any one else, but it made an abiding impression years, many years, ago. In many parts of the world that proverb has come to mind. It is one that an age of steamboats and railroads would hardly have suggested; but in lonely travelling on horseback, or in social travelling in one's carriage, a man would be very likely to think of it, when taking care that his horses or mules be well fed for his journey. It is a good proverb for all men everywhere.

Let men begin and continue every day of their journeyings in prayer. With this habit fixed, a thousand things, that otherwise might distract the soul from God, will lead it to him. With this habit fixed, the Christian will be kept from a thousand carelessnesses and temptations by the way. The mind will be in a serene and quiet frame. Opportunities of useful conversation will occur, and the heart will be in such a state, that it will be pleasant and delightful to embrace them. The impression made by such a Christian will be a hallowed one. Such a Christian will be cheerful, without being frivolous. Such a Christian will be a delightful companion, but not heedless and trifling. Such a Christian will do good, wherever he goes. We are reminded of Cowper's very familiar description, but so just and so beautiful that we cannot but repeat it, though our readers may have it as familiar as their native alphabet:—

"When one that holds communion with the skies,
Has filled his urn where those pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings—
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.
So when a ship, well freighted with the stores
The sun matures on India's spicy shores,
Has dropped her anchor, and her canvass furled,
In some safe haven of our western world,
'Twere vain inquiring to what port she went—
The gale informs us, laden with the scent.
Such was the portrait an apostle drew;
The bright original was one he knew."

We have mingled with such men in conversation, and observed the heavenly influence they have shed around them. We were once spending an evening in London with Rev. Dr. Philip, the celebrated missionary in South Africa. The Doctor was of a most commanding stature, an open and pleasant, but grave and decided countenance, and altogether a noble and dignified personage. The company, though composed mostly of clergymen, had strangely enough fallen into a very trifling mood in conversing, and were arguing with one another to see which would produce examples of the most ridiculous epitaphs, and indeed some most ludicrous instances were produced. The Doctor sat a good while quiet in silence, listening to these foolish recitals. At length he begged permission to relate an epitaph which he had seen inscribed upon a tombstone, which struck him as being the most exquisitely appropriate of anything he had ever met with. It was a simple name, and a record of sorrow, with the question asked, "If a man die, shall he live again?" and the words added below,

"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE."

The Doctor related this in such a manner, that the whole tenor of the conversation was changed at once, and then taking a prominent part in the talk of the evening, or rather the lead in it, he gave us some most interesting recitals of the character and habits of Wilberforce, whom he had known intimately, with some other individuals almost equally celebrated. A man has it often in his power in this

way to convert an evening, or a journey, from a mere waste of time, into a valuable improvement of it.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

THE DEAD OF THE WRECK.

(From the *New York Observer.*)

"As soon as the boat struck, its bell commenced tolling, probably from the action of the wind upon it, and continued to toll slowly and mournfully, as long as any portion of the wreck was to be seen."

THE God of the storm was above,
And his arm was strong beneath,
And the shrieking wind and the gurgling wave
Went up with the wail of death.
Then hushed. And the dead were gone,
And the solemn stars were keeping
Their faithful watch as the wild waves rocked
The sleepers to their sleeping.

The wind wailed madly above,
And the waves went bounding below,
And above the wind and above the roar
Of the heavy surge on the island shore,
Came a solemn sound and slow.
Now faint, now loud on the tempest swell,
They heard the mournful voice of the bell.

Dead and gone! dead and gone!
Where the desolate moan
Of the wave sinks to sleep,
Where the storm wail is o'er,
Where the heart throbs no more—
In the deep.

With the foam on her brow,
With a surf-shroud of snow,
Went the maid to her grave;
With a gasp and a moan
The strong swimmer went down
In the wave.

With a prayer and a smile
That his lip weareth still,
Looking forth in the gloom,
God's good servant stood strong,
As the surge swept along—
He's at home!

Dead and gone! dead and gone!
Wait, wait ye the dawn,
For they lie on the billows,
Call them loud! call them long!
They are lulled by my song
On their pillows!

But they answer no more!
Doth the surge on the shore
Drown the sound of their cry?
Nay, their lips are grown cold;
For their life-tale is told!
There they lie!

Dead and gone! dead and gone!
 But the morning shall dawn,
 And the silent shall speak.
 Slumber sweet! slumber deep!
 Till the myriads that sleep
 Shall awake!

The stars went out on high,
 Morn flushed the cold grey east;
 And the heavy surge with a solemn roar
 Unceasingly fell on the island shore
 Where the dead lay sleeping to wake no more;
 And the sun went down in the west,
 And ever above the mocking waves,
 With a slow and solemn knell,
 Came fitfully and mournfully
 The sound of the tolling bell.

Biographical Sketch.

THEOPHILUS WILLIAM HOFFMAN.

WHEN a pious stranger visits Germany, he does not fail to go to the church of Kornthal, and converse with the Christians who are there assembled. There he finds men of simple manners, upright in their intercourse, pure in conduct, attached cordially to the fundamental doctrines of the Bible, and good citizens as well as good servants of Christ. This stranger admires the effect of religious faith upon society and upon individuals; he is astonished and pleased to see how many charitable institutions have been founded at Kornthal; he asks who is, under God, the author of such blessings, and every one repeats to him the venerated name of William Hoffman. And now, the bereaved inhabitants conduct the stranger to his grave, and, weeping, tell all that this good man has done for them.

Theophilus William Hoffman was born at Ostelsheim, near Calw, in the kingdom of Wurtemberg, the 19th December, 1771, of a very honourable family. One of his ancestors, George Hoffman, was condemned to death, two centuries ago, at the instigation of the Jesuits. He was a pious minister of the gospel, who, being settled in Austrian Silesia, resolutely refused to obey the anti-evangelical injunctions of the Government, and kept his faith in spite of the threats of the disciples of Ignatius Loyola. He fell a martyr to the truth. His widow fled to the Protestant country of Wurtemberg with a son who became afterwards secretary of the High Consistory. He had numerous descendants, who occupied distinguished places in Church and State. Several members of the Hoffman family were mayors of Stuttgard, professors in the University, councillors of the Consistory, members of the Privy Council, and Ministers of State.

The father of him of whom we speak was

only a country pastor; an upright man, of good reputation, professing orthodox principles—in the sense given to this term in Germany in the middle of the last century. He gave his son a good, though rigid and austere education. It was the custom then to educate young men with much sternness. Their natural inclinations were repressed. No free intercourse, no confiding attachment between the father and his children, but the authoritative tone and imperious look of the *pedagogue*. William Hoffman related sometimes to his friends the rigid servitude in which his youth was passed. Such an education had indeed many inconveniences, but it served also to form strong characters, and the regular habits thus acquired were useful in his whole course of life.

Young Hoffman did not devote himself to the pastoral career. The spirit of the times deterred him from theological studies, and he had too little positive faith to become a minister of the gospel. He directed his attention to civil employments, and entered as clerk in the office of the Register of Calw; an apprenticeship necessary for him to obtain in his turn a situation in the Government. Here, too, Hoffman had a severe master, who exacted the most scrupulous accuracy in the performance of his duties.

Hoffman had some books from his father's library, and attended regularly his preaching. Yet he profited but little, either because of the infidelity prevalent in Germany, or owing to his being absorbed in civil pursuits. The God of the gospel was to his heart an *unknown* God. The following is a striking proof. He owed money which he was unable to pay. One day, oppressed with the feeling of his poverty, he fell upon his knees, and uttered this singular prayer: "O God, if thou art indeed a living God, deign to pay my debts!" But immediately he was displeased at himself for what he had done. He reflected that if God should pay his debts as he had asked, he would be obliged to change his manner of life, and his unbelieving heart still preferred poverty to the work of conversion. Yet his prayer was not in vain. An hour after he had pronounced it, he received a letter from one of his relatives asking him if he needed anything. The young man, surprised at the inquiry, replied at first in the negative. But the bearer of the letter insisted on having a *written answer*. Then the young man dared not persist in his falsehood. He confessed his pecuniary embarrassment, and his debts were all paid.

How admirable are the ways of the Lord! A sceptic, on reading this fact, will say that here is nothing but a casual coincidence, and that if Hoffman had not uttered his prayer, the letter of his relative would nevertheless have been sent to him. But without trying to fathom mysteries hidden from the human mind, the Christian knows by the Holy Scrip-

tures that there is a *particular* providence, as well as a *general* providence. He knows that *chance* is a word without meaning. He knows that the hairs of our head are all numbered; that nothing, absolutely nothing, happens without the will of the Most High; and regarding the manner in which the prayer of Hoffman was answered, he says confidently: "The finger of God is here!" Call this superstition or credulity, if you will; we answer, for our part, that it is simply the exercise and application of faith.

Young Hoffman did not suffer himself to be led astray by frivolous sophisms. He felt from this moment that there was a *living* God, a merciful God, and that his whole being ought to be consecrated to him. But he had terrible conflicts to endure. Light and darkness, faith and infidelity, the desire of obeying the Lord, and his worldly passions, long disputed the empire of his soul. The great adversary laid stumbling-blocks in his way. Hoffman felt his rude assaults; he prayed, wept, sometimes faltered in his course. Still the work of the Spirit triumphed in him. He read the writings of pious men, had intercourse with faithful pastors, sought sincerely for the truth, and at last the joy of conversion overwhelmed his soul. The impression was so strong, the change so complete, that for a whole year he was unable to fulfil the ordinary duties of his office. He felt continually the need of giving thanks for the compassion of the Lord, and of telling how happy is a life devoted to Jesus Christ. The flood of divine grace flowed then in a more regular course. Hoffman resumed his usual duties with as much regularity as before.

Among the pastors who were influential in moulding his religious sentiments, I would mention the Rev. Mr. Machtholf, whom he called his *spiritual father*. Machtholf was truly a pious and amiable man. Wholly devoted to the duties of his sacred office, he not merely taught the will of God; he *practised* it himself with rare fidelity. An anecdote will show how he forgave injuries, and rendered good for evil. He found once upon his door-sill a defamatory letter written against him by one of his parishioners. Upon reading it, he made a serious examination of himself before the Lord. The next Sabbath, after finishing his sermon, he spoke in these terms: "My dear friends, I have found at my door a letter written apparently by one of my parishioners; for no one else could have known so well my faults. He has shown me the roots of much evil in my heart. Though, by the grace of God, I am not wholly such as he represents, I confess that these roots are there, and that I have been warned not to let them grow. So, I desire to do some good to my friendly monitor, and I beg him to come to my house." No one came, as you may think. For three successive Sab-

baths, the pastor renewed his invitation with no better result. The fourth Sabbath, he said: "My unknown friend having refused to make himself known, the only way left me to testify my gratitude, is to dispense all my parishioners for the next year from paying tithes; as my monitor is among the number, he will certainly share in this benefit." Yet Machtholf was poor, and the tithes formed the best part of his income. What an example of charity and generosity! Hoffman often related this incident with tears, and said that it had produced more effect than the most eloquent sermons. Ministers of Jesus Christ, *live* the gospel, and souls will be converted.

William Hoffman was called to Leonberg to occupy a Government office. Though he was only second in rank, he was really the governor and soul of the whole district. His employers gave him their entire confidence. The citizens of every class, knowing his wisdom and integrity, came to ask advice about their spiritual as well as temporal concerns. Hoffman entered into all their wants, listened patiently to their statements, and did not fail to offer them good counsel. His government was truly patriarchal. He acted like a father more than like a magistrate, and showed his friends how trifling were visible compared with invisible things. All loved and respected him. He called young men around him, and by excellent instruction, he taught them to unite the life of a Christian with their duties to society. On Sabbath, scores, sometimes even hundreds of persons, came from distant places to his house, to be strengthened in faith and charity. Hoffman laid there the foundation of those civil-religious communities which he was afterwards to establish in Wurtemberg. A great revival was the reward of his efforts. Ecclesiastics and laymen showed great zeal to study the Scriptures. In all the surrounding villages thousands of the inhabitants were animated by a spirit of inquiry, and began to establish religious meetings.

Meanwhile, Hoffman became confirmed in the knowledge of the truth. He read diligently, besides the Bible, the writings of Luther, Boehm, Arnold, Zinzendorf, and other celebrated theologians. He held correspondence with pious pastors and laymen throughout Germany, disregarding minor diversities of opinion, and being disposed to unite cordially with all who received Christ as their God and Saviour.

The revival of religion, of which he was one of the principal instruments, took place at a very signal period. The victorious sword of Napoleon had broken the crowns of princes, and constructed the map of Europe anew. Some of the new converts, struck with these great events, adopted the opinions of Bengel, and thought that the *millennium* was near. Hoffman himself indulged such hopes; but his peculiar views of the coming of Christ to reign

upon earth did not abate his zeal and activity.

He had been appointed mayor of Leonberg, and been successively clothed with important offices. In 1815, having been chosen as representative of the district to the meeting of the States General, he acquitted himself of his high trust with as much courage as prudence. He was not fond of making long speeches. His words were few, energetic, original, and full of good sense. A loyal subject of his prince, King *Frederick*, yet he never sacrificed the interests of the people to a desire to please his sovereign. From 1815 to 1826, he figured among the moderate men of the opposition, and contributed to give better laws to his country. After 1826, he was chosen deputy by two districts; but he refused to return to political life, since the two chambers of Wurtemberg were animated with a worldly spirit, rather than with a desire to advance the kingdom of God.

Hoffman would have wished to restore the former rights of the people, and particularly the constitution, promulgated in the sixteenth century by Duke Christopher, on ecclesiastical affairs. But his voice was not heeded, and he sought other means of action.

A providential circumstance opened for him, in 1818, a wide field where he could display all his energy of character, all his experience, and render eminent service to his country. To appreciate his efforts, it is necessary to explain the religious state of Wurtemberg.

This part of Germany early embraced the Reformation. Princes placed themselves at the head of the movement, and gave to their subjects laws adapted to favour the progress of piety. They did not confiscate the property of the Romish priests and monks, but devoted it to other ecclesiastical purposes. Six *Protestant prelates* or *superintendents* directed the affairs of the Church, and guarded its independence against the usurpations of the political government. For a long time the inhabitants of this country had been famous for their religious zeal. The voice of Spencer, Franke, Zinzenlorf, denouncing dead orthodoxy and preaching a living piety, had resounded in the last century among this nation, and aroused men's consciences. More than 40,000 *pietists*, as their adversaries called them in derision, had established private meetings for prayer, and they were aided in these devotional exercises by their ecclesiastical superiors.

But this happy state of things changed towards the close of the eighteenth century. Rationalism, Neology, all the lax principles of certain modern theologians, were introduced into Wurtemberg. At a later period, in 1806, by the advice of Napoleon, the king abrogated the constitution of Duke Christopher. The ecclesiastical government was abolished; the prelates ceased to be spiritual fathers and temporal guardians of their flocks: they were the

mere tools of the Government, and all power in religious matters was confided to a *High Consistory*, in which were some avowed infidels. It is related that a member of this Consistory said that he did not believe even in the immortality of the soul! What spiritual guides for a Church! and how could piety exist and flourish under such leaders?

Rationalist opinions were diffused rapidly among the pastors. Then, private religious meetings were denounced from the pulpit as fanatical and disorganizing. Preachers no longer discussed the essential articles of faith; they made philosophical appeals to *virtue*, to *man's natural innocence*, and to *morality*. In schools, as in the Church, vital Christianity was attacked or disdainfully treated. Sad days for the Church of Wurtemberg! dark and calamitous times! The aged men sighed, on descending to the grave, to leave after them a generation so faithless to the creed which they had been taught to believe in their infancy.

This was not all. The High Consistory judged proper to introduce into worship a *new hymn book*. What a hymn book! The hymns composed by the Reformers, and other pious poets of the Lutheran Church, were excluded or shamefully mutilated. Verse-makers, without piety or talent, put in their place poor songs, which did not express the doctrines of the Bible nor the wants of the soul. It was still *virtue*, *virtue* always—a cold and philosophical virtue—instead of faith, conversion, and sanctification. The remnant of pious men were deeply hurt at this change. No longer able to sing their old hymns in the churches, they repeated them in their houses, and protested in this way against the invasions of Rationalism.

In 1809, a last blow was given to piety by the introduction of a *new liturgy*. This liturgy was of a piece with the hymn book, and perhaps worse; for the Rationalism was more clear in prose than in verse. The great and imperishable doctrines of the Trinity, original sin, the divinity of Christ, his expiation, the personality and work of the Holy Spirit, were hardly mentioned. The formulas of baptism and the Lord's supper were disfigured. A metaphysical phraseology took the place of Scripture texts. Morality was substituted in this liturgy for holiness. Nothing was said of Satan's temptations. The sufferings and death of Christ were forgotten, to speak only of his example. All, in a word, was calculated to cast into oblivion the fundamental principles of faith.

This new liturgy was imposed upon the flocks *by order of the Government*. A pastor having refused to adopt it, was brutally deposed. Parents who did not wish their children to be baptized according to the forms of Rationalism, were put in prison, and soldiers or policemen employed force to bring the children to church! Never was a more intolerable yoke imposed upon the conscience in Protestant countries.

The *pietists*, or faithful Christians, preferred to quit their native land rather than submit to these unjust conditions. They turned their eyes to Russia, where the Emperor Alexander showed a praiseworthy tolerance. William Hoffman, being resolved himself to emigrate, opened a correspondence with princes Galitzin and Wolkorski to fix upon the rules of the new communities. Already a hundred families had emigrated from Wurtemberg, and taken up their abode in the provinces of Bessarabia and Caucasus. Alexander received with much favour these emigrants, because they were labouring sober men, disposed to attend to their duties. Thousands of other families, having property amounting to several millions of florins, were ready to follow the first emigrants, when the Government of Wurtemberg, alarmed at the vast depopulation, asked Hoffman to state to them the causes which produced it, and the best means to prevent the evil.

Hoffman replied that there were three classes of emigrants—*1st*, The poor, who sought in foreign countries for more easy means of subsistence; *2d*, Fanatical separatists, who regarded Napoleon as a god, or as Antichrist; *3d*, Those, and they formed much the largest class, whose conscience was hurt by the new liturgies. Hoffman added, that these last would readily remain in their native land, if they had full liberty of worship, if their children were baptized, the communion administered, and divine service performed, according to the old Lutheran usage. He proposed, therefore, in order to retain these worthy citizens, to collect them into *free communities*, and to give them pastors of their own choice.

After long negotiations with the Government, leave was granted. The Christians of Wurtemberg gathered at *Kornthal*, and commenced those establishments which have attained, by the blessing of God, so high a degree of spiritual and temporal prosperity.

(To be continued.)

TALK AMONG THE FLOWERS.

Not far from the borders of a dark wood, was a bright and cheerful-looking garden. Flowers were there, of every hue and form, growing and rejoicing beneath the beams of the summer's sun.

"Ah, how happy we are!" said the marigold to the larkspur.

"Here we bloom and soar upward almost to the sun," said a family of sunflowers.

"Yes, and climb as high as the sky," cried a convolvulus and jasmine, who had wound themselves round a tall princess feather.

"How brilliant and stately we are!" said the proud dahlia. "We are admired far more than those pale flowers that grow in yonder wood."

"I pity the poor faded things," whispered a bright coreopsis.

"I look down upon them," said a fierce tiger lily.

"The sun loves the garden flowers best," said a pansy of great beauty, to some sweet mignonetts "let us be glad that our home is in this bright place."

"I will ring a peal for very happiness," replied a Canterbury bell; "for how could we exist in the gloom of that forest?"

"Let us be merry and glad that we are not wood flowers," shouted they all, with a laugh that rung through the wood and made the wild flowers wonder.

A bright golden-rod, that grew on the edge of the forest, with his friend the aster, heard this conversation, and felt the injustice of it. Gracefully bowing his yellow plumes, he exclaimed, "Indeed you do not know us: our life is the happiest in the world. In the deep woods, sheltered from the storm and heat by the towering trees that soar above us like guardian angels, we live in peace and beauty. The sun does not always bathe us in a flood of light as he does the garden flowers, but he darts his beams through green boughs, and they come to us in tenfold beauty, scattered in a golden shower; and in the still night the stars look down between the tops of the tall trees, and gaze silently and lovingly upon us."

The wood flowers heard the silvery tone of the golden-rod with glee, as he recounted their blessed sources of delight.

"We have music, too, and such as never floats through garden airs. We listen to the wind, as it sighs through the pines, and waves the bowery branches of the oak and maple; for each tree is a separate harp, that gives forth its own sweet melodies."

Then all the flowers that grew by the brook said, "Hear the music of the waters, as they plash along the rocks, and look on them as they reflect the sunlight upon us, and make us bright and beautiful."

And the little moss called out from the shades, "O let me always grow in the greenwood, and live in its shadows and delight in its sweet voices."

Then the ferns waved joyfully, and the clematis clung round the elder in a close embrace; and they blessed themselves that they lived amid the lights and shades of the forest.

Then spoke the "lilies of the field" to the little blue-eyed grass, that was looking up to the sky. "How merry we are in the meadows, where grow all that is greenest and freshest! Happiness pervades and fills the universe. It is above us with the birds and the clouds, around us with every flower and green leaf and blade of grass. Let man take a lesson from our kingdom and be wise; for all are, or ought to be, *happiest* in the place allotted to them by their Creator."

AFFLICTIONS.

There is no affliction so small but we should sink under it if God upheld us not; and there is no sin so great but we should commit it if God restrained us not.

Sanctified afflictions are spiritual promotions.—*Dr. Dodd.*

A good old Scotch minister used to say to any of

his flock when they were labouring under affliction, "Time is short: and if your cross is heavy, you have not far to carry it."

When the grace of an afflicted saint is in exercise, his heart is like a garden of roses, or a well of rose-water, which, the more moved and agitated they are, the sweeter is the fragrance they exhale.

Those whom God loves he takes to pieces, and then puts them together again.—*Anon.*

As no temporal blessing is good enough to be a sign of eternal election; so no temporal affliction is bad enough to be an evidence of reprobation: for the dearest Son of God's love was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.

Afflictions scour us of our rust. Adversity, like winter weather, is of use to kill those vermin which the summer of prosperity is apt to produce and nourish.

The Church below is often in a suffering state. Christ himself was a man of sorrows; nor should his bride be a wife of pleasures.

Every vessel of mercy must be scoured in order to brightness. And however trees in the wilderness may grow without culture, trees in the garden must be pruned to be made fruitful: and corn-fields must be broken up, when barren heaths are left untouched.—*Dr. Arrowsmith.*

God may cast thee down, but he will not cast thee off.—*Case.*

Afflictions are blessings to us when we can bless God for affliction.

God had a Son without sin, but none without sorrow; he had one Son without corruption, but no Son without correction.—*Dyer.*

Christian, hath not God taught thee, by his word and Spirit, how to read the short-hand of his providence? Dost thou not know that the saint's afflictions stand for blessings?—*Gurnall.*

When you see the refiner cast his gold into the furnace, do you think he is angry with the gold, and means to cast it away? No. He sits as a refiner. He stands warily over the fire, and over the gold, and looks to it, that not one grain be lost. And when the dross is severed, he will out with it presently; it shall be no longer there.

Through Christ's satisfaction for sin, the very nature of affliction is changed, with regard to believers. As death, which was at first the wages of sin, is now become a bed of rest ("They shall rest upon their beds," saith the prophet); so afflictions are not the rod of God's anger, but the gentle physic of a tender father.—*Dr. Crisp.*

All the afflictions that a saint is exercised with, are neither too numerous nor too sharp. A great deal of rust requires a rough file.—*Moses Browne.*

If we have the kingdom at last, it is no great matter what we suffer by the way.—*Dr. Manton.*

David's pen never wrote more sweetly than when dipt in the ink of affliction.

Nothing can reconcile the soul to afflictive allotments, but looking on them as covenant-dispensations.—*Mr. William Mason.*

No affliction would trouble a child of God, if he but knew God's reason for sending it.

Afflictions are as needful for our souls as food is for our bodies.

Crosses and afflictions are God's call to examine our hearts and our lives.—*Richardson.*

It is a good sign when the Lord blows off the blossoms of our forward hopes in this life, and lops the branches of our worldly joys to the very root, on purpose that they should not thrive. Lord, spoil my fool's heaven in this life, that I may be saved for ever!

The Lord's wise love feeds us with hunger, and makes us fat with wants and desertions.—*Rutherford.*

SOME THINGS WE HAVE WONDERED AT.

We have seen pious parents permitting their children, for a series of years, to attend dancing-schools, public balls, theatres, and other places of worldly and sinful amusement; giving as a reason, that it was impossible to put old heads upon young shoulders, and that, after a while, they would of themselves see the folly of these things; and then, when a revival in their Church occurs, and God converts the children of others, we have heard them expressing great astonishment that their children should appear so perfectly indifferent upon the subject. We have wondered at it; for God had told them "to train up their children in the way in which they should go, and when they are old they would not depart from it;" but they have said, We will train them in a way in which they ought *not* to go, and when they become old we hope they will depart from it. Did they expect God to cause his own declarations to turn out to be false? Let God be true, and every man a liar.

Again, we have seen pious parents suffering their children to choose, as their constant companions, those who had no fear of God before their eyes, who were continually trampling under foot his laws, sneering at his religion and at pious people; and then, when those children grew up to be immoral, and opposers of true religion, we have heard them mourning over it, and trying to resolve it into the sovereignty of God, who has mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth. We have wondered at it; for God had told them that "evil communications corrupt good manners," that "the companions of fools shall be destroyed." He had shown them, in the case of the sons of Eli, that he had no respect to the children of pious parents, when those parents were not faithful in restraining them from vice, but that he would destroy them with as fearful a punishment as he would the children of the most abandoned. Did they expect that he would make himself out a liar, merely to gratify their parental fondness? As they have sowed to the wind, they must reap the whirlwind.

Again, we have known Christian parents to suffer their children to pore over the Christless and polluting popular literature of the day, covering their parlor tables until they almost groaned under the burden of the yellow-backed novels of Bulwer, Sue, Paul de Kock, and others, and then, when they have attempted to interest their minds in the truths of the Word of God, we have heard them expressing astonishment that they manifested an aversion to the Bible and all serious books. We have wondered

that they expected any other result. Did they not know that the books which are read exert an influence over the mind analogous, if not superior, to that which is exerted by the companions with whom we are associated? Have they not discovered that the natural aversion of the carnal heart to holiness is fostered and developed by these noble writers; and if they suffer their children's minds to come under their bewitching power, what else could they expect, than that it would cause them to hate their Bibles and all religious subjects? Has not God asked them the question, "Can a man take coals into his bosom and not be burned?"—*Presbyterian Herald*.

BEWARE OF FICTION.

An agent employed by the Franklin county Bible Society, says, "An aged man of ninety years, 'did not want a Bible, but a story-book'—that is, a novel. Let novel readers ponder this result of a depraved taste; a passion 'gendered in youth, now clinging to the very extreme of age. How unspeakably sad the view!—an aged man tottering a step or two more to his grave! From eternity's entrance he turns back his sunken eye, reaches forth his feeble, trembling hand, and calls for *fiction*, as one dying of delirium does for more of the fatal poison which has already destroyed him! What will he do with his passion beyond the grave? Can he throw aside God's truth and have fiction in heaven? Can he have it in hell? Let the young, let parents beware of the poison which eats out all relish for the truth, and especially the truth of God, from the soul."—*Puritan*.

THE SECRET OF DILIGENCE.

"SEEST thou a man diligent in his business?" says Solomon, "he shall stand before kings." We have a striking illustration of this aphorism in the life of Dr. Franklin, who, quoting the sentence himself, adds: "This is true; I have stood in the presence of five kings, and once had the honour of dining with one." All in consequence of his having been "diligent in business," from his earliest years. What a lesson is this for our youth, and for us all!

NATURE.

We are for bringing to Christ; and that must not be. Not a penny of nature's highest improvements will pass in heaven.

When nature is hard put to it by guilt or wrath, it will fly to its old haunts of self-righteousness, self-goodness, &c. Only God's infinite power can cast down these strongholds.

Nature would do anything to be saved rather than go to Christ alone, and close with him. Christ will have nothing; and yet the soul will force something of its own on Christ.

Nature cannot endure to think that the gospel is only for sinners. It would, if left to itself, rather choose to despair than go to Christ upon such terms.

It is a terrible stroke to nature to think of being stripped of all, and not to have a rag of duty or self-righteousness left to look at.—*Wilcox*.

Such is the natural propensity of man's heart to the way of the law, in opposition to Christ, that, as the tainted vessel turns the taste of the purest liquor

put into it, so the natural man turns the very gospel into law, and would transform the covenant of grace into a covenant of works.—*Boston*.

CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY.

THERE are certain great principles laid down in Scripture in relation to giving, and the use of property generally, respecting which there is much practical scepticism. They are as follows:—

1. That which we have, we hold as stewards that must give account.
2. The way to increase is to distribute. Some are rich because they are liberal.
3. That which is given to the poor is lent to the Lord.
4. That which is done to Christ's little ones is done to himself.

A hundred to one is the rate of interest God allows now; and life everlasting in the world to come. (Mark x. 29.)—*Nevins*.

MAN UNRENEWED.

EASY, good-natured, affable men, whose hearts are nevertheless unrenewed by divine grace, may be compared to ripe plums and apricots, which, however soft and smooth on the outside, yet have a hard stone within.—*Anon*.

The natural man is a spiritual monster. His heart is where his feet should be, fixed upon the earth: his heels are lifted up against heaven, which his heart should be set on. His face is towards hell; his back towards heaven. He loves what he should hate, and he hates what he should love; joys in what he ought to mourn for, and mourns for what he ought to rejoice in; glories in his shame, and is ashamed of his glory; abhors what he should desire, and desires what he should abhor.

The affections of the unrenewed man are as an unruly horse, that either will not receive, or violently runs away with, the rider.

None of Adam's children naturally incline to receive the blessings in borrowed robes; but would always, according to the spider's motto, owe all to themselves; and so climb up to heaven on a thread spun out of their own bowels. For they desire to be under the law (Gal. iv. 21), and go about to establish their own righteousness. (Rom. x. 3.)—*Boston*.

THE GOURD AND THE PALM TREE.

A GOURD wound itself around a lofty palm, and in a few weeks climbed to its very top.

"How old mayst thou be?" asked the new comer.

"About a hundred years," was the answer.

"A hundred years! and no taller! Only look, I have grown as tall as you in fewer days than you can count years."

"I know that well," replied the palm, "Every summer of my life a gourd has climbed up round me, as proud as thou art, and as short-lived as thou wilt be."

A MINISTER'S FEARS REGARDING HIS PEOPLE.

BY THE REV. ANDREW ELLIOTT, FORD.

"Look to yourselves, that we lose not those things which we have wrought, but that we receive a full reward"—
2 JOHN 8.

HE fears that he may lose *the things which he has wrought among them*: "Look to yourselves, that we lose not the things which we have wrought."

The elect lady and her children had most probably been called to the knowledge of the truth by the instrumentality of the apostle. He would consequently look upon them as his spiritual children. He had bestowed labour upon them—he had instructed them—he had warned them—he had made known to them the way of salvation, and how they ought to walk, and please God; and his labours seemed to be crowned with success. They had, so far as men could judge, truly embraced the gospel; and their conduct was, in every respect, consistent with their profession as Christians. They were walking in the truth; and the apostle was encouraged to hope that they would continue stedfast unto the end, and that He who had begun a good work in them would perform it until the day of Jesus Christ. But still there was room for fear; and he was jealous over them with a godly jealousy. They might fall from their stedfastness, their love might gradually wax cold, and they might, by little and little, depart from the way of truth, and imperceptibly slide back again into the world. Look to yourselves, that we lose not those things which we have wrought; that all the labour which we have bestowed upon you prove not in vain; and that the delightful prospects and expectations, which your profession and your conduct have encouraged, end not in our bitter disappointment. With similar fears and anxieties godly ministers are frequently exercised with regard to the people of their charge. They labour to make known the gospel to their hearers, and to bring them acquainted with its saving benefits and its heavenly blessings; but they often fear that they labour in vain, and spend their strength for nought, and in vain. Sometimes, they are made glad by seeing something like success—some effects produced by means of their exer-

tions—something that cheers and animates them, and excites the most delightful hopes. Perhaps some who were careless, and totally indifferent about spiritual and eternal things, are become more thoughtful and serious, and are asking the way to Zion with their faces thitherward. Perhaps, some who had grown up in ignorance, and were entire strangers to the doctrines of the gospel, are now carefully studying the Scriptures, diligently attending upon the means of grace, and evincing strong desires to know the truth as it is in Jesus. Some who were immoral, may have become decent and well-reported of for good works. Some, who had not even the form of godliness, may be giving attendance on the ordinances of religion. A spirit of serious inquiry and religious concern may seem to be spreading; the worship of God may be established in this and that and the other family, where formerly it was unknown; this and the other individual may be coming forward to join themselves to the Church, and to enjoy its privileges, who once cared for none of these things; the careless may be aroused, the openly wicked may be stopped in their career of folly and sin, and greater fervour and diligence may be evinced by numbers. Now, when this is the case, some things are wrought; and the zealous servant of Christ cannot but feel joy when he beholds these effects. His joy, however, is mingled with anxiety; and while he cherishes hope, he has also his fear, that with regard to many of those who are the subjects of religious impressions and convictions, and who have been in some respects changed, he may still lose those things which he has wrought. This fear is excited by several causes.

1st, An enlightened minister is well aware that men may know much, and profess much, and even do much, and yet not be genuine Christians. Is he pleased to see his people diligently attending on the means of grace, not forsaking the assembling of themselves together, but regularly making their appearance in the courts of God's house? Is he delighted to hear that the religion of the closet and of the family is attended to, as well as

hat of the sanctuary? Still is he not freed from a godly jealousy; for he knows that the form of godliness may be most carefully, and even scrupulously observed, when the power of it is unknown and disregarded, and that a man may be a constant hearer of the word of God, and may read the Scriptures, and pray evening and morning in his family, and may even neglect to enter into his closet, and yet not be renewed in the spirit of his mind, and not be one of those who worship God in the Spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and place no confidence in the flesh. He knows that a man may be possessed of no ordinary amount of knowledge, and may be able to think accurately, and to speak fluently, concerning the doctrines of the gospel, and yet not have been made wise unto salvation. He may study Christianity merely as a system; his knowledge may be all barren speculation, and its only effect may be to puff him up, and to minister to his pride and self-estimation. He may know, or suppose he knows, all mysteries, and appear to think as an angel, and to speak with the tongue of an archangel, about the truths of revelation, and still be destitute of faith and of a saving and experimental acquaintance with the Redeemer of lost sinners. A minister knows, too, that a man may be externally and greatly reformed, and not regenerated; that his life and conversation may be altered, and very materially changed, and yet he may not be walking in newness of life, or living godly in Christ Jesus; in a word, that he may be another man, and not a new man. Moral reformation is widely different from evangelical conversion. The former may take place, while the heart remains the same, and experiences no gracious change. In consequence of the latter, we are born again, and are made new creatures in Christ Jesus. We are renewed in the whole man after the image of God; a divine principle of sanctification and holiness is implanted within us; all old things pass away, and, behold, all things become new. When, therefore, a minister considers how far a mere formalist may go in religion, how much a man may profess, and how much he may do, and yet not be a genuine Christian, nor have any saving interest in Christ, he is frequently filled with fear that he may lose those things which have been wrought among his people, that appearances that are highly promising may prove illusory, and that the goodness which he has marked and hailed with pleasure in many, may be evanescent, and, like the morning cloud and the early dew, soon pass away.

2d, When a minister of the gospel thinks of the dangers to which professors are exposed, and the moral hazards which they run, he is led to fear that he may lose those things which have been wrought. We live in a sinful and an ensnaring world; and a thousand evil and hostile influences and powers beset us on the right hand and on the left, opposing us at every step, and ever seeking and devising our overthrow and final ruin. And when we consider our own weakness, our moral imbecility, our proneness to error, our liability to go astray, the corruption that lodges within us, the law in our members, the unbelief in our hearts; and when we review all this, in connection with the temptations by which we are surrounded, and with the power, and malignity, and watchful cunning of those formidable spiritual enemies that are constantly exerting themselves to effect our destruction, how great and fearful appears our danger! For the sake of distinctness, and to present as simple a view as possible of the moral hazards to which professors are exposed, and which are a source of a minister's fears for his people, we shall select an individual. We shall suppose him young. He is the subject of deep and lively impressions. His heart seems to melt under the preaching of the Word, and to be sensibly affected by God's redeeming mercy and love. He appears convinced of sin. He has something like a just view of the spirituality and extent of the divine law. He feels and confesses that he is a transgressor; and alarmed by the divine threatenings, and dreading the wrath to which his guilt has exposed him, he evinces an anxious desire to obtain deliverance. He is pointed to the cross of Christ, and there beholds a love divine, that astonishes, while it consoles him. He sees in Jesus a divinely appointed, almighty, and all-gracious Saviour, and he wishes to be saved through the redemption that is in him. Now, surely this is a promising subject; and a minister may indeed say, must, hope well concerning such an one. But can any fears be entertained? Ah, yes! for the person is young and inexperienced, and his principles have not yet stood the test by which they will ere long be severely tried. He must soon enter the busy, distracting, corrupting world, where he will be no longer under the kind and vigilant eyes of his parents—where he will have to encounter the baneful contagion of evil example—where he will hear new and strange maxims taught and boldly inculcated—where the truths which he was accustomed to hold most sacred and important, will be assailed

alternately by profane wit and by insidious sophistry—and where he will be exposed to the most dangerous temptations and allurements. Is there no danger that he will fall in with ungodly, and licentious, and infidel companions, who will gradually undermine his principles, and stagger his faith? Is there no danger that evil communications will corrupt his good manners? Is there no danger that he will learn by degrees to think and act as the carnally-minded people around him, and with whom he is called to mingle, think, and act? Is there no danger that his youthful convictions and impressions will wear off; and that, amid his worldly companions and pursuits, he will in time, and perhaps insensibly, lose all the piety and goodness which he appeared to possess; and that the bright and pleasing blossoms, which promised so much, and excited such delightful hopes, will be followed by no real and valuable fruit? Ah, yes! there is danger; and the sad experience of thousands and thousands have told, as with a voice of thunder, how great, how imminent, how extreme that danger is? How many, leaving the quiet of the paternal abode, where they were carefully watched over and nurtured in the admonition of the Lord, like vessels parting from a friendly haven, have soon deviated far from the proper course, and, as they advanced, gone only farther and farther astray, till, lost, reckless, and plunging heedlessly and desperately forward, they at last sunk in wretchedness and despair! How many of our young men, well disposed, well taught, and well mannered, are yearly entering our crowded and contaminated cities, and encountering there the swelling, rushing tide of wickedness, and are sucked into it, borne rapidly along, ceasing, after a while, to make any earnest resistance, merely increasing the awful mass of corruption, and finally perishing in their sins! Nor is the danger of which we speak confined merely to the young who give promise of goodness. All are exposed to it; and whatever be the age of our hearers, and however favourable something about them may be, we have our fears with respect to many of them, that a change of circumstances would produce a corresponding change in the appearances which they make, and crush the hopes which we entertain concerning them. When, indeed, we think how dangerous an enemy the world is, both when it smiles and when it frowns; when we remember the wickedness and deceitfulness of the human heart; and when we consider the wiles and devices of the wicked one, we cannot

but fear that we may lose the things which we have wrought. The truth is, such are the dangers to which all our people are exposed, that nothing but a constant dependence upon the Saviour, and daily supplies of his Spirit and grace, can possibly preserve them.

3d, and *lastly*, When the conscientious minister considers the multitudes there have been who once belonged to the Church, and stood fair as religious characters, but made shipwreck of faith, he is frequently led to fear that he may lose those things which have been wrought. Many, many have run well for a time, who have afterwards been hindered, and given up the heavenly pursuit. There were some who attended upon our Lord's ministry, and professed themselves to be his followers, who afterwards went back, and walked no more with him. Judas was an apostle of Christ, and zealously preached his gospel, and wrought miracles in his name. You know the end of this man. He betrayed his Divine Master, was guilty of self-murder, and went to his own place. Demas is not the only one who has professed faith in Christ and attachment to his cause, and notwithstanding has gone away, having loved the present world. Numbers, alas! countless numbers there have been, who, after making a profession, have drawn back unto perdition. Need we appeal to the experience of ministers on this subject? Is it necessary to ask them to speak out, and to tell the truth? Not one of them but in numberless instances have had their hopes cruelly blasted. Not one of them but has had cause to mourn over multitudes who once seemed to have clear escaped from the pollution that is in the world through faith, but were again entangled therein and overcome, and whose latter end was worse than the beginning. O! were they to enter minutely with you into the history of their experience in this respect, and to relate what they have witnessed, you would perceive what abundant reasons they have to be jealous of appearances, and to fear for their hearers. They could tell, perhaps, of some, who were once apparently full of zeal, and entirely devoted to the Saviour, but who now sit in the seat of the scorner, and openly and unblushingly blaspheme that holy name by the which we are called. They could tell you of others, whose delight seemed to be to study the Sacred Scriptures, and to converse about divine things; but whose mouths are now filled with cursing and bitterness. They could tell you of others, who once appeared humble, and devout, and holy, but who now wallow in the

very mire of iniquity, who add drunkenness to thirst, and run into the grossest excesses of riot and wickedness. O! of how many could they tell you, with tears of grief streaming from their eyes, whom they once looked upon as true disciples of the Saviour—who seemed to know the truth as it is in Jesus, to love it, and obey it—who appeared to be partakers of precious faith, and, consequently, interested in all the blessings of salvation, and whom they willingly and joyfully received into fellowship with the Church; but who have since made complete shipwreck of faith and a good conscience, and even, it may be, thrown from them, as if in disdain, the very name of Christian. And when a minister remembers such lamentable examples of apostasy and drawing back to perdition, well may he feel anxiety, and say to his hearers: “Look to yourselves, that we lose not those things which we have wrought.”

So much for a minister's fears regarding his people. O that they for whom he thus watches and trembles, were themselves impressed with a salutary dread of their danger, and made humble, and vigilant, and prayerful! “Blessed is the man that feareth always.”

Biographical Sketch.

THEOPHILUS WILLIAM HOFFMAN.

NO. II.

The valley called *Kornthal* is situated a few miles from Stuttgart, the capital of Wurtemberg. It is a wild country, but fertile, interspersed with woods and hills, which give variety to the scenery. The temperature is mild, the air salubrious, and those who are fond of a country residence could not choose one more agreeable.

When the Government had allowed Christians to form a free community in Kornthal, several families fixed their abode there. A church was built; and plain, but neat and convenient, dwelling-houses were erected, and offered to the new occupants. A small lot of ground was assigned to each, and agriculture became their principal means of subsistence. Afterwards, some manufacturing establishments were added. Kornthal now contains about 1,000 peaceable and happy inhabitants.

The principal articles of the charter given them are the following:—

1. In political matters, the new community is subjected to the general laws of the country. But the inhabitants of Kornthal choose their temporal and spiritual rulers—namely, their

mayor, their pastor and school-masters, as well as the subordinate officers.

2. They have the right to receive into their community persons who accept their Confession of Faith and their rules, and also to expel any for infidelity or bad conduct.

3. Instead of oaths, solemn promises are exacted.

4. The community is free to make arrangements to prevent beggary, and to promote habits of labour and industry among its members.

5. All ecclesiastical duties must be performed by the regularly ordained pastor of the community.

6. The inhabitants of Kornthal are not subjected to the control of the high consistory. They are merely under the watch of the minister of state for ecclesiastical affairs.

7. The faith of the community is the Augsburg Confession, except the condemnatory clauses—the members not wishing to condemn even the erring. Laymen are allowed to speak in religious meetings, which are not held on Sabbath morning, and in which neither baptism nor the Lord's supper is celebrated.

8. The new community is not a sect, but claims to be an apostolical Church, loving the brethren of other confessions who believe in Jesus Christ crucified, and who admit the union of the divine nature with the human nature in his person. This is the foundation of all their doctrines.

9. Baptisms, confirmations, marriages, funeral services, must be attended by the pastors, but other members can take part in the prayers, singing, &c. Mourning garments are discarded as useless, and all kinds of luxury are forbidden.

10. The discipline of the Church is conducted by the elders, in cases involving a temporary suspension from the supper. But an absolute excommunication can only be pronounced by the whole community.

I will not remark on these rules. They resemble much those of the Moravian Brethren. They may not suit large congregations. Perhaps individual liberty is too much infringed, and the central power too great. We do not like in our days that the consistorial power should interfere in our domestic and personal affairs. But without entering into this discussion, the experience of more than a quarter of a century has proved that the charter of Kornthal is excellent for the object intended by its founders.

William Hoffman displayed in the commencement an unwearied activity and great energy of character; for it is not an easy thing to organize a new establishment, even when composed of pious men. Each one brings with him his particular opinions, old habits, and seeks to make his own views prevail over others. Minds that are unlike must be made to agree, and a harmonious whole be constituted out of discordant materials. Hoffman

was eminently fitted to perform this arduous task. Endowed with robust health, and a firm resolution, which yielded to no obstacle, he was everywhere watching over all, arranging all; and the blessing of God was with him; he succeeded in forming one of the most flourishing communities in the world.

Not only do the inhabitants live in easy circumstances, but they have founded charitable or educational institutions worthy of all praise. From the beginning there have been two large schools—one for boys, the other for girls. Hoffman next organized at Kornthal a large asylum for foundlings or orphans, and his establishment has been successively divided into *six district asylums*. In the first, the children of the two sexes remain till the age of three years; in the second, till the age of six years. Then the sexes are separated, and the children are educated till the age of eleven years, when they go to schools properly so called, and in this manner finish their education. These establishments have been abundantly blessed. More than *six hundred* children have been there educated. Most of them walk as Christians; and some of them are now pious heads of families.

Respect for the memory of Hoffman! Praise for his excellent undertakings! Let us humble ourselves reverently before this distinguished servant of Christ! Oh! what good, what great good, one man can accomplish, when he acts under the influence of a truly evangelical spirit, and the grace of God is with him!

But I have not yet told all that has been effected by the foundation at Kornthal. First, in a temporal respect, the inhabitants have perfected methods of agriculture, and other farmers of Wurtemberg have been to them for lessons and examples. It is thus shown to the world that real Christians can also render service to the public weal, and that temporal prosperity depends on their faith and prayers. King William, who succeeded Frederick on the throne of Wurtemberg, is the avowed protector of Kornthal, and on every occasion testifies his kindness.

By an arrangement which deserves to be mentioned, all the inhabitants of the community are *responsible for one another*. They wish to prevent any one from becoming bankrupt, or too poor; not by an equal division of property, but by a reciprocal responsibility which secures the means of subsistence to all. The result is, that the elders exercise a fraternal watch, not only over the financial affairs of the community, but over the conduct of each member. No one can borrow money, except from the public treasury. The elders are also charged to appease personal quarrels, and their judgments are received with humble deference. This organization, I repeat, is a little odd, judged according to the spirit of the age; but it produces good fruits, and it would be desirable if it were imitated.

But it is especially in a spiritual point of view that Kornthal has been the source of great blessings. It is become the central point of the religious revival in Wurtemberg. There were at first, as was natural, violent attacks against Kornthal by the Rationalist pastors. They said that it was a receptacle of fanatics—a congregation of ignorant men—a sort of Protestant convent. But these reproaches were harmless, and did not prevent the prosperity of the establishment. Thousands of hearers came from all parts to Kornthal to join in the religious service. Gradually, a new life pervaded the body of Wurtemberg. The number of Evangelical ministers increased successively from 20 to 30, then to 50, 100, 150. Now there are at least 200 orthodox pastors, and among them eminent men, as Doctor Barth, author of an excellent History of the Christian Church.

True, the community of Kornthal is not the *only* visible cause of this great movement. But it may be said, without exaggeration, that it has been one of the principal causes. On one hand, it has prevented open dissent, for it remains attached to the National Church of Wurtemberg; and, on the other, it presents the spectacle of Christians closely uniting to contend against Rationalism. What would have happened in this country, had these pious men emigrated to Russia, as they proposed? Deprived of its most evangelical and devoted members, the Wurtemberg Church would have become a body of cold and heartless formalists. But now they are among the most pious and faithful in Germany. Nowhere is the holy cause of missions better sustained; nowhere is piety more respected, the gospel more widely propagated, a more active zeal or more abundant charity exhibited. And, I ask once more, to what does Wurtemberg owe all these benefits, under God, but to Kornthal? and to whom is Kornthal indebted for its existence, but to Theophilus William Hoffman? Cherish this name, then, friends of the gospel; it is one of the greatest which has appeared in our age. It should be classed with the names of Oberlin and Felix Neff.

The success of the establishment at Kornthal induced Hoffman, at the express request of the king, to form another of the same kind, called Wilhelmsdorf. There is between Lake Constance and the Danube, a vast marsh, whence issue pestilential exhalations. Hoffman undertook to drain it, cut down the wood, build houses, and organize a community as at Kornthal. It was in 1824. The difficulties were great, but he was not the man to be daunted. He rejoiced to be able to gather a congregation of Christians among a people almost wholly Papist, and to light a torch in this thick darkness.

Hoffman began, then, the undertaking with his usual energy. Always the first and the last at work, though he was now fifty-three

years old, he slept on the damp ground, in a poor log-hut, and there he contracted the first seeds of the disease of which he died. But he heeded not suffering nor the exposure of his life, if he could thereby glorify his divine Master. At the end of a year, a part of the marsh was drained, and ground enough cleared to build a small village. A church and school-house were erected. King William aided this establishment. Fifty pastors of Wurtemberg made collections for the same object. Two charitable institutions were opened—one for the deaf and dumb, the other for females discharged from prison.

How many labours, how many prayers, Hoffman devoted to Wilhelmsdorf! This was the employment of his last years, and he had the pleasure of gathering several Christian families into this community. But, alas! though he had the same love and the same zeal, he had not the same physical strength. He often sighed that he could not do for Wilhelmsdorf all that he had done for Kornthal; and on his death-bed he dictated instructions for this dear colony, which had cost him so many cares and pains. What is to become of Wilhelmsdorf, now that its founder no longer lives? This establishment is still burdened with a heavy debt. The inhabitants are poor. The soil is not so fertile as that of Kornthal. Must this community be dissolved for want of pecuniary resources? No, let us hope better. God will provide, and will incline the hearts of his children to succour the wants of Wilhelmsdorf. If this object were generally known in England and the United States, two days would be sufficient to supply what is wanting.

I will devote the space which remains to relate some incidents in the life of Hoffman.

Like Franke at Halle, he often experienced, in his labours at Kornthal, the faithfulness of the Lord in answering the prayers of his servants. Once, all the provisions were exhausted;—he had no money nor means of subsistence. Hoffman cast himself at the feet of his heavenly Father; and he had hardly finished his prayer, when a large wagon arrived from the Alps, full of necessary things for the community. Another time, the day and hour were fixed to pay the workmen, and there was not a single cent in the chest. The sum required amounted to more than one thousand florins. Hoffman went to Stuttgart, with a heavy heart, but without saying much of what he wanted. He entered the city, and there a stranger asked him to go to a house where he was unacquainted, and there he received the whole sum. A third time, he had to procure in a few days the sum of twenty thousand florins, for the pressing wants of the community. While he thought what he should do, a worthy banker, who knew nothing of the establishment, offered to lend him all the money he wished, without taking any other security than his signature.

Hoffman was of a mild, open disposition. Though he had great trials in his life, for he had been twice a widower, and had lost six children (he has left two sons), his habitual temper was sweet, and even cheerful. He showed by his example how false it is to reproach Christianity, that it deprives life of all its pleasures. He relates how certain Rationalists or Infidels wondered to see him laugh. "How," said they to him, "you a pietist, and laugh?" "Yes, certainly," replied Hoffman; and he laughed again still louder at their strange surprise.

One day, some persons who dined at his table, spoke of the practice of *dancing*; and a high officer of state said to him: "Why do you forbid dancing at Kornthal? You are unreasonable, for dancing is an excellent *bodily exercise*." "Pardon me, sir," replied Hoffman "dancing is not forbidden here. Our brethren have, it is true, enough *bodily exercise* in their field; but if any of them should prefer that of dancing, I would lend him my parlour, provided he bring another *brother* to dance with him." "Ah!" cried the officer, "no one would dance on this condition; there must be a *woman* to dance with the man." "Well, then," said Hoffman, "you contradict yourself. For two men can dance together at their ease. It is not, then, *bodily exercise* that you seek in dancing; it is *something else*! And your own words contradict what you say."

Hoffman had the most intrepid courage, and was a stranger to fear. Travelling once in a wood, a man rushed upon him, and called out, "*Your purse! your purse!*" "How much money do you want?" asked Hoffman of him in a firm, calm, and, at the same time, a compassionate tone. The robber, amazed, named a small sum, and with tears told how wretched he was. Hoffman gave him what he demanded, accompanying his alms with a pious exhortation.

When he was, in 1815, king's commissioner in a province of Wurtemberg, a colonel of Austrian hussars came with his troops to demand forage for his horses. "I have received orders," said Hoffman, "not to give to any one." The colonel was angry, and threatened. "You have 500 hussars," continued Hoffman, coolly; "there is my magazine; you can burst open the door; but know that I shall put myself before it, and I shall fulfil my duty to the last." Overcome by such unshaken firmness, the Austrian colonel desisted.

Hoffman had not less courage in confessing his faith before the great ones of the earth. A gentleman scoffing before him at a passage of the Scriptures, he begged him not to continue in that tone. But, asked the stranger, jestingly, "What do you believe will become of me after death, if I remain as I am?" "What will become of you?" replied Hoffman in a solemn tone; "as soon as your soul shall quit your body, it will be seized by the hand of the Al-

mighty, and shut up in the prisons of eternity." The gentleman turned pale, was silent, and some time after opened a correspondence with Hoffman on religious subjects.

A celebrated general having heard him explain the nature of a Christian's life, said to him, "You will confess at least, that a soldier cannot live thus." "Sir," replied Hoffman, "I believe that in the last day the Lord will show you a general, and more than one, not less brave than yourself, who has lived as a Christian. The saints shall judge the world; there will be of every class, of every profession, those who have been faithful to the Lord." "You hear him, husband," said the wife of the general with much emotion. From that moment the general took Hoffman into friendship, and sought occasion to converse with him on religion.

Hoffman showed also much Christian care in the education of his children. He was not one of those who are constantly reproving and censuring. A word from him, a brief remark, a look, produced more effect than much talking. His true strength was in prayer. He often said, "My children belong to God more than to me."

It is time to come to his last moments. He reached the age of seventy years without having many infirmities; for he was temperate, regular in his habits, and always occupied. When he felt his health decline, he preserved all his serenity of soul. He wrote, spoke, acted, even to the last, and when his hand could no longer hold a pen he dictated. The thought of Kornthal and Wilhelmsdorf pursued him even in his feverish dreams. He longed ardently to go and rest in the bosom of the Lord. If his strength seemed to return to him, he would say, "Ah! I shall not yet go to my home." Not a murmur escaped his lips. He sang in his last days the hymns which had animated him in his mature years, and when his voice failed he pointed out by signs the hymns he wished to hear. The 29th of January 1846, he peacefully gave up his soul to God. Three days after, though the rain fell in torrents, five or six thousand attended him to his long home. All wept around the coffin of this good man—a more touching homage than the magnificent funeral orations composed for earthly princes!

STORY OF A CHRISTIAN CONVICT.

A SHORT notice of the following story appeared about six months ago in one of the provincial papers, where it might happen to be noticed by some of our readers. Having access to the facts of the case in detail, we have thought that a recital of them might prove interesting and edifying.

It is about a year since the subject of this notice called one morning on the Rev. James Hamilton, the minister of the Presbyterian

Church, Regent Square, London. He gave his name as John Potter, seemed to be a person accustomed to a sea-faring life, and explained the object of his visit as follows. It was necessary for him to relate his history, in order that his errand might be understood.

Of his parents he knew nothing, for he had been a foundling, received and educated by the workhouse in the town of Shrewsbury. In this place he had got but little instruction, and what he did get was entirely of a routine and formal nature. At an early age he was apprenticed to a carpenter in the same town, under whose care he remained for some years, giving complete satisfaction, well-behaved, and quite contented with his condition. He knew nothing whatever of Christ or the Gospel even intellectually, and there was none to tell him. His neighbours lived like himself, and he lived like them—as multitudes, even in Christian England, live and die—without so much as intelligently understanding that there was either a Saviour or a salvation. But God had provided some better things for him, and was to lead him to himself by a very remarkable road.

When he was about seventeen years of age, there appeared one day, in his master's workshop, a journeyman printer from the north of England, who mentioned that he was out of employment, and that he was on his way to London in search of some, performing the journey in easy walking stages. This man was a good talker, and somewhat fascinated Potter thereby; to whose mind the idea suddenly occurred of a pilgrimage to London also. He did not take into consideration the prudence of such a step abstractly, nor whether he might not regret choosing so unknown an individual as his companion, nor the difference between a person without employment and one who was already provided for; but at once he resolved that he should take immediate measures to put his half-formed project in execution. After the day's work was done, he sought out the printer, opened to him his mind, and asked if he would allow him to be his companion. The man agreed, and said that he intended starting early the next morning. Potter hid home; and, having bundled up all that he had, without saying a word to any one, early in the morning effected his escape without discovery. Thus he forsook a comfortable situation and employment, for future uncertainty and present idleness.

His companion and he proceeded by stages; travelling all day, and resting all night in such towns as they came to. One evening they took up their quarters in Wolverhampton, and made an agreement to be very early astir next day, as the printer said there was a certain place he wished to reach on the following night. Potter, accordingly, was awake betimes, but had the misfortune to find that his companion had played him false at last, and was already off,

having taken not only his own, but also his fellow-traveller's luggage, along with him. Search was in vain; and our hero had to resign all hope of recovering his effects. He was not to be deterred from his project, however, but resolved to proceed to London as best he might.

Possessing absolutely nothing, he was forced to have recourse to casual charity, and subsisted for some days on the fruits of his begging. Not, however, being sufficiently cautious, and having been found asking alms in the precincts of the town of Norwich, he was taken up, brought before a magistrate, and sentenced to imprisonment in the jail for two months. Here he very soon took the jail fever; and, while dangerously ill, his conscience began to smite him somewhat, and he saw very clearly his crime, and still more the folly, of fleeing from his master, and he resolved to make overtures for reconciliation. Accordingly, as soon as he recovered, he penned a letter to his old schoolmaster in Shrewsbury, requesting him to undertake the office of mediator. He told him plainly all that had befallen him since he had left, and where he then was: begged pardon, either, of his master; and requested, that if the latter gave a favourable answer, the schoolmaster would write and let him know. The schoolmaster did all that he was asked, and finding that Potter's master was perfectly willing to receive him again, he wrote to Potter, but unfortunately addressed his letter to the Post-office, Warwick. This, of course, never reached its object in the prison, who fell into a state of great melancholy, believing himself to be abandoned by the whole world. On his liberation, he never thought of applying for letters at the Post-office; so he believed there was nothing for it but to proceed to the metropolis, and try his fortune there, as he had originally intended. Yet, ere doing so, it occurred to him, that he should like to see once more his native town: therefore he determined to pay it a visit in the first place, without, however, visiting or speaking to any one. Begging was his resource, as before; but by this time he had learned greater caution, and did not ask charity in the vicinities of the towns. One day, finding himself very reduced, and seeing a farm-house at a short distance from the road, he walked up to it, in order to request some food. On reaching the place he discovered the door to be locked, and no one within sight or hearing. The kitchen window was open, and he was tempted to jump in. Still there was no movement about the premises; so he picked up the only articles he could see, namely, a pair of braces and two keys which were lying on the table, and jumped out again.

He had not, however, well regained the highway, when two men ran down upon him through a field, and, seizing hold of him, demanded if he had been in that house. He acknowledged

that he had. "Well," said they, "come along with us." They dragged him before a magistrate, to whom the whole matter was explained. Potter attempted no concealment, on which the magistrate told him that if he persisted in his confession, he should be obliged to commit him to prison; and, as the penalty for such a crime was death, the consequences would be very serious. He rather advised him to deny, in which case he might possibly get off. Potter, however, declared that he would stand by his story; that he was so weary of life that he would be glad to get rid of it on any terms; and he was so ashamed of himself that he no longer desired to remain in the country. He was, accordingly, ordered to be committed to prison; and, as the farm-house which he had robbed was within the confines of Shropshire, he found himself located as a prisoner in his native town of Shrewsbury.

There he was visited by some of his old friends; and an explanation took place between him and the schoolmaster. The blunder had been committed, however; and it was too late to retrieve. As mentioned above, the offence was at the time punishable by death; which in his case, as in most others, was commuted into transportation for life. He was sent to New South Wales, with the dreary prospect before him, of a long lifetime of slavery: as he was at this time only seventeen years of age.

On the passage out, and in the colony, for some time, he saw nothing but that which was bad; and soon gave himself up to all manner of wickedness. Yet it was while at the very lowest state of degradation that he first experienced the workings of God in his soul. He had been six years in the island, and was under sentence of two years' work in irons, when, by means of the preaching of a venerable minister of Christ, whose officiating he was forced to attend, he became troubled in spirit as to his immortal interests. He made a vow that if he were once out of that oppressed condition he would serve the Lord. Yet when, a fortnight after, his sentence was mitigated, and he was sent to the Government timber-yard at Paramatta, he forgot, and broke through all his resolutions. He was the same as ever; and in three weeks contrived and effected his escape from the penal settlement to the town of Sydney. In so doing his success was remarkable: for though such attempts are frequent, they are rarely successful. The day after reaching Sydney, he went on board a sloop of war, signed her articles as an ordinary seaman, and, in two days more, set sail undetected.

The next period of his life occupied the space of several years, during which time he sailed to most parts of the known world, in different services. One singular circumstance that happened during this part of his history took place only three months after he had left Sydney

This was the ship returning to that port again, to his great annoyance. He justly feared that he might be discovered and retaken, seeing that it was the custom for an officer from the penal settlement to board every vessel entering the harbour, and make inspection lest there should be any runaway convicts among the crew. His alarm was no way lessened when he saw the sergeant, who came on board, to be one who had had charge of himself for some time during his captivity. The officer said he recognised his face, but could not remember his name, which was necessary to identification. On this the captain was glad to put an end to the proceedings; for he had found Potter a valuable sailor, and was unwilling to lose him. They remained a week in the harbour, during which time Potter never ventured on shore, and did not breathe freely till they reailed, when he resolved that he should not again visit Sydney of his own free-will.

It was after he had been at sea four years, that he joined at Greenock a vessel of that place; and it was on board this ship that he came finally to a real knowledge of the truth. He had in the town of Greenock enjoyed the privilege of attending the ministry of a godly and well-known divine in that place, which had had the effect of enlightening him to a certain extent. Some weeks after he had been quarrelling, in a state of intoxication, with one of the crew, which caused him, in a fit of sullenness, to be walking the deck by himself. Just then he began to reflect on the miseries which his dissipated and reprobate conduct had brought on him; the discomforts and the poverty—for he had sold his hammock and some other things, and had not even the ordinary equipment of a sailor. Then he determined that on landing again he would reform, and get married, and augment his sea-stock. He mentioned this to a sailor, who said there was something else needed; to which Porter said, "Yes," for he understood him. He added that there was a barrier between him and the truth, and that he would tell him by-and-by what he meant. However, he told him that very night. The sailor asked if the blood of Christ could not cleanse him. Potter replied that it could; but he could not feel it. But the time had come; and he was led to cast himself at the foot of the cross, and "with strong crying and tears" to implore mercy and grace. The answer came gradually; for it was ten months before he attained to peace of mind. During that time he was growing in knowledge and understanding, and to the stature of a perfect man in Christ.

With other Gospel information he came to understand that Christianity requires from its subjects obedience to the civil authority. He became very unhappy to think that he had rebelled against that authority, in throwing off from him the penalty due to broken laws.

He felt, that having transgressed the statutes of his country, and having so become liable to the punishment annexed to that transgression, it should have been his duty to have submitted himself to the execution thereof, and he became very unhappy to think that he had done otherwise. As the only reparation in his power he came to the determination, on the first favourable opportunity, to surrender himself to justice. Such a determination, however, as may well be supposed, was not come to without much anxious and painful meditation. The idea of exchanging freedom for a renewal of bondage, was not one pleasing to his human nature, but was suggested by the Word of God, and brought to maturity at the throne of grace. At the close of the ten months above-mentioned, he, for the first time, told his captain his story, and his intentions. The captain dissuaded him, and so did others, but it was of no avail; he felt the Bible hedge him in.

Shortly after, his ship put in at Bombay. Here he immediately saw the Free Church missionary there, Mr. Nesbit, as likewise the police magistrates. The latter declared they could take no cognizance of his case, as it was quite out of their jurisdiction. The vessel was proceeding to Calcutta; so Mr. Nesbit gave him a letter to Mr. McDonald, through whom on this occasion he applied to the magistrates. The same answer was returned as at Bombay; to wit, that only in England or New South Wales could he be cognizable by justice. The plan was proposed of paying his passage to Sydney, but the captain refused to discharge him. The vessel was coming to England; so he was obliged to return unwillingly to his native country. He arrived in London about the middle of last winter.

Before leaving Calcutta, he had procured from Mr. McDonald a letter of introduction, which it was his first care to deliver on landing; and it was on this occasion that he made the visit to Mr. Hamilton, with an allusion to which our story opens.

The sight of a person in whom the power of conscience had manifested itself so strongly was very uncommon, and very interesting. No objection, of course, was offered to his plan of self-surrender; and accordingly, in the course of a few days, he delivered himself up, and was lodged, in accordance with his own desires, in Newgate prison, as a step to his being returned to the scene of his captivity.

This, however, was not done till more than one were interested in his behalf. He was visited in prison by a lady, well-known for her zeal in alleviating the calamities of the wretched occupants of these places, who satisfied herself and her friends of the reality of his repentance and the truth of his recent good behaviour. The sheriff, also, was struck by the singularity of his case. At this time the session of the Presbyterian Church, Re-

gent Square, bethought themselves of addressing to Government a memorial in his favour, which was transmitted to the Home Office in the month of January. At the same time a similar memorial was sent from Greenock; at which place, as was already mentioned, he had received much spiritual benefit some years before. In both of these were represented the peculiarly modifying circumstances of the case originally, the more than sufficient punishment he had already undergone, the great and satisfactory change in his moral character subsequently, and the meritorious self-accusal he had made, at a time when, in all likelihood, the offence would never otherwise have been discovered. After a short suspense, Mr. Hamilton had the gratification of receiving from the Home Secretary an intimation to the effect, that, considering the facts of the case, the Government had felt themselves warranted in recommending a favourable consideration of it to her Majesty, and that her Majesty had been graciously pleased to bestow a free pardon.

This was agreeable intelligence for all parties; and it was speedily followed up by Potter's dismissal from the prison. He gave thanks to God for this instance of His mercy; and desired, to the utmost of his power, to live, during the remainder of his days, a life becoming the Gospel. Having learned to like the profession of a sailor, he wished to embrace the earliest opportunity of returning to sea. He had, in the meantime, made some discoveries in regard to his connexions, which did not tend to make him desire to prolong his stay in this country. He abandoned the name of Potter, and adopted another, which was borne by some of his relations. To the name of Potter, indeed, he was in no way bound; for it was not that which had been given him in early life, nor that under which he was banished, but merely one he had taken on escaping from Sydney, the better to disguise himself; in which circumstances it was very natural that he should be glad to lay it down. But it is the only one we have thought necessary to record here. He soon obtained a situation in a vessel bound for the coast of India, where it was to ply for some years, and in which he sailed shortly after. By this time, if all is well, he is fulfilling his duties in that distant ocean.

This recital can hurt the feelings of no one, seeing that he is himself so far removed; and seeing also that he did not make himself known to his nearest connexions while he was yet here; and still farther, since we have not made public either the name he bears at present, or that of his early life. But it is hoped that this plain statement of a remarkable history may be interesting and instructive to those who acknowledge that there is a God, who worketh and ruleth all things marvellously to His own glory, in the course of His adorable providence.

Since the above was written, we have learned that the hero of our narrative has abandoned the sea; and, having entered into a new relation of life, has settled in business in town, in one of the distant colonies.

THE SABBATH AND ABRIDGED HOURS OF LABOUR.

SUPPOSE that three hundred years ago, which was a time of great religious change, as everybody knows when much was written about the origin of the obligations for keeping the Sabbath sacred—suppose that in 1546, some politician had proposed that the people should abolish the Sabbath—how easily might he have used all the language now employed by those who opposed an abridgment of labour. How he might have said, "What an enormous increase of production—what an increase of wages—how many advantages you will gain over the other countries, by abolishing the Sabbath?" And suppose the Sabbath had been abolished three hundred years ago, and that from that time till now the people of this country had worked upon that day—and there are 15,000 or 16,000 Sabbaths included in that period; that on every one of these days the hammer, and the spade, and the power-loom had been going; this would be an addition to our labours of fifty years. But what would fifty years of additional industry, in the course of three hundred years, do for us? Compare England fifty years ago with England now, and do you believe that if these fifty years of industry had been thrown into the mass of three hundred years labour, the bulk of the people of this country would have been richer than now? I believe they would have been poorer. I do not say that a man would not do more in seven days than in six; but I doubt whether any man would do more in the course of years working seven instead of six. A man working so for ten years. I venture to say, will not do so much. Then if you apply this to a great society, going on generation after generation, is it not a most monstrous error to suppose that your three centuries of wealth would have been increased by this expedient? What I say about days, I say also about hours. I do not say a man will not do more in twelve than in eleven hours; but this I say, that I believe a great society, in which the children should from an early age begin to work fifteen hours a day, would not produce so much as a society that labours much less; for, not to speak of man in any higher character than in a commercial aspect—to consider him simply as a machine for the production of goods, do not let us forget what a machine he is, and how "fearfully and wonderfully he is made." If you wish to task the powers of a strong horse, you do not oppose him to a steam engine; and when you deal with a man, you surely would not work with him as you would with iron. Depressing labour—labour that begins too early in life—labour that is too long-continued—the every-day labour that exhausts the body, saddens the spirits, and clouds the understanding—labour incompatible with good education, will inevitably in no long time tell on the commercial prosperity of a people. You will find that the mental inferiority of the population will be injurious to those daily interests which their moral and mental elevation would serve materially to promote. The day of rest occurring every week, and the hours of relief gained from every-day labours, tend to elevate the whole man, physically, intellectually, and morally, and his elevation again tells on the commercial prosperity of the country in ten thousand ways.—*T. B. Macaulay.*

PARENTS, PRAY!

To an exemplary conversation add faithful, fervent, humble, constant supplication. (Phil. i. 4; Col. i. 3.) Paul, without ceasing, makes mention of his "heart's desire;" and his "prayer to God for Israel was, that they might be saved." (Rom. x. 1.) Ministers, like spiritual priests, should not fail to offer their daily sacrifices for their people, confess their iniquities, bewail their misery, and cry mightily to God for his mercy. All our instructions without prayer will do no good. Go to God to sanctify all. By prayer carry thy children, servants, to the blessed Jesus in the arms of faith, and beseech him to bless them, by laying his hands on them, as Isaac did. (Gen. xxvii. 1-29, xlviii. 9, 14; with Matt. xix. 13; Mark x. 16.) How pathetically did Abraham plead with God for Ishmael! "O that Ishmael might live before thee!" (Gen. xvii. 18.) Bathsheba calls Solomon "the son of her vows." (Prov. xxxi. 1, 2.) Austin was the child of Monica's prayers and tears. I pray, then, pray earnestly: "O that this my son, laughter, servant, might not die for ever! Thou, Lord, art the Prince and Lord of life! O speak powerfully to their poor souls, that these pieces of my bowels, that are now dead in trespasses and sins, may hear thy voice and live!" Cry out to God, with that poor man in the Gospel: "Lord, have mercy on my son!" (Matt. xvii. 15.) If a mother, lo as the woman of Canaan did: "Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." If he seem not to hear, and to be silent, go nearer to him by faith, and cry: "Lord, help me! Lord, help me!" If his answer seem to be a repulse, do not thou desist, but rather gather arguments from his denial, as she did; and conclude, that if he once open his mouth, he will not shut his hand; and if importunity may prevail with an unrighteous man, then much more it will obtain with a gracious God. Never leave him, therefore, till, by laying hold on his own strength, thou hast overcome him. At last thou mayest hear that ravishing voice: "O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt;" and see thy daughter "made whole from that very hour." (Matt. xv. 21-28.)—*Lye.*

FOR CHILDREN.

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY.

"To err, is human;
To forgive, divine."

A LITTLE blind boy was asked what forgiveness was? He replied, "It is the odour that flowers breathe when trampled upon." Did not this sweet youth, to whom the world was dark, who could never more see the pleasant light of the sun, give the true idea of forgiveness? It is not difficult to feel kindly toward those that love you and confer favours upon you; but to have a store of good wishes and kind deeds for those that abuse and treat you ill—to be like the cinnamon tree, that sheds a sweet perfume around the axe-man that wounds it, this is hard! But it is what the meek and lowly Jesus did, and

what his true children do. Here, then, little folks, is a test to know if you love Christ. "If ye love them" only "that love you, what thank have ye?" How do you feel when your playmates treat you ill? Can you return good for evil? Can you pray for those that injure you? If so, you are "the children of your Father which is in heaven, who maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good." Remember, now, that one way to manifest the spirit of forgiveness is by kind words. A missionary in Jamaica was questioning the little black boys on Matt. v., and asked, "Who are the meek?" A boy answered, "Those who give soft answers to rough questions." This accords with what Solomon says. "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

"Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break."

—*Watchman of the Valley.*

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

A BOY was once tempted by some of his companions to pluck some ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch.

"You need not be afraid," said they; "for if your father should find out that you had them, he is so kind, that he will not hurt you."

"That is the very reason," replied the boy, "why I would not touch them. It is true, my father may not hurt me; yet my disobedience, I know, would hurt my father; and that would be worse to me than anything else."

Was not this an excellent reason?

IMPERFECT SERVICES.

It is a fallacy of Satan's, to argue, from the sinfulness of our duties, to the non-acceptance of them. "Will God," says he, "take such broken groats at thy hand? Is he not a holy God?" Learn, here, to distinguish. There is a two-fold acceptance.—1. A thing may be accepted as a payment of a debt; or, 2. As a proof of love. God, who will not accept of broken money in a way of payment, will, nevertheless, kindly accept of it from his friends as a testimony of gratitude.

It is true, O Christian, the debt thou owest to God must be paid in good and lawful money; but here, for thy comfort, Christ, and Christ only, is thy paymaster. Send Satan to him; bid him bring his charge against Christ, who is ready at God's right hand to produce a clear account, and show his receipt in full for the whole debt. As to thy performances and obedience, they fall under a quite contrary class—as mere tokens of thy love and thankfulness to God; and so gracious is thy heavenly Father, that he accepts thy bent sixpence, and will not throw away thy crooked, broken mite. Love refuses nothing that love sends.—*Gurnall.*

CHRIST, A GIFT.

HAST thou but a mind to Christ? Come and take the water of life freely. It is thine. It is given to thee. There is nothing looked for from thee, to take

thy portion in Christ. Thine he is as much as any person's under heaven.

Dost thou thirst? that is, hast thou a mind really to Christ, that Christ should really say to thy soul, "I am thy salvation? It may be thou art suspicious of thyself, and thy heart is apt to say, "Christ is not my portion; I am not fit for Christ; I am a great sinner; I must be holy first." Alas! that is bringing a price to Christ. But you must come without money and without price. And what is it to come without money or price? It is to take Christ, and the water of life, merely and simply as a gift.

These are the sure mercies of David, when a man receives the things of Christ only because Christ gives them; and not in regard to any action of ours as the ground of taking them.—*Dr. Crisp.*

LIKE GOD.

RESEMBLANCE to God results from our intimacy with him. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." But while a "companion of fools shall be destroyed, he that walketh with wise men shall be wise." We soon assume the manners and imbibe the spirit of those with whom we are familiar, especially if the individual be a distinguished personage, and we pre-eminently revere and love him. Upon this principle, the more we have to do with God, the more we shall grow into his likeness, and "be followers of him as dear children." When Moses descended from communion with him, his face shone; and although he was not aware of the lustre himself, the people could not stedfastly behold him for the glory of his countenance, and he was constrained to hide it under a veil. The Christian, too, may be insensible of his excellencies and proficiencies; but his profiting will appear unto all men; all will take knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus.—*Jay.*

DOUBTS.

OH, trembling believer! if Satan should at any time move thee to doubt of thy election, answer him by telling him that he was never of God's cabinet-council.—*Anon.*

Who had more testimonies of God's favour than David? Yet was he sometimes at a loss, not only to read, but even to spell his evidences.—*Gurnall.*

Unbelief may, perhaps, tear the copies of the covenant which Christ have given you; but he still keeps the original in heaven with himself. Your doubts and fears are no parts of the covenant; neither can they change Christ.

I have questioned whether or no I ever knew anything of Christianity, save the letters which make up the word.

Doubtings are your sins; but they are also the drugs and ingredients which Christ, the good physician, makes use of for the curing of your pride.—*Rutherford.*

THE DIFFERENCE.

WHAT, in reality, is the distance between the faithful Christian on earth, and the spirits of the just made perfect? It is as if, in an apartment filled

with bright lights, and burning clearly, there were one, dimmed by the earthen vase which subdues and almost darkens its lustre. You have only to shiver the vase of clay, and then the light it enshrines shall beam forth, undimmed amongst its fellows. Such may be the transition by death, of the spirit of the Christian from the "earthly house of this tabernacle," to its full, unclouded shining, amidst its kindred lights in heaven.—*Old Author.*

DEAD IN SIN.

GREAT was the cry in Egypt when the first-born in each family was dead; but are there not many families where all are dead together?—*Boston.*

Death is a friend of grace, and the enemy of nature.—*Dodd.*

Sinners are like sheep grazing on a common; the butcher comes continually and fetches away one, another, and another; while the rest feed on unconcerned, until he comes for the last.—*Horne.*

CHRIST THE ONLY SAVIOUR.

Do not legalize the gospel; as if part remained for you to do and suffer, and Christ were but a half-mediator; or as if you were to bear part of your own sin, and make part satisfaction. Let sin break thy heart, but not thy hope.—*Wilcox.*

Christ will be a pure, total Redeemer and Mediator, and thou must be an undone sinner, or Christ and thou will never agree.

COMFORTS.

OF all the created comforts God is the lender. You are the borrower, not the owner.

God's comforts are no dreams. He would not put his seal on blank paper, nor deceive his afflicted ones that trust in him.—*Rutherford.*

I had rather be a means of comforting one of God's dear children, than gain the applause of a nation.—*Ryland.*

If comfort fails, God's faithfulness does not. What though your pitcher is broke? The fountain is still as full as ever.—*Rev. Mr. Williams.*

Fragments.

Our hearts are fasten'd to the world

By strong and various ties;

But ev'ry sorrow cuts a string,

And urges us to rise.—*DR. YOUNG.*

To-morrow may never come. It belongs to God, and you have no right to reckon it.

BANISHMENT.—There goes a rumour that I am to be banished; and let it come, if God so will. The other side of the sea is my Father's ground as well as this side.—*Rutherford.*

DARKNESS OF SOUL.—If you are under darkness of soul, first go to God with it; and then go to some experienced saint of your acquaintance. It is good sometimes to light your candle at a neighbour's fire.—*Anon.*

"GOD IS LOVE."

BY GEORGE MUIRHEAD, D.D.

In this very endearing manner has God been pleased to reveal Himself to us in the gospel. And being absolutely perfect in all His adorable excellences, when we are told in His Word that "God is love," we must suppose that He is possessed of everlasting, unchangeable, unbounded love. And is it possible to form a more exalted conception of perfect blessedness than must be the portion of those who enjoy the favour of God, Who is love itself? But where is to be found, among all the most exalted intelligences whom God has formed, one capable of receiving the full manifestations of God's unbounded love? For all creatures, however exalted, are limited; but God's love is unlimited. But there is *One*, One among a thousand, Who is capable of receiving the full manifestation of God's unbounded love, Who is every way worthy of being loved with unbounded love, and Who is every way capable of returning that love with a love that is the exact counterpart of God's unbounded love. That is God's only begotten Son—in Whom He is ever well pleased, His own Elect, in Whom His soul delighteth—He who was in the bosom of the Father's love as one brought up with Him from eternity—Who was daily his delight, rejoicing always before Him. Here, then, is the most perfect specimen of love in the universe, infinitely transcending the love of all creatures. Here, I conceive, God has been pleased to grant us as much insight into the nature of the Divine blessedness as limited creatures are capable of receiving. It consisteth in those everlasting mutual communications of unbounded love subsisting between the Father and the Son in the blessed Spirit. Observe, here, that as our Lord Himself acknowledges that it is not easy for us to conceive adequate conceptions of the Spirit, His operation being secret; yet, to aid our conceptions of the relation of the Spirit to the Father and the Son, we are told that it bears some resemblance to the relation subsisting between the soul and body, which is of the closest and most intimate kind. This, I conceive, is intimated to us by the apostle, when he says, that as no man knoweth the things of a man, but the spirit that is in him; so no man knoweth the things of God, but the Spirit of God.

But to bring this subject somewhat nearer to ourselves: What shall we think of the wonderful manifestation of the love of God towards sinners such as we are, when we find that God intends nothing less than to bring sinners to share, so far as creatures can share, in the Divine blessedness? God has indeed been manifesting mercy to all of us, ever since we had a being, on to this day; upholding us in being, supplying our daily-returning wants, preserving us from dangers which we could neither foresee nor prevent by our own wisdom or our own power; watching over us in sickness, and restoring us to health; giving us many domestic comforts from those relations which He hath established among us, whereby we are united in families. And what I consider the most distinguished of earthly blessings, are the restraints which are laid upon us, whereby we are prevented from going all those lengths in wickedness to which we are naturally disposed, and which, were it not for such restraints, would render this earth the image of hell, and for that wonderful long-suffering patience and forbearance, without which we would all of us ere now have been utterly consumed in His anger. Thus God is daily extending His mercy to the evil and unthankful. He is good unto all, and His loving-kindness and tender mercies are over all His works. And these proofs of God's love to us, to our outward accommodation in this world, are intended to encourage us to seek after higher manifestations of God's love in regard to what concerns our spiritual welfare. He Who is taking so much care of our frail bodies, we may be assured, is not unconcerned about the state of our precious and immortal souls. Just as our Lord, by showing His compassion in healing the bodily diseases of man, intended to exhibit Himself as the great Physician of souls, and invited men to come to Him for the healing of their souls.

But let us now consider more particularly that marvellous manifestation of God's love, both to the bodies and to the souls of sinners, that is exhibited to us in what is revealed to us of the plan of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ. In various respects this manifestation of God's love differs from all other manifestations of God's love with which we are acquainted.

In all other instances with which we are acquainted, God's love was manifested to holy beings, who, though limited creatures, and who could claim no merit in the sight of God for His marvellous love to them, yet had nothing in them that was opposed to the holiness of God, and were continually employed in serving God with all the powers which God had given them. But here was a new display of God's love, which, so far as we know, had never been exhibited before—love to the guilty, to the condemned, to those who were enemies to God in their hearts and by wicked works, and who might justly have been left to perish for ever. O what astonishment! what admiration! what rapture! would be experienced by all the highest orders of created intelligences, by this new display of the unbounded extent of God's love!

2. There were apparent difficulties in the way of this manifestation of God's love, which had not appeared, in so far as we know, in any former display of God's love—difficulties, both on the part of God, and on the part of sinners, to whom His love was to be manifested, that to the highest orders of created intelligences would have been insurmountable; so that, had a mighty angel been sent to proclaim throughout the universe, Who is there who can contrive a way whereby mercy may be extended to sinners in a manner perfectly consistent with the full exercise of God's holiness—whereby sin may be punished and the sinner saved? there would have been a dead silence throughout the universe. And we might, like John, have wept much over the hopeless state of fallen man, in so far at least as creature-help was concerned. But what is impossible with men or angels, was found possible with God. It was God's purpose to give a new display of the unfathomable depths of His wisdom, of the mighty energy of His irresistible power, and of the unsearchable riches of His grace, in saving sinners in such a way as would give a brighter display of perfect obedience to His holy law than could have been done by the perfect obedience of the whole human race: and in such a way as would give a brighter discovery of His infinite love of holiness, of His infinite hatred of sin, and of His irreversible determination that, in His righteous administration, sin should not pass unpunished in any one instance, than would have been done had the whole human race been left to perish for ever. And this is admirably effected by the all-perfect obedience of the Lord Jesus Christ, whereby the law was magnified and made honourable, more than it could have been

by the perfect obedience of the whole human race; and whereby, in the sufferings and death of Christ, God's righteous displeasure against sin was more signally displayed, than could have been done by the everlasting destruction of the whole human race. And this is that plan of salvation that is celebrated by the Psalmist in the 85th Psalm: "Surely His salvation is nigh them that fear Him, that glory may dwell in our land. Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other. Truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from heaven. Yea, the Lord shall give that which is good; and our land shall yield her increase. Righteousness shall go before Him, and shall set us in the way of His steps."

3. In this manifestation of God's love there is what, in the language of men, may be called a sacrifice, on the part of God, that does not appear in other manifestations of God's love known to us. God, it is said, *spared not* His own dear Son, but freely gave Him up for us all. This form of expression is certainly intended to convey to us the impression that God, in giving up His Son, had a sentiment or feeling in His mind that cannot be communicated to us more suitably than by our considering it as having some resemblance to the feelings of a fond parent giving up his dear son to suffer and die—as in Abraham offering up his beloved son Isaac. Again, the Son of God, in our nature, certainly made a very painful sacrifice when He willingly gave His own precious life to inconceivable agony of soul and body, to make an atonement for sin. Again, the Holy Spirit also must be considered as making a sacrifice, in His condescending to take up His abode in the souls of sinners, when, in the language of men, He is said to be grieved and vexed with their sinful opposition to His holy movements in their souls. In all this there is a condescension and a tenderness, a warmth of feeling on the part of God towards sinners of mankind, of which no creature can form any adequate conception. It is love that passeth knowledge.

4. The length of time required for carrying on, and bringing to its blessed consummation, this plan of redeeming love, is another feature in this manifestation of God's love that distinguishes it from all other manifestations of God's love known to us. It has been carrying on for nearly six thousand years; and another thousand years have yet to run on till it shall be brought to its final issue. O what a great and glorious

work must this be, in the carrying on of which God has been pleased to devote the boundless energies of His all-comprehensive mind for so long a period; and surely there must be something altogether singular in this manifestation of God's love! There must be a magnitude, an excellence, a glory in it, that will be the admiration of all orders of created intelligences throughout the endless ages of eternity!

5. This scheme of salvation, so far as we can judge, is that to which all the other works of God, with which we are acquainted, are made subservient. The angels are said to be all ministering servants, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation. This earth was formed to be the scene on which was to be exhibited the wonders of redeeming love. The creation of man, and his being permitted to fall, had the same end in view; as also the fall of the angels. And it is abundantly evident from Scripture, that all the changes and revolutions among the nations—the rise and fall of the four great monarchies in succession—the selection of the nation of Israel from all the other nations, and all their institutions, typical and spiritual—had all a special reference to the carrying on and bringing on to its glorious consummation the great work of redemption. O how near to the heart of God, and how infinitely important in the estimation of God, must that work be to which so many of God's other works, so excellent and glorious in themselves, are made subservient! Is it possible for us to form any adequate conceptions of its infinite magnitude? No; the very highest conceptions we are capable of forming of it must fall far below the truth. But how desirable is it that we should raise our conceptions of it very high; how desirable is it that we should be daily seeking a more intimate acquaintance with it; and above all, how desirable is it that we should rest in nothing short of being made actually partakers of this great salvation, which is just the sum of blessedness!

6. This work of salvation seems to be distinguished above all the other works of God in this respect, that those who shall partake of its blessings of inestimable value, come thereby to stand in a nearer relation to God than any of the other creatures he hath formed, however exalted. Who is there among all the creatures whose nature stands so near to God as to be adopted into the Person of the Son of God, and to sit with Him upon the throne of God, as it is said of Christ, "Verily He took not upon Him the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham?"

And in these wonderful expressions, which may well overwhelm us, they are said to be partakers of the Divine nature, as children are partakers of the same nature with their parents, showing the near relation in which they stand to God the Father. They are said to enter into the joy of their Lord, showing the near relation in which they stand to the Son of God. They are said to be filled with all the fulness of God, showing the near relation in which they stand to the Spirit of God, Who dwells in them in all the fulness that they are capable of receiving Him. Be ye filled with the Spirit. Here, then, we may well be altogether overwhelmed with the immensity of the subject, and can only exclaim, in an ecstasy of wonder, love, and praise, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God! and if sons, then heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ, of the kingdom of heaven."

7. I only mention farther, that this work of redemption seems to give to men and to angels a brighter discovery of all God's adorable perfections than has previously been done by all God's other works. This, I think, must have in part been made evident from what has been already stated on this subject. But I shall now mention some particulars which go to prove it. When God had finished the work of the visible creation, we are told that the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. But when tidings came to be proclaimed on earth of the coming of the Saviour, through Whom there was to be established a new creation, more glorious than the first, the heavenly hosts strung their harps to loftier strains of heavenly melody. They sang, "Glory to God *in the highest*, on earth peace, good will towards man!" Again, there were wonderful displays of Divine wisdom in the visible creation. And hence it is said, "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all." But the new creation of all things in Christ Jesus, is spoken of as a display of the manifold wisdom of God. Again, there were glorious manifestations of the mighty power of God in the visible creation. But the new creation gives a display of the working of that mighty power of God, whereby He is able to subdue all things to himself. Again, in the visible creation, there were glorious displays of God's goodness, of His kindness, and of His love. But in the new creation of all things in Christ Jesus, there are new displays of Divine condescension, grace, and love, far surpassing all former displays of God's goodness, grace, and

love. Here, then, is a love that hath a height and depth, and length, and breadth, that passeth knowledge. Here is a display of love strong as death, which many waters could not quench, nor all the floods drown. Here, in a word, is the strongest possible demonstration given to the universe that "God is love."

Now, my friends, do you really believe this love that God is in Christ manifesting to sinners such as we are? Can you for a moment entertain a doubt of it? Would not the very doubting of it approach very near to the sin of accounting the God of truth a liar? and far be that from any one of us. And if you believe this love of God in Christ Jesus, then you will be filled with the highest possible admiration of His transcendent excellence; you will cleave to Him in love as your all-satisfying portion. Then your hearts will leap with joy at having found a treasure of inestimable value in the enjoyment of God's love. You will say from the heart, "I will rejoice in the Lord; my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the robe of righteousness, and covered me with the garments of salvation." And this joy of the Lord will be your strength, animating you to diligence, inspiring you with trust and confidence, and enabling you to run in the way of God's commandments with enlargement of heart. And then in proportion as you rise to higher degrees of admiration, and delight, and gratitude, in the contemplation of God's transcendent excellence, you must, in looking into your own hearts, have deeper and deeper convictions of your own utter unworthiness of the least of all God's mercies. In proportion as God increases in your estimation, you must decrease in your own estimation, until at length you see yourselves to be as nothing, and God to be all in all—until you see that, while to you there belongs nothing but shame and confusion of face in the presence of God, to God alone, from first to last, belongs the whole glory of salvation. Salvation is of the Lord.

THE MISCALCULATIONS OF INFIDELITY FOR TIME AN ARGUMENT AGAINST TRUSTING IT FOR ETERNITY.

Is David Hume a good guide for futurity? This is a question which is raised by his philosophy and his conduct in dying. Many would fain persuade themselves that he is trustworthy; but, independently of the fact that he knew, and could know, nothing of the unseen world more than others, when left to natural reasoning, those who are apt to be misled by the authority of his name in regard to the future world, may be reminded that, with all his penetration

and sagacity, he was frequently and egregiously at fault in estimating the future of time. Surely, then, he is not to be relied on in his estimate of the future beyond the grave. If he errs grievously in his judgment and calculations about the future even in this world, where all is comparatively so plain and palpable, why should it be thought that he will be more successful in judging of an unseen world, in itself full of mystery, and of which he had not had the smallest personal experience? Analogy would rather lead one to anticipate that he would prove as mistaken, or more mistaken, in the one case than the other.

Of his mistakes as to the future in time, nothing can be more certain or palpable. In every department—in his judgment of the character of men and of writings—of the prospects of British literature—of the British metropolis and nation—we find him out in all his calculations of the future. He seems to have been allowed to commit himself in this way, the better to shake men's confidence in his judgment on religion and the future world. Thus we find him, when residing in France, and being admitted to many of its State secrets, confidently declaring that there was only one man in the year 1776 fit to be minister, "but one man in France capable of restoring its greatness"—the Archbishop of Toulouse. What did the event show? This same individual was put at the head of affairs immediately before the outbreak of the Revolution, a year after (Loménie de Brienne); but instead of turning out the man that Hume predicted, he left behind him, to use the language of the biographer, "an undisputed character of utter incapacity to be a statesman in difficult times." So of his estimate of Rousseau. In 1763 Hume writes, "There is no man in Europe of whom I have entertained a higher idea, and whom I would be prouder to serve. . . . I reverence his greatness of mind, which makes him fly obligations and dependence." Four years after, what is the judgment respecting the same person? "He is surely the blackest and most atrocious villain beyond comparison that now exists in the world, and I am heartily ashamed of anything I ever wrote in his favour. I know not where the miscreant will now retire to, in order to hide his head from the infamy"—viz. of ingratitude. (His ingratitude to Hume! the poor Infidel all the while forgetting his own ten thousandfold more atrocious ingratitude to God.)

In the same style of mistaken judgment of the future, he was confident that Wilkie's *Epigoniad* was ultimately to be in great public favour, and explained the reason of its neglect in 1757; but after the lapse of nearly an hundred years the poem remains where it stood, and there is no prospect of Hume's judgment ever being realized. On the other hand, he had so poor an idea of the literary character of England, was so persuaded of the decline of the nation in polite letters, "that he no longer expected any valuable production ever to come from them." How entirely has this been falsified since 1776!

At fault as a judge of literature, he was not less at fault as a political philosopher, though it was in this character, perhaps, that he wrote most ably and unexceptionably. The national debt, in his day he

thought was destined to be the certain ruin of this country. The reader need not be reminded that that debt has since been almost infinitely enlarged, and that the country is farther from ruin *from this cause* than ever: moreover, that most men would now smile at the fears of Hume. In the same style of miscalculation of the future he wrote, just a century ago, "I shall not be much disappointed if this proves the last Parliament worthy the name we shall ever have in Britain." A few years after, he wrote in his "Essay on the Populousness of Ancient Nations," "London, by uniting extensive commerce and middling empire, has perhaps arrived at a greatness which no city, perhaps, will be able to exceed." He fixes the number at 700,000; and adds, "From the experience of past and present ages, one might conjecture that there is a kind of impossibility that any city should ever rise much beyond this proportion." Such was Hume's opinion, and it was no transient whim. Thirty years after he held by the same doctrine: "Should London fall as much in its size as I have done, it will be the better. It is nothing but a bulk of bad and unclean humours." How completely has history disowned all such predictions! There is no prospect of the extinction of the British Parliament; and so far from the British capital being hemmed in by that impossibility of which Hume dreamt, it is now three times 700,000, and betrays no symptoms of speedy death or decay. Corresponding has been the increase of several of the capitals of Europe, without any of the consequences dreaded by the Infidel philosopher. Surely in dealing with young men smitten with admiration of the talents and fame of Hume, and disposed to intrust their souls to his guidance for the future world, it is a fair argument to say, "Your guide is not trustworthy for the future. He denies a future world on the force of abstract reasonings and conjectures; but he has been frequently and largely mistaken in judging of important matters of this world and the future; and if he has been mistaken at home, it is very probable that he may be as completely mistaken in things so foreign as the existence of a future world. If he is wrong in the one, what likelihood is there that he will be right in the other?" In proceeding upon this line of argument, we are only following Hume's own favourite principle of experience. By experience, we have found him a false prophet for time. We have no *experience* of his prophecies for the future world—nor can we have. It is too late to wait for death; therefore, having found him false for time, the probability is that we shall find him equally false for eternity. At least, amid such proved uncertainties in a guide, it would be the height of madness to put any trust in him, above all, to put trust in him in a matter of momentous importance—a matter where, error once committed, the mistake is irretrievable, the ruin eternal. It need scarcely be added, that if Hume be not trustworthy, no other Infidel, ancient or modern, British or foreign, is more worthy of credit. All men of the same character err in the same way. They have no materials of judgment for the unseen world superior to Hume's, and none of them will pretend to more sagacity and penetration than their Scottish brother.

The writer is not aware that this analogical argument against scepticism is ever employed, at least in the present form; but it strikes him as sound and legitimate, and fitted to impress a certain class of minds.

EJACULATORY PRAYER

Is a sudden, short breathing of the soul towards heaven upon instant and surprising emergencies. In holy persons it is quick and lively, rising from a vehement ardour of spirit, swifter than the flight of eagles, and keeps pace with a flash of lightning. It flies upon the wings of a holy thought into the third heaven in the twinkling of an eye, and fetches auxiliary forces in times of straits.

There are many precedents recorded in the sacred page upon great and notable occasions, with strange success. When good magistrates are busy in the work of reformation, let them imitate Nehemiah when redressing the profanation of the Sabbath: "Remember me, O my God, concerning this," &c. (Neh. xiii. 14, 22.) When generals and captains go forth to war, observe Israel's appreciation to God rather than acclamations to men: "The Lord thy God be with thee, as he was with Moses." (Josh. i. 17.) In time of battle or pursuit of the enemy, valiant Joshua darts up such a prayer as this, "O that the Lord would lengthen this triumphant day!" and the Lord heard his voice. (Josh. x. 12.) The tribes beyond Jordan cried unto the Lord in a battle with the Hagarites (1 Chron. v. 20); Jehoshaphat, in a sore strait at Ramoth-gilead (2 Chron. xviii. 31); Samson, ready to perish at Lehi with thirst, and, when blind, exposed to contempt in the temple of Dagon (Judg. xv. 18, xvi. 28); David, near stoning at Ziklag, and when flying from Absalom in "the ascent of Mount Olivet" (1 Sam. xxx. 6; 2 Sam. xv. 31); Elisha, at Dothan, compassed with a Syrian host, "Lord, open the young man's eyes." (2 Kings vi. 17.) In the midst of lawful and laborious callings—Boaz, to the reapers, "The Lord be with you." (Ruth ii. 4; Ps. cxxix. 8.) We may pray "that our oxen may be strong to labour; that there be no breaking in, nor going out; that there be no complaining in our streets." (Ps. cxlvi. 14.) It sanctifies the plough, as Jerome said of the fields of Bethlehem: "The tillers of the field, and the dressers of vineyards, sang David's psalms." It keeps the shop, and inclines the hearts of customers; it bars the door, it quenches fire, it "blesseth thy children within thee," it preserves thy going out and coming in." (Ps. cxlvii. 13, cxxi. 8.) Jacob found it to rest upon his children going a journey to Egypt. (Gen. xliii. 14.) It closes the eyes with sweet sleep, it "gives songs in the night," and wakens the soul in the arms of mercy. (Job xxxv. 10; Ps. iii. 5, iv. 8, cxxxix. 18.) It sits at the helm when a storm rises at sea; it gives strength to anchors

in roads, and prosperous gales to the venturesome merchant. (Ps. cvii. 28; Jonah i. 6.) When, in the palace at dinner, Nehemiah presents the cup to his prince, he presents also a *michtam*, a "golden prayer," to the King of heaven. (Neh. ii. 4.) At the reading of the law Josiah was heard as to some secret cries to heaven. (2 Chron. xxxiv. 27.) At a holy conference in a journey the disciples occasionally pray, "Lord, increase our faith." (Luke xvii. 5.) Jacob, on his dying pillow, predicting future events to his children, falls into a holy rapture: "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord." (Gen. xlix. 18.) At sacred death in martyrdom Zechariah cries out, "The Lord look upon it and require it" (2 Chron. xxiv. 22); and Stephen, under a shower of stones, melts in prayer for the stony hearts that flung them: "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge" (Acts vii. 60); and our blessed Saviour in his greatest agonies makes a tender-hearted prayer: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." (Luke xxiii. 34.) And, lastly, in the distresses of others, Eli puts up a sudden petition for Hannah: "The God of Israel grant thee thy petition." (1 Sam. i. 17.)

In these, and many like cases, the holy Word stores us with patterns for ejaculation in all extremities, which I cannot now digest and improve. Only in a few words let us take a view of the usefulness of such a sudden flight of the soul to heaven.

1. It helps us to a speedy preparative for all duties. With such an ejaculation, "let us lift our heart with our hands unto God in the heavens." (Lam. iii. 41.)

2. It is a guard against secret sins in the first risings, and the first assaults of temptation.

3. It suffers not divine mercies to slip by unobserved in a wakeful Christian, and proves a fruitful mother of gratitude and praise.

4. It sanctifies all our worldly employments (1 Tim. iv. 4, 5); it fastens the stakes in the hedge of divine protection, and turns every thing to a blessing.

5. It is a saint's buckler against sudden accidents, a present antidote against frights and evil tidings. It is good at all occasions, and consecrates to us, not only our meals, but every gasp of air, &c.

6. It is a sweet companion, that the severest enemies cannot abridge us of. Outward ordinances and closet duties they may cut off; the little "nail in the holy place" they may pluck out (Ezra ix. 8): but no labyrinth, no prison, not the worst of company, can hinder this; in the very face of adversaries "we may lift our souls to God."—*Lee*.

SO MANY CALLS.

BY H. E. BEECHER STOWE.

It was a brisk clear evening in the latter part of December, when Mr. A—— returned from his count-

ing-house to the comforts of a bright coal fire and warm arm-chair in his parlour at home. He changed his heavy boots for slippers, drew around him the folds of his evening gown, and then lounging back in the chair, looked up to the ceiling and about with an air of satisfaction. Still there was a cloud on his brow. What could be the matter with Mr. A——? To tell the truth, he had that afternoon, in his counting-room, received the agent of one of the principal religious charities of the day, and had been warmly urged to double his last year's subscription, and the urging had been pressed by statements and arguments to which he did not know well how to reply. "People think," soliloquized he to himself, "that I am made of money, I believe. This is the fourth object this year for which I have been requested to double my subscription, and this year has been one of heavy family expenses—building and fitting up this house—carpets—curtains—no end to the new things to be bought. I do not see, really, how I am to give a cent more in charity. Then, there are the bills for the boys and girls—they all say they must have twice as much now as before we came to this house—wonder if I did right in building it?" And Mr. A—— glanced unceasingly up and down the ceiling, and around on the costly furniture, and looked into the fire in silence. He was tired, harassed, and sleepy—his head began to swim, and his eyes closed. He was asleep. In his sleep he thought he heard a tap at the door; and there stood a plain, poor-looking man, who in a voice singularly low and sweet, asked for a few moments' conversation with him. Mr. A—— asked him into the parlour, and drew him a chair near the fire. The stranger looked attentively around, and then turning to Mr. A—— presented him with a paper. "It is your last year's subscription to missions," said he; "you know all the wants of that cause that can be told you; I came to see if you had anything more to add to it."

This was said in the same low and quiet voice as before; but for some reason unaccountable to himself, Mr. A—— was more embarrassed by the plain, poor, unpretending man, than he had been in the presence of any one before. He was for some moments silent before he could reply at all, and then in a hurried and embarrassed manner he began the same excuses which had appeared so satisfactory to him the afternoon before—the hardness of the times, the difficulty of collecting money, family expenses, &c.

The stranger quietly surveyed the spacious apartment with its many elegances and luxuries, and without any comment took from the merchant the paper he had given, but immediately presented him with another.

"This is your subscription to the Tract Society; have you anything to add to it? You know how much it has been doing, and how much more it now desires to do, if Christians would only furnish means. Do you not feel called upon to add something to it?"

Mr. A—— was very uneasy under this appeal; but there was something in the still, mild manner of the stranger that restrained him; but he answered that though he regretted it exceedingly, his circumstances were such that he could not this year conveniently add to any of his charities.

The stranger received back the paper without any reply, but immediately presented in its place the subscription to the Bible Society, and in a few clear and forcible words, reminded him of its well-known claims, and again requested him to add something to his donations. Mr. A—— became impatient.

"Have I not said," he replied, "that I can do nothing more for any charity than I did last year? There seems to be no end to the calls these days. At

first, there were only three or four objects presented, and the sums required moderate—now the objects increase every day, and call upon us for money; and all, after we have given once, want us to double and treble and quadruple our subscriptions. There is no end to the thing. We may as well stop in one place as another."

The stranger took back the paper, rose, and fixing his eye on his companion, said, in a voice that thrilled to his soul,

"One year ago to-night, you thought that your daughter lay dying—you could not rest for agony—upon whom did you call that night?"

The merchant started and looked up—there seemed a change to have passed over the whole form of his visitor, whose eye was fixed on him with a calm, intense, penetrating expression that subdued him—he drew back, covered his face, and made no reply.

"Five years ago," said the stranger, "when you lay at the brink of the grave, and thought that if you died then you would leave a family unprovided for, do you remember how you prayed? Who saved you then?"

The stranger paused for an answer, but there was a dead silence. The merchant only bent forward as one entirely overcome, and rested his head on the seat before him.

The stranger drew yet nearer, and said, in a still lower and more impressive tone, "Do you remember fifteen years since, that time when you felt yourself so lost, so helpless, so hopeless, when you spent day and night in prayer; when you thought you would give the world for one hour's assurance that your sins were forgiven you? Who listened to you then?"

"It was my God and Saviour," said the merchant with a sudden burst of remorseful feeling, "O yes, it was he."

"And has he ever complained of being called on too often?" inquired the stranger, in a voice of reproachful sweetness. "Say," added he, "are you willing to begin this night and ask no more of him, if he from this night will ask no more from you?"

"O never, never, never," said the merchant, throwing himself at his feet; but as he spake these words the figure seemed to vanish, and he awoke with his whole soul stirred within him.

"O God and Saviour! what have I been doing!" he exclaimed. "Take all—take everything—what is all that I have to what thou hast done for me?"

WAVE UPON WAVE.

At the entrance of a pretty glen, in a bright sunny spot, stood a neat farm-house. A good and happy couple inhabited it. Possessing all of outward comfort that their station commanded, and surrounded by a healthy and prosperous family, they rejoiced thankfully to acknowledge that the lines had fallen to them in a pleasant place; and I never visited their dwelling without feeling how much more of real happiness seemed to be mingled in their cup than fell to the lot of many in far superior worldly circumstances. Nor can I look back now on the dark clouds which have passed over that dwelling, without still feeling now truly it is said of those who trust in God, that they

have a peace which this world can neither give nor take away.

The farm was not of sufficient extent to afford employment for more than one constant labourer; and as their eldest son grew up, he evinced a strong desire to go abroad. Through the interest of a friend, a situation was secured, and the needful preparations were set about. All that was required had been provided; but one desire of the parents was unfulfilled—they sought, before his departure, to present their first-born at the table of the Lord, that he might there take upon himself the solemn vows which, in baptism, they had made for him. The communion season was near, and they hoped that his departure might be so delayed as to permit of the accomplishment of this, their strong desire; and God, in graciousness to them, so ordered it. I saw him reverently worship with them that day, and rejoiced in their joy; on the next he had to bid them what proved to be a last farewell.

The parting was sad; but tidings of his health and success soon reached them, and as bright visions of the future rose before them, his anticipated prosperity became now as much an element of their happiness as his personal presence had formerly been; but their heavenly Father saw not fit that these pleasing anticipations should ever be realized. He had received one payment of salary, and transmitted a large portion of it to his parents, and just one week after this sickened and died. Alone, among strangers, with no mother's hand to tend him, he passed rapidly through the dark valley; and was only able to request, as a last favour of him whom he had for a short period very faithfully served, that he would let his parents know, that the God whom he worshipped had not forsaken him in his time of need, but had made all his bed in his sickness, and had supplied, by his gracious presence, all which of outward comfort he lacked. I heard that these sad tidings had reached this once happy home, and I went to express my sympathy with these bereaved parents. There was everything, in the accounts they had received, conveyed, as they were, by the hand of one unknown, to harrow up a mother's heart; but the beams of God's mercy, falling upon showers of her tears, caused to appear amid them the bow of peace; and the faith which enabled her to contemplate her son's now completed joy, hid often from her sight the lonely and desolate scenes of his last sorrow; and she manifested that which, of all Christian attain-

ments, seems, to those who know not God, most unaccountable—"sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."

To human eye, it seemed that the purpose of God was so accomplished by this affliction, that the chastening hand might have been removed; but an all-wise and merciful Father had appointed otherwise. The eldest girl was next stricken. A timid, quiet child she had always been, with evidently many a serious thought, but too reserved to communicate with any one regarding them; and I was amazed, on entering her room, some days after she had been taken ill, to find her, with perfect firmness and self-possession, repeating some verses of a hymn, which she thought should convey comfort to her mother in the prospect of parting with her. The near approach of eternity seemed to have removed every earthly fear, and she replied, without reserve, to any question I asked her—telling me she believed herself dying, but had no fear of death, because the dark valley was enlightened by the bright shining of the Sun of Righteousness, which had borne her sins and carried her sorrows, that she might pass safely through it.

While she thus spoke, the younger children crowded in amazement round her bed; and to them, in succession, she addressed words of warning or exhortation, beseeching them to be dutiful and affectionate, that they might soothe their sorrowing parents when she was gone; above all, entreating them to seek redemption through the blood of Christ, that they might all meet again in that Father's house to which she was hastening, and where one of their number already was rejoicing in the presence of his Lord.

A second wave of mingled grief and joy had thus rolled over these servants of the Lord, and they bowed before him, in humble acknowledgment that they deserved and required such afflictions; but still his hand was not to be stayed, and still they were prepared to say, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good."

A lingering disease was now sent to consume away the life of the father; and for two years of almost constant suffering, he struggled on, until, the strength of life being completely wasted, he too was permitted to enter into that rest prepared for the people of God.

Since then, it has often been my privilege to visit and converse with the widow, and I never did so without feeling how blessed a reality there is in that promise of our Lord, "Peace

I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth;" for she, bereft of all the world accounts good, and encompassed with toils and anxieties too heavy for human strength to bear, yet enduring, as seeing Him who is invisible, and realizing the strength, and support, and consolation, that is found in looking to the Father of the fatherless, and the Help of the widow, is kept in quietness and peace, trusting that He will provide what is needful for her now, and knowing that He has gone into the presence of her God to provide a place for her there, when His purposes and mercy shall have been accomplished concerning her here.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF FAITH.

A WORD TO AWAKENED SOULS.

PASSING one day along one of the streets of Edinburgh, a little child came running to meet me. He was desirous of getting into one of the houses adjacent, but the door was shut, and he was unable to reach the bell; so, after several ineffectual efforts, he had given up the attempt, and was waiting until some one should pass who would ring it for him. At his request I performed this little act of kindness; and he then took his stand at the door, with a happy look of satisfaction, to wait until it should be opened.

As I passed from him, I thought, "*Here is faith.*" This little incident throws more light upon the way by which the poor sinner is saved, than many volumes which, though written to elucidate the subject, serve often rather to perplex the anxious mind than to lead it to the peace which is in Jesus."

This little child was no sooner convinced that he was unable to accomplish his wish than he determined to seek help from some one else. He knew that it did not matter whether he rung the bell himself or got some other person to do it: the door would be equally opened from within. He did not see any difficulty as to entering into the results of acts done by another. He was too simple to see any such difficulty.

Reader! have you been brought to think seriously about your soul? Have the things of eternity been taken up by you as so many great realities? and, feeling the load of guilt which you have incurred, as well as your utter inability to prepare yourself to meet God, are you ready to sink into the gloom of despair? Ah! my friend, it is well you are so aroused. Blessed be God for it! It is well to know the worst now, though that wring the heart with many pangs. But do not despair. There is hope still. There is none in *yourself*, but there is hope for you elsewhere. One mighty to save, Jesus, the Son of God, has, out of love for poor sinners, done that which was necessary for their being admitted into the favour of God. In him there is salvation even for the most wretched and undone. Do you ask, How shall I get this salvation? Do just as the little child did. He

could not get the door opened himself—his efforts had all been vain; but when he got the bell pulled by another, he waited at the door until it should be opened. You anxiously desire to be delivered from the wrath which is to come—you wish to have peace with God here, and to be admitted into heaven hereafter, and you have been striving to do that which you think is necessary to attain this, but you find your every effort vain. Instead of coming nearer the object of your desires, the more you strive the farther it appears from you; and this is just what was to be expected. We never can get to heaven by any effort of our own. Try this other way. You have heard of the work of the Lord Jesus Christ; that it is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that he came into the world to save sinners—of his being made a curse for us—of his being made sin that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. Well, then, do just as the child did; he no sooner saw that that was done which was necessary to get the door opened, than he took his stand at the door, assured that it would be opened. Believing that Jesus has done all that is necessary for making God your friend, for securing your peace and happiness here and heaven hereafter, draw near to God, that you may at once be put in possession of these blessings.

For your encouragement, we would assure you that you will not have to wait a moment, as the child had, to see whether God will be pleased with the work that Jesus has done—whether it be sufficient to secure his favour. He is pleased with it. He has opened the door of heaven already to you. He is even standing at that open door, and with outstretched arms is inviting you at once to receive a full and free forgiveness of all your sins—at once to enter into the enjoyment of his love and his smile—at once to be put among the number of those for whom heaven, with all its happiness, is prepared. O, then, tarry not a moment, but, rejoicing in the finished work of Immanuel, draw near to God, and, sinful and hell-deserving though you are, you will be greeted with a Father's smile, and will hear him say, "This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

Cutrose J. B. J.

THOUGHTS AMID THE RUINS OF PETRA.

THERE is one very solemn reflection which this subject introduces to the mind. Let your thoughts run back through the long lapse of centuries to the period when the metropolis of Edom was in its glory and power. Think of the pleasure parties who strolled upon those cliffs in the evening moonlight, who trod those floors in the giddy dance, and who made those fretted arches resound with their songs and their glees. Young men were there, enterprising, full of hope, rejoicing in prospective pleasure, opulence, and fame. There was youth and beauty's unfaded cheek, glowing with the excitement of the evening song, with the heart-felt laugh, and with all those secrets of the

youthful heart's affections, of love, envy, jealousy, hope, and fear. There was fashion, elate with her new attire of Eastern jewels and purple dye. There was the equipage of titled nobility and hereditary wealth; young spend-thrifts squandering their fathers' fortunes, and the daily collisions of aristocratic pride, with prosperity and ambition emerging from obscurity. There were merchants amassing wealth, and depositing their thousands in costly decorations and furniture, and in ministering to the amorous desires of sons and daughters. And there were poorer merchants, pale and care-worn, helpless and appetiteless, in apprehension of the approaching pay-day unprovided for. There were thousands exulting in the bright May-day of hope, and other thousands with aching heads and aching hearts, drooping in the sere and autumnal leaf of sorrow.

Idumea's far-famed capital contained just such hearts, each one a busy world in itself, as are now congregated on our pavements, and are throbbing in the hopes and fears, with the joys and griefs, which gather round our fire-sides.

But where now are Edom's youth and beauty? Where her sanguine young men, her youthful merchants, her young mechanics, her nobles, her rulers, her shouting, joking, drinking, carousing populace? All, all are gone! The last funereal procession has disappeared. The very tombs time has emptied. Not even a skull bone, with eyeless sockets, can be found to tell here was once a sparkling eye, and a smooth cheek, and a laughing lip. Not even a handful of dust can be gathered in those dreary sepulchres, to tell that here was once a scheming, exulting, weeping man. The winds of twenty centuries have swept Petra's deserted streets and empty sepulchres. And the countless thousands, who there once toiled and loved, and hated and died, have gone to their account, and are now reaping the eternal recompense.

But, reader! in narrating the story of Edom's departed inhabitants, what are we doing but telling your doom and ours? The lapse of a few years will consign all of us to the same eternal oblivion which has rolled over them. Young men and maidens! time is rolling its dark surges over you, and the very graves and tombs in which your bodies are to moulder will soon perish. The prosperous merchant, and the care-worn, toil-worn son of disappointment and sorrow, will soon be as far removed from all that is propitious here below, as are the former tenants of the shops of Petra. The young mechanics, inspired with the ardour which seems to inspire everything in this energetic republic, will soon go to join their brethren who hewed the temples and the chambers out of the eternal rocks of Idumea. We shall all soon be gone. Every revolving year thins our numbers. Comparatively frail as are our dwellings, long before the hand of time shall tear them down, our death groan will be heard,

and the children of the stranger will play at our doors. O mysterious life! O wonderful world! but a cradle and a grave! Merciful God,

Teach us to live, that we may dread
The grave as little as our bed!
Teach us to die, that so we may
Rise glorious at the awful day!

J. S. C. ABBOT.

"TIME ENOUGH YET."

"THERE is time enough yet." So say thousands in words, and thousands more by their conduct, who little dream how short is time, and how rapid its flight, and how soon with them time will be no longer.

"There is time enough yet," said that young lady, a while ago. The rose bloomed on her cheek. Her eye sparkled with animation. Her countenance beamed with the smiles of affection. Her prospects were bright and sunny. She was admired and loved, as she richly deserved to be, for she was as amiable in mind and manners as she was surpassingly beautiful in person. We saw the rich blood mantle on her cheek, and all the future appeared bright and attractive for coming years. But suddenly the scene changed. The skies were overcast and cloudy. The rose faded on her cheek. Her eyes were dimmed and sightless. The paleness of death took its seat where but a few days before sat the smiles, and beauty, and loveliness of youth. The shroud, the coffin, and the winding-sheet told, in affecting tones, how untrue it may be that there is "time enough yet."

So it was in the case of that young man in the vigour of life. He thought and said, "There is time enough yet." But in one short hour his life and time with him ended together, to his unspeakable dismay and terror. And, dear reader, are you saying, "There is time enough yet?" It may be that you have none to lose and none to spare. How many illustrations of such a possibility occur every year! Some years since a clergyman in Maine ascended his pulpit on a certain New-year's Sabbath, and, to all appearance, was likely to ascend it many years more. But, alas! he had entered it for the last time. He arose, he took his text—it was this: "This year thou shalt die." He made a few remarks, turned pale, and sank down in his pulpit a lifeless corpse! His pulpit was his death chamber, and his gown his winding-sheet.

"Time enough yet." So you might have thought when, a few years ago, Judge Boling rose to speak in the Halls of Congress, that he would rise to make many more speeches. But no—he was making his last speech. "Mr. Speaker," said he, and while addressing the chair the angel of death touched him, and he fell down a dead man!

"Time enough yet!" Had you seen Colonel Bowie, some eighteen years ago, enter a church in Washington, you would little have thought he had entered the church for the last time; but so it was. While the man of God was preaching on the unsearchable riches of Christ, all present heard a groan. It was his last. Colonel Bowie fell upon the floor, and immediately expired! His friends gathered around him, and carried him out a dead man. "Time enough yet," do you still say? Call to mind, then, those who, within a few days or months past, have been suddenly engulfed in the ocean's waves! Had you been one of the ill-fated passengers on board the Atlantic steamer, would you have been in a state of mind to say, "There is time enough yet?" Count thy minutes, measure thy days, and do with thy might what thy hands find to do. Time is on the wing, and while thou sleepest she lingers not, and will not wait for thee.—*New York Evangelist.*

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

YEARS ago we were in habits of familiar intercourse with a family, consisting of the parents and their two sons. These parents were both professing Christians, and enjoyed in a high degree the confidence and esteem of all who knew them. Their piety was much above the common standard. There was a sincerity, a solidity, and a circumspection about it, which everywhere commanded respect. On this account, we remember often to have felt surprised that their two sons, who had been brought up almost to manhood under their immediate care, and had never been for any length of time absent from home, should yet be, not only destitute of religion, but active leaders in all wickedness, bold ringleaders in all iniquity in their neighbourhood, and fearless scoffers at religious things. The father died soon after, but no visible effect was produced by this event upon their minds. Not long since we met the widowed mother, and from her learned, for the first time, and with unspeakable pleasure and surprise, that both of her sons had for many months given evidence of a change of heart, and from being ringleaders in all wickedness had become meek, gentle, and gracious disciples of the Saviour.

We could not refrain from expressing surprise, and some curiosity to know what means had been owned of God to effect their conversion. The mother frankly replied, that by some means she had been led to think that her anxiety for her sons in their unregenerate state had frequently imparted a warmth to her manner in reproving them, which she now believed savoured more of soured fretfulness than of love, and she clearly saw that the effect upon them was wholly injurious and repulsive. She pondered this thought in her heart, and retiring to her closet, bowed in prayer for the assistance of divine grace to enable her wholly to change her spirit and manner towards her children. She rose, baptized with the spirit of tenderness and love. She approached her sons with a heart overflowing with pitying tenderness, and in due time observed a corresponding change in them, and ultimately their hearts yielded to the new spirit of the mother.

Such, very briefly, was the mother's account of the means that proved successful with her almost hopeless sons; and we suspect many a parent and many a minister might derive from it a useful lesson. We risk nothing in saying that harshness and bitterness of speech and manner have caused many a heart to recoil in disgust from the subject of religion, which might by wiser means have been drawn to reflection and repentance.

We are reminded here of a circumstance related by the naturalist Audubon, as occurring within his knowledge a few years ago, of a certain individual who for many years had led the life of a pirate. On one occasion, while cruising along the coast of Florida, he landed, and was lying in the shade on the bank of a creek, when his attention was arrested by the soft and mournful note of a Zenaida dove. As he listened, each repetition of the melancholy sound seemed to him a voice of pity. It seemed to him

like a voice from the past—a message from childhood's innocent and sunny hours; then it appeared like a voice of deep, sad sorrow for him, the far-off wanderer, the self-ruined, guilty prodigal; and so thoroughly did it rouse him from his long sleep of sin, that there, on that lonely spot, where no minister of mercy had ever stood, he resolved within himself to renounce his guilty life, return to virtuous society, and seek the mercy of God; a resolution which he subsequently fulfilled, as we are assured by the narrator.

There is that in the human heart which responds to the voice of gentle, pitying love, when all other agencies have lost their power; when all the thunder and lightning of Sinai itself might roll and glitter in vain. Would that there were more, among those disposed to do good, who would make full proof of the omnipotence of the spirit of kindness, pity, and love! The spirit of Jesus must be the model of our benevolence.—*Ibid.*

CONSTANT MIRACLES.

THERE is an Eastern story of a boy having challenged his teacher to prove to him the existence of a God by working a miracle. The teacher, who was a priest, procured a large vessel filled with earth, in which he deposited a kernel, in the boy's presence, and bade him pay attention. In the place where the kernel was put, a green shoot soon appeared, the shoot became a stem, the stem put forth leaves and branches, which soon spread over the whole apartment. It then budded with blossoms, which, drooping off, left golden fruits in their place, and in the short space of an hour there appeared a noble tree in the place of the little seed. The youth, overcome with amazement, exclaimed: "Now I know there is a God, for I have seen his power!" The priest smiled at him, and said, "Simple child, do you only now believe? Does not what you have just seen take place in innumerable instances, year after year, only by a slower process? But is it the less marvellous on that account?"

Now we, my friends, are but too often like such simple children. Suppose, at rising in the morning, we found a loaf added to our stores, which we could be certain that neither we nor any human being had put there, we should then have no difficulty in saying that the Lord had sent it. Yet we actually find such a loaf every morning added to our provisions, and it is equally plain that God has been the bearer; but because he has sent it in a less direct and extraordinary manner, namely, by strengthening our own powers, and blessing our labour to obtain it, and because this is the ordinary case, and what is taking place all the world over, therefore—how unreasonable such a *therefore* may be—we find it difficult to realize in it his goodness, his providence, and himself. And let me tell you, that supposing he were to manifest himself in any wondrous manner, so as to compel us to exclaim: "This is indeed a marvellous interposition of God!" yet, let any such manifestation only become continual, and it will be no longer accounted marvellous; yea, it will be well if it do not cease to be regarded even as divine. The manna falls once or twice in the wilderness, and it is wondrous to the eyes of all, and the Lord God is praised. But if it falls every day, its coming is a matter of course; and men learn to contemplate it as a natural event; they behold the manna, but not the hand that sends it.

Water is produced miraculously from the rock; and if it be succeeded by heat and drought, men learn to award God the glory. But the smitten rock in the wilderness virtually follows the Israelitish host; its streams attend them in their daily course; they have no lack of water; and what is the consequence? They are ungrateful: and so are we. God is hourly performing miracles for his people; but in order to learn this, it is good for us sometimes to undergo privations.—*Dr. F. W. Krummacher.*

THE VOYAGE AND THE PILOT.

THE voyage of life, and the voyage to eternity, are the most interesting and important of all voyages in the history of human beings. So the venerated Dr. Payson thought, and felt, and said, in the following dying address and message to a company of young men who assembled in his sick chamber, at his request:—

"My young friends, you will all one day be obliged to embark on the same voyage on which I am just embarking; and as it has been my especial employment, during my past life, to recommend to you a Pilot to guide you through this voyage, I wished to tell you what a precious Pilot he is, that you may be induced to choose him for yours. I felt desirous that you might see that the religion I have preached can support me in death. You know that I have many ties which bind me to earth—a family to whom I am strongly attached, and a people whom I love almost as well: but the other world acts like a much stronger magnet, and draws my heart away from this. Death comes every night, and stands by my bed-side in the form of terrible convulsions, every one of which threatens to separate the soul from the body. These continue to grow worse and worse, until every bone is almost dislocated with pain, leaving me with the certainty that I shall have it all to endure again the next night. Yet, while my body is thus tortured, the soul is perfectly, perfectly happy and peaceful—more happy than I can possibly express to you. I lie here, and feel these convulsions extending higher and higher, without the least uneasiness; but my soul is filled with joy unspeakable. I seem to swim in a flood of glory which God pours down upon me. And I know, I *know*, that my happiness is but begun; I cannot doubt that it will last for ever. And now, is this all a delusion? Is it a delusion which can fill the soul to overflowing with joy in such circumstances? If so, it is surely a delusion better than any reality. But no, it is not a delusion; I feel that it is not. I do not merely know that I shall enjoy all this—I enjoy it now.

"My young friends, were I master of the whole world, what could it do for me like this? Were all its wealth at my feet, and all its inhabitants striving to make me happy, what could they do for me? Nothing!—nothing! Now, all this happiness I trace back to the religion which I have preached, and to the time when that great change took place in my heart, which I have often told you is necessary to salvation; and I now tell you again, that without this change you cannot, no, you cannot, see the kingdom of God.

"And now, standing, as I do, on the ridge which separates the two worlds, feeling what intense happiness or misery the soul is capable of sustaining, judging of your capacities by my own, and believing that those capacities will be filled to the very brim with joy or wretchedness for ever; can it be wondered at that my heart yearns over you, my children, that you may choose life, and not death? Is it to be wondered at that I long to present every one of you with a full cup of happiness, and see you drink it; that I long to have you make the same choice which I made, and from which springs all my happiness?"

"A young man, just about to leave this world, exclaimed: 'The battle's fought! the battle's fought! the battle's fought! but the victory is lost for ever!' But I can say, The battle's fought, and the victory is won! the victory is won, for ever! I am going to bathe in an ocean of purity, and benevolence, and happiness, to all eternity. And now, my children, let me bless you; not with the blessing of a poor, feeble, dying man, but with the blessing of the infinite God. The grace of God, and the love of Christ, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with all, and each one of you, for ever and ever. Amen."

PRAYER—AN OBJECTION ANSWERED.

"CAN God be moved by our arguments, or affected with our troubles? He is the unchangeable God, and dwells in the inaccessible light. There "is no variableness, neither shadow of turning" (James i. 17)—a metaphor from the fixed stars, which admit no parallax, and therefore astronomers cannot demonstrate their magnitude; for our eyes or instruments can yet give no intelligence of any increase or diminution of their diameter or light."

Ans. Those holy motions upon the hearts of saints in prayer are the fruits of the unchangeable decrees of his love to them, and the appointed ushers of mercy. God graciously determines to give a praying, arguing, warm, affectionate frame, as the "forerunner" of a decreed mercy. That is the reason that carnal men can enjoy no such mercies, because they pour out no such prayers. The spirit of prayer prognosticates mercy ensuing. Wherefore, when the Lord by Jeremiah foretold the end of the captivity, he also pre-signifies the prayers that should open the gates of Babylon. (Jer. xxix. 10, 12.) Cyrus was prophesied of, to do his work for Jacob his servant's sake, and Israel his elect; but yet they must ask him concerning those things to come, and they should not seek him in vain. (Isa. xlv. 1, 2, 4, 11, 19.) The glory of the latter days in the return of Israel is foretold by Ezekiel; but yet then the Lord "will be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them." (Ezek. xxxvi. 24, 37.) The coming of Christ is promised by himself; but yet "the Spirit and the bride say, Come;" and he "that heareth" must "say, Come." And when Christ says he will "come quickly," "Even so come, Lord Jesus." (Rev. xxii. 12, 17, 20.) Divine grace kindles these ardent affections, when the mercies promised are upon the wing. Prayer is that intelligible chain, as Dionysius calls it, that draws the soul up to God, and the mercy down to us; or like the cable that draws the ship to land, though the shore itself remains immovable. Prayer has its kindlings from heaven, like the ancient sacrifices that were inflamed with celestial fire. (2 Chron. vii. 1.)—*Lee.*

"THIS DO, AND THOU SHALT LIVE."

If men will look to the *law* for life, then Christ will let them look to it. But these are its terms—"This do, and thou shalt live." The way is plain. This do:—if they do this, viz., "love the Lord their God with all their heart," &c., they shall live. Having performed the required conditions, they may boldly claim life as their just right. But then it must be *done*, not *partly* done, not *wished* to be done, nor *intended* to be done, nor *sorry* that it is not done, but *done*. There is not wanting boldness in many legalists. They do not err in being over afraid of God, and of judgment to come; they have all the confidence that one who stands on his own merits may have; but they forget these words, "This do." They take the fruits of this doing, forgetting to ask whether they have done it or not. They are proudly building upon their own righteousness, without seeing whether they have any upon which to build.

"*This do.*" O! what an eternal barrier this is to life by our own works. May it shut me up to the faith of Jesus. Amen.

CONTENTMENT—ITS ADVANTAGES.

It fills with comfort.—He never wants comfort that lives contented. A contented spirit is ever a cheerful spirit. It is a heaven upon earth, as the opposite to it is a hell upon earth. It is the mind at rest in every condition. A contented man hath not only the comfort of what he hath, but also of what he hath not. What he wants in outward possession is made up to him in inward submission.

It fits for duty.—Lord! when the heart is repining and mutinying against God, how unfit is a man for duty! but when the spirit is still and quiet, all is done well. Passion unfits us for converse with men, much more for converse with God in holy duties. It is sad praying, when discontent prevails.

It always procures that very mercy which we desire, or some other that is better for us.—Discontent makes us to lose what we have; contentment gets us what we want. Fretting never removed a cross, nor procured a comfort: quiet submission doth both. The father continues to correct the froward child; but when once it yields and is quiet, he gives it anything.

It sweetens every bitter cup.—This ingredient takes off the bitterness of every state, as the wood cast by Moses did the bitterness of the waters. Nothing can come amiss to him that hath learned to be content.—*Jacombe.*

DELIGHTS OF THE CHRISTIAN'S TRIALS.

FEARS that raise confidence, humility that exalts, tremblings that embolden, bright clouds that shine upon our Israelites in the night, and darkness that enlightens, solitudes full of heavenly company, and tears brimful of joy, and holy sighs like a cooling wind in harvest, sweats of love, and sick fits that are symptoms of health, and holy faintings that are the soul's cordials, a weariness to the flesh—that is the healthful exercise of, and vigour to, the spirit, and a continual motion that never tires it. As Austin said of divine love, "It is the weight of my soul; it carries me up and down in all that I speak, and all that I act."—*Lee.*

HOPE.

BY NICHOLAS LOCKYER, 1650.

HOPE is a glad expectation of good; something at a distance pleasing; now and then smiling upon the soul, and the soul upon it. Man, since his fall, hath but little in possession—not enough to quiet his heart a moment. When I say man hath but little, I do not mean of the things of this life (though all this world be nothing)—he hath but little of God. Many have nothing of God; they that have most, have but drops, and a thirst for flagons; in suit for much—enough to stay and quiet. “Stay me with flagons”—this is the panting of perfection here; and when the soul can conclude its suit takes above, and can sweetly lie down and look for a return, then it hopes.

Joy comes not in by vision here as it doth above, but by expectation; fallen things, as they lie, can glad no understanding man to look upon. All the things in this world will not make up matter sufficient for a smile, if rightly understood; one may gather it from the composed countenance of Christ, all the time he was upon earth. This world is a big vast room, full of broken cisterns, and man the prime vessel, most broken; such a forlorn sight, can it be matter of joy? And yet there are no other prospects here below. Take what house, what place, what advantage you will, to look abroad upon things here below, you cannot look besides ruin and desolation; that this shall be repaired, and all these broken cisterns mended and filled, and all made to run eternally into my soul—this may do something upon the soul, when it can rise and reach so high: and this is hope. “My flesh shall rest in hope.” Hope is a soul at rest concerning all things within and without, concerning spirit and flesh, that they shall be all perfectly well.

The soul of man naturally sits up much now. Distracted creatures can take little rest; this is not well, that's not well, all will be worse; the world will sink, and I shall be undermost. You may guess by despair what hope is. Despair is a soul racking itself with what is, and with what will be. 'Tis one taking his flesh in his teeth (Job xiii. 14), torturing and tearing all. God is gone—he will never return; if he do, 'twill but be to send me to my place. Hope is the correction of these distempers. God is hid, he is not gone; I shall see him, though not

now; every bone that is broken shall rejoice. “I will wait upon the Lord that hideth himself from the house of Jacob, and I will look for him.” This is hope. Hope has the command of herself, but will not have the command of God. She has everything that would rebel at her foot, but Christ in the highest esteem, of any of his daughters. Can he give bread? Will he give a crumb to me? No; I shall eat this morsel and die, groan this groan, and my heart-strings will break. You never heard hope speak such a word; she is a child that speaks just like her father. Our God is not come indeed yet, but he will come, and he will not tarry; though he pulls down quickly, yet he takes time to build up, and this time hastens. Despair looks upon mercy at a stand; hope sees it coming, and coming a great pace. “My beloved comes skipping upon the mountains”—certainly coming and swiftly coming.

Hope hath but bad external feeling, but all other senses most acute. She can see a great way, hear a great way, and the like. In a dark day, when fogs are never so thick, she can look through them, and behold the land that is far off. When she is in the belly of hell, she can look towards God's temple. When burdens press, that sense hath nothing but torture, nothing but devils to shake hands with, yet then she can see a God amongst a thicket of devils though she cannot come to him as she would. Though I cannot come to him, he will come to me wherever I am; though thousands encompass me, yet I will not fear—that is, I will not despair of one to come to relieve me. Hope will carry more burdens than any grace without sinking. In perils by sea, in perils by land, &c. In poverty, in nakedness, distressed in all kinds with a witness, but not cast down. Hope is never cast down; she will cast down anything—men, devils—but is never cast down herself. Hope is a hardy, long-lived grace; it will live in famine, when it hath not a bit of bread; it will live in sickness, in war, in death. “The righteous hath hope in his death.” Hope was never known to have her heart-strings broken—it is *semper vivens*. Death is the king of fears, and yet it pales not the countenance of hope. Hope walks in the valley of the shadow of death, and fears none ill—expects no hurt.

Hope can see no ill, no hurt in anything—not in death, not in the grave; that house is something dark indeed; but I shall not always lie there, saith hope. Thou wilt not leave my soul in the grave; though thou kill me, I will hope in thee; though thou bury me, I will hope in thee. I shall rise as Christ did; this vile body shall be changed, and made like Christ's glorious body, and then set for ever where his is. "The flesh doth rest in hope."

Hope is conversant about no ill, but about all good, and most about that which is noblest; therefore is hope so often put for heaven, it doth so often go to heaven, and is so much taken up there. "Looking for that blessed hope, and for the glorious appearing of that great God, and our Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ" (Tit. ii. 13); and so by the author to the Hebrews urged—"To lay hold on the hope that is set before us." You see hope is put for heaven; and the reason is, because so much conversant there. Hope feeds delicately—she hath a table below; and this is nothing but the word of Christ. "My soul hopeth in thy word." She hath a table above, and this is nothing but Christ himself, and the state he wears above; this she looks upon oft, and smiles to herself, when no soul alive is aware: "Rejoice in the hope of the glory of God." The two terms of hope are, hell and heaven; she goes from the one to the other, and in this way turns the one into the other; and this is all her work. She goes into every house of mourning where Christ is, and takes exact notice of every distress, corporal and spiritual, and then bids the mourner be cheerful. All tears shall be wiped from thine eyes; there is a house eternal in the heavens, though this crack and moulder, and there thou shalt sigh no more. Hope is that good angel that carries Lazarus and lays him in Abraham's bosom; it is that grace which makes heavy afflictions light, long afflictions short, by showing the souls what they work about—a far more exceeding, and an eternal weight of glory. Hope can speak nothing but heaven and glory to a distressed heart. I conclude as I began, hope is a glad expectation of good—of all good—but especially the highest and the noblest good.

Drooping hearts, think of this point; how useful is this grace for you! You have taken a house by the borders of hell, continually affrighted with evil spirits, that walk up and down in your souls, and yet you love to dwell here. Terrors take hold sometimes; it is a heavy stroke—then the soul refuseth comfort. Sense

of sin is good, but it is a wound of itself that must be carefully dressed oft with the leaves of the tree of life—it will rangle and kill else. Sinner, dost thou know thy state? Yes. Dost thou know it exactly? Yes. Why, whither shalt thou go when thou diest? To hell. Hast thou no hope of any other thing? No. Why wouldst thou stand all this while, and let thy soul bleed to death? Was there no balm in Gilead? no word in all the book of God that might speak matter of hope to thee? Despair in strength is very peremptory in conclusions, but never deliberate in examinations of grounds. It is a soul so tossed and tumbled between Satan and conscience, day and night, that it hath no power to ponder anything. Thou shalt go to hell, O my soul, when thou diest. Why? I have sinned. So did all the saints that are in heaven when they were in earth, as now thou art. Did not David sin much in life, and yet what a brave hope had he in death? Sin enough in life, to make him a type of Satan, for blood and unmercifulness; and yet hope enough in death, to make him a type of Christ: "Thou wilt not leave my soul in grave." Yea, but some persons' sins have a very sad consideration over others. This is truth, but no sin or misery must have any such consideration as to sink the soul.

THE BIBLE AND SCIENCE—TWO FACTS.

(From Gausson on Inspiration.)

FIRST FACT.—*There is no physical error in the Word of God.*

If there were, the Bible could not be from God. "God is not man, that he should lie;" nor a son of man, that he should be mistaken. He must undoubtedly, stoop even to our weakness, to be understood by us; but without, however, in any degree participating in it. His language always testifies of his condescension, but never of his ignorance.

This remark is more important than it appears to be before it has been reflected on. It becomes very forcible on a close examination.

Examine all the false theologies of both ancients and moderns; read in Homer or Hesiod the religious code of the Greeks; examine that of Buddhists, Brahmans, or Mohammedans, and you will there find not only revolting systems, as respects the Divinity, but the grossest errors relative to the natural world. Their theology would, doubtless, shock; but their natural philosophy and astronomy, also, always associated with their religion, involve notions the most absurd.

Read in the Chou-king and the Y-king of the Chinese, their fantastic theories about the five elements (wood, fire, earth, metal, and water), and of their powerful influences upon affairs both human and divine. Read in the Shaster, the Pauran, the four books of Vedham (the Hindu laws), their offensive system of the foundation of the world. The

moon is 50,000 leagues higher than the sun; her light is inherent; she animates our bodies. The night is caused by the descent of the sun behind the Somyra Mountain, situated in the midst of the earth, of several thousand leagues in height! Our globe is flat and triangular, composed of seven storeys, each of which has its degree of beauty, its inhabitants, and its sea; the first of honey, another of sugar, another of butter, another of wine, and finally, the whole mass is sustained upon the heads of innumerable elephants, who, when they shake themselves, cause the earthquakes! In a word, they have given the history of their gods alike in the most fantastic and fatal connection with the physical world and with all the phenomena of the universe; so that the missionaries in India have often declared, that a telescope introduced by stealth into the sacred Benares, or the ancient Ava, would be a battery, powerful as a thunder-bolt, to overturn the systems of both Brahman and Buddhist.

Read, further, the philosophy of Grecian and Roman antiquity. What sentences do you not find there, one of which would alone suffice to compromise all our doctrines of inspiration, if it were met with in any book of the Sacred Scripture. Read Mohammed's Koran, creating the mountains "to prevent the earth from moving, and to hold it as by anchors and cables!" What do I say?—read even the descriptions of Buffon, or some of the sarcasms of Voltaire, on the subject of a deluge, or on the fossil animals of the primitive world. We will come still nearer; read, moreover, we will not say the absurd reasonings of heathens—of Lucretia, Pliny, and Plutarch, against the theory of the antipodes—but of the Fathers themselves of the Christian Church. Hear the theological indignation of St. Augustine, who declares that the rotundity of the earth is opposed to the Scriptures; and the scientific eloquence of Lactantius, who believes it to be contrary to sound sense: "*Nam aliquid loquuntur!*" he exclaims; "is there any one so ignorant as to believe that there are men having legs above their heads; trees hanging fruit hanging upwards; and hail, rain, and snow, falling from below upwards?" They answer (he adds) by affirming that the earth is a globe. "*Quid dicam de his nescio, qui, cum semel aberaverint, constanter in stultitiâ perseverant, et vanis vana defendunt!*"—"One knows not what to say of such men, who, once astray, plunge headlong in their folly, and defend one absurdity by another!"

Hear, yet the legate Boniface, on this account, accusing Virgilius as a heretic, to the pope; hear Pope Zacharius treating this unfortunate bishop as *homo malignus*. "If it be proved (he writes) that Virgilius maintains that there are other men under this earth, assemble a council, condemn him, depose him from the priesthood, and expel him from the Church!" Hear, at a later period, all the higher order of the clergy in Spain, and especially the grave and authoritative Council of Salamanca, in its indignation against the geographical system by which Columbus sought a new world. Hear, at the period of the birth of Newton, the renowned Galileo—"who (says Kepler) scaled the highest walls of the universe," and who justified, by his genius as well as by his telescope, the forgotten and condemned system of Copernicus; behold him groaning at the age of eighty in the dungeons of Rome, for having discovered the earth's motion, after having been compelled, ten years previously (the 28th of June, 1633) to pronounce the following words before their Eminences, at the palace of the Holy Office:—"I, Galileo, in the seventieth year of my life, on my knees before your eminences, having before my eyes, and touching with my own hands, the Holy Scriptures,

I abjure, curse, and abhor, the error of the earth's motion!"

What might not have been justly said against the Scriptures, if they had spoken of the phenomena of nature, as all the ancient sages have spoken of them? if they had resolved everything to four elements, as was done for so long a period; if they, like Philolaüs of Crotona, had made the stars crystal bodies; and if, like Empedocles, they had lighted with two suns the two hemispheres of our globe; if they had said, with Leucippus, that the fixed stars, kindled by the velocity of their diurnal rotation about the earth, illumined the sun with their fires; if they had formed the heavens and earth, like Diodorus of Sicily, and all the sages of Egypt, by the motion of air and the upward course of flame; or if they had said, like Philolaüs, that the sun has only a borrowed light, and that it is merely a mirror which reflects the splendour of the celestial spheres?—if like Anaxagoras, they had made of this luminary a mass of iron larger than the Peloponnesus, and of the earth a mountain, whose foundations extended to infinity?—if they had imagined the heaven a solid sphere, studded with fixed stars, as did Aristotle, and almost all the ancients?—if they had termed the celestial vault a *firmamentum*, or *οὐρανός*, as have done its interpreters both Greek and Latin?—and finally, if they had spoken, as has been done so recently, and even amongst Christian nations, of the influence of the movements of the heavens upon the elements of this lower world, upon the characters of men, and upon the course of human things? Such is the natural inclination of all nations towards this superstition, that in despite of their religion, the ancient Jews, and even Christians themselves, equally sank into it. "The modern Greeks," says D'Alembert, "have carried it to excess; there is scarcely found one of their authors who, on every occasion, does not speak of predictions by the stars, of casting nativities, and talismanic influences; so that there was scarcely an edifice at Constantinople, and in all Greece, which was not erected according to the rules of a *planet-directed divination*." French historians observe that astrology was so much in vogue in the time of Catherine de Medicis, that nothing important was undertaken without having consulted the stars; and even under Henry III. and Henry IV. the only topic at the court of France was the predictions of the astrologers. "The end of the last century," says Ph. Giulani, "witnessed an Italian sending to Pope Innocent XI. an astrological prediction respecting Vienna, then besieged by the Turks, which was very favourably received." In our own time, the Count de Boulainvilliers has written very gravely on the subject.

But now, open the Bible, examine the fifty sacred authors therein, from the admirable Moses—who wrote in the wilderness four hundred years before the siege of Troy—to the fisherman son of Zebedee, who wrote fifteen hundred years later in Ephesus and Patmos, under the reign of Domitian;—open the Bible, and see if you can find anything similar there. You cannot. None of those mistakes which the science of every century detects in the books of preceding generations—none of those absurdities which modern astronomy, especially, so numerously brings to light in the writings of the ancients, in their sacred codes, in their philosophy, and even in the most attractive pages of the Fathers of the Church—not one of these errors can be found in our sacred books; nothing there will contradict anything that the investigations of the learned world, during so many centuries, have been able to disclose, both as to the nature of our globe and of ethereal ele-

ments. Carefully go through our Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, in search of such faults, and as you carry on the investigation, remember that it is a book which treats of everything, which describes nature, which recounts its wonders, which records its creation, which tells us of the formation of the heavens, of the light, of the waters, of the air, of mountains, of animals, and of plants;—that it is a book which acquaints us with the first revolutions of the world, and which foretells also its last;—that it is a book which describes them with circumstantial details, invests them with sublime poetry, and chants them in fervent melodies;—that it is a book replete with Eastern imagery, full of majesty, variety, and boldness;—that it is a book which treats of the earth and things visible, and, at the same time, of the celestial world and things invisible;—that it is a book in which nearly fifty writers, of every degree of cultivation, of every order, of every condition, and separated from one another by fifteen hundred years, have been engaged;—that it is a book written variously in the centre of Asia; in the sands of Arabia; in the deserts of Judea; in the porches of the Jewish temple, or in the rustic schools of the prophets of Bethel and Jericho; in the magnificent palaces of Babylon, and on the idolatrous banks of the Chebar, and afterwards in the centre of western civilization; in the midst of the Jews and their ignorant conceits; among polytheism and its idols, and, as it were, in the bosom of pantheism and its foolish philosophy;—that it is a book whose first writer was, during forty years, brought up among the magicians of Egypt, who regarded the sun, planets, and elements, as endowed with intelligence, reacting upon and governing our world by their continual evaporation;—that it is a book whose first pages preceded by more than NINE HUNDRED YEARS the most ancient philosophers of Greece and Asia; Thales, Pythagoras, Zaleucus, Xenophon, and Confucius;—that it is a book which carries its records into the scenes of the invisible world, the hierarchy of angels, the latest periods of futurity, and the glorious consummation of all things! Well; search in its 50 authors, search in its 66 books, search in its 1,189 chapters, and its 31,173 verses; search for a single one of the thousand errors with which every ancient and modern author abounds, when they speak of heaven or of the earth, of their revolutions or their elements, and you will fail to find it.

Its language is unconstrained, and without reserve; it speaks of everything, and in every form of words; it is the prototype, it is the inimitable model; it has inspired all that poetry has produced in its most elevated character. Ask Milton, the two Racines, or Young, and Klopstock; they will tell you that its divine strains are by far the most harmonious, commanding, and sublime; it rides upon a cherub, and walks upon the wings of the wind! And yet his book never does violence to facts, nor to the principles of sound natural philosophy. Never, in one single sentence, will you find it in opposition to the just ideas which science has given us regarding the form of our globe, its magnitude, and its geology; or respecting the void and vast expanse; or the inert and obedient materiality of all the stars; or the planets, their masses, courses, dimensions, and influences; or the suns which people the depths of space, their number, nature, and immensity. In like manner, in speaking of the invisible world, and on the new, unknown, and difficult subject of angels, this book will not exhibit even one of its authors who, in the course of the 1,560 years which have been occupied in producing it, has varied in the character of love, humility, fervour, and purity, which belongs to these mysterious beings. In like

manner, also, in speaking of the relations of the celestial world with God, never has one of these fifty writers, either in the Old or New Testament, advanced a single word favourable to the continued pantheism which has characterized the philosophy of the Gentiles. So, also, you will not find one of the authors of the Bible who, in speaking of the visible world, has suffered the escape of a single sentence like those which, in other books, so often contradict the reality of facts;—not one which makes the heavens a firmament, as does the Seventy, St. Jerome, and all the fathers of the Church;—not one, who, like Plato, makes the world an intelligent being;—not one which reduces all earthly things to the four physical elements of the ancients;—not one agreeing with the Jews, with the Latins, with the Greeks, with the noblest minds of antiquity, with the great Tacitus among the ancients, and the celebrated De Thou among the moderns, and with the sceptic Michael Montaigne, who writes, "The stars have dominion and power, not only upon our lives and the state of our fortunes, but even upon our inclinations, speech, and will; and they rule, impel, and excite them at the pleasure of their influences: and even as our reason informs us and discovers—all this lower world is affected by the least jarring in the celestial movements. *Facta etenim et vitas hominum suspendit ab astris*;"—not one who has spoken of the mountains like Mohammed; of the system of creation, like Buffon; of the antipodes, like Lucretius, Plutarch, Pliny, Lactantius, St. Augustine, and Pope Zacharius. Truly, if there could be found in the Bible even one of the errors which abound in both ancient and modern philosophy, our faith in the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures must be more than abandoned—it must then be acknowledged that there are mistakes in the Word of God, and that such false sentences belong to a fallible writer, and not to the Holy Ghost; for God is not a man, that he should lie; there is in him no variableness, neither shadow of error; and He to whom lying lips are an abomination, cannot have contradicted himself, nor uttered what is untrue.

There is, therefore, no physical error whatever in the Scriptures; and this transcendent fact, which becomes more admirable in proportion as it is made the subject of closer investigation, is a striking proof of the inspiration which dictated them, even to their least expressions.

To be continued.

THE CHAMBER OF TORTURE.

IN the midst of a spacious rotunda, in a deep cave, lighted by two dim torches, four men in masks surrounded another man, sad and feeble, who sustained himself with difficulty, and whose enfeebled vision the gloomy light of sepulchral place pained and wearied.

A humid and thick atmosphere extended like a pestilential fog throughout these subterranean regions, from which a fetid, sepulchral odour was exhaled. In this sort of grotto, all around the uneven walls, which glistened with the water oozing through the soft stone, instruments of torture were seen suspended; the infernal invention of the ascetic and savage imagination of the monks, the very sight of which caused a shudder.

There were racks, iron bolts, nails of enormous size, ropes of every thickness, and in a

corner, by the side of a rack, a pan of coals, which darted its red and blue flames in the recess. It was terrible to behold.

The descent into this infernal place was by numerous winding stairs, whose humid steps were covered with mouldiness, and upon which it was impossible to walk without slipping; but the servants of the Inquisition had, as they say, the *sailor's foot*. They were acquainted with the least turn in this frightful labyrinth to which they had led Manuel Argoso, when they left the hall of tribunal, and where we now find them again with the unhappy accused, waiting the grand inquisitor.

The former governor of Seville had suffered himself to be led, or rather, closing his eyes in order not to see the road over which they hurried him; but the executioners had stopped in the midst of the *chamber of torture*—thus this gloomy den was called. The accused opened his eyes again, cast round him an anxious look, and he observed nothing but the veiled figures of the sinister creatures who, in this terrestrial hell, filled the office of demons, and who were called *tormentors*. When he had counted one after another the horrible instruments of torture which surrounded him, his imagination, enfeebled by fasting and imprisonment, became the prey of a strange hallucination. In his faith, as a pious Christian, he believed that he had left this world, and had arrived at the place of which the Gospel speaks, where there “is weeping and gnashing of teeth.”

Need we be surprised after this, that in moments, and in the midst of such horrid pageant, the Inquisition had obtained the most singular abjurations and confessions, the most contrary to the character of those whom she made her victims?

Pierre Arbues came at length, followed by a second inquisitor, and by the apostolic notary. The accused was standing in the midst of the *chamber of torture*.

At the sight of his judge he was recalled to the sad feeling of reality; on raising his eyes towards heaven, as if to supplicate it, he perceived that above his head, in the vault, a strong pulley had been fixed, through which passed a solid rope of hemp which hung down to his feet. The four masked men stood silently by his side.

Pierre Arbues and the inquisitors who accompanied him, sat down upon seats to assist at the mournful scene, conformably to the eighteenth article of the code of the Inquisition, which provided that one or two inquisitors should always be present at the torture, to record the declarations of the accused.

Manuel Argoso, though he had the courage of strong minds, could not divest himself of strong terror. He thought of his daughter, who would, perhaps, be obliged to undergo the same trials, and all his courage forsook him.

If he could have saved her from them by confessing imaginary crimes, he would not have hesitated a moment; but he well knew that such a confession would ruin instead of save her. He therefore summoned all his energy, and prepared to suffer.

At a signal from the grand inquisitor, the tormentors stripped the accused of his clothing. Then Pierre Arbues, moving towards him,

“My son,” said he, with angelic sweetness, “my son, confess your crimes, and grieve not our souls by persisting in error and heresy—spare us the sorrow of obeying the severe laws of the Holy Inquisition, by treating you with all the rigour which they demand.”

Manuel Argoso made no reply, but he cast upon the inquisitor a fixed, cold, piercing look, which defied torture.

“Avow and confess,” resumed Pierre Arbues with incredible perseverance, but still with a voice full of unction and gentleness. “We are your fathers in God, and we are actuated solely by the desire to save your soul. Come, my son, a sincere confession can alone save you in the other life, and in this deliver you from the just vengeance of God. Confess your sin.”

“I cannot confess a crime which has no existence,” replied the governor.

“My son,” said the judge, “I am grieved at your impenitence, and I beseech the Lord to touch your soul which, without grace, will inevitably be lost, for the devil holds it in his power, and it is he who inspires you with this guilty persistence in wickedness. Pray with me, if you possibly can, that God may have pity on you, and send you the light of his Holy Spirit.”

At the same time Arbues, kneeling on the ground by the side of the sufferer, muttered, in a low voice, an unintelligible prayer, with a sanctimonious and affected air. Then he made, one after another, several rapid signs of the cross, humbly smote his breast, and remained for some minutes with his face leaning upon his clasped hands.

At this moment the savage inquisitor of Seville, who was only an humble Dominican, praying and weeping for the sins of others, at length rose up:

“Unhappy slave of the devil,” said he, addressing the accused, “has God vouchsafed to hear my prayers, and open your eyes sealed against the brightness of our faith!”

“My faith is still the same,” replied Argoso; “it has never varied a single instant; as I have received it from my father, who was a pious Christian, so I will carry it with me to the tomb.”

“God is my witness that it is not my fault,” said the judge, raising his eyes to heaven; “go,” he pursued, looking at the tormentors, “apply the torture of the cord.”

At these words the accused shut his eyes—a dull buzzing sounded in his ears, a cold

sweat ran down his limbs, and he shuddered in every fibre. The tormentors drew towards them the cable which hung from the vault.

"You will continue to torture until we judge it expedient to suspend it," continued the inquisitor; "and if, during this time, the accused suffers any injury, be it the fracture of a limb or even death, I protest before you all that the fault should be imputed to him alone. And now, 'let the will of God be done,'" added he, extending his hands towards the executioners.

Instantly the four masked men seized the unhappy governor, and tied his hands behind his back with one of the ends of the cord which hung above his head; then seizing the other end, by the aid of a pulley, they raised the sufferer to the height of the ceiling, and let him fall rapidly till within a foot from the ground. The unhappy man almost fainted at this terrible shock.

The tormentors waited a few minutes until he recovered, and immediately when he reopened his eyes, they recommenced this cruel ascension, and suffered him to fall as violently as the first time. This punishment lasted for an hour.

The unfortunate governor had not uttered a complaint; only his panting and suffocated breast emitted a hoarse and restrained respiration, which resembled the death-rattle. His heavy eyes, glazed like those of the dying, seemed to have nothing more to do but to close in their last sleep. The cord which enclosed his wrists had cut so deeply into the flesh, that the blood of the tortured man trickled all over his body; his shirt, the only clothing which they had left him, was soiled with bloody mire; for the floor was earthy and damp; and when the torture was over, the wretched man released from his bonds fell on the earth, as a lifeless mass—his dislocated bones and mangled muscles could no longer support him.

It is a harrowing and horrid spectacle to see this strong man, tall, robust, and still in the vigour of age, annihilated by cruel torture, and punished before he had been tried. What might not be expected from a jurisprudence which imposed such trial? But the inquisitors had no bowels—they reigned by torture, they delighted in agony.

"Take this man back to his prison," said Pierre Arbues, with an air of pity; "that will do for to-day." And turning towards the inquisitorial counsellor, "My son," said he, "do not forget to pray for this unhappy man in your prayers."

Such was the manner of the inquisitors' procedure when in the presence of their victims—they concealed the abominable hardness of their hearts under the hypocritical exterior of profound piety. Two friars carried the wretched governor in their arms. Manuel Argoso no longer gave any sign of life.—*Mysteries of the Inquisition.*

NARRATIVE OF A VISIT TO SOME OF THE STATIONS OF THE EVANGELICAL SOCIETY IN FRANCE.

BY THE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST W. NOEL.

Continued from page 3.

Our first religious service in the department was at Limoges, on the evening of the day of our arrival. It had been announced that M. Roussel would preach. Two years ago, when he first visited the place, Protestant worship was unknown. Numbers then crowded the private room where he expounded the gospel; and since that time a Protestant temple has been raised, which will seat about five hundred persons. When, at the appointed time, accompanied by the pastor, M. Pilatte, we reached the doors of the building, we found them besieged by numbers who were vainly seeking admittance. The congregation was principally composed of men, among whom it was very difficult to wind our way to the seat which had been prepared for us. That evening reminded me of Luther and the Reformation. With much spirit, M. Pilatte, after prayer, addressed the people on the absurdity of fearing the name of apostate, when asked to abandon error: "They welcomed the apostate from Heathenism, they applauded the apostate Mohammedan who embraced Christianity; even the apostate Protestant, who should call himself Catholic, would find universal favour. Why, then, dread apostasy from a system which they knew to be false and degrading?" M. Roussel, with yet more thundering energy, demonstrated the errors and misdeeds of the Roman Church—its want of all authority—its opposition to the gospel; and appealed to them, as already deserters from its priesthood and its ritual, to adopt the religion of the gospel, since they could no longer cling to superstition. The large audience listened with animated attention, and often expressed—by a universal rustle and exchange of smiling looks at one another, soon returning to an eager seriousness—their thorough assent to his positions. This was an evening of excitement; but in the absence of all excitement, a good work is going on. Several hundreds of those who, without becoming Protestants, are no longer Catholics, attend the ministry of M. Pilatte. Twice on the Sunday he preaches the gospel to them—once in the week he lectures on Church history, and once on the points in controversy between Protestants and Romanists. Twenty persons, making a serious profession of religion, have been admitted to the Lord's table. There

is a monthly meeting at his house of members of the flock; some of them have been active distributors of tracts and Bibles among their fellow-citizens; and evangelical schools have been established for the poor. A little to the north-west of Le Dorat, which is fourteen leagues north-west of Limoges, is the small village of Thiat, not marked in any ordinary map. The young moon was beginning to be useful in the deepening twilight of Friday, September 25, when, on the road between Le Dorat and Chateau Roux, our carriage stopped, and M. Roussel informed us that we must make the rest of our way, in the uncertain light, through lanes impassable to any carriage. We were well repaid for a muddy walk, when, entering the little temple at Thiat, we saw above 300 persons assembled for worship, in a village the whole population of which is not more than 400. Women and girls, all dressed in white caps and white handkerchiefs, crowded that part of the temple which was on the preacher's right—the left was equally thronged with men; and after the service, it was curious to see a large part of the assembly divide into separate groups, each surrounding one of the strangers, who took that opportunity to exhort them to continue steadfast in the faith. The supper provided by the young pastor, M. Le Savoureux, was profusely hospitable. But how should the strangers be lodged? There were Messrs. Boubila and Bornaud, from Rancon and Balledent; M. Vignaud, a converted priest, with two other schoolmasters or colporteurs, formed part of our supper party; and M. Roussel had brought four Englishmen to startle the quiet village, whose inn had but one room to offer. How the French brethren fared, we know not; the inn's only room was reserved for the four foreigners. It was no ordinary room. With considerable glee did the master of the house usher us all into it. Two long tables in the centre, with benches on each side, proved that it was sometimes, at least, the village dining-room: two large presses proved that it served the purpose of a housekeeper's room; three solid bed-steads vindicated its claim to be a bed-room; it was a larder, for a safe attached to one of the walls received the unconsumed viands of the house; large rolls of coarse cloth in one corner, with hats, bladders, and bunches of grapes, suspended from the beams of the roof, showed it to be a general store-room; and much of the space which ought to have been the floor was an aperture, through which descended a staircase to the kitchen. Here, however, after having exhausted all the

resources of the house for washing utensils, and spreading a fourth mattress on the floor, we commended ourselves to the care of our heavenly Father, and soon gentle sleep weighed our eyelids down, and steeped our senses in forgetfulness.

It was a lovely moment, beneath a cloudless sun, when next day, having passed through Le Dorat, we came down from the high table-land near Magnac Laval on the village inn of Ville Favard. Fancy can scarcely ask a fairer scene than that which opens on the traveller. The Gartempe and the Seine, indeed, with their deep rich valleys, are not in sight, though close at hand. But far and near, rich woods of Spanish chesnut fill up the valleys, and crown the sheltering uplands; while beyond them, to the south and south-west, lie the blue ranges of the highest hills of the Limousin, and in the midst of this ocean of verdure rises the neat spire of the Protestant church of Ville Favard. It was lately Catholic, but the villagers heard the gospel, and the mass was deserted. Vain were the attempts of the clergy to recover the deserters. The Government still pays the parish priest his salary, and he recites his Latin form to the silent walls of a hired house; but the congregation is Protestant, and the parish church is now the Protestant temple, in which they worship. The altar is removed from the eastern wall, and is advanced in front of the pulpit, where it now serves for the celebration of the Lord's supper. The vase of holy water, with which they once thought to cleanse away their sins, now, reversed, forms its pedestal. Passages of Scripture have replaced the images which lately defaced the walls. There, where the priest performed his crossings and genuflexions, elevated the wafer, tinkled his bell, and waved his incense, now the people read, "God is a Spirit, and those that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." There, where they bowed down to ask the intercession of the mother of Jesus, they now read, in large broad characters on the wall, "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." The spiritual harvest, it is true, is not yet large. Effective schools, under pious teachers, are beginning to tell upon the characters of the children; some members of the congregation have become the subjects of converting grace; but still the spiritual harvest is not yet reaped. Before that a minister was settled among them, when they had only received the preparatory instructions of a colporteur, so entirely were they disgusted with

the idle ceremonies of Rome, that they closed their church; and some of the young men deported a priest, who came to perform mass, to the frontier of the village, on a donkey, with his face to the tail. Better instructed now, they would abstain from such incivility; but they are also more than ever decided against the superstitions which they have renounced.

But I must hasten on. In the retired hamlet of Droux, we visited the excellent catechist who labours there, and entered the small temple in which he officiates. At Chateau Ponsac, M. Roussel preached to a crowded audience, and then presented to them their future pastor, M. Cordez. Twice, when M. Pilatte preached in this place, was the assembly dispersed by the police, but the perseverance of the minister prevailed; the third time they were left unmolested, and Protestant worship is now permanently established among them. When the priests cannot obtain the intervention of the Government, they have little power to check Protestant efforts, at least in the villages. At the solicitation of the priest of Droux, the mayor prohibited Protestant worship in that place. Upon this, the pastors Pilatte and Bornaud sought an interview with him, that they might convince him of their right to preach there. It so happened that the priest was with the mayor when they called, but seized with a panic lest he should have to confront theologians who were more accomplished than himself, he leaped into a bed which was in a recess of the room, round which the curtains were closely drawn, and there for two hours listened in silent vexation to their just remonstrances and claims. Multitudes of the priests are not less impotent to arrest this Protestant movement than he was; and they know it.

M. Bornaud, whom I have just mentioned, is pastor of Balledent. This place, after the inhabitants had manifested a desire to hear the word of God, was, through the poverty of the Evangelical Society, long neglected; and a skilful and zealous priest has restored to the Church of Rome much of its lost influence in the commune.

But in the deep secluded valley of the Couze, within sound of its natural music, a convenient temple has been built, part of the building forming a comfortable presbytery or manse. And here, on Sabbath evening, 27th September, we worshipped with an attentive congregation of converts to Protestantism, who were lately immersed in the superstition which still unhappily broods over the Limousin.

At Balledent, two of our party slept at the house of the friendly mayor of the commune, and two remained at the manse. Nothing could be more hospitable than the reception which our Swiss friends gave us; and the lofty hills, to the very summit of which the luxuriant woods had climbed, wanted nothing but the granite crag and the snow peak to make us believe that the Swiss pastor was in his own land.

From Balledent we sought the village of Raucou, the scene of the labours of P. Bouvila. In that commune there are, besides the central village just named, twelve others, which receive regular visits from the indefatigable pastor. Of the two thousand inhabitants of the commune, about two-thirds have placed themselves under his pastoral care; and the work is prospering in his hands. With his pious schoolmaster, every evening he holds a meeting with a few inquirers at one of these villages, returning late in the night along execrable roads, and often through stormy darkness, to his humble dwelling.

But I must now leave this interesting department, and transporting your readers from its wide-spread groves of Spanish chesnut, its granite hills, and its sparkling streams, to the richer valley of the Youne, must show them that the dispositions of Champagne are not different from those of the Saintonge, Angoumois, and Limousin.

To be continued.

WILBERFORCE AND THE SABBATH.

THE following extracts are from the Life of Wilberforce;—

Many entries in his diary, at this period (1789) indicate his love for the Sabbath; and he has said in conversation, "Often, in my visits at Mr. Pitt's, when I heard one or another speak of this man's place, or that man's peerage, I felt a rising inclination to pursue the same objects; but a Sunday in solitude never failed to restore me to myself."

"*Sunday, Feb. 8, 1789.*—O, blessed be God, who hath appointed the Sabbath, and interposes these seasons of serious recollection."—(*Diary*) Life, vol. i. p. 91.

"O what a blessed thing is the Sunday, for giving us an opportunity of serious self-examination, retrospect, and drawing water out of the wells of salvation."—(*Diary*) Life, vol. i. p. 227.

At home (at this period, 1798), he was still the watchful guardian of public morals, and at this time, was specially engaged in an attempt to promote the better observance of the Sunday. The result of the deliberations was the suspension of all attempts at legislative interference, and the adoption of a voluntary engagement to promote the observance of the day. Much was effected by this effort.—*Ib.*, p. 228.

"I feel the comfort of Sunday very sensibly to-day"—"Oh, it is a blessed thing to have the Sunday

devoted to God." was of great service to him; and the full entries of his Journal are a searching review of his spirit and conduct through the week.—*Id.*, p. 229.

In the winter of 1809, Mr. Wilberforce, meditating a trip to Bath, wrote to Mr. Perceval to ascertain the day of the meeting of Parliament. "Parliament," was the reply, "will not meet, unless something unforeseen should occur, until Monday, the 16th of January. I hope, therefore, you will lose no time in getting your health well set up at Bath." His watchfulness for public morals at once suggested to him the amount of Sunday travelling which such a day of meeting would create; and he begged, in answer, that it might, if possible, be altered. "I thank you for your note of yesterday," rejoined the conscientious minister, "and am really sorry that I have given occasion for it. I feel myself more to blame, because, upon the receipt of your note, it brought back to my recollection (what I had till then forgot) some observations which the Speaker made to me some time ago upon the same subject; if they had been present to my mind when we settled the meeting of Parliament, I would not have fixed it upon a Monday. We were, however, almost driven into that day." Two days later, he wrote again: "Dear Wilberforce, you will be glad to hear that it is determined to postpone the meeting of Parliament till Thursday, the 19th, instead of Monday, the 16th, to obviate the objections which you have suggested to the meeting on that day.—Yours, very truly, SPENCER PERCEVAL." Mr. Wilberforce has, in his diary, without any allusion to the part he had in it: "The house put off nobly by Perceval, because of the Sunday travelling it would have occasioned."—*Life*, vol. ii. pp. 48, 49.

The following extracts are from Mr. Wilberforce's Correspondence:—

In a letter to his sister, Oct. 18, 1793, he says:—"My judgment is decidedly and strongly in favour of your taking an early dinner on Sunday, and going to church in the afternoon. I don't say it lightly, I believe the contempt into which the Sabbath has fallen, bids fair to accelerate the ruin both of Church and State more than any other single circumstance whatever; and it is the bounden duty of every friend to our civil happiness, no less than to our religious interests, to hold up its authority."—*Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 97.

Writing to Mr. Ashley, September 4, 1800, he says: "There is nothing in which I would recommend you to be more strictly resolute than in keeping the Sabbath holy; and by this I mean, not only abstaining on that day from all unbecoming sports and common business, but from consuming time in frivolous conversation, paying or receiving visits, which, among relations, often leads to a sad waste of this precious day. Self-examination and much private prayer should never be omitted on this day. I can truly declare to you that to me the institution of the Sabbath has been invaluable. I need not suggest, likewise, the duty of searching into our hearts on that day, examining ourselves as to our love of God and of Christ, and purging out all malice and ill-will towards any one who may have offended us, trying likewise, where opportunity offers, to make peace. In all we should ever associate the idea of our blessed Master, and endeavour to render him as much as possible present to our minds."—*Id.*, vol. i. pp. 172, 173.

Writing to Christophe, king of Hayti, October 8, 1818, giving him counsels for the improvement and permanent welfare of his people, Mr. Wilberforce speaks at length of the importance of a proper observance of the Sabbath, and in the course of his

remarks says: "In proportion as any of your people become influenced by true religion, they will most likely wish to devote the whole of this day to religious exercises or recreation, and to abstain at least from the ordinary labours of their calling; and believe me that, at the year's end, it will not be found that the sum of your labour will be lessened by this abstinence. I well remember that during the war, when it was proposed to work all Sunday in one of the royal manufactories, for a continuance, not for an occasional service, it was found that the workmen who obtained Government consent to abstain from working on Sundays executed in a few months even more work than the others."—*Id.*, p. 275.

Writing to one of his sons, in college, in 1824, he says: "My very dear —, I think I feel about you especially on a Sunday, when my mind always runs out more particularly on my dear children. I hope that on a Sunday you will endeavour to avoid company, and guard with the greatest care against whatever might tend to draw the mind and feelings downwards, and to clog them, if I may use Milton's language,

'With the rank vapour of this sin-worn mould.'

I must say that, on the ground of my own experience, I believe there is a special blessing vouchsafed to the keeping of that day devoted to spiritual purposes. Some of the happiest days of my life have been spent at inns where I have halted for the Sunday wherever I found myself on the Saturday night. I shall never forget one Sunday in particular, when Babington and I were fellow-travellers in a tour through Wales. He speaks of it, as well as myself, with feelings of lively gratitude and tenderness."—*Id.*, vol. ii. pp. 292, 293.

It is not difficult to see where such a man obtained the moral strength, and firm integrity, and Christian spirit, that carried him so successfully through in his efforts for the deliverance of the enslaved.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

THE PIRATE.

SOME years ago the Moravian missionaries sailed from London to the Island of St. Thomas, where they were going to labour among the slaves. The name of the ship in which they sailed was the *Britannia*. At first the voyage was pleasant and prosperous; and in their hearts, as well as their voices, the missionaries would often thank God for his goodness to them. A pirate ship was distinguished far off, but bearing down towards them. Now pirates are at sea what robbers are on land, but even more terrible, because there is seldom any help near. They sail about the seas in their light-built, swift-sailing vessels, seldom going on land, but making it their whole business to rob other ships. And on their ill-gotten spoils they live. Generally they murder as well as rob. Sometimes they lay a plank over the ship's side, blindfold the eyes of the unfortunate crew and passengers, and compel them to walk thus along the plank, till, without knowing it, they reach the end, and then they fall into the sea and are drowned. No wonder that the sight of a pirate vessel was a very alarming one to the people in the *Britannia*.

It came on, nearer and nearer. And what

could those who saw it do, all alone there, in the wide ocean? Each did what he thought wisest and best. The captain judged it best to put the ship into a state of defence; so he ranged his men, and prepared to resist, as well as he could. The sailors, whatever they thought best, had no choice but to obey the captain. But the missionaries thought it best to pray, and they went down to the cabin, and there, heedless of what was going on upon deck, they poured out their souls in earnest prayer to God, remembering, no doubt, his promises, and the words, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

The pirate ship approached, till it came within gun-shot of the *Britannia*, and then, from the cannon ranged along its deck, began to pour out a heavy fire. And there were grappling-irons on board, or strong sharp hooks, fixed to long ropes, ready to throw into the *Britannia*, and hold her fast, while the pirates should board her, and do their work of destruction. It seemed that there was little chance of escape from such an enemy. But the captain, whose heart was sinking at the fearful prospect before him, did not know what powerful helpers he had below, in the few peaceable missionaries, whose fervent prayers were then ascending, through the noise of the fight, to heaven.

The moment the pirates tried to throw their grappling-irons across to the other ship, their own was tossed violently, and the men who held the ropes were thrown by force into the sea. Vexed by this disaster, the pirate captain sent others, who shared the same fate. Seeing he could not succeed in this manner, he resolved to fire at the *Britannia* till she sank with repeated blows. But this effort strangely failed also; for the balls missed their aim, and fell into the sea. The smoke of the frequent charges was very dense, and hung about the vessels for some minutes, hiding them from each other's view. At last a sudden gust of wind cleared it away, and to the amazement of the pirate captain, the *Britannia* was seen at a distance, with all her sails spread to the wind, speeding swiftly away from the attack. And they were forced, in great anger, to abandon their cruel purposes. Thus wonderfully had God appeared, and saved the vessel in answer to prayer. The missionaries' prayers had been greatly honoured; but they were to have a further fruit still.

Five years afterwards, during which the missionaries had been diligently preaching the gospel at St. Thomas, they, and the other missionaries on the island, agreed to meet together to celebrate the anniversary of their deliverance from the pirates, and to thank God for his other mercies. As they sat together, word was brought that a stranger wished to speak to them; and, at their permission, a tall man entered, with fine, bold features, and a bold expression of face. The missionaries wondered,

and one asked what was the stranger's business with them.

"First answer me one question," said he. "Are you the men who came to this island five years ago, in the English ship *Britannia*?"

"We are," replied the missionary who had spoken.

"And you were attacked upon the sea by pirates?"

"Exactly; but why are these questions?"

"Because," answered the stranger, "I am the captain who commanded the pirate vessel which attacked you." Then the missionaries looked at one another in silent wonder, as their former enemy continued:—"The miraculous way in which your vessel escaped, was the cause of my own salvation from the power of sin, through faith in Christ."

It would be too long to tell you all his words; but you may imagine with what unspeakable joy the missionaries listened to his tale as he went on to tell them how, in his vexation at their strange escape, he had made inquiries of the captain of the *Britannia*, and learned that it was through the prayers of the Moravian missionaries of St. Thomas; and not understanding how a vessel could be saved from pirates by prayer, he resolved to know the Moravian brothers. He sold his vessel, and in the United States of America one day visited a Moravian chapel, and heard a sermon from the words, "Work out your salvation with fear and trembling." He sought the preacher, and heard from him the way of salvation through Jesus Christ.

"And thus," he concluded, "from a pirate captain I am become a poor sinner, justified by the grace and mercy of Jesus Christ; and my chief hope has been, that I might some day be able to see you, and relate to you my miraculous conversion. This joy is granted to me to day."

He ceased, and you may imagine the feelings of the missionaries. They were met to celebrate their deliverance from the pirates, on that day five years ago, through prayer. And there stood before them the pirate captain himself, not fierce now, but humble and pious, who traced his own deliverance from the bondage of Satan to the same prayer that rescued them from him! And they all knelt down together before God, and thanked him for his great mercies.—*Le Petit Messager des Missions.*

CHRISTIAN INTEGRITY REWARDED.

EXAMPLES of Christian fidelity, and of providential interposition in behalf of good men, are always edifying, and are regarded by devout people with feelings of lively satisfaction. They serve to encourage the spirits of the timid, and to stimulate the faithful to perseverance in the path of duty. Under this impression I have been induced to write, for the purpose of publication, the following fact, which was related to me about forty years ago by one of the parties concerned:—

An aged man, who was remarkable for the purity of his character, the cheerfulness of his piety, and the general respect in which he was held, told me, that when he was young he hired himself as a shepherd to a respectable farmer in the fens of Lincolnshire; and that, during the time of his servitude, Methodist preaching was introduced into the village; the itinerant ministers of that denomination coming at stated periods, and in a humble cottage declaring the word of life. My informant, and several of his fellow-servants, attended the ministrations of these zealous strangers, from whose lips were heard the words of truth and salvation. He received the gospel message with a believing and obedient heart, and obtained an assurance of God's forgiving mercy, with that regenerating grace by which he was made a new creature.

After some time, the master, who was not himself a religious man, sent for the whole of his servants to appear before him in the parlour, every one of them wondering what was the matter. He then addressed them to the following effect:—"I understand that you have all gone to hear these Methodist preachers, and that some of you regularly attend their meetings. I now inform you that I shall not allow any of my servants to become Methodists; and unless you promise me, before you leave this room, that you will not attend another Methodist meeting during your stay with me, I shall immediately pay you the wages which are due to you, and send you away, to seek employment elsewhere."

Beginning then with the foreman, he inquired of every one in order whether he would attend the Methodist preaching again; demanding of each a direct answer, Yea or Nay. Most of them, with little or no hesitation, expressed their regret for having thus offended him, and promised never more to offend in this matter. The farmer called upon the shepherd last, asking, with a grave countenance and a stern manner, "Harry, what hast thou to say for thyself?" Harry answered, "I am very happy in my place, and should be glad enough to remain with you as your shepherd; but my soul is of more worth than the wages that I am hired for. I have received good under the preaching of these men; and I am determined to hear them, whatever may come of it. I will not act against my conscience, sir, for anybody." On hearing this, the farmer, whose object it was merely to ascertain the real characters of his men, exclaimed, "Thou art an honest lad, Harry, and worthy to be trusted. As for these other fellows, every one of them would sell his soul for worldly benefit; and what confidence can one put in them?" He then declared that he should retain Harry as his shepherd, and forthwith dismissed every other servant as unworthy of his confidence. The venerable man who gave me this account was then about eighty years of age; and as the facts occurred in the early part of his life, nearly a century has now elapsed since the religious principles of these poor men were thus severely tested.

These facts are stated as presenting an edifying example of pious fidelity in humble life, and as suggesting encouragement even to young converts to maintain their Christian integrity at all hazards, assured that the Lord, whom they serve, will sustain and defend them. As to the farmer, he seems to have known that religious people ought to subordinate everything to the salvation of their souls; but he was very unskillful in the application of this principle to individual cases. Because his servants had heard a few Methodist sermons, he expected from them all the fruits of established piety; when, perhaps, some of them had only a very indistinct apprehension of the truth which they had heard, and others had been

actuated in their attendance by mere curiosity.—*Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine.*

"A PATCH ON BOTH KNEES AND GLOVES ON."

[ALTHOUGH the following is not, strictly speaking, religious in its tone or style, we yet give it a place. There is truth in the sketch, and a rebuke and good lesson for not a few.]

(From the Boston Courier.)

When I was a boy, it was my fortune to breathe, a long time, what some writers term "the bracing air of poverty." My mother was what is commonly called an ambitious woman; for that quality, which overturns thrones and supplants dynasties, finds a legitimate sphere in the humblest abode that the shadow of poverty ever darkened. The struggle between the appearances and the pinching gripe of necessity produced endless shifts and contrivances, at which, we are told, some would smile, and some to whom they teach their own experiences, would sigh.

On one occasion, it was necessary to send me on an errand to a neighbour in better circumstances than ourselves, and therefore it was necessary that I should be presented in the best possible aspect. Great pains were accordingly taken to give a smart appearance to my patched and dilapidated wardrobe, and to conceal the rents and chasms which the envious tooth of time had made in them; and by the way of throwing over my equipment a certain savour and sprinkling of gentility, my red and toil-hardened hands were enclosed in the unfamiliar casing of a pair of gloves, which had belonged to my mother in the days when her years were fewer and her heart lighter.

I sallied forth on my errand, and on my way encountered a much older and bigger boy, who evidently belonged to a family which had all our dragging poverty, and none of our uprising wealth of spirit. His rags fairly fluttered in the breeze; his hat was constructed on the most approved principle of ventilation; and his shoes, from their venerable antiquity, might have been deemed a pair of fossils. He was an impudent varlet, with a swagger in his gait, and an "I'm-as-good-as-you" leer in his eye—the very youth to throw a stone at a well-dressed horseman, because he was well dressed; to tear a boy's ruffles, because he was clean. As soon as he saw me, his eye detected the practical inconsistencies which characterized my costume, and taking me by the shoulders, turning me round with no gentle hand, and surveying me from head to foot, exclaimed, with a scornful laugh of derision, "*A patch on both knees and gloves on.*"

I still recall the sting of wounded feeling which shot through me at these words. To parody a celebrated line of Tuscan's—

"That day I wore my gloves no more."

But the lesson, thus rudely enforced, sank deep in to my mind, and, in after life, I have had frequent occasion to make a practical application of the words

of my ragged friend, when I have observed the practical inconsistencies which so often mark the conduct of mankind.

When, for instance, I see parents carefully providing for the ornamental education of their children, furnishing them with teachers in music, dancing, and drawing, but giving no thought to that moral and religious training, from which the true dignity and permanent happiness of life alone can come, never teaching them habits of self-sacrifice, and self-discipline, and control, but rather by example instructing them in the evil-speaking, in uncharitableness, in envy, and in falsehood, I think, with a sigh, *of the patch on both knees and gloves on.*

When I see a family in a cold and selfish solitude, not habitually warming their houses with the glow of happy faces, but lavishing that which could furnish the hospitality of a whole year upon the profusion of a single night, I think *of the patch on both knees and gloves on.*

When I see a house profusely furnished with sumptuous furniture, rich curtains, and luxurious carpets, but with no books, or none but a few tawdry annuals, I am reminded *of the patch on both knees and gloves on.*

When I see the public men cultivating exclusively those qualities which win a way to office, and neglecting those which will qualify them to fill honourably the posts to which they aspire, I recall *the patch on both knees and gloves on.*

When I see men sacrificing peace of mind and health of body to the same insane pursuit of wealth, living in ignorance of the character of the children who are growing up around them, cutting themselves off from the highest and purest pleasures of their natures, and so perverting that which was sought as a means, insensibly comes to be followed as an end, I say to myself, "*A patch on both knees and gloves on.*"

When I see thousands squandered for selfishness and ostentation, and nothing bestowed for charity; when I see fine ladies be-satined and be-jewelled, cheapening the toils of dress-makers, and with harsh words imbittering the bitter bread of dependence; when I see the poor turned away from proud houses, where the crumbs of tables would be to them a feast, I think *of the patch on both knees and gloves on.*

EVIDENCES.

FILE up thy old receipts which thou hast had from God, testifying the pardon of thy sins. There are some festival days when God comes forth, clothed with the robes of his mercy, and holds forth the sceptre of his grace more familiarly to his children than ordinary, bearing witness to their faith, &c. Then the firmament is clear, and not a cloud to be seen to darken the Christian's comforts. Love and joy are the soul's repast and pastime while this feast lasts. Now when God withdraws, and this cheer is taken off, Satan's work is how to wear out the remembrance and certainty of these sweet evidences. It behoves thee, therefore, to lay up thy writings safely. Such a testimony may serve to unsuit thy accuser many years hence. One affirmative from God's mouth for thy pardoned state carries more weight, though

of an old date, than a thousand negatives from Satan's.

If Satan haunts thee with fears of thy spiritual estate, ply thee to the throne of grace, and beg a new copy of thy old evidence which thou hast lost.

The original is in the pardon-office in heaven, whereof Christ is master. Thy name is on record in that court. Make thy moan to God. Hear what news from heaven, rather than listen to the tales which are brought by thine enemy from hell. Can you expect truth from a liar, or comfort from an adversary? Did the devil ever prophesy well of believers?—*Gurnall.*

"I CAN'T AFFORD IT."

"I CAN'T afford it." Such an excuse has often dropped from the lips of the professed disciples of Christ. But was it as often true? You cannot afford to give for the promotion of the cause of truth, when God has said, "Give, and it shall be given you, good measure, pressed down and running over." You cannot afford to honour God with your substance, and with the first fruits of your increase, when you hear the solemn asseveration of Jehovah, that in so doing your barns shall be filled with plenty. You cannot afford it! Now, dear friend, the Saviour knows that in your case that excuse is false. Every day, in the sight of angels and of men, you are showing it to be false, in gratifying yourself, in following your own pleasure. That ring on your finger, that ride for the enjoyment of it, those purchases you made to please your appetite, your pride, or some friend, say you might give something more to the cause of benevolence. God is evidently giving to you, and for what? that you may keep the most, or all of it, to yourself? Well, hoard it up, if you will; but remember that in the sight of Heaven, he is considered a fool that does it, and is to have the doom of such a fool in eternity. Lay it out, if you choose, for your own gratification, or for the gratification of your family and friends; but, let it be impressed on your mind, that if you are prospered in such a course, it will be a fearful indication that you are to have all your good things in this life. But perhaps you are not prospered in it. You meet with losses and trouble just as others supposed you would, and as you had reason to expect, if you are one of God's children. His people anciently sometimes earned wages to put into a bag with holes. If you will read the 1st chapter of Haggai, you will learn why they did it, and why you may not be more prospered. YOU CANNOT AFFORD IT! No, verily you cannot afford to be so covetous. It is not giving, but withholding, that tendeth to poverty. If you keep on withholding, the Lord, true to his word, will chasten you for your disobedience to him, or disown you at the judgment. If you ever again say, "I cannot afford it," say it to covetousness—to the demon spirit within, or without, that may be pleading with you to withhold from the cause of Christ. But never, no never, say it to the pleadings of love, and of God, in behalf of a sinful, suffering world.—*Christian Reflector.*

WHAT TO REMEMBER.

REMEMBER thy sins and Christ's pardonings; thy hell-deservings and Christ's merits: thy weakness and Christ's strength; thy pride and Christ's humility; thy many infirmities and Christ's restorings; thy guilts and Christ's new applications of his blood; thy fallings and Christ's raisings up; thy wants and Christ's fulness; thy temptations and Christ's tenderness; thy vileness and Christ's righteousness.—*Wilcox.*

THE HEAVENLY CHRISTIAN'S TEMPTATIONS.

First, The Christian's nature is heavenly, born from above. As Christ is the Lord from heaven, so all his offspring are heavenly and holy. Now, Satan's design is to debase and deflower this; it is the precious life of the new creature that he hunts for; he hath lost that beauty of holiness which once shone so gloriously on his angelical nature, and now, like a true apostate, he endeavours to ruin that in the Christian which he hath lost himself. The seeds of this war are sown in the Christian's nature. You are holy—that he cannot endure. *Miles, feri faciem*, was Cæsar's speech, when, to fight with the Roman citizens, he bid his soldiers strike at their face. These citizens, said he, love their beauty; mar that, and mar all. The soul is the face whereon God's image is stamped; holiness is the beauty of this face, which makes us indeed like God: this Satan knows God loves, and the saint is chary of; and therefore he labours to wound and disfigure this, that he may at once glory in the Christian's shame, and pour contempt upon God in breaking his image. And is it not worth engaging limb and life in battle against this enemy, who would rob us of that which makes us like God himself? Have you forgot the bloody articles of peace that Nahash offered to the men of Jabesh-gilead? no peace to be had except they would let him thrust out their right eyes, and lay it for a reproach upon all Israel; and to see how it was entertained, read 1 Sam. xi. 6. The face is not so deformed that hath lost its eye, as the soul is that loseth its holiness; and no peace to be expected at Satan's hands, except he may deprive us of this. Methinks, at the thought of this, the Spirit of the Lord should come upon the Christian, and his anger should be kindled much more against this cursed spirit than Saul's and the men of Israel's was against Nahash.

Secondly, The Christian's trade is heavenly; the merchandise he deals for is of the growth of that heavenly country (Phil. iii. 20.): "Our conversation is in heaven." Every man's conversation is suitable to his calling; he whose trade is heavenly, follows that close. "Every man minds his own business," the apostle tells us. You may possibly find a tradesman out of his shop now and then, but he is as a fish out of the water—never in his element till he be

in his calling again. Thus when the Christian is about the world, and the worldling about heavenly matters, both are men out of their way—not rightly girt, till they get into their employment again. Now, this heavenly trade is that which Satan doth in an especial manner labour to stop. Could the Christian enjoy but a free trade with heaven a few years without molestation, he would soon grow a rich man, too rich indeed for earth; but what with losses sustained by the hands of this pirate Satan, and also the wrong he receives by the treachery of some in his own bosom, that, like unfaithful servants, hold correspondence with this robber, he is kept but low in this life, and much of his gains are lost. The Christian's heavenly trade lies either within doors, or abroad; he can be free in neither—Satan is at his heels in both.

1. Within doors. This I may call his home trade, which is spent in secret between God and his own soul; here the Christian drives an unknown trade; he is at heaven and home again richly laden in his thoughts with heavenly meditations, before the world knows where he hath been. Every creature he sees is a text for his heart to raise some spiritual matter and observations from. Every sermon he hears cuts him out work to make up and enlarge upon when he gets alone. Every providence is as wind to his sails, and sets his heart a-moving in some heavenly affection or other, suitable to the occasion. One while he is wrapped up with joy in the consideration of mercy, another while melted into godly sorrow from the sense of his sins. Sometimes exalting God in his praises, anon abasing himself before God for his own vileness. One while he is at the breast of the covenant, milking out the consolations of the promises; another while working his heart into a holy awe and fear of the threatenings. Thus the Christian walks aloft, while the base worldling is licking the dust below. One of these heavenly pearls which the Christian trades for is more worth than the worldling gets with all his sweat and travel in his whole life. The Christian's feet stand where other men's heads are; he treads on the moon, and is clothed with the sun; he looks down on earthly men, as one from a high hill doth upon those that live in some fen or moor, and sees them buried in a fog of car-

nal pleasures and profits, while he breathes in a pure heavenly air; but yet not so high as to be free from all storms and tempests. Many a sad gust he hath from sin and Satan without. What else mean those sad complaints and groans which come from the children of God, that their hearts are so dead and dull, their thoughts so roving and unfixed in duty, many times so wicked and filthy, that they dare hardly tell what they are, for fear of staining their own lips, and offending the ears of others by naming them? Surely the Christian finds it in his heart to will and desire he could meditate, pray, hear, and live after another sort than this, doth he not? Yes, I durst be his surety he doth. But so long as there is a devil to tempt, and we continue within his walk, it will be thus, more or less; as fast as we labour to clear the spring of our hearts, he will be labouring to thicken or stop it again: so that we have two works to do at once—to perform a duty, and watch him that opposeth us; trowel and sword both in our hands. They had need work hard indeed who have others continually endeavouring to pull down, as they are labouring to rear up the building.

2. That part of the Christian's trade which lies abroad is heavenly also. Take a Christian in his relations, calling, neighbourhood, he is a heavenly trader in all; the great business of his life is to be doing or receiving some good; that company is not for him that will neither give nor take this. What should a merchant do where there is no buying nor selling? Every one labours, as his calling is, to seat himself where trade is quickest, and he is like to have most takings. The Christian, where he may choose, takes such in relations near to himself—husband, wife, servants—as may suit with his heavenly trade, and not such as will be a pull-back to him: he falls in with the holiest persons as his dearest acquaintance; if there be a saint in the town where he lives, he will find him out; and this shall be the man he will associate with; and in his conversation with these and all else, his chief work is for heaven; his heavenly principle within inclines him to it. Now this alarms hell. What! not contented to go to heaven himself, but by his holy example, gracious speeches, sweet counsels, seasonable reproofs, will be trading with others, and labour to carry them along with him also? This brings the lion fell and mad out of his den; such, to be sure, shall find the devil in their way to oppose them. "I would have come," saith Paul, "but Satan hindered

me." He that will vouch God, and let it appear by the tenor of his conversation that he trades for him, shall have enemies enough—the devil can help him to such.

Thirdly, The Christian's hopes are all heavenly; he harps not upon anything the world hath to give him. Indeed, he would think himself the most miserable man of all others, if here were all he could make of his religion. No, it is heaven and eternal life that he expects; and though he be so poor as not to be able to make a will of a groat, yet he counts himself a richer heir than if he were child to the greatest prince on earth. This inheritance he sees by faith, and can rejoice in the hope of the glory which it will bring him. The uncertain and cheating glory of the great ones of this world moves him not to envy their fancied pomp; but when on the dunghill himself, he can forget his own present sorrows to pity them in all their bravery, knowing that within a few days the cross will be off his back, and the crowns off their heads together; their portion will be spent, when he shall be to receive all his. These things entertain him with such joy, that they will not suffer him to acknowledge himself miserable, when others think him, and the devil tells him he is such. This, this torments the very soul of the devil, to see the Christian under sail for heaven, filled with the sweet hope of his joyful entertainment when he comes there; and therefore he raiseth what storms and tempests he can, either to hinder his arrival in that blessed port, which he most desires, and doth not wholly despair of, or at least to make it a troublesome winter voyage, such as Paul's was, in which they suffered so much loss. And this, indeed, very often he obtains in such a degree, that by his violent, impetuous temptations beating long upon the Christian, he makes him throw over much precious lading of his joys and comforts; yea, sometimes he brings the soul through stress of temptation to think of quitting the ship, while for the present all hope of being saved seems to be taken away. Thus you see what we wrestle with devils for.—*Gurnall*.

THE SABBATH OF PERPETUAL OBLIGATION.*

The Sabbath is a *perpetual* institution, existing from the beginning, and continuing to the end of time.

1st, It was appointed immediately after man

* From an admirable production recently published, entitled "Sixty-One Pleas for Sabbath-Breaking Answered; and an Appeal to Various Classes regarding the Sanctification of the Lord's-Day," by the Rev. Wm. Nixon, Montrose.

was made, and while he was yet without sin. (See Gen. ii. 1-3.) So little had it to do with Judaism as one of its peculiarities, that its obligations were not confined even within the history of this fallen world, but reach back to the state of innocence in which man was made. So that, had mankind never fallen—had they continued holy like the elect angels—had the will of God been done all along on earth as it is done in heaven—the Sabbath would have been one of the most conspicuous institutions with which an innocent world would have been blessed, calling them every seventh day to cease from their labours, their light and happy labours of an earthly kind, and to spend one whole day of every seven in unbroken contemplation of the works of God, and in nearer and uninterrupted communion with him. From this fact two conclusions follow.—(1.) If, even to man in innocence, when every day was consecrated to God's service, it was needful to have every seventh day more entirely freed from the employments of the other six, and more intensely devoted to acts of worship, as the means of keeping man nearer to God; then, surely, to man fallen and sinful, sunk in earthliness and corruption, the Sabbath is still more needful now, as a means of his deliverance from the power of this world and the bondage of iniquity, and of his being brought back to God, and made to set his affections on the things that are above. (2.) As the Sabbath existed before the fall, it existed before all types and ceremonies. They respect an atonement for sin, and could not exist till sin had entered. But the Sabbath did exist before sin entered, and so before all types and ceremonies; and therefore is not one of those types and ceremonies that were fulfilled in Christ's work, and so abrogated.

2d, There are various proofs that the Sabbath existed and was recognised throughout the period that elapsed from the creation of man to the commencement of the Jewish dispensation. (1.) The very fact that God had set the Sabbath apart, and pronounced a blessing on it, would lead such as had the Spirit of God to imitate so gracious an example, obey his virtual command, and seek his blessing, by hallowing the day which he claimed as specially his own.

(2.) The familiarity of mankind, in those early ages, with the division of time into weeks, implies the appointment, at the beginning, of six days for labour, and the seventh for a holy rest. Thus, [1.] The term of seven days is noticed as the space intervening between the times when once and again Noah sent forth the dove to ascertain if the waters had subsided. [2.] A week's rejoicing is spoken of in Gen. xxix. 27, 28, as habitually practised in connection with marriage. Such allusions as these to the weekly division of time, as a matter with which, in those ages, the inhabitants of the

world were familiar, cannot be accounted for except on the supposition that that weekly division of time, of which the Creator set the example, was carefully upheld, and that in upholding this arrangement, all who feared God, as certainly rested on the seventh day, as they laboured on the other six.

(3.) A wide-spread practice prevailed among heathen nations, not only of dividing time into weeks, but of regarding the seventh day as peculiarly sacred—a practice which must have flowed from traditions of a date much earlier than the time of Moses. As mentioned by Dr. Dwight, Hesiod says, "The seventh day is holy." Homer and Callimachus give it the same title. Theophilus of Antioch says, concerning the seventh day, "The day which all mankind celebrate." Porphyry says, "The Phœnicians consecrated one day in seven as holy." Lenuus says, "A seventh day is observed among saints or holy people." Eusebius says, "Almost all the philosophers and poets acknowledge the seventh day as holy." Josephus says, "No city of Greeks, or barbarians, can be found who do not acknowledge a seventh day's rest from labour." Philo says, "The seventh day is a festival to every nation." This general and deep-rooted regard even among the heathen to the sacredness of the seventh day, implies that traditions of its sacredness must have been handed down among them from the commencement of their existence as distinct nations and tribes of men.

(4.) The first allusion to the Sabbath as it existed among the Jews, implies that it was an institution existing among them previous to the giving of the law at all, and one with which they were familiar, as handed down to them from their patriarchal fathers. The allusion is made in connection with the giving of the manna, of which they were told to gather twice the usual quantity on the sixth day, seeing that, as a matter of course, they were not to expect the descent of it, or to be employed in gathering it, on the seventh. (Exod. xvi. 23, &c.) The language employed in that passage is exactly such as was naturally used toward an institution already appointed and established, and the obligation to observe which was already felt and acknowledged, but not the language which it would have been natural to use, had the institution been an entirely new one to the Jews.

3d, The perpetuity of the Sabbath is evident from the place which it has among the ten commandments. The other nine are perpetually binding on all to whom they are made known; and you might as well contend for setting aside the other nine as for setting aside the fourth. It will retain the same authority as the rest so long as the world stands.

(1.) These ten commandments are spoken of in Scripture as distinguished from all those other statutes and ordinances which are not

comprehended in them. They are denominated "the commandments." (Matt. xix. 17.) On the sum of these ten commandments hang all law and the prophets. (Matt. xxii. 40.)

(2.) The great employment of all the prophets, as moral teachers, was just to explain and enforce these ten commandments.

(3.) It was with evident reference to these ten commandments that Jesus said, "That sooner shall heaven and earth pass away, than one jot or one tittle of this law shall pass till all be fulfilled."

(4.) By all God's professing people, Jews and Gentiles, with few exceptions, these ten commandments have been uniformly honoured, at least by outward marks of respect, as the great moral law.

(5.) To show that this moral law of the ten commandments is still binding, the Apostle Paul, addressing the Christians at Ephesus, who were converts from heathenism, refers to the fifth commandment as the first commandment with promise (Eph. vi. 1-3); that is, as the first of the ten commandments which has a promise attached to it. In this manner he not only distinguishes them from all others, but leaves it to be inferred that they are all alike perpetually binding on all the followers of Christ.

(6.) The moral nature and perpetual obligation of the ten commandments, and of course, of the fourth among the rest, may be proved by the altogether peculiar honour put on them by God. [1.] God came down on Sinai, and from its summit published with his own voice these ten commandments, amidst the most solemnizing manifestations of his presence and his glory. [2.] By God's own finger, these ten commandments were then written on two tables of stone. And then [3.] these ten commandments, and they alone, were lodged within the ark. The ark was a type of Christ. The law in the ark was a type of the law in the heart of Christ. The law that was in Christ's heart was the moral law. The penalty of that law, incurred by us, he endured in our stead. The obedience to that law, due from us, was rendered by him on our account. Believers are now redeemed from the curse of that law, by Christ's having been made a curse for them. That law is now written by the Holy Spirit in their hearts. In evidence of their union to Jesus, they are now brought to offer to that law a daily increasing obedience. They delight in it after the inward man. In proof and illustration of all these holy and blessed truths, the law of the ten commandments, including the fourth, was deposited in the ark of the covenant, the type of Christ, and the symbol and pledge of Jehovah's presence with his people.

As these ten commandments, and these alone, were published by the mouth of God, and written with his fingers, and placed by his direction in the ark of the covenant, we therefore

conclude that they are honourably distinguished from all ceremonial and temporary ordinances, that have served their purpose, and then passed away. They are thus seen to be of a moral nature, and of perpetual obligation; and in all these glorious peculiarities the Sabbath law equally shares with the other commandments of the decalogue.

4th, The perpetual obligation to keep the Sabbath holy, is evident from the clear intimations of prophecy with reference to the Christian dispensation. Thus, in Isa. lvi., the promise is, "Every one that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer;" and the time referred to is evidently the time of the Christian dispensation, for it is declared to be, when God's "house shall be called an house of prayer for all people." (See also Isa. lviii. 13, 14; Ezek. xlvi. 1-4.)

5th, A weekly Sabbath was kept by the first followers of Christ. The first day of the week is again and again referred to in the New Testament, as their day of public worship and instruction, of alms-giving, and church-fellowship. (Acts xx. 2; 1 Cor. xvi. 2.) The fact, which is indisputable, that from the day of Jesus' resurrection, and under the ministry of his inspired apostles, the Christian Sabbath was thus observed, is, of itself, sufficient proof that it was observed by divine authority.

6th, From the time of his resurrection, the blessing of Christ evidently rested in a special manner on the first day of the week, and on those who kept it sacred to the memory of his resurrection. On this day he rose from the grave. This was the day selected by him on which to appear once and again to his disciples, after he had risen. After he had gone to heaven, he selected this first day as the day on which to pour out his Spirit in such a miraculous manner, and to render the apostles' preaching the means of at once converting thousands. On this day, John was emphatically "in the Spirit." (Rev. i. 3.) And this same day has ever since been blessed, more than all the other days of the week, as the season of the manifestation of Jesus' glory in the conversion of sinners, and the edification of saints.

7th, The very name given to the first day of the week proves it sacredness as the Christian Sabbath. It is called in Rev. i. 3, "the Lord's-day." That Lord is Christ. His day is not the Jewish Sabbath, for on that day he lay humbled in the grave; and, besides, when these words were uttered, the Jewish Sabbath had passed away. His day is the first day of the week—the day on which he rose triumphant, and entered into his rest. That day is called "The Lord's Day," evidently to intimate, that now it is set apart as sacred to him, and to be held as sacred by all his followers. So long as he has a people on earth to own him as their

Lord, they will not only celebrate the supper in honour of his death, but also sanctify the Christian Sabbath in honour of his resurrection. Nor shall it be parted with on any ground by his faithful followers, until it finally terminate in the uninterrupted and eternal rest that remaineth for the people of God.

8th, The perpetual observation of the fourth commandment, as of the others, is involved in the fact, that it is not typical or temporary in its nature and design.

(1.) It is not typical in its nature and design. [1.] At least it was not typical under the old dispensation of blessings to be enjoyed under the new. This was the case with the types and ceremonies of the Jewish ritual. They have all, as the shadows, been superseded, and made to vanish before the substance. But it was not so with the Sabbath as existing before Christ. There is nothing in him, or in his redemption, in which the Sabbath, as a shadow, has given place to the substance. [2.] The only thing of which the Sabbath was or is a type or emblem, is heaven, and the earthly Sabbath will disappear only when believers have entered on their heavenly eternal Sabbath.

(2.) It is not temporary any more than typical in its nature. [1.] This is proved from the fact, that it was instituted in Paradise, immediately after man was made. This fact shows that it was intended to exist through all ages, irrespective of the changes and the passing away of this or that economy, which for a season God introduced and maintained in the midst of his people. [2.] The same thing is proved from the ends which the Sabbath is intended to serve. It is intended to furnish mankind, especially the poor, with a regularly recurring day of rest from all their bodily toils. It is intended to commemorate the displays which God has made of his wisdom, power, and goodness, in the works of the visible creation. It is intended, further, to commemorate the most glorious of all God's works—the work of redemption. It is intended to be the special day on which man shall attain to the saving knowledge of the truth, and make advances in holiness of heart and life. And lastly, it is intended to furnish to all men the chief means of preparing for heaven, and some glimpses of its glory—some foretastes and earnest of its blessedness. And so the Sabbath will continue to be alike indispensable and useful to man, until the whole of the redeemed are qualified for, and safely and joyfully gathered into, the rest remaining for them on high. Such are the proofs which the Scriptures furnish of the perpetual obligation of the Sabbath.

THE BIBLE AND SCIENCE—TWO FACTS.

Concluded from p. 40.

BUT again—and here we present the *Second Fact*.

Not only has the Bible not admitted a false sentence or expression, but it has allowed the insertion

of words which enable us to discern, beyond the possibility of misapprehension, the knowledge of the Almighty God. His great aim, without doubt, was to reveal to us the eternal glories of the invisible world: not the barren secrets of that which is about to perish. Nevertheless, it often happens that an attentive ear discovers in his language a science which he seeks not to teach; but of which He, whose judgments are a great deep, cannot be ignorant. Not only does not the Bible never tell us, even passingly, anything false, but you will often discover words which betray the voice of the Creator of the world. Continually you will recognise a wisdom, a foreknowledge, and an exactness, which former ages could not question; but which only the discoveries of the telescope, mathematics, and science, have enabled the moderns to appreciate; so that its language bears, in these features, the indelible characters of the fullest inspiration. The wisdom and choiceness of its expressions—the nature of certain accounts, whose perfect propriety and divine accordance with the facts were not revealed until three thousand years afterwards—the reserve of its language, sometimes its very boldness, and its unusual character for the times in which it was written—all these signs bespeak the Wise One, the Ancient of Days, who undoubtedly addresses his children, but who speaks like the father of the family, and who well knows all his household.

When the Scriptures speak of the form of our earth, they term it a *GLOBE*. When they speak of the position of the globe in the midst of the universe, it is *SUSPENDED UPON NOTHING*, (על בלימה). When they speak of its age, not only do they put its creation, as well as that of the heavens, *AT THE BEGINNING*—that is to say, before ages which they cannot, or desire not, to number—but they are careful to place before the arranging of chaos, and the creation of man, that of angels, archangels, principalities, and powers, their trial, the fall and ruin of some, and the perseverance and glory of others. When, afterwards, they speak of the origin of our continents, and of the later creation of plants, animals, and men, they then give to this new world and to our proud race so recent an existence, that in every age, and among all nations, and even in our modern schools, there have been those who have daringly rebelled against it; but, nevertheless, an age to which the learned and the vulgar have been compelled alike to yield, since the labours of De Luc, Cuvier, and Buckland, have so fully demonstrated that the state of the earth's surface, as well as the monuments of history and of science, incontestably authenticate it. When they speak of the heavens, they employ to designate and define them the most sublime and philosophical expressions; expressions which the Greeks in the Septuagint, the Latins in the Vulgate, and all the Fathers of the Church in their sermons, have pretended to improve, but which they have distorted, because they appeared to them opposed to the science of their times. The heavens, in the Bible are the *expansum*, *expansum*, רקיע; it is the void, the ether, or boundless space, and not the *firmamentum* of St. Jerome; nor the *σφαιρα* of the Alexandrian interpreters; nor the firm, solid crystalline, and incorruptible *eighth heaven*, of Aristotle, and all the ancients. And, although this remarkable Hebrew term occurs seventeen times in the Old Testament, and although the Seventy uniformly renders it by *σφαιρα* (*firmament*), the New Testament Scripture has never once used it in the sense employed by the Greek interpreters. When they speak of light, it is presented as an element, independent of the sun, and as anterior by three distinct periods to

that in which this glorious luminary was lighted up, anticipating thus the systems of moderns, which lead us to suppose, with the great Newton, that the universe contains an ether, perfectly subtle, highly elastic, existing everywhere, whose contractions and dilatations produce not only the varied phenomena of light, but those even of gravitation. When they speak of the creation of plants, they exhibit them vegetating, increasing and bearing seed, before the appearance of the sun, and under conditions of light, heat, and moisture, which differ much from those which sustain vegetation in the present day; and it is thus that they reveal, many thousand years since, an order of things, which fossil botany has, in later times, established as incontestable, the necessity of which is attested by the gigantic vegetable remains which have recently been discovered in Canada and Baffin's Bay: some, like M. Marcel de Serres, to explain this, having recourse to a terrestrial magnetism, at that period more intense, or to a more luminous aurora borealis; others, like M. de Candolle, to a great inclination of the ecliptic, although, in reality (according to the celebrated theorem of La Grange), the celestial mechanism restricts this variation of the planetary orbs within very narrow limits. When the Scriptures speak of air, whose gravity was unknown before Galileo, they tell us that God giveth to the air its weight (מִשְׁקַל), and to the seas their measure. When they speak of our atmosphere, and of "the waters which are above," an importance is assigned to them which modern science alone could establish; since, according to its calculations, the force which nature annually employs, in the formation of clouds, is equal to a work which the whole human race could not accomplish in less than two hundred thousand years. And when they separate the waters which are beneath from those which are above, it is by an *expanse*, and not by a solid sphere, as both Greek and Latin translators have sought to show. When they speak of the mountains, they discriminate two classes of facts; they speak of them as *created*, and as *rising*, and as *melting* like wax; they speak of the sinking of the valleys; in a word, they speak of them as a geological poet would speak in our day: "The mountains ascend, O Lord! and the valleys descend to the place which thou hast appointed for them. When they speak of the human race, of every tribe, colour, and language, they give them one sole origin; and although the philosophy of every age has determinedly revolted against this truth, moderns have, at length, been constrained to acknowledge it. When they speak of the internal state of our globe, they declare two great facts of which learned men were long ignorant, but which have been rendered incontestable by their late discoveries—one relative to its solid crust; and the other, to the abyss of waters which it encloses. When they speak of its solid covering, they inform us, that if its surface yields us bread, yet beneath (אֶרֶץ), the earth is ON FIRE; that, moreover, "it is reserved for the fire," and that, at the last day, "the earth, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up;" and when they speak of the waters which our globe contains, they render the sole explanation, at least in this relation, of the immense overflowings under which (upon the evidence of scientific men themselves) it has, at various periods, been long and completely submerged. And whilst these men tell us of the little depth of the sea, and affirm that an uprising of only two hundred yards, or half as high again as the tower of Strasburg, would suffice to dissipate the Baltic, the North Sea, and St. George's Channel; and that if Mont Blanc, or at least Chimborazo, were thrown into the Pacific Ocean, it would be lofty enough to constitute an island;

whilst La Place has felt justified in concluding, from the height of the tides, that the mean depth of the ocean does not exceed a thousand yards (the height of Salève, or Hecla); and whilst they would demonstrate to us the absolute insufficiency of the seas for the vast submersions which our globe has undergone; the Scriptures tell us, "the earth has been drawn out of the water, and that it subsists amongst the waters," and that its solid crust encloses a GREAT ABYSS (תְּהוֹמוֹת רַבּוֹת), whose fountains were broken up (כִּבְּקָעוֹ) at the time of the deluge, as at that of chaos, and the innumerable ages which preceded it. When they speak of the flood, they suppose inundations and disorder, such as infidels of former times have ever considered too mighty for belief; and yet, in the present day, geologists rather feel them to be insufficient to account for all the devastation they find in examining the earth. When they recount the circumstances and the progress of this immense submersion, they reveal facts which the science of moderns has not yet universally adopted, but which it cannot contradict any more than it can other facts—an internal fire, which, by increasing the temperature of the mighty waters, would, on the one hand, cause an excessive evaporation and impetuous rains, as if the barriers of heaven were removed; and on the other, an irresistible rarefaction, which not only raised the waters from their retreat, broke up the fountains of the GREAT DEEP, and swelled the overwhelming waves to the level of the highest mountains; but which caused immense deposits of chalk, under the double action of excessive heat, and of a pressure equal to 8,000 atmospheres! When they describe the state of our globe, anterior to its being called into form, they attribute to it internal heat and fire, and cover it entirely with water, in its state of liquidity. When they narrate the creation of birds and fishes, they give them a common origin; and it is known that modern naturalists have proved that between these two classes of animals there exists very intimate relations; not indeed appearing outwardly to the eye, but which their anatomy has disclosed, and even to the microscopic form of the globules of their blood. When they arrest the course of the sun (that is to say, the earth's rotation), in the days of Joshua the son of Nun, they are careful to stay the moon also, in the same proportion, and by the same cause; a precaution which, as Chanhard shows, no astronomer, ignorant of our diurnal motion, could have imagined; since, after all that has been said, this miracle involves nothing more than the prolongation of the day. When they tell of the Lord's arrival as lightning, "in the twinkling of an eye," at the last day, they bear an additional testimony to the earth's rotation, and to the existence of the antipodes; because, at that solemn interval, it will be day for one part of the world's inhabitants, and night for the other. When they describe the bygone and future riches of the land of Canaan, to which a marvellous power of vegetation is promised in the last days, it is termed rich, not only in fountains, but in "subterranean waters;" and they seem to anticipate the idea of draining, by which the moderns have learned to fertilize a barren country. When they speak of the languages of men, they give them a primitive unity, which seems to be contradicted by a cursory view of the varied speech of nations, but which a deeper examination confirms. When they narrate the deliverance of Noah, they give to the rainbow dimensions which, at the first aspect, we find too limited; which we should have multiplied a hundred-fold, had we been charged with the recital; but which mature study of the fact has established as sufficient. When they speak of the number of the stars, instead of supposing a thousand (1,022),

like the catalogue of Hipparchus; or exactly 1,026, like that of Ptolemy (whilst, in the two hemispheres together, the most experienced vision cannot discover more than 5,000; whilst, previously to the invention of the telescope, the eye could not count more than a thousand, under the most favourable circumstances); the Scriptures declare that they are INNUMERABLE. (Gen. xv. 5.) They compare them, as Herschel has done, to the sand of the sea; they tell us that God has scattered them with his hand, like dust, throughout the immensity of space, and yet that "he calleth them all by their names."—When they speak of space, hear with what profound wisdom and sublimity it is portrayed; how careful in its noble poetry, how wise in its sublimity!—"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the EXPANSE sheweth his handy-work. There is no speech nor language, nevertheless their voice is heard." When they speak of the relations which the stars bear to this sublunary world, instead of supposing them animated, as did the ancients; instead of even attributing to them any influence upon human affairs, as was so long persisted in by the Christian states of France and Italy, even to the period of the Reformation, they tell us that they are inert matter; luminous, indeed, but arranged and dependent; the heavens, even the heaven of heavens, proceed with order, with the oneness and unity of an army which advances to the conflict. "Lift up your eyes on high, and behold, who hath created all these things? He who bringeth out their host by order, and who calleth them all by their names; not one faileth. Why then sayest thou, O Jacob, My way is hid from the Lord, and my God sustains not my right?" When they describe the heavens, they carefully discriminate a three-fold character:—in the first place, the heaven of the birds, of tempests, of the powers of the air, and of spiritual wickednesses; then the heaven of the starry host; and lastly, the *third heaven, the heaven of heavens*. But when they speak of God, whose handy-work all this is, how exalted, yet, how gentle is their language! "Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters"—"Behold, the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee"—"Within what bounds will you confine Him?"—"To what will ye liken God?"—"He has set his glory above the heavens, and he humbleth himself even to behold the things that are in heaven?"—"If you would take the wings of the morning, and fly with the rapidity of light, whither would you go far from his face, or flee from his presence?" And when they have thus dwelt upon these visible glories, they tell us farther, "Lo, these are but parts of his ways; how little the portion that is known of him!" And, finally, having, as it were, exhausted language in recounting all his greatness as Creator, they add: "He telleth the number of the stars, yet he healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds;" "admirable in counsel, and wonderful in means, yet he puts our tears into his bottle;" "a sparrow falleth not to the ground without his permission, and the very hairs of our head are all numbered." "This eternal God (O righteous man) is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms"—"O Lord, how manifold are thy works!" and thou hast magnified thy mercy above thy glory!

And now, in the midst of all these marvels, "where shall we find wisdom—and where is the place of understanding? The abyss saith, It is not in me; and the sea answers, It is not with me. God alone understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof; for he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven. When he gave to the air its weight, and to the waters their just measure; when he made a decree for the rain, and

a way for the lightning of the thunder; then did he see wisdom, and explored its depths; then he said unto man, To fear the Lord, that is thy wisdom; and to depart from evil, that is understanding."

Such is, then, the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures; and it is thus we find only the reflection of heavenly radiance, where some have thought to discover a stain. If with a calm and reverential hand you draw aside the veil which appears sometimes to shroud these truths from your view, you will discover a majestic splendour; for the Scriptures descend, like Moses from the holy mount, bearing to us the tables of testimony. Where you have dreaded obscurity, there you find light; where there has been raised an objection, God converts it into a witness; where there has been a doubt, there rests an assurance.

A BENEDICTION FOR A CHILD.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

WHAT blessing shall I ask for thee,
In the sweet dawn of infancy?
—That which our Saviour at his birth
Brought down with him from heaven to earth.

What next, in childhood's April years,
Of sunbeam smiles and rainbow tears?
—That which in Him all eyes might trace,
To grow in wisdom and in grace.

What, in the wayward path of youth,
When falsehood walks abroad as truth?
—By that good Spirit to be led,
Which John saw resting on His head.

What, in temptation's wilderness,
When wants assail and fears oppress?
—To wield, like Him, the Scripture sword,
And vanquish Satan by "the Word."

What, in the labour, pain, and strife,
Combats and cares of daily life?
—In His cross-bearing steps to tread,
Who had not where to lay His head.

What, in the agony of heart,
When foes rush in and friends depart?
—To pray like Him, the Holy One,
"Father, thy will, not mine, be done!"

What, in the bitterness of death,
When the last sigh cuts the last breath?
—Like Him your spirit to commend,
And up to paradise ascend.

What, in the grave, and in that hour
When e'en the grave shall lose its power?
—Like Him, your rest awhile to take;
Then at the trumpet's sound awake,
Him, as He is in heaven, to see,
And as He is, yourself to be.

NARRATIVE OF A VISIT TO SOME OF THE STATIONS OF THE EVANGELICAL SOCIETY IN FRANCE.

BY THE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST W. NOEL.

Concluded from p. 44.

HAVING bidden a reluctant farewell to our brother Roussel, who had been our companion

and guide in the Limousin, we now hastened to meet at Auxerre the pastor Audebez, whose evangelical labours God had greatly blessed in the department of the Yonne. We had miscalculated the facilities of travel over cross roads, and after a journey of two days and nights, reached Auxerre about an hour after M. Audebez had left it; and as we were obliged to pursue him without delay, that we might be present at the service fixed for that evening at Villeneuve la Roi, we were obliged, much to our regret, to turn our backs upon Auxerre, the chief city of the department, without having seen any of the Protestants, or even visited their temple. Notwithstanding the fierce opposition of the prefect and other authorities, God has so much blessed the perseverance of M. Audebez and his brethren at this place, that there is a temple, two pastors, two Protestant schools, and a regular congregation of about eight hundred persons, where, two or three years ago, there was scarcely a Protestant to be found. At seven o'clock we reached Villeneuve, where the service was about to begin. About sixty persons, all lately Roman Catholics, attended. As M. Audebez preached, we did not hear the pastor, M. Maneron; but I was glad to hear from M. Audebez that he is a very devoted man, who seeks the blessing of God on all he does. We were now in the midst of the work of evangelization in the department of the Yonne, and may consider briefly in what the department differs from the Upper Vienne. In the latter department, the people are poor, far from the capital, placed near no great roads, visited by few strangers, superstitious and simple. The Champenois of the Yonne are very different. Their department is rich. Of 729,223 hectares of surface, 500,000 are arable and pasture, 150,123 are forest, 37,212 are vineyards, 30,000 alone are still waste. Here wheat, oats, wine, cider, are produced in abundance. Cattle and sheep are reared, and the population prospers. From Auxerre the river is navigated by large boats, till it flows into the Seine at Montreau, and from that place there are steam-boats to Paris. The Royal and Departmental roads are excellent, and the road from Paris to Dijon runs through a large portion of the department. Hence the people are flourishing and advanced in civilization. Here it might have been expected that the scepticism said to be so common in France would have opposed more formidable barriers to the spread of the truth than superstition

elsewhere. In addition, the priests, in the towns at least, have retained much influence with the richer classes. At Sens, especially, they have great power. Although the Government salaries to priests and prelates is small, yet the ecclesiastical dues recruit the means of the former. The latter are enriched by the annual sale of holy oil which each parish must buy, and large donations and bequests are made to the Church by devout Roman Catholics. In the department there are eight cures of the first class, forty-one of the second, and four hundred and twelve of the third; and almost all these priests are zealous to prevent the spread of Protestantism. But, on the other hand, there were, a few years since, 570 primary schools, containing 29,603 scholars, of whom 18,750 were boys, and 10,853 were girls; and now, probably, there are many more of these nurseries of thought, which are ominous to those whose spiritual dominion depends on the ignorance of their followers.

When M. Audebez first preached in this department, not only in the great towns but even in the villages, crowds gathered to listen; and earnest invitations were sent to him, from many places which it was impossible that he should visit. Friday, October 2, in company with M. Bertholet and M. Audebez, we drove through an ugly arable country cleared of its crops, and relieved by neither wood, verdure, nor hills, to St. Maurice aux riches homines, on the northern frontier of the department. This commune comprises two villages, St. Maurice containing about 400 inhabitants, and Muny with above 500. The former village adheres to its priest. It was at Muny that we alighted. Their circumstances resemble those of thousands of the villages of France: there is no squire, no great proprietor, in the place or neighbourhood; the priest is despised; the only man of any distinction is the mayor, who is himself a peasant. There is not a rich person in the village, and scarcely a pauper. All, as little proprietors, stocking-makers, carpenters, labourers, &c., secure a comfortable livelihood; read newspapers at their village café; and assemble in their ball-room to dance. There was scarcely any religion in the place, and one intelligent young man told us that he had read eagerly the popular infidel authors to be able to silence the priest in argument. While M. Audebez was preaching at Sens, three successive letters from this village invited him to visit them. At length he went—the ball-room, now consecrated to worship, was

crowded. In the midst of the service, the mayor with his drum, and four men armed with muskets, marched into the centre of the meeting, to break it up. M. Audebez protested against his conduct as illegal, and said he would disturb them at his peril. At length this officer was induced to retire, and since that time the gospel has been preached to them at intervals without molestation. In that same ball-room we met on Friday evening, 2d October, about a hundred of these villagers, who assembled to hear M. Audebez preach. Old men and middle-aged men, with grave, intelligent aspect, were seated near young men and young women, who seemed to find it difficult to restrain their merriment for a single hour; and children, with sweet rosy countenances, had come with their fathers and mothers, who seemed not less amiable. To some the black beard of a week's growth and profuse whiskers gave a savage air; and curious it was to see men, women, and children, crowded together without the smallest order, standing, sitting, leaning against the wall, while three or four tallow candles threw a flickering light over the blue blouses, blue night caps and white, which men wear at their work, upon men's hats and women's white caps, and every variety of dress. The hymn we sang at the beginning of the service was probably the first evangelical hymn which many of them had ever heard. They listened with great attention to an excellent sermon on Romans viii. 1, preached by M. Audebez; and nearly the whole village is prepared to welcome a Protestant minister to reside among them. And yet all this attention is not to be ascribed to religious earnestness, of which I need give no other proof than this, that M. Lombchere, one of the demissionary pastors of the Canton de Vaud, who remained there at our departure, could hold no service the Sunday following, because the villagers, among whom were probably many of the congregation who assembled to hear M. Audebez preach, were employing their ball-room that day for their village dance. Why then do these villagers crowd to hear the gospel? They have a much greater independence of feeling and action than the labourers or even farmers of this country generally have—being all nearly on an equality, with no one above them except the Government and its officers; they know that it is contrary to their priest, whom they dislike and despise; it is a great novelty, and they have quickness and intelligence. Some of them think they ought to

have some religion, and cannot endure the mass and the confessional; some are excited by curiosity, because the preacher has been prosecuted by the authorities, and listened to by great crowds in other places; some are interested in the gospel; some are converted to God. Whatever the motives which bring them together, it is certainly remarkable that Roman Catholics, by hundreds and thousands, without the smallest prospect of advantage, should be willing to hear the great truths of the gospel set before them in the most emphatic and the plainest manner, against the wishes both of the priests and the Government. The other villages of the Yonne are in circumstances similar to those of St. Maurice, and are not less willing to have the gospel preached to them. On Sunday, the 4th, we attended in the morning at the opening of the temple of Ailant, in a pleasant valley watered by the Tholon, an affluent of the Yonne. Here the curiosity which attracted hundreds when M. Audebez first preached among them, has subsided; and while the congregation in the parish church consisted of less than 30 women, among whom the priest and his associates were yelling out their discordant recitative as they perambulated the building, the congregation in the new Protestant temple was not more than 40 or 50 chiefly men. M. Lorrot, the evangelist placed here, is a good man; but the French Catholics require much zeal and much vivacity in the man who is to break through their inveterate levity and disregard of religion. In the evening, we attended worship in the temple at Sens, where pastor Bertholet preached with much animation. About 150 persons were in attendance. The Protestant schools in connection with the chapel are good. An excellent schoolmaster and excellent schoolmistress second the evangelic efforts of M. Bertholet, and a zealous colporteur is also diligent in diffusing the Scriptures among the people. On Monday evening, October 8, we closed our tour of inspection by attending a pastoral meeting at the house of M. Bertholet, where about twenty-four persons, almost all lately Roman Catholics, assembled at their pastor's house to read the Scriptures and to pray. Of most of them M. Bertholet has reason to hope that they are truly converted to God; and these are the harvest of one year. Doubtless others will follow. This work at Sens is encouraging. There, till lately, the circumstances of the city rendered the prospect of Protestant success very remote. There were no Protestants in the place. The arch-

bishop and the Catholic Church are rich. Men without religion do not like to put themselves out of good society by embracing a proscribed doctrine. Those who do not blindly follow the priests are generally indifferent to all religion—so that to get hearers was difficult. Yet the wood of the sacred cross, skulls and bones of martyrs set in gold with coronets of pearls, and even the chasuble of St. Thomas à Becket, without which treasure France (said the sacristan) at the Revolution would have been overthrown, were not sufficient to hinder many devout persons from hearing the Protestant preacher; while some were all the more disposed to listen because of their contempt for these worthless relics. The richer classes, indeed, do not venture to attend, chiefly because they would lose their place in society, and the poor are hindered by the fear of losing their employment; still is there here, as the result of the efforts of about two years, a pastor, a temple, two schools, a schoolmaster and mistress, a colporteur distributing the Scriptures, and a congregation from about 150 to 300 who attend the preaching. Thus the Yonne has shown itself not less willing to hear the gospel than the Upper Vienne and the Lower Charente. The prosperous graziers and agriculturists of a rich soil not far from the metropolis, are not more indisposed to Protestant doctrine than the vine growers of the west, or the inhabitants of the chesnut-covered hills towards the south. It would be easy to prove the existence of a similar disposition in the population of the north and of the south of the kingdom, the missionaries of the Evangelical Society of Geneva, and the evangelical missionaries of the Reformed Church in the most northern districts agreeing with the reports of those published by the Evangelical Society of Paris. Everywhere it is indeed chiefly the poor who are attracted; but, let it be remarked, the first successes of the gospel, as preached by the apostles, were among the poor, and that the poor are the mass of the nation. The New Testament is now sold by pious colporteurs to hundreds and thousands throughout the kingdom; and there are many indications that a great extension of evangelical religion might, with the blessing of God, be effected in France, if only suitable missionaries—men of fervent piety and strong sense, could be sent in numbers to the hundreds of populous communes who are willing to receive them. To train these, a school of evangelists is now about to be formed; and the Evangelical Society, conducted by enlightened

and devoted brethren in Paris, only need effective aid to become an immense blessing, first, to France, and then, through France, to Europe and the world.

SIMPLE FAITH.*

EVERY sinner may and ought to believe now and at all times. And last or first, Christian or sinner, it is in believing, directly, simply, only believing, that all peace, or hope, or joy, are either brought into or retained in the soul. This was our first way to peace, and it must be our last. No man can die in peace any way else but this. It is striking to see with what simplicity the most experienced and ripened saint reverts to the very first elements of the gospel then. He may try to live some other way. No other way can he peacefully die, but in the exercise of direct simple faith. As he entered on his spiritual being, so must he end it. It was looking to Jesus that he entered on the way of peace. It is looking to Jesus, and thus alone, that he enters on the world of peace. Why, then, since this was the beginning of his course, and this must be the end of it, should it not be the middle of it, too—the whole of it from first to last? Oh yes, the whole of Christian blessedness is one unbroken thing! It is "Looking to Jesus;" "Holding the beginning of our confidence steadfast to the end." It is all and in all—is Christ himself.

The following account of a passage in the life of an eminent minister, is illustrative of the simplicity with which the most experienced saint at death reverts to the first elements of the gospel. Then, as at first, there is but one ground of peace and hope. The narrative may be confidently relied on, though the names are not given. It rests on the testimony of a most respected minister.

Some time ago, Mr. S— of C— related to a friend of mine a few circumstances of great interest, with regard to the last illness and death of the Rev. Mr. M'G— of L—, a well-known minister in the west of Scotland, one who had long been very eminent for godliness, and had done much for his Lord and Master in his day. In some respects, I believe, he was a peculiar man, but if in any thing singular, he was singular in holiness. Universally was he revered as a man who walked with God, and whose secret was with him; and the very name of Mr. M'G— still creates a sensation in all that country side, which powerfully tells what he must have been, and confirms the truth of the Word, "The memory of the just is blessed."

Well, Mr. S— went to see Mr. M'G— on his death-bed, and he said he was awfully solemnized by the way he spoke to him of his own experience. He seemed to have had great searchings of heart, and to have been brought *very low*; and he related a dream to Mr. S— which he had had, and which, he said, expressed very clearly both what he had been brought *through* and brought *to*. He dreamt that he saw heaven opened, and a company approach and go in, and the door was shut. In this company he beheld Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and many of the Old Testament saints, and there were amongst them those who he himself had known, but he *could not get in along with them*. There was a short pause, and again the door was opened, and again a company approached, and in that company he knew many, but again he said, I could not get in along with them, and I began to tremble exceedingly. A third time the door

* From "Sermons touching some Points much controverted at Present," by the Rev. Mr. Purves of Jedburgh.

was opened, and another company approached; one went in after another, and Mr. M'G—— said, terror began to seize upon me, and my knees smote one upon another, when all at once, looking round, I saw Manasseh! Manasseh, that had made Jerusalem stream with blood! And, giving Mr. S—— an indescribable look, he said, "And I crept in at Manasseh's back!"

Mr. M'G—— told Mr. S—— he had now found peace, having been brought to Paul's experience: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief," and that he had nothing in the world to trust to but this.

It is an interesting fact, that a minister to whom Mr. S—— related the above was smitten to the heart by it; he thought, "Oh, if it was so difficult for Mr. M'G—— to get into heaven, what will become of me?" From that moment he saw, that whilst he had had a name to live, he had been dead; he was brought to faith and repentance, and died four months afterwards, a debtor to sovereign grace. An awful view was given him of the sin of his unfaithful ministry, under which he had almost sunk into despair, but at last he was brought to Mr. M'G——'s confidence, and Paul's confidence: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." (1 Tim. i. 15.)

THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

(1 SAM. xxviii. 7-21.)

THIS passage has given occasion to much discussion, turning chiefly on the points—whether the appearance of Samuel was real, or an imposition of the pythoness on the credulity of Saul; and, if real, by what power it was produced? That the spirit of Samuel was evoked by the woman, and came on the compulsion of her powerful arts, is an opinion that has had its advocates, but has of late years generally been rejected. Even Sir Thomas Brown, whose errors are often on the side of credulity, rejected this explanation. In his chapter, "Of the last and most common promoter of false opinions—the endeavours of Satan," he says,— "Thus hath he (Satan) also made men believe that he can raise the dead, that he hath the key of life and death, and a prerogative above that principle which makes no regression from privations." After alluding to the opinions of the heathen philosophical schools on this point, he adds:—"More inconsistent is the error of Christians, who, holding the dead to rest in the Lord, do yet believe they are at the lure of the devil,—that he, who is in bonds himself, commandeth the fetters of the dead, and, dwelling in the bottomless lake, calleth the blessed from Abraham's bosom:—that can believe the real resurrection of Samuel, or that there is anything but delusion in the practice of necromancy, or the popular raising of ghosts." (*Vulgar Errors*, i. 10.) For these and other reasons many believe that the witch of Endor was nothing more nor less than "a cunning woman," who, being acquainted with the state of public affairs—guessing that the tall stranger,

who assured her that no harm should happen to herself, could be no other than the king of Israel—and being well acquainted, as probably most of the Israelites were, with the person of Samuel—undertook the no very difficult task of deceiving Saul. Under this view, it is thought that Saul did not see the appearance, but trusted to the woman's statement that she saw it; and that the voice which was heard was produced by the powers of ventriloquism:—although others suppose that the woman had an associate who personated the appearance and imitated the voice of the dead prophet. Some, however, conclude that this associate was a demon, whose aid she invoked on this occasion. But, thirdly, a large class of highly respectable interpreters contend that the appearance was really that of Samuel; but, of course, deny that the power of the woman or of the devil had any share in its production. They think that, when the woman was preparing either to use her craft in imposing on Saul, or else was about to employ her incantations in the expectation of raising a demoniacal spirit to answer his questions, Samuel himself, or his spirit, appeared, by the Lord's permission, to the very great and declared surprise of the woman herself. The text certainly does throughout convey the impression that the appearance was real. This also was the opinion of the Jewish Church, as expressed in Eccles. xvi. 20, where of Samuel it is said, that "after his death he prophesied, and showed the king his end." Josephus also describes the appearance as really that of Samuel. Dr. Hales, in his *New Analysis of Chronology*, has an able article on this view of the subject; in which he thinks that the following were among the reasons for the permitted appearance to Saul:—1. "To make Saul's crime the instrument of his punishment, in the dreadful denunciation of his approaching doom. 2. To show to the heathen world the infinite superiority of the ORACLE OF THE LORD, inspiring his prophets, over the powers of darkness and the delusive prognostics of their wretched votaries in their false oracles. 3. To confirm the belief of a future state, by "One who rose from the dead," even under the Mosaic dispensation. (Luke xvi. 31.)—*Pictorial Bible*.

A PLACE FOR SECRET PRAYER.

"ENTER into thy closet," is the Saviour's direction, and in order to obey, we must have a closet, i.e., a place for secret prayer. Perhaps many fall into a soul-destroying neglect of prayer, from having made no arrangement for a place of retirement. There should be an arrangement; it should be made with a determination to provide for a habit of prayer. It is idle to acknowledge the duty and privilege of secret prayer, and yet adopt no plan for a praying life. We do not leave important earthly interests to a loose, hap-hazard system. If we are resolved that "evening, and morning, and noon," we will call upon God,

we shall fix on a convenient place. How many neglect to do so! Parents, perhaps, leave their children to the influence of such household arrangements as render it very difficult for them to have an opportunity to pray in secret. True, the person who loves to pray, and who is in earnest to pray, will seek out a place, under any circumstances. But we are the creatures of circumstances in a wonderful degree. Perhaps the very person who would pray much, if lodged in a quiet private apartment, will gradually give way under difficulties, the presence of others, &c., and neglecting a prayer unwillingly for a few times, will soon grow cold and worldly, and depart far from the ways of holy living. Those who have the care of family arrangements should think of these things.

Have a place for prayer—make it as commodious and inviting as you can. If there is difficulty in the case, do not relinquish the effort on that account. Try to surmount the difficulty. Much may depend upon your energy in this matter. Take care of your soul. It is in a fearfully dangerous world. You would not live in an apartment where your health was evidently endangered—be as attentive, at least, to your soul.

THE WORLD.

I COULD not help being affected with that noble passage in a Christian writer: "If all the enjoyments in the world were to be sold together in one lot, they would not be worth even the labour of a man's opening his mouth to say, 'I will not buy them.'"

Time was when Satan showed our Saviour all the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them. O Christian, if ever the world appear to thee temptingly glorious, suspect it for one of Satan's discoveries.

As for those saints whose wings are still somewhat clogged with the bird-lime of the world, let them consider how ill it becomes the offspring of heaven to go licking up the dust of this earth—the woman's seed to content itself with the food of the serpent.—*Arrowsmith.*

CHRIST'S PRESENCE.

I KNOW the sun will overcloud and eclipse, and I shall again be put to walk in the shade. But Christ must be welcome to come and go as he thinketh meet; yet his coming would be more welcome to me than his going.—*Rutherford.*

Christ is ever present in and with his people; and while he is on board, the ship cannot sink. He may, indeed, seem to sleep for a time, and to disregard both the vessel and the storm. Do you awaken him by prayer and supplication.—*Gifford.*

FOR THE POOR.

Be willing to want what God is not willing to give. Contentment without the world, is better than the world without contentment.—*Dyer.*

Be contented with a mean condition. This is not the time for the manifestation of the sons of God. Though others that are wicked may have a larger portion and allowance than you, yet God doth not misplace his hands (as Joseph thought his father did,

Gen. xlviii.), but puts them upon the right head, and assigns temporal blessings to the right persons. Ephraim is not preferred before Manasseh without reason.—*Manton.*

When the heart is full of God, a little of the world will go a great way with us.—*Storer.*

Brown bread with the gospel is good fare.—*Dodd.*

THE BIBLE.

LET such as choose it, make their boast of other things for which England is famous, such as fine churches, bridges, wool, &c.; if I were asked, "What advantage have Englishmen, and what profit is there of living in this island?" my answer should be, "Much every way; but chiefly because to us are committed the oracles of God, and liberty to read our Father's mind in our mother-tongue."

We are generally desirous to have fair and well-printed Bibles; but the fairest and finest impression of the Bible, is to have it well printed on the reader's heart.

Quaint notions, philosophical speculations, and strains of wit, if set in competition with the oracles of God, are but as so many spiders' webs to catch flies—fitter for the taking of fancies than the saving of souls.

Other books may render men learned unto ostentation, but the Bible only can make them really wise unto salvation.—*Arrowsmith.*

The dust or the finery about your Bibles is a witness now, and will at the last day be a witness of the enmity of your hearts against Christ as a prophet.—*Boston.*

BELIEVING.

To believe the gospel, is but to give God credit for being wiser than ourselves.—*Madan.*

Believing is the most wonderful thing in the world. Put any thing of thy own to it, and thou spoilest it.—*Wilcox.*

GRACES.

HE that hath clothes will surely wear them, and not be seen naked. Men talk of their faith, repentance, and love to God: these are precious graces; but why do not such persons let us see those graces walking abroad in their daily conversation? Surely if such guests were in thy soul, they would look out sometimes at the windows, and be seen abroad in this duty, or that holy action.

ATTRACTION.

THE loadstone draws all the iron and steel that comes near it, and also communicates of its own virtue to the iron it draws. Such a loadstone is Christ. He draws many after him, and when he has drawn them communicates his own virtue to them, so that they become useful to others; as a magnetic needle attracts other needles, by virtue of the power itself has received.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

BY FREDERICK WILLIAM KRUMMACHER, AUTHOR OF "ELIJAH THE TISHEITE."

"And he entered into a ship, and passed over, and came into his own city. And, behold, they brought to him a man sick of the palsy, lying on a bed: and Jesus, seeing their faith, said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee. And, behold, certain of the scribes said within themselves, This man blasphemeth. And Jesus, knowing their thoughts, said, Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts? For whether is easier, to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise, and walk? But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins, (then saith he to the sick of the palsy,) Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thine house. And he arose, and departed to his house. But when the multitude saw it, they marvelled, and glorified God, which had given such power unto men."—MATT. ix. 1-8.

How interesting the simple narrative of the evangelical history! Where do the branches of the tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, wave so luxuriantly in eternal sunlight, as in a narrative like this, of child-like simplicity, yet of unfathomable depth! If any one would inquire after the streams of the new-planted paradise, whither would we direct him but to your Gospel of peace, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John?

Let us earnestly devote our attention to such a narrative as I have now read; and what quickening and comfort meet us in gushing fulness at every word! How is the poor sinner here refreshed! How are the bowed-down and the heavy-laden upraised! The narrative in our text is a spiritual Mount Tabor. Jesus is seen glorified, and we have the sweetest and loveliest view of his person and worth. He is glorified as the sin-pardoning God-man.

Forgiveness of sin!—oh, blessing of blessings, that breaks the chain of divine wrath, wherewith by nature we are bound, and that casts down the barrier which is between us and the heart of the Almighty—between us and our Father's house on high—between us and the land of glory! Forgiveness of sin!—a jewel, which thrusts into the back-ground, and transcends a thousand fold all that man may have previously desired to possess! Forgiveness of sin!—the foundation and root of a new heart-paradise in the midst of this valley of tears, a gift indispensable, and more worthy of desire than health, and bread, and even life itself. But who in this world esteem this gift, or feel their need of it? Oh, the blindness of mankind! They strive after everything, except that treasure, in

comparison of which thrones, and mountains of gold, are nothing and vanity. Ye intoxicated ones! your misfortune is not that you are sinners, laden with the curse; but that the curse which lies upon you, does not feelingly affect you—that a sense of guilt does not weigh you down. The fountain of salvation is opened; but alas! you do not thirst after its waters. There is no want of balm in Gilead; but, while sick of a thousand hidden wounds, even unto death eternal, you imagine that you are whole. If, with derisive smile, you seem to say, "Trouble not yourself about me"—if your looks declare, "I care not"—then know assuredly that you do not desire the incorruptible fruits of the tree of life; yet at no time have there been awaiting poor sinners, who, weary of the devil's yoke, have hungered after these fruits, and have plucked them too: and with such an one we meet in this day's narrative.

But, accosting each other, we ask, who is he about whom, in our days, the dispute is kindled anew in the world? whose son is he? as if, with nearly two thousand years of a continuous chain of proofs of his divine power, this can yet remain a question! But the perverse will rebel; the heart of man will annihilate the whole world's history, rather than bow to a truth which demands a sacrifice of the pride of his reason. "Whose son is he?" Wouldest thou say, "The son of Joseph?" Then, thou consignest the apostles to a mad-house; thou stampest the fathers and martyrs of the Church as fanatics; thou settest aside the Church itself, as a mere riddle; thou breakest the keys of the deepest secrets of the development of man's history; thou deiftest a mortal, as the creator of a new world,—yea, once more, subscribe against him, as a blasphemer of God, the bloody sentence of the high priest's council, and destroyest the only tenable consolation for sinners, whether in life or in death;—yet all this grieves thee not. Poor man! it is a judgment because of thy obduracy; and when this reaches its completion, our commission is at an end. For "whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, nor in the world to come." He is prepared for the burning. But with the honest

doubter we ought to deal tenderly; and this we consider to be our calling to-day. To him we hold out the hand, and say, "Come, and learn whose Son he is, for ye know not."

The Lord Jesus passeth over the lake. And now, even to-day, would we say, "All hail!" as, over the raging, tumultuous waves of those dark times, we descry the pennon of his ship. He casts anchor before "his own city"—that is, Capernaum. "His own city" thou wert called, dear valley! Beware lest these words apply to thee: "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be thrust down to hell." A friendly house gives to the visitor a hospitable reception. Thanks to God, there are yet in our streets houses where his salutation, "Peace be unto thee," is welcome, and where it abides. Scarcely has he reached this dwelling, when a crowd of people is gathered around him. With us this is not always the case when the word is being preached. To the listening multitude he preaches the word of the kingdom of God. He preaches it also here. Our church walls echo that word; and thence it is sent forth over your mountains, so that by it many are made alive unto God. While the Lord is preaching the word, they draw near with the man sick of the palsy, but know not how to get at Jesus through the crowd. So, in our days, many there are who, while they feel in some measure the attraction of Jesus, fail to get close to him; the God-denying spirit of the times steps forward with objections, gainsayings, and a deriding of the way. Yet, no sooner does the necessity of salvation become too crying to be arrested, than these obstructions are overcome. The bearers of the palsied man, having for a while troubled themselves in vain with a view to press through the crowd, consider at last how they may help themselves. They repair to a neighbour's house, by which they reach the flat roof of the building within which Jesus is; they break open the roof, and, through the opening, let down their patient to the floor, at the feet of Jesus, the great helper of the needy. The expression, "They brought unto him," is, in the original, that which is made use of regarding the offering of sacrifices. The apostle (Rom. xv. 16) says, with a deep and peculiar meaning, "I should be the minister of Jesus Christ to the Gentiles, ministering the Gospel of God, that the offering up of the Gentiles might be acceptable, being sanctified by the Holy Ghost." Yes! if, by the grace of God, we can bring a poor sinner with a broken heart, and cast him into the arms of Jesus, as

did those who carried the paralytic, this is the priestly service which is pleasing to him, and these the sacrifices with which we are welcome to stand in his presence.

But, then, was the paralytic a poor sinner? Think you that it was only his afflicted body that urged and drove him to Jesus? The Searcher of hearts understood him better. His bodily misery may have been the bridge alongst which he passed to the consciousness of his greater evil, his spiritual wretchedness; but his chief wound bled in his soul. Ah! the lameness of his limbs he thought not so much of. Here, in the depths of his bosom, the worm gnawed, hell burned. Perhaps he was near death (at one time he would have died in the imagination that all was well); and ah! he knew himself to be a debtor before the Holy God, and his iniquities to be more than the hairs of his head. "Was he, then, a great sinner above others?" O, no: he was no greater sinner than you or I; but, nevertheless, not less so; and that was enough to deprive him of true enjoyment. "But God is merciful!" He knew this. Because, however, he had experienced so much of the mercy of God, and yet, had not loved him supremely, his condemnation was all the more certain. "But God is not rigorously strict?" Our sick man knew God's law: "Cursed is every one who continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them." "But why did he not endeavour to live henceforth according to God's commandments?" Ah! with all the energy of his mind he has endeavoured to do this. The law, however, reaches even unto death; and he, for the first time, feels his inward enmity against God. The corruption that is in his nature now makes him alive to a sense of this. "Should he not, then, ask God's forgiveness?" This he indeed desires; but, when near to the throne, these words sound in his ear, "Thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness, neither shall evil dwell with thee;" and, trembling, he draws back with a "Woe is me! I am of unclean lips." "Still, should we not hope?" Why hope without a foundation? Hope as the fool! Hope ere he has received the undoubted message from on high, that "with God there is forgiveness?" Hope ere he knew how the righteousness of God could endure, if he who deserved the curse were blessed? Yes, in this our day, you hope—you who are blind, hope as foolish children hope—as the drunkard hopes, senselessly, thoughtlessly. But he who thoroughly knows himself, and the law and the being of

God, and the abomination of sin, and how we are thus separated from God, and God from us, must be comforted on good grounds, or not at all. He cannot find rest, so long as he knows not what will become of his sins in case they are not reckoned to him, and how the divine holiness will retain its brightness, and the law its majesty, if he, a curse-deserving transgressor, experiences mercy instead of justice. In short, the necessities of an awakened sinner demand a Saviour, a Mediator, a Reconciler, in order to his having a clear perception of his moral condition and relation in the sight of God. This is an absolute and indispensable condition of a well-grounded peace. O my brethren, how could we rejoice in the Lord? how could we with confidence lift up our heads amidst the thunder-storm of approaching judgment, if we had no Jesus, no Saviour? Is it not evident that it can be no angel that hath persuaded us that, because of our sins, we have no reason to tremble? That we do not despair, it is not because delusion has overtaken us! Do not we feel that, no sooner are we torn away from Jesus, than we become poor twigs, uprooted by the storm, driven through the air by the hurricane? O! if I, a broken reed, lean not on thee—if I, O Immanuel, rest not my head on thy bosom—if I cannot bathe in thy blood, and hear from thy mouth the invitation, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary," I perish. Yes; all within a sinner which proceeds from the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit cries, Jesus! Jesus! All his desires cry out for him, even as the suffocating sufferer for air—the fainting for bread and water.

Our paralytic lies on his little bed at the feet of Jesus. It is good to lie there. It were good for thee also, for thee, dear soul, if thou too lay first there as a trembling lamb. This is a blessed little spot, from which no way leads down to hell. But, behold now the Lord, as he lifts the veil from his human form, and reveals his majesty! A lovely sight it must have been to him, as they broke through the roof, and let down to him their palsied friend. But something it was besides the axes and mattocks that broke through that roof. What then besides? Even that after which his eyes look, and which, above everything under heaven, is precious in his sight. Jesus "sees their faith;" that is, the faith, alike of the bearers and of him whom they carried. O! learn here to understand the nature of faith. "Thou art Jesus; here am I, save me;" this, if it proceeds from the heart, is faith. "I will not let thee go, except thou

bless me;" this, though associated with a lamed thigh, is faith. "Whom have I besides thee? in thee alone do I trust"—a longing, imploring, hoping reliance on the bleeding Friend, because every other foundation, it is felt, has given way—this is faith. Jesus, it is said, "seeing their faith." How comforting that the Lord attaches importance to the faith of the bearers! Mark this, ye sorrowing fathers, mothers, and friends! Like the bed on which the friends of the paralytic bore him to Jesus, are your prayers; and Jesus waits, while you seek after him. O, then, let your love impel you to break through every obstacle. "Jesus, seeing their faith." Ah! a very small germ of faith it was at first—only a longing after him, a faint ray of hope: yet the Lord characterizes it as faith. So, if one merely at first longs, who can tell what the result may be? John, in the wilderness, had proclaimed, "He is here; the kingdom of heaven is come nigh unto you." And now, here indeed is Jesus. "Seeing their faith," he addressed himself to "the sick of the palsy."

And what did he say to him? That which never man before had ventured to say, or which, had it been said, must have been denounced as madness or blasphemy. With a look of infinite kindness, and that he might meet the case of the sufferer in all its urgency, and where it most affected him, he said to the poor sinner, in the solemn accents of superhuman authority, of almighty power, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee;" that is, "they are taken away." Ah! is not this a voice from the throne? Yes, it is the manifestation of sovereign majesty. First, there is the act which puts an end to the storm of anguish that had oppressed the sufferer's heart. "Son," it is said, "be of good cheer;" trust, my son—take courage; that which overwhelms thee with grief is not to be thy destruction. Welcome, Lord Jesus, in this thine act! It comes as a stiller of the winds and waves. It does what a teacher of the law cannot do. We needed not a preacher of virtue, but one who brings peace; and here is that which changes into a calm the storm that raged within us. "Son, be of good cheer!" This is the introductory manifestation, even as the mother's rich promise-giving smile is the pledge of the coming present, or as the morning dawn is the fore-runner of the rising sun. And what follows? Is the spring of all trouble and anguish closed? Is the root of sorrow and care plucked up? Yes. "Thy sins be forgiven thee," is the intimation that succeeds; not, "They will be forgiven thee." No! it is done—it is a com-

pleted act. But is there no clause or condition annexed? No; nothing of the kind. The forgiveness is free and unconditional. "Thy sins are remitted—they are taken away—thou art free from them in the sight of God." It had been written by the prophet, "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins." The "hand-writing," as the apostle expresses it, "that was against us is blotted out"—it is "taken out of the way." And this is effected by the word of Jesus; and the paralytic is enabled, in consequence, with the voice of triumph to exclaim, "Who is he that condemneth? here is Christ;" and, with an "Abba, Father," to cast himself into the arms and bosom of his God.

But thou shakest thy head! And thou art not alone in this; there are associates with thee. Read. "Behold, certain of the scribes said within themselves, This man blasphemeth;" for, they added, according to Luke, "Who can forgive sins, but God?" Wonderful, that as often as Jesus manifests himself, whether in his life or his preaching, in casual or immediate connection with the forgiveness of sins, then the looks of contempt and rebellion begin to appear. In every other capacity the world will acknowledge him as the comforter of poor sinners, but not in the capacity of the pardoner of sin. Nor is it difficult to account for this; for in the same measure in which the world loves sin, it shuns the knowledge of sin; and the more that one dislikes to believe that his house is on fire, the greater will be his dislike to the sound of "the fire alarm."

Now, these murmuring scribes were right in regard to the main point, though wrong in the application. They judged more in accordance with truth and reason, than do many amongst yourselves. There are those amongst you who seem to imagine that they have the power to forgive sins, who apparently cherish the delusive idea, that if they have been forgiven by their fellow-men whom they have offended, there can be no doubt of their being forgiven by God. O, what foolishness, not to know that the forgiveness of sin is a royal prerogative of the Most High, whose commandments they have violated! To transfer to a creature this prerogative, what is it but blasphemy against the Divine Majesty? The views entertained on the subject by the doctors of Israel are just and well-founded. They are ratified by the Almighty's own declaration, "I, even I, am he that blottereth out thy transgressions for mine own name's sake;" and, in our text,

these views are tacitly confirmed by Jesus himself.

Did Jesus, then, blaspheme, when he assumed that prerogative which belongs exclusively to the Eternal One—the power of forgiving sins? From the charge of blasphemy he could not have been freed, had he been nothing more than a man—yea, even had he been the holiest of men, or the highest angel. But in Him, with whom is it that we have to do? Observe, "Jesus, knowing their thoughts," says the evangelist. How significant these words! How clearly they reveal what had previously been concealed! Who can penetrate the thoughts of others, but He only that dwelleth on high? who, but He that searcheth the heart, and trieth the reins? of whom the Psalmist testifies, "O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me; thou understandest my thoughts afar off: for there is not a word in my tongue, but lo! O Lord, thou knowest altogether." Ah! well might they have trembled, as the glance of his eye penetrated their inmost soul, and as he made the appeal, "Wherefore think ye evil in your hearts?" "Evil?" you will say; wherein did it consist? not in their doctrine. But the evil was this; they applied it falsely—they misapprehended the person of the Lord, charging him with what would indeed have been blasphemy on the part of Jesus, had he been merely a son of Adam. But "was he not so?" Ah! stay thy question for a little. He himself is about to declare who he is. "For," adds he, "whether is easier, to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say, Arise, and walk?" Verily, unless these are mere empty words, the one is as difficult as the other; both demand the power of the living God. To human apprehension, the former may seem easier than the latter. But woe to those who would allege—"Thou hast, indeed, said, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee.' But that may have been said to the wind; we cannot tell whether it is done according to thy word. Perform some act that is palpable to our observation. Here is this cripple, on whom the skill of the physician has been exhausted. Say unto him—but let the lightning of thy word be attended by the thunder of its result—'Arise, and walk!' Here thou wilt stop short."

The eyes of all are fixed upon the Lord. It is a great, a solemn crisis. Jesus exhibits before the world the authenticated evidence of his high calling. He proceeds to furnish a proof of it, than which there could be no proof more clear and ample, and to append to his

words an impression of the seal of truth which none might gainsay. "*But that ye may know;*" thus it is that he commences. *Love* is the flower of Christianity; a *holy knowledge*, the root which supports it; and *faith*, in both the impelling life. "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." Where holy knowledge is wanting, we cannot speak of divine life. It would be foolishness to do so. It would be looking for grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles, were we, as is so often done in our day, to look for the fruit of Christian virtue without faith—were we to regard the light of nature as equivalent to revealed truth.

What will the Lord do? You have already heard that we are to learn who he is. The scribes had disputed his right to forgive sins, because they said he was not God. Here, then, was an urgent call to make a declaration concerning his person. If, in truth, he was not God, now, unquestionably, was the proper time to let this be known. Had he remained silent, then would he have admitted that his entire being was comprised in his *humanity*; while, by performing a divine act in forgiving sin, he would have affected divinity; and he himself, in consequence, would have been guilty of that alleged deification of man, which, according to the judgment of the new "Friends of Light," has been the stain of the Christian Church these eighteen hundred years.

But he is not silent. He knew the vast importance of the hour that had arrived. "But that ye may know," says he. And what would he have us to know? Mark well the position which he maintains, and which he is ready circumstantially to confirm. It is this: "The Son of man"—that is, the Messiah, as Daniel saw him in the clouds of heaven; and, according to David, as a man who, like God in the highest—had power; not commission or permission merely, but perfection of power, even as God has power. To make proclamation in the name of God, "Thy sins be forgiven thee"—is it this that is meant? No; this power might even be given to men. The intimation is, He "*hath power upon earth to forgive sins;*" that is, the power which God alone has to say to the sinner, "I reckon not thy transgressions unto thee." But this the position assumed by him, is it not virtually a declaration that he is God? Unquestionably it is. Will he, then, prove himself to be God? yes; and in a manner that all occasion of misapprehension may be removed—by a work of almighty power—by a miracle of creation. He looks with a look of kindness on

the man whose limbs are lame and dead; and, gently, and without ostentatious display, as one who is at home in such divine work, he says to him, "Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thy house." And as he speaks, it is done. No sooner has he given utterance to the word, than in a moment the sick man feels the vigour of new life rush through his bones. Immediately he arises in the presence of all, takes up his little couch, and, returning to his home, breaks forth into a song of praise of Him, who at one word, has cured both body and soul.

Now, say whether, in this proof which is exhibited, there be aught that is defective. In the presence of the world I maintain that it is evidence which cannot be overthrown. The proof arising from the divine titles and attributes, which, again and again, are associated with the name of the Lord Jesus, unbelief contrives to evade, by asserting that these titles are designed merely to indicate the moral unity of the incomparable man Christ Jesus. But the manifestation which the Lord exhibits of his person in the narrative we are considering, admits of no such interpretation. Here unbelief must strike sail, and confess that, at least, according to the narratives of the evangelists, Jesus has declared of himself expressly that he is not merely a divine man, but that he is actually God. Will any one, in these circumstances, deny that he is the sin-pardoning God-man? He does so at his peril. Is it asked, on what ground does Jesus absolve from sin? I would point to the bloody sweat of Gethsemane, and to the cross. If you still maintain that Jesus Christ is only a man, although the holiest and most exalted of men, then it is clear as day that you tear in pieces the Gospel, and denounce it as a lie; or that you believe the Gospel only in so far as you believe that it charges the Lord from heaven with the crime of blasphemy against the majesty of God. But woe to him, thrice woe to him, who would thus intrude into the sanctuary, and lay violent hands on the Holy One of God!

The great act being performed, we are informed in the narrative that, "when the multitude saw it, they marvelled, and glorified God which had given such power unto men." These last words are a response to the declaration of Jesus, "that ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins." It was as if the people had said, "Praised be God, that he hath given such power unto men for good," or "that he hath given to them one who

is possessed of such power." And in this praise we unite. What the Lord Jesus was formerly, he is doubtless the same now, and is so in no inferior degree wherever two or three are met together in his name. And of that power which he had of old who shall rob him? It is his, and will be his, to the end of the world. Would you have a true apprehension of his power? It is made manifest on earth in the forgiveness of sin. Even now, from his own mouth, we may hear that our sins are washed away in his blood; even now, the silent consciousness of delight, because of the forgiveness of sin, may be our blessed experience. As this earth is the theatre of sin, so also of grace. "Peace on earth," was the song of the angels over Bethlehem's hills: and he himself, even Jesus, solemnly testified, before his ascension into heaven, that all power was given unto him alike on earth and in heaven. In the face of such declarations, what becomes of the comfortless doctrine of the Romanists, that on earth no man can be assured of the forgiveness of his sins, or of future blessedness? What becomes of the "*Enlightened ones*," with their nonsensical talk that it is arrogance, or fanaticism, to maintain that *here* one may obtain the forgiveness of God? O, away with all this! Such assertions, what are they, but a denial of the *living God*, or, at least, a charge against the Lord Jesus of having, in this world, covered for us only a "*table of shew bread*!"

The language, however, in which he addresses us is not, "Come and see," but, "Come, eat and drink." O, then, let us comply with this call, and repair to the throne of grace. All that is needed on our part is, that, as poor sinners, we hunger and thirst after forgiveness—that we give ourselves to him with unreserved confidential trust—that, out of the depth of our heart, we exclaim, "Lord Jesus, have mercy on me," and then wait for his aid in silent expectation. Wherever such is the spirit manifested, relief will not be deferred. The words of Jesus, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out," will find the way to our heart. A sign will be given to us which implies that we are heard. The Spirit will witness with our spirits: "Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee." And, united to him, we shall feel that henceforth we cannot do without him; for who but he has "the words of eternal life!" And if we know this, we are indeed rich. We have the *pearl*, and stand in need of nothing more. Then, while others around us are disputing *who Christ is*, we "sit under his shadow

with great delight," and are gladdened with his precious loving-kindness. Then, let what will, in the external framework of the Church, fall with a crash, and become a ruin, we know that we are hidden within that Church against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. Then, while the blind deny that "the Sun of Righteousness" hath arisen, we bask in the beams of that very sun, and look with a smile of pity on those poor blinded men. Then, with our convictions unshaken, we can hear the unbelieving declare that Jesus has long since ceased to have a concern about what is passing on this earth; we look from the window of the house of Bethany, and say, "Children, only come in hither to us, and be convinced of the contrary." Unmoved by the alarms of Antichristian opposition, we pass, animated by the sweet secret in our souls, serenely and cheerfully through the scene of wild confusion, only trembling for the blasphemer. And even should the prince of darkness himself rise up against us, and point his poisoned dagger at our heart—should he try to cement "the hand-writing" that has been torn asunder, and thus seek to fill us with discouragement, or to drive us to despair; or should he exhibit death to us as a frightful spectre, and trouble us with the hell of Cain and Judas by the way; we are washed from all our sins in the blood of the Lamb—we know it—Jesus himself hath told us, "Our transgressions are no more remembered against us;" and, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

O may the Holy Spirit give to those of us who are thus blessed, full and undoubted assurance that our sins are forgiven! May he bring us low at the feet of "the Man" who is like unto God in the highest; for there only, there only will the precious announcement be made to us. So long as we are without this assurance, and until he hath "kissed us with the kisses of his mouth," let us not quit our station at his feet. Even this day great peace may be imparted to us. And then, with a blessed Sabbath in our souls, we shall be enabled, as strangers and pilgrims, to pass through all the agitations and alarms of time. "Return unto thy rest, O my soul: for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living." O, sweet, blessed accents of peace! May they speedily be breathed upon our souls, and rest upon them! Amen.

ADVERTISEMENT OF A LOST DAY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Lost! lost! lost!
 A gem of countless price,
 Cut from the living rock,
 And graved in Paradise.
 Set round with three times eight
 Large diamonds, clear and bright,
 And each with sixty smaller ones,
 All changeful as the light.
 Lost—where the thoughtless throng
 In fashion's mazes wind,
 Where thrilleth folly's song,
 Leaving a sting behind;
 Yet to my hand 'twas given
 A golden harp to buy,
 Such as the white-robed choir attune
 To deathless minstrelsy.
 Lost! lost! lost!
 I feel all search is vain;
 That gem of countless cost
 Can ne'er be mine again!
 I offer no reward,
 For till these heart-strings sever,
 I know that heaven-intrusted gift
 Is left away for ever!
 But when the sea and land,
 Like burning scroll have fled,
 I'll see it in His hand
 Who judgeth quick and dead;
 And when of scathe and loss
 That man can ne'er repair,
 The dread inquiry meets my soul,
 What shall it answer there?

MOUNT MORIAH.

BY THE REV. J. T. HEADLEY, NEW YORK.

MOUNT MORIAH stands just without Jerusalem, and is now crowned with the Mosque of St. Omar, whose entrance has long been forbidden to the Christian, and kept sacred for the followers of Mahomet. It stands where the rude altar of Abraham rose nearly four thousand years ago. The proud city has risen and fallen beside it, the generations of men come and gone, and whole dynasties of kings disappeared one after another; yet there it stands as it stood in the wilderness, when it was trodden only by the wild beast of the forest.

The sacrifice of Abraham, which consecrated Mount Moriah, is to me one of the most touching events in human history. I can never read over the unostentatious, brief account given in the Bible without the profoundest emotions. Knowing that parental feeling and human nature are the same in all ages, my imagination immediately fills up the sketch in all its thrilling details. The shock of the announcement by God—the farewell with Sarah—the three days' lonely journey—the unconscious

playfulness of Isaac on the way, and the stern struggle of the father's heart to master its emotions, all rise before me, and I seem to hold my breath in suspense till the voice of the angel breaks the painful spell, and the uplifted knife is stayed.

Abraham had long wished and prayed for a son who should inherit his property—bear up his name, and transmit it to posterity, until it had become the absorbing thought of his life. Isaac was the child of his old age—his only son—the single link on which every thing rested, and on him were garnered all the love and hopes of his noble heart. But if he was an object of such intense affection and priceless worth to Abraham, what must he have been to Sarah? Oh, who can tell with what absorbing love, what inexpressible fondness, the mother bowed over his cradle and watched his growing strength. Isaac!—that name was to her the embodiment of every thing beautiful and lovely, and his clear laugh never rung out on the morning air without sending a thrill through her bosom almost painful from its intense delight. His voice without the tent would arrest her in the midst of any occupation, and there was no world where her boy was not. But this beautiful scion was to be cut off—this bright young being slain, and the father's hand was to do the deed. So came the command from Heaven; and the bolt that then and there crushed through Abraham's heart none but God saw enter. "Take now thy son, thy *only* son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt-offering on one of the mountains I shall tell thee of." The lightning had fallen, and the aged tree was struck, though not shattered. The patriarch's fear had come upon him, and he turned to his tent that night with a cloud on his soul the light of faith could scarcely pierce. The voice of his son which had heretofore made his heart leap for joy, now sent a pang through it, as if it were the last cry of suffering rather than the call of affection. No sleep visited his eyes that night; yet he kept the fearful tidings to himself, and summoned all his energies to meet the terrible trial that awaited him. What! tell the mother that her boy was to be slain, and the father to do the deed! that the lamb of her bosom and the only joy of her heart was to be gashed and marred by the cruel knife, and his body burned on a far desolate mountain! that he was to come back no more—his voice to cheer her loneliness no more, but his ashes to be scattered over the bleak hill-side by the winds of heaven! Oh no! the burden was heavy enough already, without taking upon himself the mother's grief. Beside, that boy could never leave the tent in the morning unconscious of his approaching fate, if the mother's farewell was to be a last one. That fatal leave-taking would be a double sacrifice, and before the time.

The morning broke clear and beautiful—the asses were saddled, and all was ready for departure; yet still Isaac lingered in the tent, covered with the fond caresses of his mother. To part with him a week seemed like losing him an age. But at length she led him forth to the door of the tent, and imprinting a last kiss on his bright young forehead, bade him go. As Abraham saw him approach with half a smile and half a tear on his face, he thought of his own return without him, and the mute despair and crushing agony that would meet him as he stood speechless, and helpless, and desolate before his wife. Who could answer her inquiries? who still her piercing cries for Isaac her only son? All these thoughts rushed over the patriarch's heart, bearing him to the earth; yet his firm soul never betrayed his emotions, and he turned away to meet the struggle before him without faltering or delay. His tent disappeared in the distance, and the last object visible on the plain was the form of Sarah watching them from afar. For three weary days did Abraham journey on, pressed with a single thought, crushed by one over-mastering sorrow, and yet without a heart to sympathize with him. Isaac, on whose pure spirit young hopes lay like morning dew-drops—to whom life was fresh, joyous, and radiant, and the earth belted with rainbows—talked ceaselessly of the new objects and scenes that passed before them. But his delights, his innocent enjoyment, brought only a deeper shade on Abraham's brow, and, if he smiled to please his child, it was a smile more painful to behold than his look of sadness. Each answer to his inquiries seemed a heartless deception, and the weary hours a mere prolongation of the mockery of his young affections and desires and joys. And when that son pillowed his head on his bosom at night, and Abraham, too desolate to sleep, listened to his calm breathings, methinks his purpose to slay him almost faltered; and, when the morning broke over the landscape, and he watched him still in beauty by his side, the task required of him seemed too great for human strength. But the darker the hour grew, and the more fixed the irrevocable decree, the heavier he leaned on the Omnipotent arm.

After three days' toilsome travel, the mountain at length rose before them, and Abraham bidding his servants wait his return, took his son and began to ascend its rugged sides. Like the great antitype who bore his own cross up Calvary, Isaac carried the wood for the burnt-offering on his shoulders, while Abraham took the fire and knife in his hand. "So they went both of them together." It requires no vivid imagination to fill up this scene, so slightly sketched in the Bible. Human nature is the same the world over, and as the hour of stern trial approached, Abraham became silent and sad. The fire and knife in his hand, caused him to shudder, for they made what had before

been a vision, a passing fact, and he started as the blade glittered in the sun-light, as if he already saw it quivering in his son's bosom. But Isaac, unconscious of the fate before him, continued to talk with all the gaiety and carelessness of boyhood, until, at length, sobered by his father's stern aspect, and the toil of the way together, he too grew silent. As his buoyant spirits subsided, his thoughts naturally turned upon the solemn event that seemed so to absorb and subdue his father. Suddenly it flashed over him that there was no lamb for the offering, and, thinking it must have been forgotten, he turned to his father with an awakened, inquiring look, and exclaimed, "Father, father!" "What, my son?" was the half absent reply. "Behold the wood and the fire, but where is the lamb for the offering?" Oh, who can tell the pang that question shot through the father's heart. The tone, the look, all showed the very soul of confidence and love, and Abraham staggered under the sudden gush of feeling, as if smitten by a blow. But pressing down by a strong effort the emotions that suffocated him, he replied in a faint and tremulous voice: "*My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering.*" This satisfied him, and he lapsed again into silence, though his youthful heart began to tremble before a vague undefined fear of some coming evil. The mountain breeze, as it swept by, had a mournful sound—not a living thing disturbed the solitude, and "so they went both of them together." But when Isaac saw his father begin to bind him, as he had often seen him bind the lamb for sacrifice, and the terrible truth at length flashed on his mind that he was to be slain, who can tell the consternation of his young heart! Oh, who can tell the pleading looks and still more pleading language, and tears with which he prayed his father to spare him? And who can tell the anguish of that paternal heart as it met each sob and agonizing cry with the stern language, "My son, God has chosen thee as the lamb for the burnt-offering." Methinks, as fear gradually yielded to filial obedience, and to the command of Heaven, and the moving words, "*My mother, my mother,*" died away in indistinct murmurs, that Isaac did not close his eyes against the fatal blow, but opened them instinctively on his father, his only help in that fearful hour, and still watched the glittering blade as it quivered like a serpent's tongue above his bosom, for it was his father who was about to strike. But, oh! who nerved the parent's heart in that terrible moment? As his hand put back the clustering ringlets from that fair young forehead, and his glance pierced the depth of those eyes fixed so lovingly yet despairingly on him, who gave steadiness to his arm, and strength to his will, as he bent to the fatal stroke? He who cried, "Abraham, Abraham! spare thy son; Lay not thy hand upon the lad, neither do anything unto him; for now I know that thou

fearest God, seeing that thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me." Faith was triumphant—the gold had been tried and found pure; the father, tasked to the uttermost, had stood; and, lo! Isaac bounded from the altar, in all the joy of recovered freedom, and fell on his father's neck in passionate tears. Oh, did ever father and son bend in such overwhelming gratitude before an altar as they, or did the smoke of sacrifice ever go up over two more devoted hearts that then and there went up from the top of Moriah? Faith sublime, unequalled holy faith, consecrated that mountain for ever.

Years afterward the temple of Solomon threw the sunbeams upon it, and the children of Israel paid their vows there; but it has no memorial like that of the offering up of Isaac.

What a wonderful sight is here set before us! The long-expected seed, the son of joy, the child of promise, the well-beloved Isaac, now grown up to maturity, and entwining every day more closely round the tender affections of his parents, of which he was justly deserving; nay, the Church's hope, and the declared progenitor of Him "in whom all the families of the earth are blessed;" bound, laid upon the altar, and mildly expecting the fatal blow from the hand of his loving father; who, with collected firmness and intrepid resolution, takes the knife to shed his blood, and prepares immediately to kindle that fire which is to consume him to ashes!

For this singular conduct Abraham could render no other reason than the express command of God: nor was there any other principle of obedience to that extraordinary command (an obedience never equalled by mere man), but *faith*, an unshaken belief of the Lord's testimony, a firm expectation of the accomplishment of his promises, and a full confidence in his wisdom, power, and love. Though the command seemed to run counter to those promises, Abraham knew it only *seemed* to do so: obedience was his part, and the Lord would take care to glorify his own faithfulness. He had received Isaac from God, who had a right to dispose of him: honour and comfort were in his path; and, though untried before, with undaunted constancy he walked in it.—Hear this, ye inattentive objectors, who traduce the doctrine of salvation by faith, as inimical to practical godliness; go, and upon your principles equal and exceed this obedience: till then be dumb, or allow that, though you understand it not, this apparently weak principle produces effects beyond comparison prodigious. Hear this, likewise, ye abusers of this most holy faith, whose conduct merits still deeper indignation; who "say you have faith," yet cleave to your sins, renounce not the world, deny not yourselves, refuse the cross, are lovers of yourselves, of pleasure, of money, or of worldly

honour, more than lovers of God; and instead of parting with a deservedly beloved Isaac at God's command, like Judas, kiss Christ, and sell him to his enemies for a few pieces of silver, or some vile sensual gratification! Here then compare your faith with Abraham's, and acknowledge that ye are no genuine sons of this "father of the faithful;" but that your faith is dead, your hope presumptuous, and that Abraham disowns and is ashamed of you. In plain language, nothing but faith will carry a man through with unreserved obedience in every possible trial; and that is no true faith, which perseveres in refusing to obey a plain command, in any case whatever. "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."—In proportion as faith stands this test, when sharply and repeatedly tried, we may be assured that we are Abraham's children, interested in his covenant, and in the oath by which it was confirmed; and have a right to that strong consolation which by it God wills and intends for his people.—*Scott.*

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

THE SHOWER OF STONES.

"And it came to pass, as they fled from before Israel, and were in the going down to Beth-horon, that the Lord cast down great stones from heaven upon them unto Azekah, and they died: they were more which died with hailstones than they whom the children of Israel slew with the sword."—Joshua x. 11.

It is very doubtful whether a shower of hailstones, or of bodies actually stony, or at least mineral, is here intended. The text literally rendered is, "And Jehovah caused *great stones* to fall [or to be cast down] upon them, and many more died by the *hailstones* than by the sword." This would be clear enough were it not that the word rendered *hail*, in its proper bearing and connection here, seems less to state that the stones were actually hailstones than to express the vast quantity, the force, and execution of the stony shower; and the expression of flying, or falling, as thick as hail, is common in all ancient languages, and is retained in most of the modern. On this ground many interpreters, especially of late years, have been disposed to consider a shower of stones as the most obvious and natural explanation. This question has been argued without any wish to magnify or diminish the prodigy. That is nearly the same either way: for hailstones capable of killing men, are about as rare as showers of stone, while the latter are more capable, when they do occur, of producing serious effects. That the shower was timed so opportunely, and that it did not fall on the Israelites, but only on their enemies, are circumstances sufficient to refer the phenomenon to its true source, whether it were of stones or of hail. Either way, however, there is no doubt that a natural agency was employed. It was the time and the application that consti-

tuted the supernatural interposition. A shower of stones is as *natural* as a shower of hail, but it is certainly of far less frequent occurrence. Several instances of such showers, some of them extensively fatal to life, have been recorded by the most credible ancient historians, and some have occurred to modern observation. The countries in which the recorded instances have occurred the most frequently are Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor. The fact of such showers is now no longer doubted by any scientific man, although they account for them rather differently. So lately as 1803, and so near as L'Aigle in Normandy, there was a fall of several stones weighing from ten to seventeen pounds each. However remote the places in which they fall, these mineral bodies are always found to be distinguished by one remarkable similarity, namely, their containing an alloy of iron and nickel, generally with twenty-five of the former to six or eight of the latter.

Yet that hailstones might be an adequate second cause of the described effect is proved by numerous examples of old and modern date. Such have indeed occurred in our own island. Dr. Halley describes two remarkable falls of hail which occurred in April and May, 1697. The latter was the most extraordinary. It occurred in Hertfordshire after a storm of thunder and lightning. Several persons were killed by the hail, their bodies being beaten black and blue: vast oaks were split by it, and fields of rye cut down as with a scythe. The stones measured from ten to thirteen or fourteen inches in circumference. Their figures were various, some angular, some oval, some flat. (*Philosophical Transactions*, No. 229). In the remarkable hail-fall, described by Dr. Neill (*Edin. Philos. Trans.* vol. ix.), which occurred during a thunder-storm in the Orkneys, 24th July, 1818, mingled with ordinary hail were enormous masses of ice, some as large as the egg of a goose, whereby animals were killed, and several persons wounded. An enormous hailstone is recorded to have fallen, among other large masses, at Handsworth House, near Birmingham, during a thunder-storm in July, 1811. It consisted of a cuboidal mass, six and a half inches in diameter, and resembled a congeries of frozen balls, about the size of walnuts. (*Traill's Physical Geography*, p. 192.)

One of the most striking recent illustrations of hailstones capable of producing such effects as are here indicated, occurred in the summer of 1831, at Constantinople, and is thus described by Commodore Porter, at that time the American Envoy at the Porte: "We had got perhaps a mile and a half on our way (down the Bosphorus), when a cloud rising in the west gave indication of an approaching rain. In a few minutes we discovered something falling from the heavens with a heavy splash, and of a whitish appearance. I could not conceive what it was, but observing some gulls near, I

supposed it to be them darting for fish; but soon after discovered that they were large balls of ice falling. Immediately we heard a sound like rumbling thunder, or ten thousand carriages rolling furiously over the pavement. The whole Bosphorus was in a foam, as though heaven's artillery had been discharged upon us and our frail machine. Our fate seemed inevitable; our umbrellas were raised to protect us, the lumps of ice stripped them into ribands. We fortunately had a bullock's hide in the boat, under which we crawled and saved ourselves from further injury. One man of the three oarsmen had his hand literally smashed; another much injured in the shoulder, and all more or less injured. A smaller kaick accompanied, with my two servants. They were both disabled, and are now in bed with their wounds; the kaick was terribly bruised. It was the most awful and terrific scene that I ever witnessed, and God forbid that I should ever be exposed to such another. Balls of ice as large as my two fists fell into the boat; and some of them came with such violence as certainly to have broken an arm or leg, had they struck us in those parts. One of them struck the blade of an oar and split it. The scene lasted may be five minutes; but it was five minutes of the most awful feeling that I ever experienced. When it passed over, we found the surrounding hills covered with masses of ice, I cannot call it hail; the trees stripped of their leaves and limbs, and everything looking desolate. We proceeded on our course, however, and arrived at our destination, drenched and awe-struck. The ruin had not extended so far as Candalie, and it was difficult to make them comprehend the cause of the nervous and agitated condition in which we arrived. The Reis Effendi asked me if I was ever so agitated when in action? I answered, No; for then I had something to excite me, and only human means to oppose. He asked the Minister if he ever was so affected in a gale of wind at sea? He answered, No; for then he could exercise his skill to disarm or render harmless the elements. He asked him why he should be so affected now? He replied, 'From the awful idea of being crushed to death by the hand of God with stones from heaven, when resistance would be vain, and when it would be impious to be brave.' He clasped his hands, raised his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, 'God is great!'

"I returned to the beautiful village of Buyukdere. The sun was out in all its splendour; at a distance all looked smiling and charming; but a nearer approach discovered roofs covered with workmen repairing the broken tiles, desolated vineyards, and shattered windows. Two boatmen were killed in the upper part of the village, and I have heard of broken bones in abundance. Many of the thick brick tiles with which my roof is covered are smashed to atoms, and my house was inundated by the

rain that succeeded this visitation. It is impossible to convey an idea of what it was. Imagine to yourself, however, the heavens suddenly frozen over and as suddenly broken to pieces in irregular masses of from half a pound to a pound weight, and precipitated to the earth. My own servants weighed several pieces of three quarters of a pound; and many were found by others of upwards of a pound. There were many which fell around the boat in which I was, that appeared to me to be as large as the swell of a large-sized water decanter."—*Pictorial Bible*.

MY BELOVED IS MINE.

In the time of the Marian persecution, there was a gracious woman, who being convened before bloody Bonner (then bishop of London), upon the trial of religion, he threatened her that he would take away her husband from her. Saith she, "Christ is my husband." "I will take away thy child." "Christ," saith she, "is better to me than ten sons." "I will strip thee," saith he, "of all thy outward comforts." "Yea, but Christ is mine," saith she, "and you cannot strip me of him." Oh! the assurance that Christ was hers bore up her heart, and quieted her spirit under all. "You may take away my life," saith Basil, "but you cannot take away my comfort; my head, but not my crown; yea," said he, "had I thousand lives, I would lay them all down for my Saviour's sake, who hath done abundantly more for me?" John Ardy professed to Bonner, when he told him of burning, and how ill he could endure it, "That if he had as many lives, as he had hairs on his head, he would lose them all in the fire before he would lose his Christ." Assurance will keep a man from muttering and murmuring under the sorest afflictions. Henry and John (two Augustine monks), being the first that were burnt in Germany, and Mr. Rogers, the first that was burnt in queen Mary's day, did all sing in the flames. A soul that lives in the assurance of divine favour, and in its title to glory, cannot but bear up patiently and quietly under the greatest sufferings that possibly can befall it in this world. That scripture is worth its weight in gold, Isa. xxxiii. 24: "The inhabitants of Sion shall not say, I am sick: the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity." It is not said, they were not sick, no, but though they were sick, yet they should not say they were sick; but why should they forget their sorrows, and not remember their pains, nor be sensible of their sickness? Why, the reason is, because the Lord hath forgiven them their iniquities; the sense of pardon took away the sense of pain, the sense of forgiveness took away the sense of sickness. Assurance of pardon will take away the pain, the sting, the trouble of every trouble and affliction that a Christian meets with; no affliction will daunt, startle, or stagger an assured Christian. Assured Christians will be patient and silent under all. Ps. xxiii. 1, 4-7. Melancthon makes mention of a godly woman who having upon her death-bed been in much conflict, and afterwards much comforted, brake out on

these words, "Now, and not till now, I understand the meaning of these words, thy sins are forgiven;" the sense of which did mightily cheer and quiet her. He that hath got this jewel of assurance in his bosom, will be far enough off from vexing or fretting under the saddest dispensations that he meets with in this world.—*Brooks*.

THE SHORT CANDLE.

As I sat in my chamber, I saw a little girl working by the light of a candle. It was burnt down almost to the socket. I perceived that she plied her needle very fast, and at length I overheard her saying to herself, "I must be very industrious; for this is the only candle I have, and it is almost gone."

What a lesson there is, thought I, in the words of this child! Surely I may learn wisdom from it. Life is but a short candle. It is almost gone, and I have no other. How earnestly engaged should I then be in every duty of life. While I have the light of life, how careful should I be to perform everything enjoined by my heavenly Master!

1. I ought to be in haste to work out my own salvation with fear and trembling, knowing that, when this light is extinguished, there is no other allowed to mortals for preparation.

2. I ought to be alive to the immortal interests of my fellow-creatures; working while it is called to-day; striving to bring sinners to the Lord Jesus Christ; for my brief candle is soon to go out; and there can be no conversion of sinners in another world.

3. I ought to be unceasingly active in every act of benevolence, making as many happy as I can; relieving the miserable, and doing good to all within my reach; for this light is soon to be put out; and in the other world the miserable and suffering will be beyond my reach.

4. I ought to use every talent for the glory of God and the kingdom of Christ; working the works of Him that sent me while it is day, because the night cometh in which no man can work.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest."—Eccles. ix. 10.—*Children's Friend*.

SPIRITUAL PRESERVES.

It is rather fashionable for congregations now to take "districts;" though, unfortunately, it is not the fashion to work them thoroughly. We have heard of congregations in our large towns, who could not find a district, though the half of the children were untaught; and we have heard of others, that will not permit any one to meddle with their "district," though it is not half-wrought. Now, when any district is not pervaded with Christian instruction; when children are untaught, families unvisited and uncared for; we think all connected with such a congregation should ask any one who they think could help them. "Why do you not come into our district? we do need you." If a congregation of 1000 members cannot furnish 40 individuals to work a district of 400 families—and we know many such useless masses—then let it take 100 families, or 50; but let it see to it that every individual, old and young, is plied with all the means of Christian influence, and let none dare to

exclude—as a poacher on their preserve—any one who loves to do the work they are leaving undone. If any act thus, their district is virtually preserved for the arch-enemy, that he may destroy souls undisturbed. “Woe unto you that take away the key of knowledge; for you neither enter in yourselves, nor will you suffer they that would, to enter in.”

Right motives in taking charge of a district, would prevent any such jealousy. Were the things sought those of Christ, and not our own, all would be well.—*Sabbath School Teacher's Magazine.*

THE TWO SPRINGS.

Two springs which issued from the same mountain began their course together; one of them took her way in a silent and gentle flowing stream, while the other rushed along with a noisy and rapid current. “Sister,” said the latter, “at the rate you move, you will probably be dried up before you advance much farther; whereas, for myself, I shall probably become navigable within two or three hundred furlongs, and, after distributing commerce and wealth wherever I flow, I shall majestically proceed to pay my tribute to the ocean. So farewell, and patiently submit yourself to your fate.” Her quiet sister made no reply; but, calmly descended to the meadow below, and patiently proceeding on her way, she increased her strength by numberless little rills, which she collected in her progress, till, at length, she was enabled to rise into a considerable river; while the proud stream, who had the vanity to depend solely upon her own sufficiency, continued a shallow brook; and was glad, at last, to be helped forward, by throwing herself into the arms of her despised sister.

AN UNFAITHFUL MOTHER.

THE mother of a rising family was visited by a Christian friend. Considerations drawn from time and eternity, from heaven and hell, failed to reach her conscience, which seemed to be encased in a triple shield of adamant, until, as he arose to depart, he exclaimed, “Well, madam, if you, a mother, be indifferent to the welfare of your children, and do not pray for them, *who will?*” The right key was touched. “Very true,” said she, her eyes filled with tears, “if mothers prove monsters, what can be expected from others!” By her request he was detained to address the throne of grace on behalf of her family. “Remember my children,” said she, “and, oh! remember their unfaithful mother!”

HUMILITY.

EVER carry self-loathing about thee, and regard thyself as one fit to be trampled on by all saints. Saints increase in humility as they draw nearer to heaven. “Unworthy to be called an apostle,” said Paul concerning himself some years after his conversion. As he advanced still farther in years, he cried out, “Less than the least of all saints.” A little before his martyrdom, his cry is, “The chief of sinners.”—*Watts.*

As soon as pride is humbled enough not to enter into controversy with God about the justice of his

own declarations, every man confesses himself a guilty sinner, in danger of eternal ruin.—*Venn.*

Generally speaking, those that have the most grace and the greatest gifts, and are of the greatest usefulness, are the most humble, and think the most meanly of themselves. So those boughs and branches of trees which are most richly laden with fruit bend downwards and hang lowest.—*Gill.*

The nettle mounteth on high, while the violet shrouds itself under its own leaves, and is chiefly found out by its fragrance. Let Christians be satisfied with the honour that cometh from God only.—*Manton.*

JOY.

THE common proverb is most certainly true in a spiritual sense: “Some men for joy do weep, others for sorrow sing.” Believers weep for joy, and never mourn more kindly than when they taste the joy of the Holy Ghost, in the freeness and fulness of the Lord Christ poured out upon them. There is never a more kindly mourning for sin than when the soul is satisfied of forgiveness.

There is more joy in the penitential mournings of a believer than in all the mirth of a wicked man. I appeal to you that have melted hearts, whether you have not found a secret content and sweetness in your mourning? So far from wishing to be rid of your meltings, you rather fear the removal of them.—*Crisp.*

NO MERIT IN FAITH.

A BELIEVER has not so much to boast of as a common beggar. He that gives to a beggar gives him a bare alms only; whereas God gives his people both Christ's righteousness to justify them, and also the hand of faith by which they receive it.—*Parr.*

God can give us no greater gift than himself. We may say, as one said to Cæsar, “This is too great a gift for me to receive.” “But it is not too great for me to give,” answered Cæsar.—*Dyer.*

CONVICTION.

HAPPY conviction of guilt! which performs the same beneficent office the Baptist discharged of old. It prepares the way of the Lord, and renders his salvation inestimably precious to the soul.—*Venn.*

The greatness of Christ's merit is not known but to a poor soul at the greatest loss. Slight convictions will occasion but slight prizings of Christ's blood and righteousness.—*Anon.*

CHILDREN.

I WRITE my blessing to your child. You have borrowed him from God; for he is no heritage to you, but a loan. Love him as folks do borrowed things.—*Rutherford.*

To one who had lost several children, Mr. Rutherford writes:—

They are brought into the lee of the harbour before the storm comes on. They are not lost to you, but laid up in Christ's treasury above. You shall meet them again. They are not sent away, but sent before.

THE CHRISTIAN'S REWARD.

BY THE REV. THOMAS WATSON, 1683.

"I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward."—
GEN. xv. 1.

1. God is "a satisfying reward." "I am God Almighty." (Gen. xvii. 1.) The word for Almighty signifies "him that hath sufficiency." God is a whole ocean of blessedness; which, while the soul is bathing in, it cries out in a divine ecstasy, "I have enough." Here is fulness, but no surfeit: "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness." (Ps. xvii. 15.) When I awake out of the sleep of death, having my soul embellished with the illustrious beams of thy glory, I shall be satisfied. In God there is not only sufficiency, but redundancy; not only "the fulness of the vessel," but "the fulness of the fountain." When the whole world was defaced, Noah had the copy and emblem of it in the ark. In God, this Ark of blessedness, are all good things virtually to be found. Therefore Jacob, having God for his reward, could say, "I have enough;" or, as it is in the original, "I have all." (Gen. xxxiii. 11.)

2. God is "a pleasant reward." He is the quintessence of delight, all beauty and love. To be feeding upon the thoughts of God, is delicious: "My meditation of him shall be sweet." (Ps. civ. 34.) It is delightful to the bee to suck the flower; so, by holy musing, to suck out some of the sweetness in God, carries a secret delight in it. To have a prospect of God, only by faith, is pleasant: "In whom, believing, ye rejoice." (1 Pet. i. 8.) Then what will the joy of vision be, when we shall have a clear intuitive sight of him, and be laid in the bosom of Divine Love? Is God so sweet a reward in affliction? "I am exceeding joyful in all our tribulation." (2 Cor. vii. 4.) Philip, landgrave of Hesse, said that in his confinement he had the divine consolations of the martyrs. Then what a delicious reward will God be in heaven! This may be better felt than expressed. The godly, entering upon their celestial reward, are said to "enter into the joy of their Lord." (Matt. xxv. 21.) O amazing! The saints enter into God's own joy; they have not only the joy which God bestows, but the joy which God enjoys.

3. God is "a transcendent reward." The painter, going to take the picture of Helena, not being able to draw her beauty to the life, drew her face covered with a veil. So, when we speak of God's excellences, we must draw a

veil. He is so supereminent a reward as that we cannot set him forth in all his orieny and magnificence. Put the whole world in balance with him, and it is as if you should weigh a feather with a mountain of gold. God hath got the ascendant of all other things; he is better than the world, better than the soul, better than heaven: he is "the original Cause of all" good "things;" "nothing is sweet without him;" he perfumes and sanctifies our comforts, he turns the venison into a blessing.

4. God is "an infinite reward." And being infinite, these two things follow: (1.) *This reward cannot come to us by way of merit.*—Can we merit God? Can finite creatures merit an infinite reward? (2.) *God being an infinite reward, there can be no defect or scantiness in it.*—"There is no want in that which is infinite." Some may ask, "Is God sufficient for every individual saint?" Yes; if the sun, which is but a finite creature, disperseth its light to the universe, then much more God, who is infinite, distributes glory to the whole number of the elect. Every individual Christian hath a propriety in a community; as every person enjoys the whole sun to himself, so every believer possesseth whole God to himself: the Lord hath land enough to give all his heirs. Throw a thousand buckets into the sea, and there is water enough in the sea to fill them: though there be millions of saints and angels, there is enough in God to fill them. God being an infinite reward, though he is continually giving out of his fulness to others, yet he hath not the less; his glory is imparted, not impaired; it is a distribution without a diminution.

5. God is "an honourable reward." Honour is the height of men's ambition. Aristotle calls it "the greatest of blessings." Alas! worldly honour is but a "pleasing fancy." Honour hath oft a speedy burial: but to enjoy God is the head of honour. What greater dignity than to be taken up into communion with the God of glory, and to possess a kingdom with him, bespangled with light, and seated above all the visible orbs? A great heir, while he is in a foreign land, may be despised; but in his own country he is had in veneration. Here the people of God are as princes in disguise (1 John iii. 1); but they shall have honour enough in

heaven, when they shall be clothed with white robes, and sit with Christ upon his throne. (Rev. iii. 21.)

6. God is "an everlasting reward." Mortality is the disgrace of all earthly things. They are in their fruition surfeiting, and in their duration dying; they are like the metal that glass is made of, which, when it shines brightest, is nearest melting: but God is an eternal reward. Eternity cannot be measured by years, jubilees, ages, nor the most slow motion of the eighth sphere. Eternity makes glory weighty: "This God is our God for ever and ever." (Ps. xlviii. 14.) A Christian cannot say, "I have an estate in the world, and I shall have it for ever;" but he may say, "I have God, and I shall have him for ever." O ye saints of God, your praying and repenting are but for a while, but your reward is for ever. As long as God is God, he will be rewarding you. "I will betroth thee unto me for ever." (Hos. ii. 19.) God marries himself to his people, and this admits of no divorce. God's love to his people is as unchangeable as to Christ: "My portion for ever." (Ps. lxxiii. 26.) This portion cannot be spent, because it is infinite; nor lost, because it is eternal. We read of a "river of pleasures" at God's right hand. (Ps. xxxvi. 8.) "But may not this river in time be dried up?" No; for there is a fountain at the bottom: "With thee," Lord, "is the fountain of life." (Verse 9.)

See then the egregious folly of such as refuse God. "Israel would none of me." (Ps. lxxxii. 11.) Is it usual to refuse rewards? If a man should have a vast sum of money offered him, and he should refuse it, his discretion would be called in question. God offers an incomprehensible reward to men, yet they refuse; like the loadstone, which refuseth gold and pearls, and draws the rusty iron to it. Man by his fall lost his head-piece: he sees snot where his interest lies. He flies from God as if he were afraid of salvation. And what doth he refuse God for? The pleasures of the world—we may write upon them, "Temporary." These are like Noah's dove, which brought an olive branch in her mouth, but quickly flew out of the ark; and to lose God for these perishables, is a prodigy of folly worse than that of Lysimachus, who for a draught of water lost his kingdom. We read in Scripture of two cups: "The Lord is the portion of my cup." (Ps. xvi. 5.) They who refuse this cup shall have another cup to drink of. "Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire, and brimstone: this shall be the portion of their cup." (Ps. xi. 6.)

If God be such an immense reward, then see how little cause the saints have to fear death. Are men afraid to receive rewards? There is no way to live but by dying. Christians would be clothed with glory, but are loath to be unclothed; they pray, "Thy kingdom come;" and when God is leading them thither, they are afraid to go. What makes us desirous to stay here? There is more in the world to wean us than to tempt us. Is it not a valley of tears? and do we weep to leave it? Are we not in a wilderness among fiery serpents? and are we loath to leave their company? Is there a better friend we can go to than God? Are there any sweeter smiles, or softer embraces, than his? Sure, those who know that "when they die they go to receive their reward, should neither be fond of life nor fearful of death." The pangs of death to believers are but the pangs of travail by which they are born into glory.

O Christians, meditate on this reward! Slight, transient thoughts do no good: they are like breath upon steel, which is presently off again. But let your thoughts dwell upon glory, till your hearts are deeply affected: "What, Lord! is there such an incomprehensible reward to be bestowed upon me? Shall these eyes of mine be blessed with transforming sights of thee? O the love of God to sinners!" Stand at this fire of meditation, till your hearts begin to be warm. How would the reflection on this immense reward conquer temptation, and behead those unruly lusts that have formerly conspired against us! "What! is there reward so sure, so sweet, so speedy? and shall I by sin forfeit this? shall I, to please my appetite, lose my crown? O all ye pleasures of sin, begone; let me no more be deceived with your sugared lies, wound me no more with your silver darts. Though 'stolen waters are sweet,' yet the water of life is sweeter." No stronger antidote to expel sin, than the forethoughts of the heavenly remuneration. It was when Moses was long out of sight, that Israel made an idol to worship (Exod. xxxii. 1): so, when the future reward is long out of our mind, then we set up some idol-lust in our hearts which we begin to worship.

THE CHANGE OF THE SABBATH.

THAT there is divine authority for Christians observing the first instead of the seventh day of the week, as now the Sabbath of the Lord, is thus made manifest:—

1st, The fourth commandment is so worded as to apply equally to the first as to the last day of the week. It is said, "Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work; but the seventh

is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God." It is not said *which* six days shall be given to labour, and which seventh day to the Lord. The great thing required, the essential part of the precept, is to devote one day in seven wholly to God. The particular day is left so undetermined in the language in which the commandment is conveyed, that it can be changed from one day to another without violating the letter any more than the spirit of the law itself. The other expressions used in this commandment still more clearly show, and still more impressively, and, as it would seem, intentionally, teach this, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy"—"The Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it." Observe, it is not said, "Remember the *last day* of the week, to keep it holy," thus fixing down the Sabbath to a particular day, so long as the command should be in force; neither is it said, "The Lord blessed the seventh day," or "the last day" of the week, and hallowed it, thereby confining the blessing to those who should keep the Sabbath on that particular day. The words are, "Remember the *Sabbath-day*, to keep it holy;" that is, Remember to keep holy whatever day is celebrated as the Sabbath—be it the last, or be it the first day of the week. Again, it is said, "The Lord blessed the *Sabbath-day*, and hallowed it;" that is, he promised a blessing to all that should keep holy whatever day, whether the last or the first of the seven, which he might claim to himself.

It is not, indeed, held to be an absolutely indifferent matter which day of the week is set apart. Men are not at liberty to choose the day, provided they consecrate one in seven. All that we contend for is, that there is nothing in the fourth commandment, as issued from Sinai, to prevent the change of the Sabbath to another day of the week than that which was at first kept holy. The language of the fourth commandment is such as would have been chosen in the view of a change, as it attaches the obligation and the blessing, not to one day of the week exclusively, but to any day to which the Sabbath might be shifted by divine authority. At the same time, of course, no such change could take place, except by the sovereign will and pleasure of the "Lord of the Sabbath."

2d, While the language of the fourth commandment is favourable to a change of the day, a reason for expecting such a change is found in the very *purpose* for which the Sabbath was set apart.

It was at first set apart to commemorate creation. "Remember the Sabbath for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth," &c. But the new creation, which God the Saviour is forming out of the ruins of the old, is by far the greater and more illustrious creation of the two. Both are the works of Christ; for "by him were all things created that are in

heaven, and that are in earth," &c. (Col. i.), and "by his precious blood and mighty power sinners are redeemed to God." But the first creation serves but as the scaffolding in the formation of the second. The first is waxing old, and hastening to its dissolution; the second is continually growing more and more glorious. The former is to be burned up; the latter is to exist and flourish through eternity.

Now, if the first creation was commemorated by one day in seven set apart for that purpose, much more may the second, the new creation, be commemorated by a day set apart in honour of it. If a Sabbath was set apart to commemorate the creation of man, it is but reasonable that a day be set apart to commemorate his redemption.

3d, This leads us to notice an intimation in Scripture, that the work of redemption should be commemorated *in preference* to the work of creation. "Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth; and the former shall not be remembered, neither shall it come into mind. But be ye glad and rejoice for ever in that which I create; for, behold, I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and my people a joy." (Isa. lxxv. 17, 18.) The redemption of sinners is the subject of this prophecy. This new creation, it is said, would so occupy the minds of God's people, that the first creation would almost be forgotten. Now this prophecy is strikingly fulfilled by the change of the Sabbath from the last day of the week, which commemorated the first creation, to the first day of the week, on which Jesus rose from the dead, and which is consequently commemorative of his resurrection, and of its fruits, even the second creation. At the same time, it is impossible to conceive how the redemption of sinners, which was attested and secured by Christ's resurrection, could have obtained, and continued to hold, the chief place in the minds of God's people, had the creation Sabbath still been celebrated, and no redemption Sabbath been introduced. The perfect ease and success with which redemption has secured the chief place in the minds of believers, by the substitution of the Christian Sabbath in room of that which existed before, of itself affords the strongest ground for supposing that this was a change designed and accomplished by the wisdom and power of God himself.

4th, Agreeably to what might thus have been concluded to be the divine purpose, we find it positively stated, in Heb. iv. 4-10, "that as God did rest the seventh day from all his works," so "he that is entered into his rest" (that is, Christ) "hath also ceased from his own works, as God did from his." And "therefore there remaineth a rest" (a *keeping of a Sabbath*, as the word means) "to the people of God." Difficult as it may be to make out indisputably the whole of the apostle's reasoning in that passage, this much seems plain enough, viz., that an analogy

is drawn between the rest into which God entered after the work of creation was finished, and the rest into which Christ entered after the work of redemption was finished; and that as a day was set apart to commemorate the former work, so in like manner a day has been set apart to commemorate the latter. Accordingly and further,

5th, In the 118th Psalm, there is such an account given of the work of redemption, and of the day which the Lord has made to celebrate it, as is fitted to leave the impression on our minds, that the day thus made by the Lord was the day of Christ's resurrection, on which day the ever-memorable and joyful testimony was given, that his work had been accepted and that his people were redeemed. In verse 22, it is said: "The stone which the builders refused is become the head of the corner," &c. Then it is added (verse 24): "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it," &c. That is, "This is the day which the Lord hath made," to commemorate "that the stone which the builders refused is become the head of the corner." What day commemorates this? Not the Jewish Sabbath. From the time of Christ's death, it became memorable as the gloomy day on which Jesus lay in the grave, and his people were filled with grief, not with gladness. They cannot, therefore, "rejoice and be glad in it." Not any other day of the week, for none of them were distinguished as days that marked the manifestation of Christ as the Saviour. The first day of the week—the day on which he rose—the day when "the stone" rose to its place "as the head stone of the corner"—the day when "he was declared to be the Son of God with power, by his resurrection from the dead"—that is evidently "the day which the Lord hath made," in which now his people "rejoice and are glad," on which especially, in answer to their prayers, he sends prosperity, and on which, as his Church, they "bind the sacrifice with cords to the horns of the altar." In connection with what has just been said, it may be added that,

6th, It would, from the nature of things, be utterly unsuitable in Christians to keep the seventh day as *their* Sabbath. The Sabbath is a day of spiritual joy; but on the seventh day Jesus lay in the grave, and it therefore could not with any propriety be set apart as their day of gladness. A far more suitable day is the first day of the week. Then he rose—then their hopes revived—then their fears were scattered—then their griefs were ended—then their joy was full. The day of his resurrection was the day of his and their triumph. Till he rose, they were sunk in despondency—agitated with fear. In a special manner, the last day of the week, the Jewish Sabbath, was the most mournful of all days to them; and, therefore, it would have been as unsuitable a day as the first is a

fit and proper one, for commemorating his completion of his redeeming work, and their salvation in and through him.

7th, The Lord himself may be considered as having pointed out the unsuitableness of the Jewish Sabbath as the day of rest to his followers, and the propriety of their having it on a different day: "Then came to him the disciples of John, saying, Why do we and the Pharisees fast oft, but thy disciples fast not? And Jesus said unto them, Can the children of the bride-chamber mourn as long as the bridegroom is with them? But the days will come, when the bridegroom shall be taken from them, and then shall they fast in those days." (Matt. ix. 14, 15.) The Jewish Sabbath was one of the three days, indeed the only *whole* day, in which Jesus was taken from them, and lay in the grave. From that time, therefore, the Jewish Sabbath was no longer a day of holy and joyful rest to them. It was rather henceforward associated in their minds with the utter humiliation of Christ, and the apparent extinction of his people's hopes. Their joy was ever afterwards associated with the first day of the week—the day on which the Redeemer arose from the grave. That day (the first day of the week), accordingly, became *their* Sabbath.

8th, The very fact that Jesus rose from the grave on the first day of the week, pointed out that day as the one that ought henceforth to be hallowed to his honour, above all the other days of the week. His resurrection proved that the Father had accepted his work; for, had he not accepted it, he would not have raised its author from the grave. By his resurrection, too, he turned the sorrow of his disciples into joy, and gave a perpetual pledge that all who received him by faith should be accepted in him, put in possession of all the blessings of the gospel, quickened to spiritual life now, raised from their graves at last, and finally received into everlasting life. On that day, also, on which he rose, he entered into his rest—he reposed from the toils and the sufferings of his state of humiliation—he began to be exalted, and to lift his head in triumph over all his enemies. And further still, by the resurrection of Christ on this first day of the week, it was proclaimed to mankind and to the universe, that God was now glorified in the salvation of sinners.

Although, therefore, no further intimation had been given of the divine will on the subject, the conviction would have irresistibly forced itself into the minds of believers, that the day which witnessed this glorious completion of the work of Christ, should ever after be set apart to commemorate that work.

But we have plainer evidence that such was the divine will; for, besides the evidence already offered, it may be observed that,

9th, The first day of the week was the day on which Jesus appeared again and again to his disciples. (John xx. 19, 26.) This fact is evi-

dently fitted to impress our mind with the conviction that he at once began to honour, and to teach his disciples to honour, this first day above all the other days of the week, by giving them, and encouraging them to expect, the special manifestations of his presence on that day. To impress further on us the sacredness of that day,

10th, The Redeemer chose the first day of the week as the day on which to pour out his Spirit in the remarkable manner mentioned in Acts ii. The day of Pentecost, on which that effusion of the Spirit took place, was, as is evident from Lev. xxiii. 16, the first day of the week. This teaches believers to expect special influences of the Spirit on this honoured day.

Still more direct and conclusive proof, however, can be produced, to show that the first day of the week is divinely appointed to be the Christian Sabbath, for,

11th, The apostles and primitive believers plainly used the first day of the week as the Christian Sabbath.

(1.) This fact is proved by Acts xx. 6, 7: "We came to Troas: where we abode seven days. And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them, ready to depart on the morrow," &c. Now, observe,

[1.] This is just such language as we would ourselves employ, if we wished to describe our habit of keeping the first day of the week as the day of Christian communion.

[2.] Paul was at Troas seven days; yet there is no account of his having publicly preached except on the last of these days, which was the first day of the week—the Christian Sabbath.

[3.] On that day the brethren were in the habit of having their public religious assemblies. It was the day when the disciples came together to break bread.

[4.] Not a word is said of the day before—the Jewish Sabbath. It was no longer honoured, no longer distinguished from the other days of the week. The day honoured, hallowed by these disciples, was the first day of the week—the Christian Sabbath. And the apostle countenanced and confirmed the honour which the brethren put upon the first day, by waiting till it came round, and till they, according to their usual practice, assembled on it; and then by using the opportunity which it afforded for his public, formal, most lengthened, and solemn addresses to them; and then departing on the morrow.

(2.) Another passage to the same effect is, 1 Cor. xvi. 1, 2: "Now, concerning the collection for the saints, as I have given order to the Churches of Galatia, even so do ye. Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him." Observe here, [1.] The first day of the week was the day on which the Corinthians gave

their alms. No other reason for this practice can be imagined, than that the first day of the week was the day devoted by them to the public worship and service of God—the day on which all their prayers and their alms went publicly up together for a memorial before him.

[2.] This practice was not confined to the Corinthians; Paul had "given the same order to the Churches of Galatia." Nay, the Epistle is addressed by him "to all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, both theirs and ours." (1 Cor. i. 2.) [3.] Not only was this use of the first day of the week enjoined on all the Churches, but it was enjoined by apostolical, that is, by divine authority.

12th, It seems, to complete the evidence there is for holding the Sabbath to have been changed by divine authority to the first day of the week, that this day is manifestly called in Rev. i. 3, "The Lord's-day:" "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's-day." When these words were uttered, the Jewish Sabbath had passed away, with all the peculiarities of the Jewish economy. Therefore it could not be it which was thus characterized. When these words were uttered, Jesus was reigning as Lord of heaven and earth. "The Lord," was the name given by the disciples to their risen and glorified Redeemer. The Lord's supper was the name given to the feast at which Christ's death is shown till he come. In like manner, "The Lord's-day" indisputably means Christ's day; that is, the day on which he rose—on which he repeatedly showed himself to his disciples—on which he miraculously poured out his Spirit, and which, ever since his resurrection, his followers have steadily continued to keep holy to his and the Father's honour.—Nixon.

THE FRENCH CANADIANS.

(From the Record of the French Canadian Missionary Society.)

THE Lower Canadians speaking the French language number more than half a million, are all Roman Catholics, with the exception of a few hundred converts within the last twelve years, are extremely ignorant in elementary learning, and deficient in agricultural knowledge. They are, like the Belgians in Europe, almost wholly under the influence of their priests, and generally devoted to their Church. The Jesuits, and other devoted partisans of Rome, have a deep hold of the people, and are endeavouring, in the newly revived spirit which marks the operations of their Church in the present day, to keep and extend their influence. Education is given over to their control: the instruction of the boys, to the Brethren of Christian Schools—that of young girls has already been attended to, imperfectly indeed, by nuns long established in the colony; while the nuns of the Sacred Heart, directed by the Jesuits, have now an extensive boarding school for young ladies, where Protestant parents have the sinful temerity to send their daughters; and, lastly, in this city a splendid college is about to stand alongside the new St. Patrick's Church, where the Jesuits, at one time the outcasts of their own Church, and even now

under the ban of British if not Canadian law, are, although unchanged in principle, unblushingly to take their place as instructors, and, as of old, to exercise their powers to enslave and crush the minds of our Canadian youth.

The marked features in the revival of Romanism—the almost exclusive worship paid to Mary—the traffic in beads, medals, scapularies, bones and bodies of saints—are seen also in Lower Canada. The erection of huge crosses, imposing processions, gorgeous ceremonies, protracted meetings, neuvaines, archconfreries, associations for prayer and contributions, even the temperance cause, here mixed up with superstitious observances—are all employed with a zeal worthy of a better cause, not to bring the people to Christ, but to the feet of Mary, and more firmly to rivet the iron yoke of that system which, for more than two hundred years, has crushed down this interesting but benighted people; who—possessed of many estimable qualities, amiable, polite, social, and (under the rough coating of ignorance) naturally apt and intelligent—require but the stamp of the Christian teacher to rise to the level of the most favoured peasantry. When we review their sufferings from disloyalty, which the peaceful precepts of the Bible, unknown even by sight to multitudes, would have prevented; when we pass through their fertile but miserably cultivated fields—a feeling of commiseration must arise in our minds, prompting us to rescue them from the blighting and impoverishing influence of Romanism. But especially in view of eternity, of the undying worm and unquenchable fire, from which a saving reception of the truth can alone rescue them, should our Christian sympathies, our sense of imperative duty, impel us forward to make our beloved French Canadian fellow-countrymen partakers of gospel hopes and joys.

Although a painful task, the comparative indifference of our Protestant population to the state of their fellow-subjects living under the thick darkness of Popery, leads us yet a little more to lift up the veil under which, to a casual observer, is concealed the huge deformity and misery of the system.

And first, how is it with the *Sabbath*—that jewel given by God for man's holy keeping, and to be employed in preparation for an endless eternity? Is it thus that Romanism teaches her votaries to regard it? or does she not practically, with sacrilegious hands, degrade the Lord's-day below those of her own appointment? To the French Canadian the Sabbath, at least after those hours which the Church of Rome claims for her service, is a day of sport and pleasure, and with the dance, the chase, or at the tavern, does he often cheat away its sacred hours. Nor is the conduct of his priest less suicidal, for at the whist-table, or in equally unsuitable occupations, this "blind leader of the blind" not unfrequently gives to his people the example of trampling on the Lord's-day.

Secondly, *The Word of God* has been condemned from the pulpit as a book fitted to deceive and destroy men's souls, and repeatedly has it been committed to the flames by those men who demand to be recognised as in the place of God, and Christ's representatives on earth. True, many of them quibble that the Protestant version is falsified, but neither can they point out these alleged errors to the humble colporteurs when called upon face to face in presence of their deceived people, nor dare they meet Protestant ministers when publicly challenged to the proof. Truly may the Romish Church be called "a thief and robber" (John x. 1), for she deprives her followers of the Word of the living God—the bread of life, and instead of it gives them a stone, nay, a scorpion.

But, thirdly, it is perhaps in respect to *prayer* that she manifests most the cruelty of her system, and the utter perversion of God's ordinances by which it is characterized. The child of God esteems prayer his highest privilege—the Church of Rome makes it a penance, or employs it as a means of purchasing that salvation which is through the merits of Christ alone. The poor Romanist is an utter stranger to the soul-invigorating influences, the sweetness of communion, or the powerful consolations derived from believing, intelligent prayer. A few details will suffice to prove this. The prayers used constantly by the mass of the people are those of the beads, and are composed of prayers to the Virgin and the Lord's Prayer, in the proportion of ten Ave Marias to one Paternoster. Take a death-bed scene in the house of a French Canadian. The father, in prospect of entering the fires of purgatory for ages, perhaps for ever—for Rome allows to the common people no assurance of a good hope—what consolation has he or his weeping family from prayer? Alas! the *chaplet* is all that the dying man or the agonized family have to repeat; and what relief can its mechanical utterance yield to a soul on the brink of a dark eternity, and struggling with conjugal or parental anxieties in the prospect of leaving those dear to him to the cold mercies of the world? Oh! from that dying bed does not the blood of a ruined soul cry to God for vengeance? and will not Christian hearts be softened, and holy energies awakened, as such a scene—alas! often witnessed among us—is realized?

Take another scene—a card table. The season of Lent forbids their gambling for money, but the excitement must be had. The stake is changed for prayers, and, incredible as it may appear, the loser of the game repeats the stipulated prayers, the merits and indulgences being placed to the credit of the winner. Nor need he do the drudgery himself, old women are to be found who, for a shilling per dozen, will relieve him of the task.

Nor is this worse than heathen superstition confined to the beads; wagers are laid for masses, the loser paying his shilling for the mass, transferring the benefits accruing from it to the successful party, or to such other person, living or dead, as he may choose.

But it is impossible, in the brief limits of this report, to notice a thousandth part of the soul-destroying superstitions and God-dethroning practices of that system which has been aptly called Satan's master-piece, and which "opposeth and exalteth itself above all that is called God."

Such is the field in which the French Canadian Missionary Society has been called upon in God's providence to labour.

QUESTIONS ABOUT HEAVEN.

It has been asked, Are there degrees in glory? We are persuaded there are. All analogy countenances the conclusion. We see diversities and inequalities pervading all the works of God. We know there are gradations among angels; for we read of thrones and dominions, principalities and powers. And though all Christians are redeemed by the same blood, and justified by the same righteousness, we know that there are degrees in grace. We know the good ground brought forth in some places thirty, in some sixty, in some a hundred fold. And the apostle tells us, "Every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labour." But here we approve of the old illustration—however unequal in size these vessels may be, when plunged into this ocean, they shall all be equally filled.

It has been asked, Shall we know each other in heaven? Suppose you should not; you may be assured of this, that nothing will be wanting to your happiness. But, oh! you say, how would the thought affect me now! *There is the babe that was torn from my bosom; how lovely then, but a cherub now!* There is the friend, who was as mine own soul, with whom I took sweet counsel, and went to the house of God in company. There is the minister—whose preaching turned my feet into the path of peace—whose words were to me a well of life. There is the beloved mother, on whose knees I first laid my little hands to pray, and whose lips first taught my tongue to pronounce the name of Jesus! And are these removed from us for ever? shall we recognise them no more?—Cease your anxieties. Can memory be annihilated? Did not Peter, James, and John, know Moses and Elias? Does not the Saviour inform us that the friends benefactors have made of the mammon of unrighteousness, shall receive them into everlasting habitations? Does not Paul tell the Thessalonians that they are his hope, and joy, and crown, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ?

Some would ask, Where is heaven? The universe is immense, but what particular part of it is assigned for the abode of the blessed we cannot determine. It will probably be our present system renovated. May we not infer this from the words of the Apostle Peter—"Looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens, being on fire, shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat. Nevertheless, we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness?"

But is it a *place*? Our Lord has a body like our own, and this cannot be omnipresent; and wherever he is corporeally, there is heaven—"Where I am, there shall also my servants be." Enoch and Elias have bodies; all the saints will have bodies; and these cannot be everywhere. We read of "the hope laid up for us in heaven"—of "entering into the holy place;" and, "I go," says Jesus to his disciples, "to prepare a place for you." But though it is really a place, we must chiefly consider it as a state. Even now, happiness does not essentially depend on what is without us. What was Eden to Adam and Eve, after sin had filled them with shame, and sorrow, and fear? But Paul in prison was infinitely happier than Cæsar on the throne of the nations.

What, then, are we allowed to reckon upon as the grand component parts of this exalted state? You may reckon upon

Pre-eminent knowledge.—This is a world of action, rather than of science; and the wiser men are, the more readily will they confess that their present knowledge is unspenkably less than their ignorance. In whatever direction they attempt to penetrate, they are checked and baffled. Laboriousness attends every acquirement, and doubts and uncertainties diminish the value of every possession. The difference between the knowledge of Newton and the most illiterate peasant, will be far exceeded by the difference between the knowledge of the Christian on earth and in heaven. "The light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun sevenfold as the light of seven days, when the Lord bindeth up the breach of his people, and healeth the stroke of their wound." Now they understand as children; then they will know as men. Now they see through a glass darkly; but then face to face. Now they know in part; then they will know even as they are known. How delightful the thought—amidst my present perplexities and obscurities, and under a sense of the penury of my talents, and in the want of means and opportunities of improvement, that

"Messiah cometh, who is called Christ; and that when he is come, he will tell us all things!" You may reckon upon

Perfect purity.—This announcement has little attraction for those of you who never saw the beauty of holiness, and never abhorred yourselves, repenting in dust and ashes. But O! to a Christian it is worth dying for, to leave behind him the body of this death; this law in the members warring against the law of his mind; this inability to do the things that he would; this presence of evil ever with him; this liability, this proneness to sin, even in his holy things—tarnishing every duty, wounding his own peace, and vexing and grieving the Spirit of his best Friend. To be freed from the enemy, and to have nothing in me that temptation can operate upon! To be incapable of ingratitude, and unbelief, and distractions in duty! To be innocent as the first Adam, and holy as the second!—What wonder the Christian exclaims, with Henry, "If *this* be heaven, oh, that I were there!" You may reckon upon

The most *delightful associations.*—We are formed for society. Much of our present happiness results from attachment and intercourse. Who knows not "the comforts of love?" Yea, and who knows not its sorrows also? We must weep when the objects of our affection weep. The arrows that pierce our friends wound us also. We tolerate, we excuse their imperfections; but we feel them. And the thought of absence—separation—death—is dreariness, pain, and anguish. Hence, some have been ready to envy the unrelated, unconnected individual, whose anxieties and griefs are all personal. But it is not good for man to be alone in any condition. It is better to follow the course of Providence; to cherish the intimacies of life; to improve and to sanctify them; and under the disadvantages which now mingle with them, to look forward to a state where the honey will be without the sting, and the rose without the thorn; and attachment and intercourse without the deductions arising from pain, and infirmities, and pity, and fear. In the Revelation, heaven is always presented as a social state. You have now few holy companions; the many are going another way. But, says John, "I beheld, and, lo! a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."—And you will have access to them all. You will there have the most *endeared* society; for it will include those to whom you were so tenderly related by nature, or pious friendship, and at parting with whom you sorrowed most of all that you should see their face and hear their voice no more; and also those you left behind you with reluctance and anxiety, in a world of sin and trouble. With these your fellowship, after a brief separation, will be renewed, improved, and perfected for ever. The society will also be the most *dignified*; and without its present embarrassments. There are now personages so superior, that you seem reduced to nothing at the thought of them. You esteem and admire them; and wish to hear, and see, and mingle with them; yet you shrink from the presence of such genius, wisdom, and goodness. But you will feel nothing of this, when you sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and Moses, and with prophets, and apostles, and martyrs, and reformers, in the kingdom of God. Nor will *saints* only be your companions, but those glorious beings who never sinned, who excel in strength, who are proverbial for their wisdom, who are your models in doing the will of God on earth, who are your ministering spirits,

invisibly watching over you in your minority—the innumerable company of *angels*. And though they will not be able to say, He hath redeemed us unto God by his blood, they will cry with a loud voice, though you will endeavour to be louder, “Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.” You may reckon upon

The most *glorious employment*.—I should as soon think that heaven was a nursery of vice, as a state of inaction. Indolence is no more irreconcilable to virtue, than perfectly incompatible with happiness.

“A want of occupation is not rest:

A mind quite vacant is a mind distress’d.”

All the powers conferred by a wise Creator necessarily imply their application and use: and the more life any being possesses, the more energy and activity will distinguish him, unless he is in a state of perversion or restraint. But what are the employments of heaven? Dr. Watts has speculated much on this subject. Some of his conjectures are probable, and all pleasing; but we dare not follow him. Of this we are sure, that there will be none of those mean and degrading toils which arise now from the necessities of our nature, or from luxury and pride. Neither will there be any of those religious exercises which pertain to a state of imperfection. Repentance will be hid from our eyes. There will be no more warfare and watchings. Neither will there be any more prayers with strong cryings and tears. Yet it is said, “They serve Him day and night in his temple.” And their powers will be equal to the work; for neither the fervency nor the duration of the service will produce exhaustion or languor. The common notion of always standing up and singing is too childish to be entertained. We have no doubt but that there may be stated assemblies for adoration and praise. But Christians are said to be still praising Him now; and they do this, not by acts of worship only, but by performing his will, by filling up their stations in life properly, and promoting the welfare of all around them: and his work even here is honourable and glorious.

On the *presence and sight* of the Saviour, in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, you may reckon; and you will reckon—and reckon *supremely*—if you are a Christian. “Ah!” says Paul, “I long to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better.”—“We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and present with the Lord.” What would every thing be in His absence! Could the place, the company, the harps, be a substitute for Him? But here is the consummation—you shall “serve Him, and see his face.” You need not envy those who knew him after the flesh; you will have access to him; you will see the King, and see him in his beauty. He is now with you. He knows your soul in adversity; and comes to you as a friend, and helper, and comforter. But you are now in prison. His visits, when he looks upon you through the bars, and brings you supplies, and communes with you in the cell, are relieving. They solace the confinement; you wish them multiplied; you expect them with joy. But the best of all these visits will be the last, when he will come not only to you, but for you: when he will open the doors of the dungeon, and knock off the fetters, and take you home to his palace. Then you will be *with him*: you will “walk with” him “in white;” you will “eat and drink at his table in his kingdom;” you will “be for ever with the Lord.” It is hardly necessary to say, that you may reckon upon

The most *exquisite enjoyment*.—This will spring abundantly from all the foregoing sources, and espe-

cially the last. It will far transcend every feeling we have had of delight and ecstasy here. The state itself is expressed by it. “Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.” Jude says, we shall be “presented before the presence of his glory, with exceeding joy;” and says David, “In thy presence is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore.” For you may reckon upon

The *perpetuity* of all this.—“Permanency,” says the poet, “adds bliss to bliss.” But here it is absolutely indispensable even to the happiness itself: for the greater the blessedness, the more miserable we should feel if it were in danger. Who, in the possession of such a prize, could exist under the thought of losing it? How careful, therefore, are the sacred writers never to leave out this *essential* attribute, in any of their descriptions! If it be life, it is “eternal” life. If it be salvation, it is “everlasting” salvation. If it be a kingdom, it is a kingdom that “cannot be shaken.” If it be a crown, it is “a crown of glory that fadeth not away.”

To which we may add, that you may reckon not only on the eternity, but the *increase*. Who could think of being doomed to remain stationary? How irksome would any condition be in which there could be no possibility of advance and improvement! But your faculties will not be confined to a circle of sameness: they will be free; they will break forth on every side. How much more do the angels know now than once! and yet still they desire to look into the Saviour’s sufferings and glory. How often will there be new songs in heaven, or fresh exclamations of admiration and praise, from fresh discoveries and displays of the perfections of God, in his works and ways! Every finite being is capable of accession; and in knowing and doing, and attaining and enjoying, there will be an infinite progression before us.

If with this account of heaven your are dissatisfied, be assured, the lecturer is still more so. Who, upon such a subject, can speak worthily?—*Jay*.

MOUNT SINAI.

BY THE REV. J. T. HEADLEY, NEW YORK.

STANDING in the midst of some of the most desolate scenery in the world, Mount Sinai lifts its huge form into the heavens, like some monster slumbering in conscious strength. Its bald and naked summit, its barren and rocky sides, and all its sombre features, correspond perfectly to the surrounding scene. It is a wild and desolate spot, and were there even no associations connected with it, the loneliness and gloom that surround it would arrest the traveller, and cause him to shudder as he pitched his tent under its shadow. But Mount Sinai has associations that render it chief among the sacred mountains. The moral, the divine instructions given to man from its summit, are of course the things of chief importance, but as these are always wholly dwelt upon, I speak only of the outward scenes amid which they were imparted. Nor is this without its use; for we, half the time lose the freshness, I might say the *naturalness*, of much that is said in the Bible, by involving it in a sort of supernatural indefiniteness. We *remove* the persons and the objects, and in doing it lose the power which *familiar* scenes always

have over the mind. There cannot be a more striking illustration of this truth than in the different effects produced on a congregation by the different manner in which some descriptive scene in the Bible is read. One will read in a strained, monotonous voice, as if *naturalness* betokened too great familiarity with sacred things, and is astonished that men care so little for the reading of the Scriptures. Another, as if he himself were narrating the facts for the first time, and every eye and ear is fixed. If the crucifixion could be made definite as a common murder scene, and the agony in the garden as familiar as the throes and torture of a friend in the extremest agony of human nature, they would not, they *could* not, be read with so little feeling as they are. Our senses are the inlets to our minds. The Deity acts on this principle when he accompanies all developments of himself with such remarkable outward appearances. Even the Son of God must die amid the throbs of an earthquake, the rending of graves, and the blotting out of the sun. The giving of the law, too, was done amid scenes that were designed never to be forgotten.

Behold the white tents of Israel scattered like snow flakes at the base of that treeless, barren mountain. The hum of a mighty population is there, and those flowing tents on which the parting sun is leaving his farewell glories are the only pleasing objects that meet the eye in this dreary region. A solemn hush is on everything as the moon sails up the heavens, flooding with her gentle light the tented host. Moses has declared that on the third morning the eternal God is to place his feet on that distant mountain top in presence of all the people. Awe-struck and expectant, the sons of Jacob go from tent to tent to speak of this strange event, and then come out and look on the mysterious mountain on which it is to transpire. Unconscious of its high destiny, the distant summit leans against the solemn sky, and nothing there betokens preparation for the stupendous scene.

But at length the morning comes, and that vast encampment is filled with the murmur of the moving multitude, all turned anxiously to distant Sinai. And lo! a solitary cloud comes drifting along the morning sky, and catches against the top of the mountain. So have I seen a cloud caught by an alpine summit, and held firmly there. But the most vivid impression I ever got of this scene was from Mount Vesuvius. The mysterious cloud it wraps around its own head, concealing the brightness and terror within, always reminded me of the cloud on Sinai. And then the tenacity with which it would cling there. When the midnight heavens were black with tempests, and the sea was one wild waste of waves, and the clouds were dashing like maddened spirits over the sky before the blast—with every flash

of lightning that illumined the gloom, I have caught the distant top of Vesuvius with that cloud around its head, moveless as a rock amid the furious blast, while thunder and flame and motion were within. So did the cloud rest on Sinai as the people looked, and suddenly the thunder began to speak from its depths, and the fierce lightning traversed its bosom, gleaming and flashing through every part of it. That cloud was God's pavilion; the thunder was its sentinels, and the lightning the lances' points as they moved round the sacred trust. The commotion which from the first arrested every eye and chained every tongue, grew wilder every moment till the successive claps of thunder were like the explosion of ten thousand cannon shaking the earth. Amid this incessant firing of heaven's artillery, suddenly from out the bosom of that cloud came a single trumpet blast. Not like the thrilling music of a thousand trumpets that herald the shock of cavalry, but one solitary clarion note with no sinking cadence and rising swell, but an infinite sound rising in its ascension power, till the universe was filled with the strain. The incessant thunders that rock the heights cannot drown it, for clearer, fuller, louder, it peals on over the astonished spectators, till their hearts sink away in fear, and nature herself stands awe-struck and trembling before it. And, lo! columns of smoke begin to rise fast and furious, from that mysterious cloud, as if a volcano had opened in its bosom, and the pent-up elements were discharging themselves in the upper air; and the steady mountain rocks to and fro on its base, as if in the grasp of an earthquake. "And the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a great furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly."

Amid this rapid roll of thunder, and flashing of lightning, and fiercely ascending volumes of smoke, and convulsive throbs of Sinai, and while that trumpet strain still "waxed louder and louder," Moses led the trembling Israelites forth to the foot of the mountain. Suddenly the uproar ceased, and the thunders hushed their voice, and the last echo of the trumpet died away, and all was still. And from that silent cloud came a voice more fearful than they all—the voice of Jehovah calling Moses up into the mount. The great lawgiver of Israel parted from his people, and with solemn step was seen scaling the rocks and climbing the heights, till at last the cloud received him in its bosom.

The moral law was given, and also the civil code, which men have so learnedly traced to the social compact. The first act in the mighty drama was ended, and Moses was ordered to bring up Aaron and Nadab and Abihu, and seventy of the elders, to worship in the mountain; and God showed himself in his glory to them.

When this strange worship was ended, the

voice of Jehovah was again heard issuing from the cloud; but what a change in the meantime had passed over its dark form! A serene and pure radiance began to play around it, quivering like a bright light with its own intensity. Brighter and brighter it grew, till the eye turned away dazzled by the sight. Brighter still it gleamed, till it seemed a glowing furnace, shooting forth living fire on every side. Its wrathful streaks streamed down the mountain, filling the cavities with deeper gloom, touching every rock and crag with flame, and bathing the white tents in a lurid light. And when the night came on, and darkness wrapped the world, that mountain was one blaze of glory, shedding a strange lustre on the barren scene, and revealing every face and form of that immense host, as if they stood beneath a burning palace—painting with terrible distinctness, and in lines of fire, the surrounding landscape. The stars went out before its brilliancy, and the moon looked dark in its splendour. For six days and nights did the glory flame on, shedding such a baptism on the wondering camp as was never before witnessed by mortal eye, for “the sight of the glory of the Lord was like a devouring fire on the top of the mount in the eyes of the children of Israel.” Little sleep was in the tents of Jacob then, for each one held his breath in awe, wondering what next would happen in this succession of strange scenes. At length that voice, before which nature herself seemed to change, again issued from the cloud, calling Moses to a second interview. Taking Joshua with him, he again ascended the hill, and was wrapped from sight “forty days and forty nights.”

But as week after week passed by, and there were no farther exhibitions, and Moses did not return, the people passed from idleness into pleasure, and from pleasure to infidelity, and at length, emboldened by their own numbers, assembled tumultuously together and demanded another God, saying, “As for this man Moses, who has brought us here, we do not know what has become of him.” The golden calf was made, and the intoxicated throng danced around it. What a scene was there! Right at the foot of Sinai, where a month before they had heard the thunders and trumpet and voice, and seen the lightnings and the glory; danced and shouted, and sung in Bacchanalian frenzy the naked multitude—hailing in boisterous shouts a golden calf as their god! What a contrast to the scene passing on the top of the mountain between Jehovah and Moses!

In the midst of this wild and blasphemous revel, Moses was seen descending, with thoughtful step, the distant slope, bearing in his arms the tables of the law. At length as he and Joshua, in serious converse, passed along, they came within hearing of the tumult below. Suddenly stopping, they turned their anxious

eyes to the white tents, far, far down in the valley, and Joshua said, “There is fighting in the camp: I hear the sound of battle.” But the practised ear of Moses knew too well the meaning of that confused murmur. “No,” said he, “that is not the shout of victors in the pursuit, nor the shriek of the vanquished flying in fear, ‘but the noise of them that sing do I hear.’” As he drew near and saw the shameless revel and blasphemous worship, he cast the tables at his feet and rushed into the camp. The naked throng paled before him as if he had been a messenger of death; the dancing ceased, and the song and deafening shouts were suddenly hushed. Turning neither to the right hand nor the left he passed, with a brow dark as wrath, to the golden idol, and hurling it into the fire, trampled it under foot. Then turning to Aaron, he asked an explanation of this strange scene.

As soon as it was given, he hastened to the gate of the camp, and sending his voice like a trumpet-call through the host, cried out, “Whoever is on the Lord’s side, let him come to me!” The sons of Levi separated themselves from the crowd and flocked about him. “Seize now (said he to these), every man his sword, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbour.” Amid the silence that followed were heard sobs and cries of despair; and, lo! that terrible band, with drawn swords, press into the throng. There is no shout of battle, no cry of anger, though the sword drinks blood at every step. The moan of despair and the sudden death-shriek alone tell where those stern warriors pass. And now, enveloped in the dense mass, the eye can tell where they move only by the flash of dripping swords, as they sweep in angry circles above their heads. Though their hearts bleed at every stroke, and a deeper paleness is on their brow as they sheathe their weapons in their brethren’s bosoms, and the lip quivers before the beseeching look of a once beloved friend, their steadfast hearts must feel no relenting. The dead lie in swaths where they go, and their weary arms droop beneath the protracted slaughter; yet on, on they press, till three thousand corpses cumber the field. Terrible scene—terrible vengeance; but the sword of Divine Justice is ever awful.

Why speak of the after repentance and consecration—of the second ascent into Sinai—of the passing of Jehovah before Moses—of the still radiance that beamed from his face as he came once more unto the people, until they turned dazzled from his presence. The mighty pageant at length closed—the cloud-column rose from before the tabernacle and moved into the desert; the tents were struck; and the host, headed by that mysterious pillar, in one long column disappeared in the wilderness, and

that fearful mountain was left once more alone amid the bleak and barren scenery.

ROMANISM IN AMERICA.

From Speech by Rev. W. Stevenson, at last Annual Meeting of the American Tract Society.

THAT mysterious power which has held in her iron grasp three-fourths of Christendom ever since the Reformation, is rapidly marching for the pre-occupation of the west. Do you ask of her means and measures?—Then mark the number of priests she has at command. We might hope when almost every shipment from Europe brings us a score of celibates, that the fountain would soon fail, did we not know that France and Italy are crowded with them, but waiting for an opportunity to reach our land. And when we remember that Italy has one ecclesiastic for every forty-five souls—500,000 in that small peninsula—we may well conclude that the supply for our country will be equal to the demand. And while the Evangelical Protestant Church has but 1,300 in regular training for the gospel ministry in this land, the grand Romish Council recently convened in Baltimore, have resolved that they now need 2,400 to meet their present wants; and with them, to resolve is to have.

Then notice the diligence and wisdom with which these priests employ their time when amongst us, not idly waiting until their adherents shall build for them houses of worship and pleasant parsonages. When a canal or railroad is projected, none know of its course and terminus sooner than they; and while government officers are surveying the route and calculating the expense, one of these tireless men is in company taking notes, and marking the important points for schools and churches. And no sooner is the work commenced, than you will find a lot purchased or donated for the buildings, a few miles from the starting-point of the canal or road; and during the two or three years of its construction past this point, there goes up a handsome Gothic structure, unduly large and splendid for the wants of the country or the number of their adherents. It is partly finished perhaps, the doors and windows boarded up; and twenty or thirty miles ahead, at the next prominent point, another is commenced; in a year or two that is enclosed, and another commenced; and so on through the whole line. And thus through the western valley hundreds of Romish churches are going up for future occupancy. Do you ask, whence come the means? I know not how much is wrung out from Austria's poor, nor what the Propaganda of Lyons sends to our valley (although 'tis said above a million francs have come to our country the last year), but I do know something of the system by which they secure money from their votaries along the line. And let it be well remembered by the most liberal Protestants in this the most liberal of our American cities, that the deluded Romanists give one-fourth, not of their gain, but of their income, and this regularly. Does a labouring man receive sixteen dollars per month? then four dollars are given to the priest. Does a servant girl receive four dollars per month? then one is given. And this along some of the western works is said to have been the fixed law. This is giving with a liberal hand, if not with a willing heart.

Now mark the process of Romish church building. The Protestant government collect taxes chiefly from a Protestant community to carry on internal improvement. Romanists do most of the work, and receive the means; a liberal portion of it is securely

invested in church buildings along the line, to be occupied hereafter in abusing the government that gave the money, in undermining the liberties that allowed the building, and in fulminating anathemas against the Protestants who donated the land! Are these churches needed now? No. They stand unfinished and unconsecrated, and the passer-by exclaims, 'How foolish these priests, to throw away their money thus!' A wily Jesuit in company, who travels perhaps as a foreign tourist, nods assent, while in his heart he scorns the short-sightedness that does not perceive in these the nuclei of Roman power—that does not see, ten years ahead, the parsonage, and nunnery, and orphan school—necessary appendages of this "Mystery of Iniquity's workings."

And their cunning they display still further in seizing with a giant's hands the strongest points. Is Detroit a post of eminence for the north-western States?—Then mark their efforts there. Does Cincinnati exert a predominant influence over the adjacent States north and south?—Then see her concentration of men and means there. Does St. Louis command the resources of the Missouri and Upper Mississippi?—Then mark her score of churches, her numerous schools, her ably-manned college, her massive cathedral there. Is New Orleans, the New York of the valley, receiving within its wide crescent the boundless products of the country above—the depot of a continent?—Then see their concentration of priests and nuns, churches and cathedrals there! And this is but one phase of their deep-laid plans against Evangelical religion. They retain their adherents at the prominent points, exclude them as far as possible from Protestant influence, educate them in a foreign language, and encourage their foreign feelings and prejudices; so that Rome spiritual, with all her arts at work, is a mightier foe to Evangelical religion than ever Rome temporal was to freedom, even when the seven-hilled city boasted herself the mistress of the world."—*Christian Spectator*.

TITLE TO HEAVEN.

FROM justification arises our title to heaven; from sanctification arises our meetness for it. A king's son is heir-apparent to his father's crown. We will suppose the young prince to be educated with all the advantages, and to be possessor of all the attainments that are necessary to constitute a complete monarch. His accomplishments, however great, do not entitle him to the kingdom; they only qualify him for it: so the holiness and obedience of the saints are no part of that right on which their claim to glory is founded, or for which it is given; but a part of that spiritual education, whereby they are fitted and made meet to inherit the kingdom prepared for them before the foundation of the world.—*Madan*.

SINNER.

FOR whom did Christ die? For sinners—for the greatest sinners—for the chiefest of sinners. A dying Christ for a denying Peter!—a crucified Christ for a crucified thief!—*Mrs. Sarah Weight*.

TEMPTATIONS.

WHEN a founder has cast his bell, he does not presently fix it up in the steeple; but first tries it with his hammer, and beats it on every side, to see if there be any flaw in it.

THE POOR NEGRO.

LORD CRAVEN lived in London, when that sad calamity (the plague) raged. His house was in that part of the town since called (from the circumstance of Craven House being situated there) Craven Buildings. On the plague growing epidemic, his lordship, to avoid the danger, resolved to go to his seat in the country. His coach and six were accordingly at the door, his baggage put up, and all things in readiness for the journey. As he was walking through the hall with his hat on, his cane under his arm, and putting on his gloves, in order to step into his carriage, he overheard his Negro (who served him as a postilion) saying to another servant, "I suppose, by my lord's quitting London to avoid the plague, that his God lives in the country, and not in town." The poor Negro said this in the simplicity of his heart, as really believing a plurality of gods. The speech, however, struck Lord Craven very sensibly, and made him pause. "My God," thought he, "lives every where, and can preserve me in town as well as in the country. I'll even stay where I am. The ignorance of that Negro has preached a useful sermon to me. Lord, pardon that unbelief, and that distrust of thy providence, which made methink of running away from thy hand!" He immediately ordered his horses to be taken off from the coach, and the luggage to be brought in. He continued at London, was remarkably useful among his sick neighbours, and never caught the infection.

REPENTANCE.

THE difference between true and false repentance is as great as that between the running of water in the paths after a violent shower, and the streams which flow from a living fountain. A false repentance has grief of mind and humiliation only for great and glaring offences, or until it supposes pardon for them obtained: true repentance is a continued war against sin, a permanent inward shame for its defilements, until death sounds the retreat.—*Venn.*

PROVIDENCE.

GOD, who feeds the ravens, will not starve his doves. *Charnock.*

A Christian hath two things to relieve him against all his distrustful fears and cares—adoption and particular providence. God is his father; and such a father as is not ignorant of his condition, nor mindless of it. And therefore though a believer may have little or nothing in hand, it is enough that his father keepeth the purse for him; whose care extendeth to all things and persons; who hath the hearts of all men in his hand; and who worketh all things according to his own will.—*Manton.*

PRIDE.

A PROUD heart and a lofty mountain are never fruitful.

If once, like Hezekiah, we call in spectators to see our treasure, and grow proud of our gifts and comforts, then it is high time for God, if he loves us indeed, to send some messengers to carry those away from us which carry our hearts away from him.

Pride stops up the conduit of divine communications. If the heart begin to swell, it is time for God to hold his hand and turn the cock; for all that is poured on such a soul runs over into self-applauding, and so becomes as water spilt in regard of any good it doth the creature, or any glory it brings to God.—*Gurnall.*

SORROW.

HORRIBLE dread is sometimes preparatory to evangelical sorrow, as austere John went before meek Jesus; but yet, the more and greater the terrors are, the less is the genuine sorrow for sin while they remain. As John went down when Christ went up; as his increase was John's decrease; so, as truly godly sorrow goes up, their terrors go down. As the wind gathers the clouds, but those clouds seldom melt into a set rain till the wind falls that gathered them; so these terrors raise the clouds of our sins in our consciences, but when we melt into godly sorrow the storm begins to be laid. And, indeed, as boisterous winds blow away the rain, so these legal terrors keep off the soul from this gospel sorrow. While the soul is making an outcry, "I am damned, I am damned," it is so much taken up with the fear of hell, that sin, as sin (which is the proper object of godly mourning), is little looked on or mourned for. A murderer, condemned to die, is so possessed with dread of death and the gallows, that it may be the slain body dies before him unlamented; but when his pardon is brought, then he can bestow tears freely on his murdered friend. "They shall look on Him whom they have pierced, and shall mourn."—*Ibid.*

RICHES.

If riches have been your idol, hoarded up in your coffers, or lavished out upon yourselves, they will, when the day of reckoning comes, be like the garment of pitch and brimstone which is put on the criminal condemned to the flames.—*Hervey.*

"I cannot be poor," saith Bernard, "so long as God is rich; for all his riches are mine."—*Cripplegate Lectures.*

POOR CHRISTIANS.

"Do you think the Church ought to support its poor members?" inquired A—

"Why," said B—, "If Jesus Christ were here on earth again, would you see him begging from the world? He says, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' I think we should treat them as kindly, and make them as happy as possible."

To those who are disposed to do as they think Christ will be pleased to have them, these few words may be as good as a long essay on the subject.

SELF-RIGHTEOUS.

SELF-RIGHTEOUS people are like a man who has run up a very slight house for his own residence; in which, while he sits or sleeps securely, a sudden storm arises, and blows down the whole fabric, and buries the builder in the ruins. God will either bring us out of our self-righteous castle, or crush us with its fall.

MOUNT HOR.

BY THE REV. J. T. HEADLEY, NEW YORK.

It must have been a grievous offence of which Moses and Aaron were guilty, when commanded to bring water out of the rock for the children of Israel, to have demanded such punishment from Heaven as was immediately pronounced. That miracle must have been attended with strange exhibitions of human presumption and rebellion, or God would not have slain the two great leaders of Israel, after all their toils, on the very margin of the promised land, and conferred the honour of conducting his people over Jordan on one whose labours seemed to give him no claim to it. Said God to Moses and Aaron, "Because ye believed me not, to sanctify me in the eyes of the children of Israel, therefore ye shall not bring this congregation into the land which I have given them." Aaron was the first to bow to this stern decree, and died on the top of Mount Hor, while Moses was permitted to feast his eyes on the promised land, and then buried on the summit of Pisgah. These two great leaders in Israel—these wonderful brothers to whom the Gracchi and Horatii of the world are but as dim shadows of men, died on two mountain peaks, making them immortal in history.

Aaron never appears so perfect a character as Moses. He does not seem so much above the follies and prejudices of his age. He was more a man of the times, subject to passing influences and prevailing tastes. Moses, on the contrary, was one of those rare characters in history which seem to live in the past, present, and future. Reverencing the good that has been, understanding the full scope and drift of the present, he at the same time comprehends and lives in the future. Such a man the ardour of hope never beguiles into scorn of the past, nor over-reverence of the present. Like those mountain summits which first catch the sunlight, he rises out of the darkness and prejudice below him, heralding the day that is approaching. Neither does Aaron seem borne up and onward by so lofty a feeling as he. With mind less strong, he lacked also the enthusiasm of his brother. Yet he must have possessed rare gifts to have been chosen the companion and fellow-labourer of Moses in that wondrous deliverance of the children of Israel from Egypt, and in conducting them forty years through the wilderness to the promised land. Much more

must he have possessed an elevation and purity of character far above his fellows, to have been chosen as the founder of the Jewish priesthood—the first to minister at the altar, and to represent a sacerdotal dynasty more glorious and more immortal than the line even of David, or any succession of kings that ever filled a throne.

Chosen by God to stand beside Moses through the night of peril and trouble on which the children of Jacob were entering, he was sent to meet him on his way from the wilderness. Obeying the command, he set out in search of his brother, and, lo, they met "*on the Mount of God*," and kissed each other, and returned together, conversing as they went, to the court of Pharaoh. Who can tell the misgivings and fear of these solitary brothers, standing unprotected by human power before the throne of Pharaoh, and raining on the oppressive monarch the terrible denunciations of Heaven? Who has ever repeated their solemn interviews as they retired apart and conversed of the miracles they had performed, and the message of God which daily came to them from Heaven? Brave men! day after day they stood between their enslaved brethren and a haughty court, waiting patiently the fulfilment of the promise, still delayed, until at length their efforts were crowned with success, and the thousands of Israel separated themselves from their taskmasters, and at midnight moved away from the scene of their degradation and their sufferings. Through all those terrible plagues that desolated Egypt—in the desperate retreat before the thundering chariots of Pharaoh's army—amid the murmuring multitude that clamoured against their deliverers as if they had thus led them forth only to be slaughtered—through the channel of deep waters, while the waves foamed and crested along the high brink that toppled above, Aaron never faltered, but, side by side with his brother, moved firm and steady as the pillar of fire that led them on.

At length he was called forth from the congregation by the voice of God, and ordained high priest, amid the most solemn ceremonies that ever attended a human anointing, and the sacred robe was put about him, and he stood the mediator between the people and their Maker.

But in the sedition which he planned with Miriam against his brother, he was governed by a spirit of envy and a desire to overthrow him, and exhibited that weakness of character of which I spoke. Yet, doubtless, Miriam was the more guilty of the two in this shameful conspiracy; for when the Lord suddenly descended in the pillar of cloud, and, with Moses, and Aaron, and Miriam before him, sternly rebuked the erring brother and sister, the latter only was punished. Smitten with leprosy, she emerged from the mysterious cloud that covered the tabernacle, "white as snow." So, also, in making the golden calf at the bidding of the people, and allowing them to degrade themselves in the eyes of God and man, he showed that he lacked the loftiness of character which made Moses so much feared, and rendered him so utterly incapable of becoming a partner in such folly and wickedness. Still he was made the first high priest of Israel, and clothed with the richest honours of Heaven.

But, like Moses, he was not to see Canaan; and when the long column of Israel's thousands stretched across the desert, and wound around the base of Mount Hor, and pitched their tents in its mighty shadow, his work was done and his career ended. Said God to Moses, "Aaron shall be gathered unto his people, for he shall not enter into the land which I have given unto the children of Israel, because ye rebelled against my word at the waters of Meribah. Take Aaron and Eleazar his son, and bring them up unto Mount Hor, and strip Aaron of his garments, and put them upon Eleazar his son; and Aaron shall be gathered unto his people, and shall die there. And Moses did as the Lord commanded: and they went up into Mount Hor in the sight of all the congregation." Whether the solemn event about to happen to Aaron was made known to the people, and they took a sad farewell of him, as they did afterwards of Moses when he went up Nebo, we cannot tell. But from the brief account left us, it is probable that the secret of his death was not divulged to the congregation, and when he and his son, and Moses together, left the camp and began to ascend the solitary and barren mountain—rising out of the midst of the desert—that the ten thousand eyes that strained after, sought in vain to pierce the mystery that surrounded them. Perhaps they expected another exhibition of God there, similar to the one on Sinai. Its solitary position—its commanding top, made it a fit place for such a scene, and as they saw those three forms climb-

ing the rugged rocks and precipitous sides, and finally stand on the bold and barren summit, they may have looked for the descent of that wondrous cloud which filled them with such terror on Sinai. God *was* about to speak, but to Moses, and Aaron, and Eleazar alone. The two brothers stood on that high elevation together, and gazed for a moment on the scene below. There were the countless tents of Israel sprinkled over the plain, never more to be entered by Aaron; farther off arose the city of Edom; and still farther away, like a mirror in the landscape, glittered the Dead Sea, whose dark waters slumbered above Sodom and Gomorrah. Behind them rose Mount Seir, and away to the mouth of the Jordan, stretched the valley of El Ghor. All was sad, mournful, and silent. How long the brothers stood and talked together, we cannot tell. Their embraces and repeated farewells were not seen except by Eleazar, and the high priest's prayers were unheard by those who so often had invoked his intercessions at the altar of sacrifice. Aaron's last prayer! the brother and son who heard it, felt that the high priest had found a Mediator, before whom a broken heart and contrite spirit were the only sacrifice demanded. He had once stayed up Moses' arm in the fight, by his prayers to the God of battle, and now they sustained each other in this last greatest trial. Methinks that Aaron knelt there, on the top of the barren mountain, and with his hand on the head of his son, commended him to the God of Israel, with tears and intercessions such only as a parent can use. His last instructions had more of heaven than earth in them, and his last farewell was worthy of the high priest of Israel. Moses, as he stripped him of his sacerdotal robes, doubtless spoke of their speedy meeting in that Canaan of which the one they sought was but the type. He knew that his own hour was nigh, and that his brother's death was but the prelude to his own. It was a sad task given him, to take the sacred vesture from his brother; and, as it were, clothe him, while in full health, with his funeral shroud. And the son, the pure-minded, noble, and affectionate son—with what tears and choking grief did he see his father despoiled of his honours, and himself clad in his priestly garments! It was a heavy trial to all—to brother, father, and son, and a mournful scene there on the top of the mountain. But the last embrace was at length given and taken—the last prayer breathed, and the high priest of Israel lay down to die. Glorious was his departure from the top of that lordly mountain—

triumphant his last words as his eyes closed on his son, and opened again in heaven.

When the people of Israel saw Moses and Eleazar return alone, and were told that Aaron was dead, they mourned thirty days.

Mount Hor is a lonely peak, seen at a great distance from the desert, and constitutes one of the landmarks by which the Arab guides his way. On its summit is a white building, called the tomb of Aaron; Mohammedans and Christians reverence it alike, and the sepulchre of the high priest is safe from the ravages even of the Arab of the desert. A landmark in the bleak scenery, within sight of the desolate city of Edom and its pillared rocks, overlooking the Dead Sea, it is a fit place for the tomb of Aaron, and stands consecrated for ever. An imperishable testimonial of the truth of the Bible—a stern witness of the fulfilment of prophecy—a cursed city and a cursed mountain on either side—it arrests the traveller's eye from afar, and fills him with awe and fear, as it silently and perpetually speaks of God.

THE MORALITY OF THE JESUITS.*

PARIS, March 20, 1656.

SIR,—According to my promise, I now send you the first outlines of the morals taught by those good fathers the Jesuits—"those men distinguished for learning and sagacity, who are all under the guidance of divine wisdom—a surer guide than all philosophy." You imagine, perhaps, that I am in jest, but I am perfectly serious; or rather, they are so when they speak thus of themselves in their book entitled "The Image of the First Century." I am only copying their own words, and may now give you the rest of the eulogy: "They are a society of men, or rather let us call them angels, predicted by Isaiah in these words, 'Go, ye swift and ready angels.'" The prediction is as clear as day, is it not? "They have the spirit of eagles; they are a flock of phoenixes (a late author having demonstrated that there are a great many of these birds); they have changed the face of Christendom!" Of course, we must believe all this, since they have said it; and in one sense you will find the account amply verified by the sequel of this communication, in which I propose to treat of their maxims.

Determined to obtain the best possible information, I did not trust to the representations of our friend the Jansenist, but sought an interview with some of themselves. I found, however, that he told me nothing but the bare truth, and I am persuaded he is an honest man. Of this you may judge from the following account of these conferences.

In the conversation I had with the Jansenist, he told me so many strange things about these fathers, that I could with difficulty believe them, till he pointed them out to me in their writings; after which he left me nothing more to say in their defence, than that these might be the sentiments of some individuals only, which it was not fair to impute to the whole fraternity. And, indeed, I assured him that I knew

* From "The Provincial Letters of Blaise Pascal." A new Translation, with Historical Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. Thomas McCrie.

some of them who were as severe as those whom he quoted to me were lax. This led him to explain to me the spirit of the Society, which is not known to every one; and you will perhaps have no objections to learn something about it.

"You imagine," he began, "that it would tell considerably in their favour to show that some of their fathers are as friendly to Evangelical maxims as others are opposed to them; and you would conclude, from that circumstance, that these loose opinions do not belong to the whole Society. That I grant you; for had such been the case, they would not have suffered persons among them holding sentiments so diametrically opposed to licentiousness. But as it is equally true that there are among them those who hold these licentious doctrines, you are bound also to conclude that the spirit of the Society is not that of Christian severity; for had such been the case, they would not have suffered persons among them holding sentiments so diametrically opposed to that severity."

"And what, then," I asked, "can be the design of the whole as a body? Perhaps they have no fixed principle, and every one is left to speak out at random whatever he thinks."

"That cannot be," returned my friend; "such an immense body could not subsist in such a hap-hazard sort of way, or without a soul to govern and regulate its movements; besides, it is one of their express regulations, that none shall print a page without the approval of their superiors!"

"But," said I, "how can these same superiors give their consent to maxims so contradictory?"

"That is what you have yet to learn," he replied. "Know, then, that their object is not the corruption of manners—that is not their design. But as little is it their sole aim to reform them—that would be bad policy. Their notion is briefly this: They have such a good opinion of themselves as to believe that it is useful, and in some sort essentially necessary to the good of religion, that their influence should extend everywhere, and that they should govern all consciences. And the Evangelical or severe maxims being best fitted for managing some sort of people, they avail themselves of these when they find them favourable to their purpose. But as these maxims do not suit the views of the great bulk of people, they waive them in the case of such persons, in order to keep on good terms with all the world. Accordingly, having to deal with persons of all classes and of all different nations, they find it necessary to have casuists cut out to match this diversity."

"On this principle, you will easily see that if they had none but the looser sort of casuists, they would defeat their main design, which is to embrace all and sundry; for those that are truly pious are fond of a stricter discipline. But as there are not many of that stamp, they do not require many severe directors to guide them. They have a few for the select few; while whole multitudes of lax casuists are provided for the multitudes that prefer laxity."

"It is in virtue of this obliging and accommodating conduct, as Father Petau calls it, that they may be said to stretch out a helping hand to all mankind. Should any person present himself before them, for example, fully resolved to make restitution of some ill-gotten gains, do not suppose that they would dissuade him from it. By no means; on the contrary, they will applaud and confirm him in such a holy resolution. But suppose another should come who wishes to be absolved without restitution, and it will be a particularly hard case indeed, if they cannot furnish him with means of evading the duty, of one kind or another, the lawfulness of which they will be ready to guarantee."

"By this policy they keep all their friends, and

defend themselves against all their foes; for, when charged with extreme laxity, they have nothing more to do than produce their austere directors, with some books which they have written on the severity of the Christian code of morals; and simple people, or those who never look below the surface of things, are quite satisfied with these proofs of the falsity of the accusation.

"Thus are they prepared for all sorts of persons, and so ready are they to suit the supply to the demand, that when they happen to be in any part of the world where the doctrine of a crucified God is accounted foolishness, they suppress the offence of the cross, and preach only a glorious and not a suffering Jesus Christ. This plan they followed in the Indies and in China, where they permitted Christians to practise idolatry itself, with the aid of the following ingenious contrivance:—They made their converts conceal under their clothes an image of Jesus Christ, to which they taught them to transfer mentally those adorations which they rendered ostensibly to the idol Cachinchoam and Keum-fucum. This charge is brought against them by Gravina, a Dominican, and is fully established by the Spanish memorial presented to Philip IV., king of Spain, by the Cordeliers of the Philippine Islands, quoted by Thomas Hurtado, in his 'Martyrdom of the Faith,' page 427. To such a length did this practice go, that the Congregation *de Propaganda* were obliged expressly to forbid the Jesuits, on pain of excommunication, to permit the worship of idols on any pretext whatever, or to conceal the mystery of the cross from their catechumens; strictly enjoining them to admit none to baptism who were not thus instructed, and ordering them to expose the image of the crucifix in their churches:—all which is amply detailed in the decree of that Congregation, dated the 9th of July 1646, and signed by Cardinal Capponi.

"Such is the manner in which they have spread themselves over the whole earth, aided by the doctrine of probable opinions, which is at once the source and the basis of all this licentiousness. You must get some of themselves to explain this doctrine to you. They make no secret of it, any more than of what you have already learned; with this difference only, that they conceal their carnal and worldly policy under the garb of divine and Christian prudence; as if the faith, and tradition its ally, were not always one and the same at all times and in all places; as if it were the part of the rule to bend in conformity to the subject which it was meant to regulate; and as if souls, to be purified from their pollutions, had only to corrupt the law of the Lord, in place of 'the law of the Lord, which is clean and pure, converting the soul which lieth in sin,' and bringing it into conformity with its salutary lessons!

"Go and see some of these worthy fathers, I beseech you, and I am confident that you will soon discover, in the laxity of their moral system, the explanation of their doctrine about grace. You will then see the Christian virtues exhibited in such a strange aspect, so completely stripped of the charity which is the life and soul of them—you will see so many crimes palliated and irregularities tolerated, that you will no longer be surprised at their maintaining that 'all men have always enough of grace' to lead a pious life, in the sense in which they understand piety. Their morality being entirely Pagan, nature is quite competent to its observance. When we maintain the necessity of efficacious grace, we assign it another sort of virtue for its object. Its office is not to cure one vice by means of another; it is not merely to induce men to practise the external duties of religion: it aims at a virtue higher than that propounded by Pharisees, or the greatest sages of Heathenism. The law and

reason are 'sufficient graces' for these purposes: But to disenthral the soul from the love of the world—to tear it from what it holds most dear—to make it die to itself—to lift it up and bind it wholly, only, and for ever, to God—can be the work of none but an all-powerful hand. And it would be as absurd to affirm that we have the full power of achieving such objects, as it would be to allege that those virtues, devoid of the love of God, which these fathers confound with the virtues of Christianity, are beyond our power."

Such was the strain of my friend's discourse, which was delivered with much feeling; for he takes these sad disorders very much to heart. For my own part, I began to entertain a higher admiration of these fathers, simply on account of the ingenuity of their policy; and following his advice, I waited on a good casuist of the Society, one of my old acquaintances, with whom I now resolved purposely to renew my former intimacy. Having my instructions how to manage them, I had no great difficulty in getting him aloft. Retaining his old attachment, he received me immediately with a profusion of kindness; and after talking over some indifferent matters, I took occasion from the present season (Lent) to learn something from him about fasting, and thus slip insensibly into the main subject. I told him, therefore, that I had difficulty in supporting the fast. He exhorted me to do violence to my inclinations; but as I continued to murmur, he took pity on me, and began to search out some ground for a dispensation. In fact he suggested a number of excuses to me, none of which happened to suit my case, till at length he bethought himself of asking me whether I did not find it difficult to sleep without taking supper? "Yes, my good father," said I; "and for that reason I am obliged often to take a refreshment at mid-day, and supper at night."

"I am extremely happy," he replied, "to have found out a way of relieving you without sin; go in peace—you are under no obligation to fast. However, I would not have you depend on my word: step this way to the library."

On going thither with him, he took up a book, exclaiming, with great rapture, "Here is the authority for you: and, such an authority! It is ESCOBAR!"

"Who is Escobar?" I inquired.

"What! not know Escobar?" cried the monk: "the member of our Society who compiled this Moral Theology from twenty-four of our fathers, and on this founds an analogy, in his preface, between his book and 'that in the Apocalypse which was sealed with seven seals,' and states that 'Jesus presents it thus sealed to the four living creatures, Suarez, Vasquez, Molina, and Valencia, in presence of the four-and-twenty Jesuits who represent the four-and-twenty elders?'"

He read me, in fact, the whole of that allegory, which he pronounced to be admirably appropriate, and which conveyed to my mind a sublime idea of the excellence of the work. At length, having sought out the passage on fasting—"O, here it is!" he said: "treatise 1, example 13, no. 67: 'If a man cannot sleep without taking supper, is he bound to fast? Answer: *By no means!* Will that not satisfy you?'"

"Not exactly," replied I; "for I might sustain the fast, by taking my refreshment in the morning, and supping at night."

"Listen, then, to what follows: they have provided for all that: 'And what is to be said, if the person might make a shift with a refreshment in the morning and supping at night.'"

"That's my case exactly."

"Answer: Still he is not obliged to fast; because no person is obliged to change the order of his meals."

"A most excellent reason!" I exclaimed.

"But tell me, pray," continued the monk, "do you like much wine?"

"No, my dear father," I answered; "I cannot endure it."

"I merely put the question," returned he, "to apprise you that you might, without breaking the fast, take a glass or so in the morning, or whenever you felt inclined for a drop; and that isal way something in the way of supporting nature. Here is the decision at the same place, no. 57: 'May one, without breaking the fast, drink wine at any hour he pleases, and even in a large quantity? Yes, he may: and a dram of hippocrass, too.' I had no recollection of the hippocrass," said the monk; "I must take a note of that in my memorandum-book."

"He must be a nice man, this Escobar," observed I.

"Oh! everybody likes him," rejoined the father; "he has such delightful questions! Only observe this one in the same place, no. 38: 'If a man doubt whether he is twenty-one years old, is he obliged to fast? No. But suppose I were to be twenty-one to-night, an hour after midnight, and to-morrow were the fast, would I be obliged to fast to-morrow? No; for you were at liberty to eat as much as you pleased for an hour after midnight, not being till then fully twenty-one; and therefore having a right to break the fast-day, you are not obliged to keep it.'"

"Well, that is vastly entertaining!" cried I.

"Oh," rejoined the father, "it is impossible to tear one's self away from the book: I spend whole days and nights in reading it: in fact, I do nothing else."

The worthy monk, perceiving that I was interested, was quite delighted, and went on with his quotations. "Now," said he, "for a taste of Filiutius, one of the four-and-twenty Jesuits: 'Is a man who has exhausted himself any way—by profligacy, for example—obliged to fast? By no means. But if he has exhausted himself expressly to procure a dispensation from fasting, will he be held obliged? He will not, even though he should have had the design.' There now! would you have believed that?"

"Indeed, my good father, I do not believe it yet," said I. "What! is it no sin for a man not to fast when he has it in his power? And is it allowable to court occasions of committing sin, or rather, are we not bound to shun them? That would be easy enough, surely."

"Not always so," he replied; "that is just as it may happen."

"Happen, how?" cried I.

"Oh!" rejoined the monk, "so you think that if a person experience some inconvenience in avoiding the occasions of sin, he is still bound to do so? Not so thinks Father Bauny. 'Absolution,' says he, 'is not to be refused to such as continue in the proximate occasions of sin, if they are so situated that they cannot give them up without becoming the common talk of the world, or subjecting themselves to personal inconvenience.'"

"I am glad to hear it, father," I remarked; "and now that we are not obliged to avoid the occasions of sin, nothing more remains but to say that we may deliberately court them."

"Even that is occasionally permitted," added he; "the celebrated casuist Basil Ponce has said so, and Father Bauny quotes his sentiment with approbation, in his Treatise on Penance, as follows: 'We may seek an occasion of sin directly and designedly—*primo et per se*—when our own or our neighbour's spiritual or temporal advantage induces us to do so.'"

"Truly," said I, "it appears to be all a dream to me, when I hear grave divines talking in this man-

ner! Come now, my dear father, tell me conscientiously, do you hold such a sentiment as that?"

"No, indeed," said he, "I do not."

"You are speaking, then, against your conscience," continued I.

"Not at all," he replied; "I was speaking on that point not according to my own conscience, but according to that of Ponce and Father Bauny; and them you may follow with the utmost safety, for I assure you that they are able men."

"What, father! because they have put down these three lines in their books, will it therefore become allowable to court the occasions of sin? I always thought that we were bound to take the Scripture and the tradition of the Church as our only rule, and not your casuists."

"I declare," cried the monk, "you put me in mind of these Jansenists. Think you that Father Bauny and Basil Ponce are not able to render their opinion *probable*?"

"Probable won't do for me," said I; "I must have certainty."

"I can easily see," replied the good father, "that you know nothing about our doctrine of *probable opinion*. If you did, you would speak in another strain. Ah! my dear sir, I must really give you some instructions on this point; without knowing this, positively you can understand nothing at all. It is the foundation—the very A, B, C, of our whole moral philosophy."

Glad to see him come to the point to which I had been drawing him on, I expressed my satisfaction, and requested him to explain what was meant by a *probable opinion*?

"That," he replied, "our authors will answer better than I can do. The generality of them, and among others, our four-and-twenty elders, describe it thus: 'An opinion is called *probable*, when it is founded upon reasons of some consideration. Hence it may sometimes happen that a single *very grave doctor* may render an opinion *probable*.' The reason is added: 'For a man particularly given to study would not adhere to an opinion unless he was drawn to it by a good and sufficient reason.'"

"So it would appear," I observed, with a smile, "that a single doctor may turn consciences round about and upside down as he pleases, and yet always land them in a safe position."

"You must not laugh at it, sir," returned the monk; "nor need you attempt to combat the doctrine. The Jansenists tried this; but they might have saved themselves the trouble—it is too firmly established. Hear Sanchez, one of the most famous of our fathers: 'You may doubt, perhaps, whether the authority of a single good and learned doctor renders an opinion *probable*. I answer, that it does; and this is confirmed by Angelus, Sylvester Navarre, Emanuel Sa, &c. It is proved thus: A *probable opinion* is one that has a considerable foundation. Now, the authority of a learned and pious man is entitled to very great consideration: because (mark the reason), if the testimony of such a man has great influence in convincing us that such and such an event occurred, say at Rome, for example, why should it not have the same weight in the case of a question in morals?'"

"An odd comparison this," interrupted I, "between the concerns of the world and those of conscience!"

"Have a little patience," rejoined the monk; "Sanchez answers that in the very next sentence: 'Nor can I assent to the qualification made here by some writers, namely, that the authority of such a doctor, though sufficient in matters of human right, is not so in those of divine right. It is of vast weight in both cases.'"

"Well, father," said I frankly, "I really cannot admire that rule. Who can assure me, considering the freedom your doctors claim to examine everything by reason, that what appears safe to one may seem so to all the rest? The diversity of judgments is so great!"

"You don't understand it," said he, interrupting me; "no doubt they are often of different sentiments; but what signifies that?—each renders his own opinion probable and safe. We all know well enough that they are far from being of the same mind; what is more, there is hardly an instance in which they ever agree. There are very few questions, indeed, in which you do not find the one saying Yes, and the other saying No. Still, in all these cases, each of the contrary opinions is probable. And hence Diana says on a certain subject: 'Ponce and Sanchez hold opposite views of it; but, as they are both learned men, each renders his own opinion probable.'"

"But, father," I remarked, "a person must be sadly embarrassed in choosing between them!"—"Not at all," he rejoined; "he has only to follow the opinion which suits him best."—"What! if the other is more probable?" "It does not signify."—"And if the other is safer?" "It does not signify," repeated the monk; "this is made quite plain by Emanuel Sa, of our Society, in his Aphorisms: 'A person may do what he considers allowable according to a probable opinion, though the contrary may be the safer one. The opinion of a single grave doctor is all that is requisite.'"

"And if an opinion be at once the less probable and the less safe, is it allowable to follow it," I asked, "even in the way of rejecting one which we believe to be more probable and safe?"

"Once more, I say Yes," replied the monk. "Hear what Filulutus, that great Jesuit of Rome, says: 'It is allowable to follow the less probable opinion, even though it be the less safe one. That is the common judgment of modern authors.' Is not that quite clear?"

"Well, reverend father," said I, "you have given us elbow-room, at all events! Thanks to your probable opinions, we have got liberty of conscience with a witness! And are you casuists allowed the same latitude in giving your responses?"

"O yes," said he, "we answer just as we please; or rather, I should say, just as it may please those who ask our advice. Here are our rules, taken from Fathers Layman, Vasquez, Sanchez, and the four-and-twenty worthies, in the words of Layman: 'A doctor on being consulted may give an advice, not only probable according to his own opinion, but contrary to his opinion, provided this judgment happens to be more favourable or more agreeable to the person that consults him—*si forte hoc favorabilior seu exoptatior sit*. Nay, I go further, and say, that there would be nothing unreasonable in his giving those who consult him a judgment held to be probable by some learned person, even though he should be satisfied in his own mind that it is absolutely false.'"

"Well, seriously, father," I said, "your doctrine is a most uncommonly comfortable one! Only think of being allowed to answer Yes or No, just as you please! It is impossible to prize such a privilege too highly. I see now the advantage of the contrary opinions of your doctors. One of them always serves your turn, and the other never gives you any annoyance. If you do not find your account on the one side, you fall back on the other, and always land in perfect safety."

"That is quite true," he replied; "and accordingly we may always say, with Diana, on his finding that Father Bauny was on his side, while Father Lugo was against him: *Sæpe premente deo, fert deus alter opem*."

"I understand you," resumed I; "but a practical difficulty has just occurred to me, which is this, that supposing a person to have consulted one of your doctors, and obtain from him a pretty liberal opinion, there is some danger of his getting into a scrape by meeting a confessor who takes a different view of the matter, and refuses him absolution unless he recant the sentiment of the casuist. Have you not provided for such a case as that, father?"

"Can you doubt it?" he replied. "We have bound them, sir, to absolve their penitents who act according to probable opinions, under the pain of mortal sin, to secure their compliance. 'When the penitent,' says Father Bauny, 'follows a probable opinion, the confessor is bound to absolve him, though his opinion should differ from that of his penitent.'"

"But he does not say it would be a mortal sin not to absolve him," said I.

"How hasty you are!" rejoined the monk; "listen to what follows; he has expressly decided that, 'to refuse absolution to a penitent who acts according to a probable opinion, is a sin which is in its nature mortal.' And to settle that point, he cites the most illustrious of our fathers—Suarez, Vasquez, and Sanchez."

"My dear sir," said I, "that is a most prudent regulation. I see nothing to fear now. No confessor can dare to be refractory after this. Indeed, I was not aware that you had the power of issuing your orders on pain of damnation. I thought your skill had been confined to the taking away of sins; I had no idea that it extended to the introduction of new ones. But from what I now see, you are omnipotent."

FATAL NEGLECT.

WE remember very well the face and form, and even the dress, of a child in a country Sabbath-school, whose vigorous and graceful frame has long since mouldered back to dust.

The school was taught in the body of the church, the classes occupying the pews. The class to which our young friend belonged was about midway from the pulpit to the door, and one could scarcely look over the group of intelligent and happy faces assembled there, without being struck with her appearance.

She had a faithful and intelligent teacher, and the pastoral instruction on which she attended was plain and impressive; and we were looking with anxiety for some evidence that she thought of her soul's affairs and her need of a Saviour. Often was she warned and entreated to seek after peace with God, and often did she try in vain to conceal the tear which the earnest exhortations of her Christian friends would force from her. Passing her class one pleasant Sabbath morning, when the school was quite full, and much interest seemed to attend the exercises, we turned aside to urge her once more to seek Christ while he was to be found, lest he should come suddenly, and find her unprepared. It was a sacred place, a blessed day, every thing favoured a decision, and every thing invited her then and there to love, and adore, and obey her God and Saviour. She listened with respect and attention to our appeal, but evidently without emotion; and

when the school was dismissed, by singing the Christian doxology, she stood with her class, and joined in the service with apparent seriousness.

Early in the week, we noticed a physician's carriage at her father's door. When an opportunity occurred, we asked who was sick there, and was told it was CATHERINE. Soon we heard she was seriously ill, and called to see her. Her chamber was darkened, but there was light enough to reveal the sad change which a brief sickness had wrought upon her. Her fair countenance was pale and haggard. Her hair, which she dressed with so much taste and propriety, had been cut off close to the skin. She was tossing from side to side, seeking in vain to alleviate a raging fever. She was told who had come to see her. The name was repeated once or twice, but it only excited a vacant gaze. We would gladly have directed her thoughts, even then, to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, but, alas! her thoughts ran wild. The season of preparation had gone, she sank rapidly to the grave, and when the Sabbath-school assembled again, Catherine, who was with them in full life and health on the previous Sabbath, was an inhabitant of the world of spirits! Her grave-stone, inscribed with the simple record of her name and age, prepared by a Sabbath-school friend, is to be seen in the old grave-yard at S—, on the banks of the Connecticut.

What may be her condition in the world of spirits, I know not; but would she not have been wiser, had she sought after peace with God when she had health and strength? She might have served God, without abating at all the innocent and joyous sports and youthful recreations appropriate to childhood. The buoyant step, the merry laugh and the gleeful voice, are not forbidden to us, nor is the highest enjoyment of life inconsistent with the most sacred duties of religion. So far from cutting off a single source of pleasure, piety opens to the youthful Christian sources of enjoyment of which the world is ignorant. It sanctifies them all for our advancement in bliss, prepares for life or for death, and gives us the blessed assurance that whether they live or die, it shall be well with them.

CHRIST AND THE LEPER.

BY HON. EDMUND PHIPPS.

LOATHSOME, an outcast, doomed to solitude,

Or, worse than solitude, to share the fate
With loathsome outcasts like himself, he stood

A leper, all alone, without the gate;

When, lo! the Master comes: where all of late
Had been despair and hopeless misery,

Beamed a bright ray upon his darkened state:

At once he felt a great High Priest was nigh,

A Priest who could be touched with his infirmity.

Approach he dares not.—“Thou canst make me clean,

Lord, if thou wilt!”—this was his only plea.

“I will,” the gracious answer: nought between

The promise and th’ omnipotent decree

Of “Be thou clean!” Spotless at once and free

From taint, his weary heart he could divest

Of its whole burden; in society

Free from thenceforth to mingle, or to rest

’Mid beings long unseen, whom he had loved the best.

Fancy would vainly strive to paint his grief

When suffering, his earnestness of prayer

For help, or the glad joy of his relief:

But we may know and feel it; we may share

Each of these varying moods—this deep despair,

This earnest longing to be healed, this joy

When made the subjects of His heavenly care.

Who is there, gracious Lord, that might not cry,

“Such leprosy is mine, such need of thee have I?”

“Behold me with the leprosy of sin,

Tainted like him; condemned to herd with those

Who, with fair outside, are more foul within

Than he whom thou didst heal; to seek repose,

And seek it all in vain, as one who knows

He must be exiled from the blessed scene

Of saints made perfect: such my weight of woes!

My want, my hope, my prayer by thee are seen;

Look on me! If thou wilt, Lord, thou canst make me clean.”

SABBATH FACTS.

THE great evil of transgressing the law of the Sabbath is on the heart. Man is a moral, as well as an intellectual, being. His excellence, his usefulness, and his happiness, depend chiefly on his character. To the right formation and proper culture of this the Sabbath is essential. Without it, all other means will, to a great extent, fail. You may send out Bibles as on the wings of the wind, scatter religious tracts like the leaves of the forest, and even preach the gospel, not only in the house of God, but at the corner of every street—if men will not stop their worldly business, travelling, and amusements, and attend to the voice which speaks to them from heaven, the cares of the world, the deceitfulness of riches, and the pride of life, will choke all these means, and render them unfruitful. Such men do not avail themselves of the institution which God has appointed to give efficacy to moral influence, and which he blesses by his Spirit for that purpose. On the other hand, men who keep the Sabbath feel its benign effects. Even the external observance of it is, to a great extent, connected with external morality; while its internal as well as external observance will promote purity of heart and life.

Of twelve hundred and thirty-two convicts, who had been committed to the Auburn State Prison previously to the year 1833, four hundred and forty-seven had been watermen—either boatmen or sailors—men who, to a great extent, had been kept at work on the Sabbath, and thus deprived of the rest and privileges of that day. Of those twelve hundred and thirty-two convicts, only twenty-six had conscientiously kept the Sabbath.

Of fourteen hundred and fifty, who had been committed to that prison previously to 1839, five hundred

and sixty-three had been of the same class of men; and of the whole, only twenty-seven had kept the Sabbath.

Of sixteen hundred and fifty-three, who had been committed to that prison previously to 1840, six hundred and sixty had been watermen, and twenty-nine only had kept the Sabbath. Of two hundred and three, who were committed in one year, ninety-seven had been watermen, and only two out of the whole had conscientiously kept the Sabbath.

Thus it appears, from official documents, that, while the watermen were but a small proportion of the whole population, they furnished a very large proportion of the convicts; much larger, it is believed, than they would have done had they enjoyed the rest and privileges of the Christian Sabbath. It appears, also, that nearly all the convicts were Sabbath-breakers—men who disregarded the duties and neglected the privileges of that blessed day.

The watermen had been kept at work, in many cases, under the *delusive* plea that, should they be permitted to rest on the Sabbath, they would become more wicked—an idea which facts, under the means of grace, show to be false.

On the Delaware and Hudson Canal, on which are more than seven hundred boats, the experiment has been tried. The directors were told, at first, that should they not open the locks on the Sabbath, the men would congregate in large numbers, and would become more wicked than if they should continue to pursue their ordinary business; but the result is directly the reverse. Since the locks have not been opened, and official business has not been transacted on the Lord's-day, the men have become more moral as well as more healthy, and the interests of all have been manifestly promoted by the change.

Let any class of men enjoy the rest and privileges of the Sabbath, and the effects will prove that it "was made for man," by Him who made man; and who, in view of all its consequences, especially as the great means of giving efficacy to moral government, with truth pronounced it "very good."

On the other hand, take away from man the influence of the Sabbath and its attendant means of grace, and you take away the safeguard of his soul; you bar up the highway of moral influence, and lay him open to the incursions and conquests of Satan and his legions. Thus man becomes an easy prey, and is led captive by the adversary at his will.

Of one hundred men admitted into the Massachusetts State Prison in one year, eighty-nine had lived in habitual violation of the Sabbath and neglect of public worship.

A gentleman in England who was in the habit, for more than twenty years, of daily visiting convicts, states that, almost universally, when brought to a sense of their condition, they lamented their neglect of the Sabbath, and pointed to their violation of it as the *principal cause* of their ruin. That prepared them for, and led them on, step by step, to the commission of other crimes, and finally to the commission of that which brought them to the prison, and often to the gallows. He has letters almost innumerable, he says, from others, proving the same thing, and that they considered the violation of the Sabbath the great cause of their ruin. He has attended three hundred and fifty at the place of execution, when they were put to death for their crimes; and nine out of ten who were brought to a sense of their condition, attributed the greater part of their departure from God to their neglect of the Sabbath.

Another gentleman, who has been conversant with prisoners for more than thirty years, states that he found, in all his experience, both with regard to those who had been capably convicted and those who had

not, that they referred to the violation of the Sabbath as the chief cause of their crimes; and that this has been confirmed by all the opportunities he has had of examining prisoners. Not that this has been the only cause of crime; but, like the use of intoxicating liquors, it has greatly increased public and private immorality, and been the means, in a multitude of cases, of premature death.

Another gentleman, who has had the charge of more than one hundred thousand prisoners, and has taken special pains to ascertain the causes of their crimes, says that he does not recollect a single case of capital offence where the party had not been a Sabbath-breaker. And in many cases they assured him that Sabbath-breaking was the first step in their downward course. Indeed, he says, with reference to prisoners of all classes, *nineteen out of twenty have neglected the Sabbath and other ordinances of religion.* And he has often met with prisoners about to expiate their crimes by an ignominious death, who earnestly enforced upon survivors the necessity of an observance of the Sabbath, and ascribed their own course of iniquity to a non-observance of that day.

Says the keeper of one of the largest prisons, "*Nine-tenths of our inmates are those who did not value the Sabbath, and were not in the habit of attending public worship.*"

It is not so strange, then, if human nature were the same, and the effect of Sabbath-breaking the same, under the Jewish dispensation as it is now, that God should cause the Sabbath-breaker, like the murderer, to be put to death. Sabbath-breaking prepared the way for murder, and often led to it; and it would not be possible to prove that Sabbath-breaking now, is not doing even more injury to the people of the United States than murder.

The secretary of a Prison Discipline Society, who has long been extensively conversant with prisoners, was asked how many persons he supposed there are in State Prisons who observed the Sabbath, and habitually attended public worship up to the time when they committed the crime for which they were imprisoned. He answered, "I do not suppose there are any." An inquiry into the facts, it is believed, would show, with but few exceptions, this opinion to be correct. Men who keep the Sabbath experience the restraining, if not the renewing and sanctifying, grace of God. *When they keep the Sabbath, God keeps them. When they reject the Sabbath, he rejects them; and thus suffers them to eat the fruit of their own way, and to be filled with their own devices.*

A father, whose son was addicted to riding out for pleasure on the Sabbath, was told that, if he did not stop it, his son would be ruined. He did not stop it, but sometimes set the example of riding out for pleasure himself. His son became a man, was placed in a responsible situation, and intrusted with a large amount of property. Soon he was a defaulter, and absconded. In a different part of the country he obtained another responsible situation, and was again intrusted with a large amount of property. Of that he defrauded the owner, and fled again. He was apprehended, tried, convicted, and sent to the State Prison. After years spent in solitude and labour, he wrote a letter to his father, and, after recounting his course of crime, he added, "*That was the effect of breaking the Sabbath when I was a boy.*"

Should every convict who broke the Sabbath when a boy, and whose father set him the example, speak out from all the State Prisons of the country, they would tell a story which would cause the ears of every one that should hear it to tingle.

A distinguished merchant, long accustomed to extensive observation and experience, and who had gained an uncommon knowledge of men, said, "When

I see one of my apprentices or clerks riding out on the Sabbath, on Monday I dismiss him. Such an one cannot be trusted."

Facts echo the declaration—"Such an one cannot be trusted." He is naturally no worse than others. But he casts off fear, lays himself open to the assaults of the adversary, and rejects the means of divine protection. He ventures unarmed into the camp of the enemy, and is made a demonstration to the world of the great truth that "he that trusteth to his own heart is a fool." Not a man in Christendom, whatever his character or standing, can knowingly and presumptuously trample on the Sabbath, devoting it to worldly business, travelling, pleasure, or amusement, and not debase his character, increase his wickedness, and augment the danger that he will be abandoned of God, and given up to final impenitence and ruin.

SOME OF YOUR DUTIES TO YOUR MINISTER.

ADD not to his difficulties. He has his trials as a man; and he has his trials as a Christian; and in addition to both these, he has trials peculiar to his office. Could he have foreseen all at the beginning, he would have been disheartened at the entrance; but his work is, like John's little book, a bitter sweet, and the sweet comes first. You find it hard enough to manage one temper; what must be the task of governing a multitude, including every diversity! After the engagement of years, he would yield to many a temptation to withdraw, but that necessity is laid upon him. Never successful according to his wishes, and sometimes apparently useless, he is often ready to lay down his commission at his Master's feet; to say, "I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought and in vain." Bound to engage at the times appointed, and knowing what is expected from him; in his perplexity arising from choice of subjects, in his barrenness of thought, in his unfitness of feeling, in the study which is a weariness to the flesh, and the exhaustion of spirits gendered by intense application, his heart knoweth his own bitterness. Death worketh in him, but life in you. Encourage him. Welcome his instructions. Yield to his reproofs. Respect that authority which he has received, not for destruction, but edification. "Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves: for they watch for your souls, as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief: for that is unprofitable for you."

A minister must be very mean-spirited, if he regards his salary as alms or benefactions from his people. What they give, they more than receive back in services; and "the labourer is worthy of his hire." Has not God ordained, that they who preach the gospel, should live of the gospel? And is not this law founded in equity and justice? Would not the same talents the man devotes to the service of the sanctuary provide for himself and his family, if employed in secular concerns? This is a delicate point for a minister to handle; and he surely would never bring it forward if he could do justice to

the part of the subject before us without it. But he will resign it as soon as possible; and leave it in the words the Holy Ghost teacheth. Let congregations compare themselves with it, and especially those individuals in them who pay more annually to the most menial of their attendants than to the shepherd of their souls.

"Let him," says the apostle, "be with you without fear." And again: "Know them that labour among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you; and esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake." He means, not only in reward of their work, but in aid of it; for unless you *magnify* his office, you are not likely to be *impressed* by it; and as your regard for the preacher declines, so will your profit by him. Your relation to him is such, that if he is degraded, you are disgraced in him; and if he is honoured, you share in his respectability. Ministers are men; and "the best of men are but men at the best." You are not required to approve of their infirmities, or even to be ignorant of them: but surely you will not be suspicious; you will not invite or welcome reflection and insinuation; nor, like too many, speak of him, or suffer him to be spoken of, before children and servants and strangers, with a levity and freedom far from being adapted to increase or preserve esteem and respect. You will consider his character not only as forming his crown, but as essential to his acceptance and success. "Receive him, therefore in the Lord with all gladness; and hold such in reputation."—*Jay*.

SIN HAS LED US FROM GOD; CHRIST ALONE CAN LEAD US BACK TO GOD.

BY THE REV. JOHN FAIRBAIRN, ALLANTON.

WE have departed from our heavenly Father. This has made us miserable. It is only by a return to God that we can be made happy. It is written, "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." It is natural for the sparks to fly upward. It is as natural for man to be in trouble. The one is as natural and certain as the other. It was not always so with man. To be in trouble was once an unnatural, an impossible thing. Man was created for glory, and honour, and immortality. He was holy, and unmingled felicity was his portion and his experience. He did not long remain in this state. He might have remained in it for ever; but he soon fell from it. His nature was changed; from a holy he became a sinful creature. His condition was changed; from possessing perfect felicity he became the heir of misery. He lost the image of God. Where that is lost, all is lost—all solid peace, all true happiness. Nothing deserves that name except what springs from the love of God, and communion with him. Adam lost this. He lost it for himself—for us also. He represented us in the first covenant. In Adam we all fell. This is painfully manifest in that inheritance of sin and misery to which every one of us is born, and which is matter of daily experience to us.

From this point of divergence from God, how rapidly sin and misery spread amongst the children of men! On the day our first parents ate the forbidden fruit they died. The temporal death was, for a while, suspended; but they died spiritually, which is death in its saddest form. They were expelled from Eden. God drove out the man. "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Murder rose in the first family of mankind. Cain, the subject of dark, ungodly, malignant passions, rose up against his brother, and slew him. Sin grew, and spread. Misery, which is to sin as the leaves and fruit are to the tree, kept equal pace with it. Iniquity came to that pitch, that "it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart. And the Lord said, I will destroy man, whom I have created, from the face of the earth." Noah and his family alone were spared. All the rest perished. The deluge cleared the world of its guilty inhabitants. It did not destroy the root of bitterness that is in the heart of man. The earth was re-peopled. The root of sin sprang up again. Its fruits were as bitter and poisonous as ever.

Suffering is the fruit of sin. Wherever there are sinners there are sufferers. Look into your own heart; consider your own experience; look into your houses, into the houses of your neighbours; you see sin, and the fruit of sin, which is suffering. No condition is exempted. "Wealth does not enjoy a constant serenity. Often, when sailing in a prosperous course, it sinks in a sudden storm. The throne is not an unshaken altitude of power; dangerous tempests coming athwart it pull up its felicity by the roots. Health is not free from vicissitude, unexpected diseases destroy it. Man is like a tree. He is fledged with prosperity, and is stripped of it as a tree is of its leaves." We are strangers and pilgrims on earth, as were our fathers. We soon depart, to return no more.

Each man is born to trouble. So with communities and kingdoms. They inherit the same decay, and are subject to the same miseries as individuals. The pestilence and war overrun them. Corrupt, godless legislation, like a gangrene, eats out their life. The ancient kingdoms have perished. A few wrecks of them only remain. You read of their greatness and renown in history. They are seen and felt no longer upon earth. Their memories flit like a shadow. They are next door to oblivion.

All this evil has happened because we have departed from our heavenly Father. When the prodigal went out from his father's house, he went out high in hope. So with man. When he yielded to the tempter, and went out from God, he was high in hope. He expected an increase of power from the fruit of the forbidden tree. But he soon felt the curse—"On the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." But our sins, which have destroyed our

peace, have not taken from us our immortality. It is still our lot to live for ever. This immortality, which was a chief blessing, sin has changed into the chiefest curse. After we, upon earth, have had our share of suffering, more or less, as shall please the Lord, what have we in prospect for eternity? "A certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries."

We cannot extricate ourselves out of this sad condition. "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" The prisoner in the dungeon cannot break his bonds and escape. We cannot deliver ourselves from the prison-house of sin and misery. The dead man cannot arise from his grave and live. We are dead in trespasses and sins. We cannot make ourselves spiritually alive. Man has struggled after this. He has always been striving to deliver himself from his misery. It is wonderful to contemplate this constantly put forth and continued effort on the part of man. After all his effort, he is as far from the mark as ever. Paul before his conversion was anxious to render himself acceptable in the sight of God. He had a zeal towards God. An ignorant zeal, but a strong and laborious one. The sect of the Pharisees was the strictest sect of the time. He attached himself to it. He was a strict observer of all that was required by the rules of that sect. "After the strictest sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee"—"Concerning the righteousness that is in the law, blameless." He speaks of the punctual, exact observance of the requirements of the ceremonial law; in respect of that, he claimed to be blameless in the sight of man. No one could lay it to his charge that he despised or neglected the outward observance of what that law required. What was true of Paul was true of thousands of his countrymen. He bore witness to it: "I bear them record that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge." Did Paul succeed in bettering his estate? It was a labouring in the fire. After his conversion he felt how matters stood in regard to man's power to extricate himself from sin and suffering. "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Many are now pursuing the same purpose, and working at the same end, some in one way, some in another; some by lopping the branches of sin, without desiring the root of sin to be removed—by seeking a measure of outward conformity to the law of God, without caring about the love of God. Being ignorant of the righteousness of God, they go about to establish their own righteousness. After all their struggle and endeavour, thousands go to endless misery—to that place where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

There is no escape from misery but by a return to our heavenly Father. A way of return has been opened up for us. Our Saviour says, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

Two things are needful for the sinner's return to God. Both of them out of man's reach; beyond man's ability to provide for himself—both graciously provided by the Lord Jesus Christ. An outward

revelation, conveying to us the will of God for our salvation, is necessary. Without the knowledge of the plan of salvation, and the work of redeeming love opened up in this way, we must perish in our ignorance. Our Lord Jesus Christ is "the way" to the Father, because He has satisfied justice—introduced an everlasting righteousness—become the end of the law for righteousness on behalf of all who believe. For believers, Christ Jesus has endured the penalty, and also fulfilled the law. Christ Jesus is also "the truth," because he reveals to us in his holy Word the will and counsel of the Father respecting salvation.

But we stand in need also of an inward enlightenment. Without this the outward means avail not. Without this inward enlightenment, which is the work of the Holy Spirit, the revealed Word remains to us a dead and unprofitable letter: its saving truths misapprehended; its living power unfelt. We require to be taught from above, in order to make us sensible of our lost and ruined condition—that we may trace up all our misery to our sin—that we may give up all righteousness of our own, and accept of the righteousness of God. This is manifest from the fact of many thousands who, with the Word of God in their hands, continue to live in utter carelessness and in open defiance of all the statements of that Word; from the fact of thousands more rejecting Christ—refusing to accept of him as all their hope and salvation—trusting not upon him, but upon their own works and services for justification. Christ Jesus is "the life," inasmuch as he, by his Holy Spirit, quickens every sinner returning to him—communicates that inward enlightenment, without which all is darkness. He is "the life," because, in this way, he leads the sinner to the understanding of the Scriptures, and to the cordial receiving of all that they teach into the heart. There is no other approach to the Father except by Christ—except through that salvation which Christ's work has purchased, which his Word reveals, and which his Spirit applies to all whom he enlightens or teaches. Every other way is a false way. Every other way leads, not to the Father, but farther and farther from him. You may have tried other ways. You may try many more. Instead of bringing you nearer to God, they will lead you farther from him. So long as you pursue any other way, you disparage the way of God, and thus add incalculably to your guilt. Christ is the way, the truth, and the life. If you come to him, you shall never perish. If not, your destruction is sealed: it is already foretold in the Word of God, and the sad experience of it shall soon be yours.

Christ Jesus holds out many infinitely strong encouragements to sinners to come to him. How he restrains his judgments—how he longs after their return! "Why will ye die, O house of Israel?" Is any one convinced of sin?—does any one feel that sin is a sure destruction—an evil he cannot cure; which has destroyed his peace, and shut him out from God?—does he feel an incipient desire to return to God, and to return by the way God has appointed, but is, at the same time, troubled with the

thought that possibly he may not be received? If he had but a sweet look from Christ—one word of direct encouragement from him—does he feel as if that would be life to him? He has much of what he so ardently desires. Many sweet looks—many direct encouragements. Christ's countenance looks towards him with ineffable love. Christ's words to him are burning coals of love. Christ's desire towards him is far stronger than his can be towards Christ. He would have a token for good; Christ gives him a thousand. Christ frowns upon all that discourages him. Christ plucks the tongue out of every guilty and sharply accusing fear; above and beyond all that, he adds entreating to invitation, and tenderest expostulation to both. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"—"And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

HINDU DEVOTIONS.

(From the Letter of a Missionary)

A FEW days since I had occasion to go into the shop of a Parsi, with whom I am considerably acquainted. It was in the afternoon, and I found him standing on the steps of his shop, with his face toward the setting sun, busily engaged in repeating his prayers. Many people were passing along the street just before him; but this seemed to cause him no concern, unless when he had occasion to bow to some acquaintance. When I turned to enter his shop, he gave me a very cordial salutation, bowing and waving his hand for me to enter, but all the time repeating his prayers as rapidly as ever. Perceiving that no one was present in the shop to attend to me, he clapped his hands several times, making a loud noise, the object of which seemed to be well understood by the family, as his son, a young man of about twenty years of age, came running into the shop.

I asked him the price of the article which I had come to purchase; when he, being in doubt, went and inquired of his father, who, with the fore-finger of the right hand, wrote upon the palm of the other the price to be charged. The young man then came back and told what his father had said; but the price being extravagant I objected to it, and told him what I would give. The young man, not feeling at liberty to act on his own responsibility, went and reported my offer to his father, who shook his head, and again wrote on his hand, as before, a sum considerably less than that first mentioned. The young man again came and stated the price now asked; which being still very unreasonable, I was about to leave, but said I would give him the sum offered at first, if he chose to take it.

• The young man again hastened to his father with my offer, and as he shook his head at this I passed out at another door, leaving him re-

peating his prayers as busily as ever. While I remained, he appeared much interested in what was passing in the shop; and although praying with his face in an opposite direction, he every moment turned so far about as to catch a glance of us, and observe what we were doing.

The person here mentioned is an intelligent, shrewd business man; but, alas, how blind in regard to spiritual matters! He readily acknowledged that we are indebted to God for every thing; but I have often seen him, early in the morning, bowing reverently in succession to the different articles in his shop, muttering over something at the same time. This is done from a superstitious belief that it may secure him good prices and prosperous business.

TRIALS EXPECTED.

A SHORT time before the death of Queen Anne, as Bishop Burnet was riding slowly in his coach, round that part of Smithfield whence so many blessed martyrs ascended to heaven, he observed a gentleman standing on the distinguished spot, in a musing, pensive attitude, and seemingly quite absorbed in thought. His lordship ordered the carriage to stop, and sent his servant to the person, with a request that he would come to his coach side. He did so, and proved to be Dr. Evans, a very eminent Dissenting minister, of whom the bishop had some knowledge. "Brother Evans," said the prelate, "give me your hand, and come up hither, I want to ask you a question." The doctor being seated, and the coachman ordered to continue driving round as before, the bishop asked the doctor, "what it was that directed his steps to Smithfield? And what he was thinking of while standing there?" "I was thinking," answered the other, "of the many servants of Christ who sealed the truth by their lives in this place. I came purposely to feast my eyes, once more, with a view of that precious spot of ground. And as public matters have, at present, a very threatening aspect, I was examining myself, whether I had grace and strength enough to suffer for the gospel, if I should be called to it, and was praying to God that he would make me faithful even to death, if it should be his pleasure to let the old times come over again." "I myself came hither," replied the prelate, "on the same business; I am persuaded that, if God's providence do not interpose, very speedily, and almost miraculously, these times will, and must, shortly return. In which case, you and I shall probably be two of the first victims that are to suffer death at that place," pointing to the paved centre.

But it pleased God to disappoint their fears, by giving a sudden turn to national affairs; within a few weeks Queen Anne was gathered to her fathers, and King George I. was proclaimed.

MISTAKES AS TO JUDGMENTS.

KING CHARLES II. once said to John Milton, "Do not you think your blindness is a judgment upon you for having written in defence of my father's murder?" "Sir," answered the poet, "it is true I have lost my eyes; but, if all calamitous providences are to be considered as judgments, your majesty should remember that your royal father lost his head."

NEARNESS TO CHRIST.

It is but a small thing to see Christ in a book, as men see the world in a map; but to come near unto Christ, to love him and embrace him, is quite another thing.—*Rutherford.*

Let Diotrephes say, It is good for me to have the pre-eminence; let Judas say, It is good for me to bear the bag; let Demas say, It is good for me to embrace the present world; but do thou, O my soul, say with David, It is good for me to draw near to God!—*Arrowsmith.*

GOD'S GREATEST GRACE.

It is a greater act of grace for God to work conversion in a sinner than to crown that conversion with glory. It is more gracious and condescending in a prince to marry a poor damsel, than having married her to clothe her like a princess. He was free to do the first or not, but her relation to him pleads strongly for the other. God might have chosen whether he would have given thee grace or no; but having done this, thy relation to him, and his covenant with thee in his Son, do oblige him to add more and more, until he hath fitted thee as a bride for himself in glory.—*Gurnall.*

TRUST IN TRIAL.

THE Christian must trust in a withdrawing God. The boldness of faith ventures into God's presence as Ahasuerus', when no smile is to be seen on his face, no golden sceptre of the promise perceived by the soul. Yea, faith trusts not only in a withdrawing, but in a killing God. Now, for a soul to make its approaches unto God by a recumbency of faith, even while God seems to fire upon it, and shoots his frowns like envenomed arrows into it, is hard work, and will try the Christian to purpose. Yet such a masculine spirit we find in that poor woman of Canaan who, as it were, took up the bullets which Christ shot at her, and with a humble boldness of faith sent them back again to him in her prayers.—*Gurnall.*

Faith is the soul going out of itself for all it wants.—*Boston.*

Fragments.

DECREES OF GOD.—A cockle-fish may as soon crowd the ocean into its narrow shell, as vain man ever comprehend the decrees of God.

DEFAMATION.—How harmless is defamation from a fellow-creature, when the great Creator smiles!

FEAR.—Herod feared John, and did many things. Had he feared God, he would have laboured to have done everything.—*Gurnall.*

He that lives without fear shall die without hope.—*Dyer.*

HEAVENLY-MINDEDNESS.—The higher a bird flies, the more out of danger he is; and the higher a Christian soars above the world, the safer are his comforts.—*Sparke.*

AN OBJECTION TO FAMILY WORSHIP ANSWERED.

"I HAVE not time to spare, for myself and family, to pray twice every day: this would be a hindrance to me in my calling."

Answer 1. Not time, man? What! not to pray! How justly might God say, "Thou shalt die this day, and thou shalt have no time to pray; no, nor to trade, neither; nor to sport and game neither!" Thou hast time; what dost thou do with it all? Twenty, forty years are a great deal of time, and much might be done therein; but canst thou find no time out of so many years to pray in thine house? Thou findest time to trade, and work, and eat, and drink, and sleep, yea, and to sin too; and yet hast thou no time to pray? Doth God give thee and thy family all the time that thou and they have, and shall God have none of it? O ungrateful sinner! O unthankful wretch! Let the heavens be astonished, and the earth amazed—the one, that they give light and influence to such a monster; and the other, to bear such a burden, a man so laden with impiety!

2. Why dost thou gripe and grasp so much worldly business, and burden thyself and family with so many earthly employments, and then cry out thou hast no time? If thou canst not trade so much, and pray in thy family too; trade somewhat less, that thou mayest have time to pray. Cannot you get food and raiment while you live, and a winding-sheet and coffin when you die, without so great a trade, that you have no time to pray? Or will you say, "We must mind more than food and raiment?" And must you not mind heaven too? and look after Christ and grace and your souls too? What if you be rich while you live, and damned when you die? Is your heart so set upon the world, that you must have it, though you have hell and damnation with it?

3. What will you do with those worldly riches which you are so eager to obtain? or what can they do for you? Will you take them with you to your graves, or carry them with you to another world? You know you cannot. (Job i. 13–21; Eccles. v. 15.) No, not so much as to fill your hand. It was a ridiculous action of a rich man, that Mr. Rogers, in his "Treatise of Love," speaks of, that, being very sick to death, called for his gold; and it being brought to him, he took a twenty-shilling piece and put in his mouth, saying, "Some are

wiser than some; this I will take with me, however." If some were not wiser than he they would all be fools; for he and his gold might perish together: though it may be likely that, when he was dead, his gold was taken from him; and so, in his own sense, he was not wiser than others. But will gold go in heaven or in hell? There it is nothing worth. When you have got much by your trading, which keeps you from praying, will it not make you loath to die, having laid up no better treasure elsewhere? and vex you to the heart, that for this you have lost God, and Christ, and heaven, and your souls, and your riches too at last? As Mr. Latimer, in a sermon before King Edward VI., relates of a rich man that was sick; and one, coming to him and seeing how he was, told him he thought he could not recover, but was a dead man; who presently flew into a rage, saying, "Must I die? Send for the physician! wounds! sides! heart! Must I die? Must I die? wounds! sides! heart! Must I die, and leave all my riches?" and so continued crying out in this language till he died. And are these the things you are so earnest for, that you can find no time to pray for better? A like passage Mr. Jeremy Burroughs, on Psalm xvii. 14, relates of one that once lived near to him, that being sick, called for his bags of silver, and hugging them in his arms, said, "Must I leave you? must I leave you?" Pray for an interest in God and Christ; and when you die, being his and he yours, you shall not leave him, but be taken into fuller enjoyment of him. Consider again; as you cannot take them with you when you die, so these things cannot comfort you in your sickness. As the same author mentions another, that on his sick bed called for his bags of gold; which being brought he laid to his breast as near his heart as he could; but after a while said, "Here, take them again! take them again! These will not do—these will not do!" "What! will not bags of gold do?" No; they are trash and dirt to a dying man. "What! will they not do?" They will not procure health to a sick man, nor prolong life to a dying man, nor speak peace to a troubled man, nor procure heaven for a graceless man. No, no! it will not do—it will not do! and you shall find it will not do. And are these the things you are so bent upon, that you have no time, for looking after these, to pray to God

for something that would do you good while you live, when you die, and after death? Consider, and be wiser.

4. It is a great mistake that prayer will hinder you in your worldly callings. To drive a trade for heaven and on earth, may both be done. You cannot love both with a predominate love, nor serve both as principal masters; but you may work for one, and pray for the other. When you are in a journey, doth it hinder you to stay and bait? If you were travelling far, if you bait daily, you may come there in time; but if you did not bait at all, you would never get thither. It is a true proverb, "Prayer and provender hinder no man." Surely, you forget that the success of all your labours depends upon the blessing and providence of God. Cannot God blast your endeavours, and blow upon your estates, and cause you to "put it into a bag with holes?" (Hag. i. 6.) Nothing is more likely to further you than prayer.

5. Tell me, in good earnest, and let thy conscience speak, Dost thou not mis-spend more time every day than this duty would take up? Art thou not longer in some impertinent company, and longer in some unnecessary business, or lingering and loitering at home or abroad, or at some club or other, longer than family-prayer may be profitably performed; and yet dost thou say, thou hast no time?

6. What if God should visit thy family with some lasting sickness, and take thee and thy servants too from your work and callings, and make you spend that time in sickness in your beds from your labour which you would not spend in prayer? Must you find a time to be sick and die, and yet find no time to pray?

7. Wilt thou tell God so, when thou standest at his judgment-seat? Which of you is the man (stand forth!), that shall be accused at the bar of God, that he did not pray to God in his family, that will now say he will give God this answer then?—"Lord, I was so employed in the world, and my family too, that we had no leisure for thy service." "No! not to look after heaven? nor to seek my favour and my love? nor to beg for pardon and salvation? Go, get you gone! Go, get you down to a place of torment! Though you could find no time to pray to me, I will find an eternity to plague and punish you!"

8. Are you the better for your riches, when you have by this labour got them? or do you work so hard, and spend your time, even all your time, for such things, that, when you

have them, you are no better? You account him the best man in the parish that hath the most riches, and is the greatest; but so doth not God: no, the heathens would not neither; but he that is most holy, and loves God best, and serves him most. Those are goods indeed, that make you good indeed; but you are the worse, by how much you spend your time, more precious than all in time you get, with the neglect of your duties unto God.

9. What, if thou shouldst some time sustain some loss in thy outward estate, if it be made up with the favour of God, and true peace of conscience in the way of duty, and with the real advantage of thy own soul, and the souls of all thy family? Canst thou be willing to lose nothing for the gaining of heaven? or hadst thou rather that thou and they should lose God, and Christ, and glory, and souls, and all? Surely, when you come to cast up your accounts, what you have got, and what you have lost, your gains will prove your loss.

10. If God should bring back some from the grave and hell, and set them in this world again, dost thou think that they would so follow the world, and run up and down after money, that they would say, they could find no time to pray that they might escape that dreadful place of torment which they had been in? If some of those that had been in hell but a month or two, were now in thy circumstances, dost thou think they would not let their work stand still, or rise the sooner, and sit up the later, or would deny themselves much of their eating-time and sleeping-time, that they might have time to pray—"Lord, let us not go down to hell again? O let us not return to the place which we have found to be so restless and so dreadful!" And shouldst not thou be as much, and often, and as earnest, with thy family, that neither thou nor any of thine be cast into it?

Biographical Sketch.

THE REV. CRADOCK GLASCOTT.

THE Rev. Cradock Glascott was born about the year 1742, in Wales. Both his parents were persons fearing God. His father was an intimate friend of the brothers John and Charles Wesley, and his name appears as one of the seven who met at Bristol in the year 1746, at the third general conference in connection with these eminent men. We have before us a letter written by him to his son, which evinces a sound understanding and genuine piety; it is dated, Bristol, Feb. 9, 1773. He says:—

I greatly rejoice to find that you are faithful in the work that the Lord hath called you to. Go on and prosper. The Lord be with you; and may you live to glorify the Lord Jesus Christ, is the earnest desire of your dear father. . . . My desire is to be more and more in the fear and favour of my God, and in the knowledge and love of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Mr. Glascott has often in the pulpit alluded to the pious care of his mother, in storing his infant memory with hymns and other forms of devotion, and in teaching him the great Christian duty of private prayer, so that his mind was impressed with some sense of divine things in early youth. Being, however, placed at a public school, these impressions soon wore away, and he became vain and addicted to youthful vices. On leaving school he entered Jesus College, Oxford, where he continued till he was ordained, and took his degree of A.M. It was in about the twenty-second year of his age, by reading, it is believed, Young's "Night Thoughts," that his mind became deeply and permanently affected with eternal realities, and received that divine impulse which continued to influence and adorn his life to its close. It appears to have been on this interesting occasion that the following letter was written to him by his father's friend, the Rev. J. Wesley:—

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, May 11, 1764.

Dear Sir,—It is an unspeakable blessing that God has given you to taste the powers of the world to come; and he is willing to give always what he gives once. You need lose nothing of what you have received, rather expect to receive more every moment—grace upon grace; and be not content till you are a Christian altogether—till your soul is all love—till you can rejoice evermore; and pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks. If you are not already, it may be of use to you to be acquainted with Mr. Crosse of Edmund Hall. He has a sound judgment and an excellent temper; and you have need of every help, that you may not lose what God hath wrought, but may have a full reward. A little tract, wrote by Bishop Bull, entitled "A Companion for Candidates for Holy Orders," was of much service to me. In order to be well acquainted with the doctrines of Christianity, you need but one book (besides the New Testament)—Bishop Pearson on the Creed; this I advise you to read and master thoroughly—it is a library in one volume. But above all, be much in prayer, and God will withhold no manner of thing that is good.—I am your affectionate servant,
J. WESLEY.

After receiving deacon's orders at Christ's Church, Oxford, Mr. Glascott obtained the curacy of Chevely, in Berkshire. Here he had two churches, about three or four miles asunder, to serve every Sabbath. He often spoke of the very remarkable contrast which these two churches exhibited. One was regularly crowded with attentive hearers, and the divine blessing appeared to accompany the word preached; whilst the other was thinly attended, and the congregation were listless and formal. Among the first fruits of his ministry, was the conversion to God of a numerous and respectable

family in this parish. He was called on to visit a sick person; most of the family assembled in the chamber, while he conversed and prayed with the sick; the whole were remarkably affected, and from that time became truly religious. Upwards of twenty years afterwards, Mr. Glascott had the satisfaction to learn that they all continued to walk according to the gospel.

While in this curacy, he went to London to receive priest's orders; and calling on Mr. Whitefield, mentioned the object of his visit to town, and that he was then on his way to wait on the bishop or his chaplain. "Where," said Mr. Whitefield, "are your canonicals?" "I am not aware," replied Mr. Glascott, "that it is necessary I should appear in them." "Certainly," said Mr. Whitefield; "you shall have my gown; the olfactory nerves of the bishop are not so acute as that he will smell * heresy in my gown." Mr. Glascott robed accordingly, and received ordination in Mr. Whitefield's gown. The bishop, instead of smelling heresy, paid him marked attention, as there were few, if any, of the other candidates who were so attired.

Mr. Glascott continued at Chevely but two years; his zealous mode of preaching gave offence, and he was deprived of the curacy.

About this time he was introduced to the notice of Lady Huntingdon, and becoming one of her Ladyship's chaplains, was, together with a few other eminent clergymen, employed by her to itinerate through various parts of the kingdom to preach wherever opportunity offered—either in church, in Dissenting or Methodist meeting-houses, or in the open air. Immense multitudes frequently attended; and sometimes a hostile spirit was manifested, and acts of violence were resorted to. On one such occasion Mr. Glascott was met in the environs of a town in the north of England by a mob, who, having dismounted him from his horse, appeared at a loss what to do with him. Various measures of insult and violence were proposed: at length, a man arrived with a bucket filled with blood from a butcher's slaughter-house, and proposed to baptize him therewith; to this they all consented, and having poured the contents of the bucket on his head, they appeared satisfied, and left him to proceed without further molestation. During the whole of this furious assault his mind was perfectly composed, and he sustained no injury further than the soiling of his person and clothes with the blood. But more frequently the large congregations that assembled to hear him were remarkably attentive and serious, and the divine influence was manifested, so that many were added to Christ's spiritual Church. There are some letters still extant, written by Mr. Glascott to Lady Huntingdon, during an itineracy in the

* Alluding to a saying of Bp. Bayne, that he could always smell a heretic.

north of England in the year 1781—the last, in fact, of his travels in this way. These letters are curious and interesting. A few extracts from them will not be unacceptable:—

Through the kind protection of the blessed God, I got safe to Worcester on Saturday, 7th instant (July). The next morning I preached on Heb. x. 35. Afterwards I administered the sacrament, and humbly hope we had some gracious appearances of the divine presence. In the afternoon I had the pulpit at St. Peter's, and attempted to set forth the inestimable blessings of redemption, from Job xix. 25. . . . On Wednesday the 11th, I called on our old friend, Mr. Fletcher,* who received me with great cordiality. He rode about his parish, and in about an hour after my arrival the church was nearly full. My subject was the liberty of the gospel, from Gal. 5. 1. I principally endeavoured to show that our justification through the righteousness of Christ, maintained and experienced in the heart, was the only foundation for every degree of holiness. M'G—, his curate, very civilly accompanied me the next day on my way to Wolverhampton, and there I met with an unexpected occurrence, which was permission to preach in one of Mr. W—y's pulpits. The next morning, I went with a friend or two to see a new painting over the communion table in one of the churches; it represents the taking down of our blessed Lord from the cross. Several persons were present on the same occasion with us, and I had a good opportunity of describing to them the great end of our Saviour's death and resurrection. They seemed much struck with what they heard and saw, and I hope it may prove a favourable opening for my preaching in the market-place in that town next Sunday. . . . On Sunday the 15th, I began the day at Wednesbury, where the meeting was quite crowded. In the afternoon I preached out of doors to at least two thousand, and in the evening at Bilston to nearly the same number. . . . I am engaged to preach at Darleston, Walsal, Dudley, Bromwick, and Birmingham; and on Sunday the 29th, at Wolverhampton, Wednesbury, and Walsal. *In almost all these places, if the weather is favourable, a table will be my pulpit, the canopy of the heavens my sounding-board; and oh! that Jesus may preside in our assemblies; that his glory may be seen, and his almighty arm revealed in the salvation of poor sinners!* At Darleston, on Monday the 16th, we had at least fifteen hundred of the poor colliers and nailers; my subject was, "Behold, he prayeth!" (Acts ix. 11.) And I humbly hope a small degree of that divine power that overcame Paul's pride and infidelity, on his way to Damascus, rested upon us, if we may judge from the serious attention, many tears, and the hearty *amens* of the dear people. . . . On Wednesday the 18th, I mounted my old rostrum in the streets of Dudley, and, blessed be God, had some degree of liberty and feeling in setting forth the astonishing sufferings and humiliation of the Son of God, and the glorious consequences to himself and sinners, from Phil. ii. 8: "And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." The congregation was computed to be two thousand. We had no kind of interruption, but all appeared solemn and attentive. One of them said to his companions after it was over, "I will hear this preacher no more, for he comes too near me." . . . On Thursday the 19th, we had a large assembly before Mr. W—'s door, at Bromwick Heath, and I was enabled to speak closely to professors, of the importance and necessity of a holy walk and conversation,

* This was Fletcher at Madely.

from evangelical principles. . . . At six the next morning (Sunday 22d), my kind friend Mr. W— accompanied me to Wolverhampton. Many threats had been given out by some of the town that I should not be permitted to preach in the market-place; and being told they had disturbed, and pulled down with violence one of Mr. W—y's preachers who had made the same attempt, I cannot say but I felt some shameful cowardice; but I was determined not to yield to it, and committing myself to His hands, whose I am and whom I serve, I stood up at the place appointed, and had not sung above a verse of that excellent hymn, "How sad our state by nature is," but the people came pouring down from all quarters, and I think we had the largest congregation I have yet seen since I left Bristol. Instead of riot and confusion, we had silence and attention, and no attempt whatever to disturb us. I endeavoured to explain and enforce the alarming words of Christ, Luke xii. 40. From what I saw and felt, I was thankful to my blessed Lord for the opportunity, and wished, if my other engagements would have permitted, to have given them another sermon; but do hope my dear fellow-labourers will have compassion on that populous town, where many thousands are perishing for lack of knowledge. . . . In the afternoon I went to Wednesbury, and attempted to set forth the wondrous work of our God and Saviour in creation, providence, and redemption, and our duty to look on with humility, delight, and praise, from Judg. xiii. 19. In the evening I stood up in the streets of Walsal, and pointed out, in the most forcible manner I could, the guilt and misery of mankind, and the only method of their recovery and salvation by Jesus Christ, from Isa. liii. 6. The far greater part of the people behaved with much decency, and some seemed remarkably struck with the charge I brought against them of having broken all the commandments, which I endeavoured to prove from the Word of God, their confessions in the Prayer-book, and by an appeal to their own consciences. Mr. J—, the Independent minister of that town, received me as a brother. He seems of an excellent spirit, and goes on with unwearied zeal and diligence in his Master's work. . . . The congregation at the last place was supposed to be two thousand, but by no means so large as at Wednesbury. I was not a little exhausted in the evening, but was somewhat impressed with a sense of the distinguishing mercies conferred on so unworthy a creature. To have strength and opportunity to preach the gospel of peace to so many thousands of precious souls who attend upon the word, and to have any small appearances of the divine favour, together with the kindness and hospitality of our friends in the different places, laid me low at His feet from whose bounty and sovereign grace these blessings and honours flow. . . . May the presence of the Lord go with me! then labour is easy, pain is sweet, and life or death is gain. . . . I desire to be thankful to our gracious Lord for health and strength to go on in the delightful work in which I am at present engaged. To preach in the itinerant way is, I am persuaded, not only agreeable to the will of God, but singularly adapted for spreading divine light and knowledge among the poor and ignorant. . . . On Friday 27th, I got safe to this town (Nottingham), and preached in a very large meeting-house, and gave notice I should take up my stand in the market-place on the following Sunday, viz., the 29th, which was also inserted in one of the weekly papers the next day. At eight in the morning we had at least two thousand; and though I felt a painful pressure on my breast whilst preaching, yet the Lord gave me such liberty, on Luke xxiv. 32, that,

blessed be his name, there seemed to be silence and solemnity in the congregation. In the afternoon, I preached again in the meeting-house, and at the market-cross in the evening, where I think we had the largest congregation I ever saw. They were thought, at a moderate computation, to be not less than five thousand; and, what is very desirable, a good degree of seriousness and attention was visible in the whole assembly, and some few were much affected. I endeavoured to set before them the dreadful consequences of their having broken the law of God, and the infinite love of Christ, who became a curse for us, to redeem us from the curse of the law. The Lord was graciously pleased to afford me more than usual freedom and authority in delivering my message, and I do sincerely hope some precious souls will bless God for that opportunity. When I first began I was so hoarse that I almost despaired of being heard by one half of the people; but my voice soon became clear and strong, and my poor heart bold and free to proclaim the dying love and atonement of a precious Saviour. I was so encouraged by the delightful prospect of winning some souls to Christ as determined me to spend another Sunday with them. . . . We returned to Ripley, and after drinking tea at the inn, where we had an opportunity of speaking to two young women on the advantages of true religion, who were much surprised and I hope impressed with the weight of the subject, I went to the green before the door (having previously despatched two lads to give notice of my preaching), and began to talk to the people in the plainest manner I could. Many of them seemed remarkably attentive. I felt a tender concern for their souls, and after commending them to God and the word of his grace, I published my brother H—for that day fortnight. . . . On Friday the 3d, I returned to Nottingham, and preached in the meeting-house. I was rather shut up in spirit; but a judicious friend told me afterwards that himself and some others were much refreshed; which was a great comfort to me. A young woman called to inform me that seven years ago she received a blessing from my preaching, and has attended the gospel ever since. Another friend told me that several had joined Mr. Wesley's society, who were first awakened at the market-cross the same year; and Mr. H— has just now been with me, to let me know that a remarkable backslider belonging to his congregation had been struck last Monday under the Word; and that prejudices were removed from others. . . . May the God of Abraham attend me with his gracious presence; and afford your ladyship abundant consolation in hearing of the prosperity of Zion, and that the dominion of Satan in the hearts of many poor sinners is overthrown by the preaching of the cross of Christ this summer. . . . On the ensuing Sabbath I preached at the cross (Nottingham), at eight in the morning; in a large meeting-house at eleven; and at the cross again at six in the evening. The congregations were much larger than on the preceding Sunday, and I bless God I was carried through the labours of the day with some degree of liberty and delight. . . . On Monday the 6th, I had a most delightful ride to Newark; the greater part of my road lay near the banks of the Trent, and the many pleasing objects in my view raised my thoughts to Him from whom all the beauties of creation flow, and in whom all human and divine excellences centre.

The recollection of the years of his itinerancy always produced sensations of pleasure in the mind of Mr. Glascott. We remember being with him about the year 1816, at Shebbear,

where he preached in the church on a weekday evening to a large and attentive congregation. Just before the commencement of the service, we were walking in the clergyman's garden, when, on seeing some groups of people coming in over the opposite hill towards the church, with great emotion he directed my attention to the circumstance, exclaiming, "Ah! this reminds me of good old times, when multitudes used to be seen coming down over the mountains of Wales from all directions, for miles around, to hear the word of God." Not long before his death, in conversation with a friend he said, "Some persons, in reviewing my past labours, would look upon that portion of my time which I spent as an itinerant as the most disagreeable parenthesis in my life; but I do not think so. I look back on it with feelings of much satisfaction, being assured that the Lord was with me." His direct connection with Lady Huntingdon as an itinerant subsisted about fourteen years. For above twenty years after his settlement at Hatherleigh, however, he continued annually to visit Bath and London, preaching in her Ladyship's chapels at each place six weeks in the year. The Bath journey he relinquished a few years before the London; the latter he continued till his seventieth year, when being arrived at the age of man, "it is time," said he, "to retire to garrison." At both places his labours were highly appreciated and successful. We remember, on going to Spa Fields Chapel some years after Mr. Glascott had relinquished his visits, before the commencement of the service we inquired of a stranger who sat near us, "Are you in the habit of frequenting this place of worship?" "Yes," he replied. "Did you know a clergyman of the name of Glascott, who formerly preached here?" "I have reason," said he, "to remember him. It was a sermon which he preached in this place that was the means of my conversion to God; and many others as well as myself have reason to bless God for his ministry here." It will not be inappropriate here to introduce a letter from good old Berridge of ^{the}Everton. He was one of Mr. Glascott's early associates and correspondents—rather eccentric in his style and manner, but of eminent piety and usefulness.*

We may remark here, in passing, that Southey, in his *Life of Wesley*, attributes to the pen of Berridge a contemptible satire on Wesley, which appeared in the *Gospel Magazine* of that day. Mr. Glascott, who, from his intimate knowledge of Berridge, was very competent to speak on the subject, has often said that Southey was mistaken, it was not the production of Berridge.

Tabernacle, Moorfields, January 28, 1788.

My dear old Friend,—I am coming to fetch you up to London, and you must not say me Nay. The

* It has been stated on good authority, that in one year he was visited by a thousand different persons under serious impressions.

cause of God requires your attendance here. We are delivered from two high priests who were grown *tyrannical*. God removed one by death; and the other removed himself, who laid a trap to catch the trustees, but it went off the wrong way and caught himself. Tottenham hearers are somewhat fond of prunello, and there is none for them now, but an old gown of mine; which, like the wearer, is almost worn out. Your preaching is very acceptable at the chapels, the hearers are simple-hearted—none more so; and you can surely make the congregation hear your voice as easily as old John, who has not a single tooth left in his mouth. The trustees would be glad to engage you for six or eight weeks every year, or if that cannot be, as often as you can; but your presence will really be needful when I return to Everton on the 18th of March, and you will then be at liberty. You will dwell at Tabernacle, in a comfortable chamber with all needful refreshments, and a coach to convey you to and from Tottenham, and a gratuity for your labours. I beseech you, therefore, my dear brother, for the love of Christ, and for the good of the chapels, that you will not let any seeming difficulty prevent your coming. Only come, and the Lord will bless your soul, and make you a blessing. Send me word you will come, and that will rejoice the hearts of many, as well as your truly affectionate friend,
JOHN BERRIDGE.

For the Rev. C. Glascott,
Lady Huntingdon's Chapel, Bath.

(To be continued.)

HINTS TO YOUNG PREACHERS.

THERE are some whose whole aim seems to terminate in their being *original* preachers. They must have something *new*; and in order to find it, will strike out into the unimportant and unprofitable. What is solid and useful is often rejected, because it is common and well known. But it should be remembered that usefulness is the end of preaching; that the most common truths are the most profitable; that our hearers are already too fond of speculations and fancies, that bear not on the heart and life; that we should endeavour to recall their attention to truths, which, though slighted, ought to be as interesting as they are momentous; that there is no new revelation to be expected, nor even any fresh doctrines to be discovered in the old one; and therefore that, with regard to us, originality of *subject* ought to be out of the question: and that all the honour of this kind we can claim, consists in new and pleasing combinations, arrangements, and exemplifications of old, simple, and well-known principles; the preaching of which, in the beginning of the gospel, converted the world from Paganism, at the Reformation delivered the nations from Popery, and is now the power of God to salvation to every one that believeth. For want of considering that this is the only legitimate novelty and variety belonging to their public office, young ministers have often become unacceptable and unedifying. The body of the people would have been satisfied with useful and evangelical matter, however plainly delivered, but they were disappointed of their

food, by efforts at peculiarity: a few individuals, of more sense than piety, would have been pleased with a display of really superior intellect, but they were disappointed of their gratification, and withdrew disgusted by inadequate attempts to shine; and thus has the trifler fallen through between both parties.

It would be well to remember the remark which Johnson, in his *Life of Cowley*, applies to the metaphysical authors, and which is still more true in reference to scriptural subjects, every one of which has been so frequently examined: "These writers who lie on the watch for novelty, could have little hope of greatness; for great things cannot have escaped former observation." It would be well also to recollect, even in this borrowed sense, the adage of the apostle, "Every man in his own order." If we follow what is natural, though it may not render us popular, it will keep us from being ridiculous. It is better to effect well what is within our grasp, than to beckon people together to see us fall into a ditch, by reaching after fruit that requires longer arms.

Elegance is minute beauty, pleasing propriety. Simplicity is essential to it. Hence the line of Cowper, who was himself the finest instance of it—

"——— Elegant as is simplicity."

It is the same in style as what is called chasteness in painting, and which is the opposite to exuberance and glare. An indiscriminate and unsparing application of florid colours may daub a sign-post, but will not be admitted into the gallery. It is the same as gracefulness in apparel: which is inconsistent not only with slovenliness, but with gaudery. A well-dressed gentleman is very distinguishable from an harlequin. See an elegant female enter a garden. From the profusion of the borders, she seeks an assortment of beauty. Her eye guides her hand. She gathers, but not all that comes in her way. She selects, and the choice discovers her taste. She arranges, and the order equally displays it. The several parts aid each other by their hue, and by their position. Though brought together, there is no crowding; though diverse, there is no confusion; though adjusted, no formality;—they open, and wave, and retain a natural appearance, even in this artificial state. But another walks on, gathers, because they are flowers—thinks she can never have enough, and leaves off, because the hand can squeeze no more. She binds it—it is a bundle of flowers; but the former is a nosegay.

A love of genuine simplicity is, perhaps, the best proof of an approximation to mental maturity. But there is an infantile state, during which gaudiness and glitter, shining metaphors, and poetical prose are preferred to it.

Nearly the same may be said with regard to what is *ingenious*. That which distinguishes the true from the spurious is this: the effect ap-

appears natural as soon as it is produced, though it was not obvious before; and the reader or hearer wonders that he had not been able to achieve himself what now seems so plain. Thus Milton, in referring to the consequence of Satan's advice in the counsel:—

"The invention all admir'd, and each how he
To be the inventor miss'd; so easy it seem'd
Once found, which yet unfound, most would have thought
Impossible."

If this statement be just, there is much that would pass for the effect of genius that abides not the test. If the thoughts are surprising, they are not natural: and instead of being easy, they require labour to comprehend and retain them, as well as to produce them. They may indicate learning, and display knowledge, but they do not fascinate, so that a man cannot disengage his mind from the charm! they do not dissolve him, so that all his feelings are melted into a sympathy of delight with the subject! And here again it is no unusual thing for young preachers to err. They value things according to the labour they cost them, and expect others to do the same; and after straining and polishing, wonder at the little interest they have been able to excite; while others by a touch will electrify. The mind is in the best state for composition when it is full of feeling, but at ease, insensible of great expectations from it, and unapprehensive of difficulty. A man may run himself out of breath with his eyes in the air; the flowers are at his feet.—*Jay.*

CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY NO LOSS.

A PLAIN DIALOGUE

Between James, a member of the Free Church; Ralph, a member of the Secession Church; and John, a member of no Church.

John.—These are certainly extraordinary doings on the part of you Free Kirk folks. The sums of money collected for all purposes are astonishing; figures representing so much cash received are very different things from figures of speech. I have just been looking, James, at your third year's report, and I confess that I cannot but wonder that ye are not so pinched with poverty that necessity at least and at last, is not compelling you to withhold your subscription.

James.—Indeed, John, if I had been acting as you are acting, I would have come to the same conclusion; but there is nothing so utterly out of the way of all experience, in the augmenting income of the Free Kirk for the cause of God upon the earth. I see the income of the United Secession Church during the past year, for Foreign Missions alone, is upwards of ten thousand pounds; and I confidently hope that when the present transition, on her part and that of the Relief, is consummated, from co-operation to incorporation, the first year of the United Church will report for Foreign Missions twenty thousand pounds.

Ralph.—Truly, James, I hope your anticipations will be realized. This is the Bible way to provoke one another to love and to good works. I have enjoyed the privilege of giving for the advancement of Christ's kingdom all my days; and I know many ways in which I have impoverished myself and my household, but experience forbids me to say that this is one.

John.—You people would make one believe that the way to become rich is to give handfuls of money away. Really it is not so easily gotten, and the times are hard, and provisions dear, and getting dearer; and I verily think there is a species of madness in the case, that causes otherwise sensible and sober people, in the face of these facts, to throw their money away.

Ralph.—The faithful and true Witness says, not we, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," John. And though not in your sense, yet the Bible says, "Cast thy bread on the waters, and thou shalt receive it after many days." Not the crumbs, but the substantial bread. And is it thrown away? No; "Thou shalt find it after many days." You shake your head at this statement incredulously. You profess to be a Christian, and yet flatly disbelieve the words of Christ. Alas! we are all prone to doubt him. To his disciples he has still reason to say, "O fools, and slow of heart to believe." But there is no wonder that a man is destitute of the comforts of the Holy Ghost who flatly avows his disbelief of his word. I might quote many other passages as distinctly assuring us, that what is invested in acts of piety towards God and charity towards men, is infallibly certain to bring in eventually a large revenue; and it is our duty, without asking for confirmatory evidence, to take "the Strength of Israel" at his word. But to reprove and strengthen the weak faith of his people, to stir them up to give largely, for their own benefit even, he does afford other evidence; and this evidence is their own experience: "He that believeth in me, and keepeth my sayings, shall know of the doctrine whether it be true and whether it be right." Dr. Chalmers, in his pamphlet on the Evangelical Alliance, has beautifully paraphrased the principle to which our Lord here refers, in these words: "It is not oneness of judgment or opinion only after which we are bidden to aspire;" and onwards, concluding with the following sentence: "The moral is a preparation for the intellectual; and in the contemplation of such views, we cannot but regard the spirit of devotedness and love which has descended on these meetings as a happy omen for the future." Even the poet whose praise I have heard you so often proclaim, speaks of "the luxury of doing good." If, then, we give, and so exchange one luxury for another, on the authority of your favourite poet; and if, further, we believe that it is more blessed

to give than to receive, on the authority of Him whom we call master; is it to be wondered at that his servants not only give up luxuries but even comforts, and, in some cases, deny themselves of what some would call necessary sustenance, seeing that they thus secure the greatest amount of confessedly the best luxury—the blessing of their Master?

James.—Ralph, you have hit the philosophy of the constantly augmenting income. They are drawing from the wells of salvation; the more heartily they give to the cause of their Lord, instead of regretting the past, or wearying under the burdensome yoke, they feel it a privilege; as Ralph has it, a luxury.

John.—It is all very well to tell us of your increased delight in giving, and all delightful to hear Ralph and you dilate upon it, though I confess the reasoning is rather too spiritual for me, and the quotation from Dr. Chalmers rather too sublime; but the great question is, Will the supply not fail? will the source not be drained? The channel of the river will be a pebbly and sandy enough walk when the fountain is run dry.

James.—Well, John, I will give you an example or two from actual life, which you will admit to be homely enough, and patent to the simplest observation. One day a minister of ours entered, in the course of his visits, the house of a person who waited on his ministrations. Being a wet day, the male head of the house was prevented from working, and so was at home, and, with an unusually hearty welcome, invited him in. When the minister was seated, the man said, "I was just wearying to see you, Sir; for I have managed, by a very simple process to prove, what may seem to many a startling fact, that you Free Church ministers, by taking money from us, are actually increasing our income." The minister said that "the statement of his proof of this could not but give him pleasure, for he knew that the opposite of this was often charged against them." "True," said the man, "I am ever taunted that all that you want is our money—that you impoverish the poor by taking from them; but I can state for myself that Dr. Chalmers is right. You do not take from the poor—we give; that is my experience, for you never spoke of money to me. But my proof; here it is: Before I went to your church I was accustomed to join my fellow-workmen every Saturday evening, on receiving my wages, to spend twopence for spirits or ale, or drink of some sort. We had scarcely begun our discussion when this was done, and so we had to give another twopence; by the time this was done, one or two of us were so fluent in the settling of important public matters which were sadly neglected, that we called out for still more. This, at the least, and then I reeled home. My wife there was comfortless, the children and she dependent on the money for immediate supply and the com-

ing week's provision. She ran with what I gave her, but ere it could be done the Sabbath's hours had begun to run. The morning was well advanced ere all had gone to bed, consequently we lay long. When I awoke, the parched mouth, the burning thirst, the aching head, called for more drink still. At mid-day I sauntered out, in summer to the fields, in winter to the tippling shops—in either case before I got home I had spent more money in some indulgence or other. Now I come straight home every Saturday night. Out of the tenpence, at least, which I was wont to spend in all, in dissipation, I give you twopence for the cause of God; I rise on the Sabbath morn refreshed, I go to the house of God, I give my body rest, and my mind obtains repose, for I am directed to Him who is the rest and the refreshing—in whom God causeth the weary to rest. My wife is cheered and lightened, my children are happy around me, and I rise on Monday morning invigorated in mind and body, with at least eightpence of hard cash saved. So that you, by taking twopence from me, cause me to save eightpence every week, to say nothing of the other benefits." Such was the man's simple statement, John; you will allow that there is nothing too ethereal, too sublime, in this homely story.

Ralph.—I met a neighbour, whose remarks to me the other evening are so much in keeping with what James has related that I may as well state them. He was wont, he said, though neither he nor his friends themselves were dissipated, or even "conformed too much to this world," to invite in his turn his friends, in pretty large parties, to his house; the finest and most luscious dainties were provided, and abundance of exhilarating and intoxicating drinks:

"The table groined with costly piles of food,
And all was more than hospitably good."

In short, he said, while he desired to show the utmost attention to the comfort and enjoyment of his guests, there was a considerable sprinkling of pride and emulation that he should not be excelled by the table of any in the circle—a feeling in which probably the better half had also the better share. The evening hours of a long winter's night were spent in frivolous talk, and amusements which had as well not be more minutely described, only they were perfectly consistent with the most sentimental delicacy and refined propriety, and at midnight eating and drinking were resumed. The next day arrived, and if there were not offensive words uttered, or jealousies engendered, at least not one could say that he was the better of the evening's indulgence in mind or body or outward estate. Yet a night or two of this kind in the year, on the part of each, could not cost less than ten pounds per annum. Now he has altered his habits. He gives for the cause of God

five pounds; he entertains a friend or two as occasion requires, "using hospitality without grudging." Will you tell me in exchanging one luxury for another, whether he has made a bad exchange? and, though he go on all the days of his life at this rate, think you the foundation is likely soon to run dry?

John.—I must admit that these facts of yours are stubborn things, and I need not allege that they are imaginary, for they may be realized; and, as James says, they are homely enough. I confess that I have often felt myself the next day worse of drinking, and I can safely say I never felt myself the better; and yet I am sure I have spent much money on it, and it would certainly have been better employed in instructing the ignorant, and feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked.

James.—Well, only give us this on the part of all the members of the Free Church, the Secession Church, or any Church, and I believe, John, they would, the very first year, be in a position, with money, so distracting, that their deacons and collectors would have to cry, "Hold, it is enough."

Ralph.—Yes; and James has already indicated three sources on which most men can draw, and upon which every believing man, of whatever section of the Church, will always consider how far he can draw, as often as he remembers the words of Him who, "though he was rich, yet for his sake became poor"—1. Luxuries; 2. Comforts; 3. Needfuls. On the first two he can never draw too largely, and even on the last he may come, and richly profit. But let us suppose all our Church members giving up the most gaudy luxuries of their dress, of their furniture, of their outward estate—I believe this will yet be done on the part of the Christian Church, when "God shall appear in his glory to build up Zion, to repair the old wastes, the desolations of many generations"—and sure I am, that the most liberal giver now, is not giving a tenth of what he will give then. Indeed, Christians in general are not giving at present a tenth even of their luxuries—I include the members of the Free Church, much as I rejoice in the comparatively large measure of their liberality, as well as the members of my own. The outcry about the large sums given at present, shows how faithfully the present generation worships mammon. Who, among all the givers, seems the poorer?—to possess a luxury less? May it not be said to every disciple still, "Lacked ye anything?" And can they give any answer but this—Nothing? Ought not this to stimulate all the Churches to sow bountifully?

John.—Here again I must pull in the reins, for whenever we yield, you religious people run into extravagance. I thought, Ralph, that you Seceders had some rationality in your religion, but I find you are as bad as the Free people. I have always opposed that cutting up of all elegance in dress and otherwise; see how many

poor people, how many young women, for instance, earn a livelihood by these things, which I grant are trifles, but which, on your principles being adopted, would be all discontinued, and the poor makers reduced to utter destitution. We must resist this overwhelming flood of zeal, which would go to starve the poor to put everything into the hands of the ministers.

James.—John, how easily you seem to blind yourself, in your zeal to blacken the ministers on the one hand, and to keep your money on the other! Who despises elegance, or condemns it? Not the liberal givers to the cause of Christianity. We want churches to be models of architectural elegance; why are they not? We cannot get the money. We want them as comfortable and tasteful within as any sitting room; why are they not? We cannot get the money. The words of the Prophet Haggai still apply to us. (See 1st chap.) Your allegation, too, proceeds on a fallacy, when you say that we would deprive the poor of employment, that we may give to the ministers. Were the ministers to get it all and to hoard it up, there might be some ground for your assertion; but neither the one nor the other is the case. The money circulates, and, on the whole, through discreet and liberal hands. The minister gets a livelihood, and surely the workman is worthy of his meat. Then there are teachers, male and female, whom we need in hundreds; and there are Bibles, and, by the grace of God, churches, and ships to convey missionaries and workmen, with their tools and their skill, to introduce among the converted heathen the arts of civilization. All these demand labour; and the labour, out of the abundance of the Church's liberality, would be paid, not as the poor people, for whom your alarm is excited, John, are paid—by your luxurious and exigent sentimentalists. Have you never read "The Song of the Shirt?" Would there be much less cruelty in leaving them to die at once than in keeping them alive as they are kept, in ministering to luxury? But there is no need for either. Let the Christian Church arise and shake herself from the dust; let her gird herself for her mighty enterprise; let the world be converted unto God. Then shall the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God, shall bless us; God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

HOW CHRIST SAVES.

BY NICHOLAS LOCKYER.

CHRIST saves laboriously. He makes a sea of his blood so deep as to bear the soul; he makes arms and shoulders chariot wheels—carriages to bear a sinner heaven-ward, which is wonderfully heavy. A sinner is a heavier burden than all the creation. He sinks all but Christ—he makes the creation groan and crack un-

der him—he presses a world to nothing with his weight; and yet Christ shoulders him. The bearing up of the world is not so much burden as the bearing up the soul of man. He does the one with his word; but to the doing of the other goeth word, person, body, soul, arms, shoulders, heart, blood, all; and yet Christ submits all these, and becomes a porter, a servant, a slave, and bears till his back and heart break. Labour, if honourable, helps to bear itself. The labour itself lends one shoulders, and gives one legs; but base labour loads itself. The servility and baseness of it is more burden than the burden, and pulls away all shoulders from it. Who will put himself to drudging, base service, that is of any quality? And yet Christ did this. Drowning waters are up in this low world, and Christ strips himself, and wades, and carries over poor souls upon his back, and weaklings in his arms—some one way, and some another, as may be best ease to them, though most pain to him.

Christ saves fatherly. Parents know no pains nor cost for children; knees, arms, bosom, soul—all open to bear them. Jacob wrapt up Joseph in his soul, and carried him up and down in his bosom: Christ is a father, and moves just so to his children; for every one of his children is a Joseph to him. He takes up a child when complaining like the Shunammite, and sets him in his lap, and keeps him there till he die. All Christ's children die in his arms, like the Shunammite's son. If a child of God live an hundred years, his father never sets him down out of his arms, but carries him unto death—beyond death, as the Psalmist speaks, Christ wraps us up in his soul, and carries us there always—he is ever mindful of us. You have that expression in the Scripture; we are but trifles, and yet Christ cannot put these trifles out of his mind. He carries our souls, as he carries his own thoughts—he minds us, up and down the world, till we come home. Compassion is, when things are laid to heart, and so carried up and down; and they are choicely carried indeed which are so carried. Compassion carries Christ and us; compassion gathers about his heart, and that gathers his children about there too, and so they are bound up together in that bundle of life, and carried through sin and misery, to eternal felicity, into his kingdom.

Christ saves surely. A father bears over his children, to make sure work that they may not fall in. Between nature and grace is a great gulf, and a remove from one to the other is not without great danger; soul translation

from corruption to grace is with a perpetual fierce conflict. The soul cannot put out a step for heaven, but Satan lets fly at it; and Christ therefore is a convoy, and he transfers from sin to grace, and from hell to heaven. As transactions of state removing this and that have their bloody contests; so transactions of that great state for eternity within, pulling down and setting up, have deadly contest, and the soul will be killed on the way to heaven, if not borne along. When Israel went out of Egypt, not a dog barked; but when a soul goes out of the bondage of sin, into the liberty of Christ, many dogs and devils bark and bite; Christ therefore as he doth pull out, so he doth carry in—whom he fastens hold on he lets not go; whom he takes into his arms he keeps there, and still carries them there in all conflicts, to make sure work. All Christ's children fight in his arms, if the devil can kill them there; so they all fight upon this advantage every battle. Passage to heaven is secured. The great whale that is master of the deep takes us, and saves us from all storms, carries us, and conveys us to our haven, the kingdom of God's dear Son.

Christ saves sweetly. 'Tis pleasant travelling in his arms. A man may go a great way with ease upon another's legs; the way, though long and dirty, goes away one knows not how, when bravely carried. Christ will have none destroyed, nor none tired in the way to heaven. Wisdom's ways are pleasant. They all go in coaches and chariots to heaven; 'tis the honour of the way, the state of the king in his kingdom below, to be borne up and down so. "The King brought me into his chambers," saith the Spouse. Christ's yoke is easy—easy indeed—because borne upon another's neck. You yoke creatures so that their yoke may not pinch; you use art to lessen labour, and make work no work, and pains pleasures. Christ is excellent at this art. He doth so yoke every one, that he draws with ease; he makes every one's yoke big enough to put in his own neck together with the man, and so he draws himself and the man too, and that is an easy yoke indeed, and a little burden. As you put something of weight sometimes into a child's hand, and you carry the child with that in his hand, therefore the child easily bears, because he and his burden both are borne by another.

Does God bear souls heaven-wards? Load him, let him not want employment, cast your burdens upon him. Casting our burdens upon God, is turning off perplexing thoughts, making known requests, and resting upon God for

answers. One complains of this, and another of that; but do you complain of all to Christ, that he would give you with his everlasting arms a lift? Iniquity is too heavy for the soul, and the soul is too heavy for itself, when it only bears itself, and makes not to Christ to be borne. Everything cracks under the weight of sin; our very souls crack under the weight of sin. Sinners, thank yourselves: Why is not Christ of more use with you? You would bear all alone—that will kill you: Christ can carry all alone—your souls notwithstanding the guilt and filth that is in them, but none else. He did tread the wine-press alone. There is art in unloading the soul upon Christ, and it lies in this—in observing particularly what loads the soul, and what Christ hath said particularly to such a case. No soul miscarries of being borne to heaven that thus does.

Christians, bless God; he takes much pains with you. Receive this, and I conclude this point. God's arms are as free for you as yours for your children. I have often wondered at that expression, "They shall run and not be weary;" but now I see how it comes about—we run upon another's legs. Christians, that you keep on the way of God so cheerfully and so resolutely, against all opposition—'tis God's bearing of you. Bless him. You would wax weary and withdraw to the perdition of your souls else. Perseverance in grace is a great deal of pains to Christ, though it be little to us. When you carry children long in your arms, over this stile and over that, do not your arms ache! Then think of Christ, what bearing your souls and your sins is, and whether it be worth thanks. Let him have the burden for the bearing, even if it were all gold. You pay porters for carrying this and that; pay Christ well—let him have your souls for the carriage of them.

HEAVENLY PROSPECTS.

Our bodies shall not be what they now are—even the wrecks, and loads, and chains of souls. What are they now, but foul inactive lumps of clay? They are pierced with cold, and worn with labours, appalled with griefs and dangers, and griped with pains, and macerated with keen and envious passions, and after all, mouldered to dust by death and rottenness; but *there* neither deformity, pains, nor death, shall be their fear nor exercise. Our souls shall quit their prisons, clouds, and chains; our apprehensions shall be clear (1 Cor. xiii. 12), and consciences full of peace and joy. O what a harmony and concord shall there be betwixt God's will and

ours! what purity, order, warmth, and vigour shall there be in our affections! and what subserviency and due prostrations in our passions! Yea, what comfort and constancy shall there be in full and grateful exercises in the whole man! No jars and discords shall spoil the melody of our spheres; our holiness shall need no crutch, but reach the "fulness of a perfect stature;" no broken-winded nor imperfect praises there; the pulse of perfect souls shall know no intermissions nor unequal motions, but keep one constant rate of work and joy. And what a change of state, as well as persons, shall we meet with there! (Phil. i. 23.) A vale of tears quit for rivers of eternal pleasures; an element of joys succeeds our bitter cups. Our rights can never be invaded there; nothing can stain the comforts of that world; no blots nor wounds are there contracted nor endured; no troubles in that Israel. *There* are no pauses of astonishment through surprisals of afflictions; death smites no corners there; Providence makes no storms. *There* lies that ark wherein no vile or wicked Ham shall dwell: the glory of that place—it knows no eclipse nor cloud. No dim discoveries or flat notes shall be the exercise or entertainment of that state—how sprightly are the airs and descants of their hallelujahs! No worm on conscience or carcass there. *There* charity knows no breach; no mal-administrations in that kingdom, nor bad constructions of God's providence, or of the actions of his servants, there. *There* are no cuts from friends, nor gripes from enemies; no frailties to report, nor enemies to report them; no falls in Israel to grate upon these holy hearts, nor fears to be their painful exercises. *There* are no wrinkles on the brows of God, nor frowns upon the face of majesty, nor one dejected look amongst those blessed myriads of saints and angels; their ark hath neither shake nor cover, nor any startling strokes to terrify its attendants. Souls, once arrived at this harbour, are entertained with perfection in a morning-blush and everlasting youthfulness.

These upper springs—they run clearly and freely; and all "the fountains of the great deep" shall there be "broken up," to overflow the banks of Paradise with everlasting joys and satisfaction. With what a torrent shall these clear and pleasant rivers run! Should I attempt a full description of this joyful state, I might far sooner set rhetoric upon the rack, and contract the character of being one that quaintly did attempt to play the fool, and was eloquently mad, than think to escape that censure: "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" (Job xxxviii. 2.) O! it must be vision and fruition, and not the flourishes of expression, that must reach the excellent perfections of that state. (1 Cor. ii. 9; Ps. xvi. 11.) And now shall we fear to leave this world and die? What! shall we be undone by being happy? Is it the misery of man, to be with

God, like Him, and dear and near unto Him? What is this state and theatre of woes and sorrows, that we are so loath to quit it? Methinks I see the angels overmatched with strange astonishment at our reluctance to be gone, and our averseness to desert our dotages and prisons. It might in reason be expected from us, that no exercise of our patience should be so sore and pinching as this—that we must stay from heaven so long; and shall we, after all, raise such a false report about the Land of Promise, by our averseness to be gone thereto, as to insinuate into the thoughts of others that either the trifles of this mortal life, or the pains and terrors of our passage to the land of rest, are much beyond the recompenses and reparations that we shall meet with there? View, then, the difference; and be free to go.—*Sylocester.*

WHEN MAY ONE BE SAID TO TALK TOO MUCH?

1. *When talking excludes thinking.*—The tongue outruns the wit: a little of this talk is too much, as being to no purpose but to betray our folly, abuse our brother's patience, and waste precious time. One may talk to children at this rate to save a needless expense of sense, where there is but little; but it is an intolerable presumption upon men to entertain them with words more crude than our belches, that we fetch not so low as our breath, and that little differ from an ass's braying.

2. *When it will not give way to hearing, especially when wiser and better men be present.*—If they were inferior and weaker, it were meet they should be allowed their turns; every one may be supposed to have brought something wherewith the whole might be edified. In engrossing all the talk to thyself, thou art chargeable with unseemly vaunting, thou art in the ready way to emptying—there is no hope of thy replenishing; go whoop and halloo in the woods, if thou wilt be answered only by thy own echo. Proud men and passionate men are apt so to offend: they have no ears, and so are unlike to edify, and, for anything they are like to get, had as good keep out of company. Mark the advice of one that understood the government of the tongue as well as any other: "Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath." (James i. 19.) The last direction is to make good the former.

3. *When talking shuts out working either in our common or Christian calling.*—Some men have got such a vein of talking, that it is their great business, and for which they neglect all business, so many hours in a day they snatch from all occasions on purpose to chat: this is more than can be justified. The apostle blames it in the women of his day: "They learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house, and not only idle, but tattlers also and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not." (1 Tim. v. 13.) And, sure, it is more to be reprov'd in men, that should be more staid, and might be much better employed; but the tongue is not only wont to take the hands off from business, but to take upon it the business of the hands; as in the great duty of distributing to the poor, that will serve them with good words, when the hands should be ministering good things; the vanity of which he upbraids. (James ii. 15, 16.) And so it is apt to run all religious offices into mere talk, which is like grain that hath only a stalk.—*West.*

THE THEATRE A SCHOOL OF MORALS.

Will any of you who have been to theatres, please to tell whether virtue ever received important accessions from the gallery of theatres?

Will you tell me whether the pit is a place where an ordinarily modest man would love to seat his children?

Was ever a theatre known where a prayer at the opening and a prayer at the close would not be tormentingly discordant?

How does it happen that in a school for morals, the teachers never learn their own lessons?

Would you allow a son or daughter to associate alone with actors or actresses?

Do these men who promote virtue so zealously when acting, take any part in public moral enterprise when their stage dresses are off?

Which would surprise you most, to see actors steadily at church, or to see Christians steadily at a theatre? Would not both strike you as singular incongruities?

What is the reason that loose and abandoned men abhor religion in a church and love it so much in a theatre?

Since the theatre is the handmaid of virtue, why are drinking houses so necessary to this neighbourhood, yet so offensive to churches?—*H. W. Beecher.*

DROP BY DROP.

"LIFE," says the late John Foster, "is expenditure. We have it, but are as continually losing it; we have the use of it, but as continually wasting it. Suppose a man confined in some fortress, under the doom to stay there till death; and suppose there is there for his use a dark reservoir of water, to which it is certain none can ever be added. He knows, suppose, that the quantity is not very great; he cannot penetrate to ascertain how much, but it may be very little. He has drawn from it, by means of a fountain, a good while already, and draws from it every day. But how would he feel each time of drawing, and each time of thinking of it? Not as if he had a perennial spring to go to. Not, 'I have a reservoir, I may be at ease.' No! but, 'I had water yesterday—I have water to-day; but having had it, and my having it to day, is the very cause that I shall not have it on some day that is approaching. And at the same time I am compelled to this fatal expenditure!' So of our mortal, transient life! And yet men are very indisposed to admit the plain truth, that life is a thing which they are in no other way possessing than as necessarily consuming; and that even in this imperfect sense of possession, it becomes every day a less possession!"

SIN.

EVERY sin is an imitation of the devil, and creates a kind of hell in the heart.—*Hervey.*

No sin can be little, because there is no little God to sin against.—*Brooks.*

Those sins shall never make a hell for us which have been a hell to us.

Sin has brought many a believer into suffering; and suffering has kept many a believer from sinning.—*Dyer.*

TO-DAY.

THE season of grace is called "a day;" and as it is so called, it eminently engageth us to the present improving of the season of grace.

1. It is a day, and it is but a day; and that is but a short time.—It is not called "a year—a month." It doth not last long. It is but for a while. Had Jonah prophesied to the Ninevites, that within forty years Nineveh should be destroyed; if the Ninevites had not derided him, yet it is very probable they would have delayed their repentance. But when he told them, "yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown," this startled and quickened them unto a present repentance. Our season is here expressed by the term of "a day"—one day. Yea, our day is but a short one. We have indeed a summer's day for clearness, but it is a winter's day for shortness. "While it is called to-day," saith the apostle, "exhort one another." (Heb. iii. 13.) We have not so much time that you should be prodigal of it. He that is profuse of a minute in this day (poor prodigal!), spendeth above his estate. Time, in the whole compass of it, is but short (1 Cor. vii. 29); the time of particular persons is shorter; and the time of season and present opportunity is the shortest of all. Our precious season, our day, it is but like the few sands in the little middle hole of the hour-glass. The sand in the upper glass is uncertain whether ever to run one sand more, or no; that is *the time to come*. That in the lower glass is as *the time spent and past*. But the few sands in the narrow middle hole are as the present season, and only ours. "Nature hath not dealt so liberally with us, as that it doth allow us to mis-spend any of the little time it hath given us," saith Seneca. We are prodigal of time, though covetous of a penny. We are more profuse of our time, "of which alone there is an honest covetousness." You may have many pieces of gold together in your hand; but you can have but one day of grace at once: it is but one day.

2. It is a day; and therefore that which cannot be recalled when it is spent and done.—The loss of a day is an irrecoverable loss. Who can restore the loss of a day! "Time doth neither suppress its course, nor recall it; neither doth it slack it, nor revoke it." As time stops not, so time returns not. If thy house be burnt, or thy goods stolen, or thy lands forfeited,

friends can make a supply of those losses. But if all thy friends, nay, creatures in heaven and in earth, should conspire to make thee happy, they cannot, with all their combined industry and united forces, restore to thee one of those good hours in the day of grace that thou hast foolishly mis-spent. Esau lost his day, and he could not recall it with tears. The knocking of the foolish virgins could not break open the shut door of heaven. When thy sun is set, and thy day completely ended, thy sun will never rise more. I have heard of one that wantonly threw a jewel into the sea; and they say the jewel was brought to him in the belly of a fish that was served up to his table. I know not how true this is: but who or what shall ever bring back to thee the jewel of thy lost day! None shall ever bring back this jewel to thy table, if thou wilt throw it away by wantonness and negligence. God will not turn thy glass when it is once out. What the fall was to angels, that is death to man.

3. It is a day; and this should put us upon the present improving of it; for it is a clear day, a lightsome day.—"The Sun of righteousness" is risen. "The Day-spring from on high hath visited" our horizon with the light of the gospel. Now a lightsome, a sun-shiny day is to be regarded, improved, for the present. It is a dark day indeed, compared with heaven: but it is light, compared with the shadows of Judaism, or the fogs of Popery. Work, work! work apace, you that have the sun-shine of the gospel! I wish I could not say, "I see a cloud far bigger than a man's hand; and I hear a noise of much rain." Now you have sun-shine: make your hay; shock your corn apace; wanton not away your summer, lest you beg in winter. God, by giving of you so fair a day, sheweth not that your sun will always shine, but that now thou shouldst work. Slumber not away a sun-shiny day in harvest. The day, and such a day, is surely intended for working. "Man goeth forth to his work till the evening:" the night is for sleep; but the day, especially a sun-shiny day, a clear day, for working.

4. It is a day; and therefore puts us upon the present improving of it, because, it is a wasting day, a day that passeth and runneth apace.—We usually say, "The day is far spent." The day goeth, whether you sit still or no. The sun runs, yea, like a giant, like a strong

man, though thou creepest like a cripple. Though the passenger sleeps in the ship, the ship carrieth him apace towards his haven. Thou art idle ; but time hurrieth thee to the grave. Time is winged : thy hour-glass needs no jogging : there is no stopping the stream of time. It was a notable speech of one once to a person that was in a fit of anger : "Sir," saith he, "the sun is going down." This is my caution to every lazy Christian : if the sun must not go down upon *your wrath*, surely it must much less go down upon *your loitering*. If the sun in the heavens must not go down upon your wrath, the sun of your life should not be suffered to go down upon your laziness. "Our swiftness in work must contend with the swiftness of the time in which we work," saith Seneca. Thou dost not see thy time *going*; but shortly thou wilt see it *gone*; like the insensibly-moving hand of a dial, which though thou dost not see it moving, yet thou seest it hath moved.

5. It is a day; and therefore puts us upon the present improving of it.—For it is possible yet, that *in this thy day*, thy work may be done, before sun-set, if thou beest speedy. Despair not; for then industry will be frozen. The bridge of mercy is not yet drawn: there is yet a possibility for thee to get over to a blessed eternity. It is bad to say, "It is too soon," though most have said so too often; but it is worse to say, "It is too late." I confess, thy morning was thy golden hour, and had been far the fittest for thy employment; but the evening time is better than no time. I dare not write DESPAIR upon any man's forehead. If God will help us, much work may be done in a little time; but yet God must step in with a miracle almost, if thou shouldst run back the mis-spent age of forty or fifty years in an hour or two : surely you must fly rather than run.

6. It is a day, and, for aught you know, it may be your last day ; and therefore improve that present day.—You have no assurance of another : from the upper glass of the hour-glass thou canst not be assured of one sand more. Often say thou, therefore, to the day wherein thou livest, "Art thou my last, or may I look for another?" Though thou art young, it may prove thy last day: death taketh us not by seniority. The new pitcher may be as easily broken as the old. And, which is a more severe consideration, the Spirit of God possibly may never knock at the door of thy heart again, never strive *in thee*, never strive *with thee* ! Death may knock next; and, remember, he will easily break into thy body, though thy

minister could not get into thy soul. Death never cometh *without a warrant*; yet it often comes *without a warning*. We do not live by *patent*, but we live at *pleasure*. How knowest thou that the candle of the ministry shall shine one Sabbath longer ? The message shall always live, but the messenger is always dying. The clods of the earth may soon stop that mouth that so frequently and unfruitfully hath given thee the word of life. He, the light now of his place and of his people, may be blown out by violence, as well as burnt out by death. Thou canst not say but God may soon make that ear of thine deaf that now thou stoppest: God may soon blind those eyes which now thou shuttest. It is a *peradventure* whether God will ever give repentance or no. God hath made many promises to repentance ; but he hath made none of repentance. If to-day thou sayest *thou wilt not*, to-morrow thou mayest say *thou canst not*, pray. It is just with God, that he who while he liveth forgets God, when he dies should forget himself. I have heard of a profane miscreant, that being put upon speedy repentance and turning to God, scoffingly answered : "If I do but say three words when I come to die," (*Miserere mei, Domine*—Lord have mercy upon me !) "I am sure to be happy." This miserable wretch shortly after, falling from his horse, and receiving thereby a deadly wound, had indeed time to speak three words, as the relation informed me; but those three words were these : "*Diabolus capiat omnia*—Let the devil take all." Thou dost not know what thy last words shall be : the very motions of thy tongue and of thy heart are all in the hands of that God whose grace thou hast despised.

7. It is a day: that requireth present improvement; because it is followed with a night, a night that is dark as pitch. "The night cometh, wherein no man can work." So saith our Lord. (John ix. 4.) There is neither work nor invention in the grave. In the dark thou mayest see to bewail thy not working in the light; but in the dark there is no working. Sorrow then will not help thee, couldest thou make hell to swim with thy tears. Thy tears are only of worth in time. Put not off your working till the time wherein you must leave work. It is perfect madness, not to think of beginning to work till the time of working is at an end. "What man, after the fair, will go then to buy and sell ? There is no negotiation, but in the time of the fair," the season of grace. The spiritual manna of grace is only to be gathered in the six days of thy

life. The time after this is a time of rest, wherein there is to be no more work done to procure salvation. If this be the day of thy death, to-morrow cannot be the day of thy repentance. It is miserable to have that to do for lack of time, which is to do for loss of time.—*Jenkin*.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

[A FULL and detailed Report of the proceedings of the Conference held in London during the months of August and September last, for the purpose of deliberating on the formation of an Evangelical Alliance, having just been published, we have thought that a few notices of its most important proceedings, with extracts from the many admirable addresses delivered in connection with these, may be of interest to our readers, especially to those of them who cannot afford to purchase the large volume in which the Report is contained. Those who, being able to purchase it, do so, will find the pleasure and profit to be derived from its perusal repay them a hundred-fold.]

The first meeting of the Conference was held on the morning of 19th August, at which, on the motion of Dr. Bunting, Mr. Bickersteth (who had just recovered from the effects of an alarming accident) was called to the chair. After prayer and praise, and the reading of the Word, Mr. Bickersteth addressed the Conference, calling on them to give glory to the Lord for what he had done for them.

"When our beloved brother, Mr. James, opened the meeting at Liverpool—that ever-memorable meeting with which our work of love began—he said he would us give 'the key-note of love;' and well was that key-note responded to by every speaker. And as that key-note was given, our God gave us truth with love, and united our hearts in the great truths of the gospel which we hold in common. May I suggest another key-note for our meeting at this time? the key-note of praise and thanksgiving to God—giving glory to him, and exalting our one Redeemer. This may seem in many respects inconsistent with our present position. I strongly feel—I know my beloved brethren feel—that we all need much deeper humiliation before God; much more abasement of a contrite spirit before him, in order to deepen and extend our union. Why, then, should we open with the key-note of praise? I reply, I believe that not only my heart, but all our hearts, overflow with thankfulness to God for what he has already done for us. We see in every step of our proceedings that he has been present with us. He has extricated us out of difficulties: he has marvellously appeared for us from time to time: and he has, especially in all our meetings, given us the spirit of brotherly love. Let us glorify his name for it. By offering praise we glorify him; and if we abound in praises, he will give us with it deep humiliation. And while we glorify our God, and come into his presence to praise his name and tell of his goodness to us, let us be abased in the sense of our own unworthiness and unprofitableness. When Jehoshaphat went against his enemies, and when the assembled army began to praise the Lord, then the Lord gave them the victory; and the place was called *Berachah*, or blessing. At the dedication of Solomon's Temple, when the singers were as one in praising the Lord, then the glory of the Lord filled the temple of the Lord."

Considerable time was then spent in arranging necessary details, classifying and appointing committees, &c.; after which, Dr. King (Glasgow) read a paper containing a historical sketch of the circumstances which led to the proposal of, and prepared the way for, the contemplated Evangelical Alliance. The paper was received with much approbation, and ordered to be printed among the Conference documents.

At the evening session it was proposed, on the recommendation of the Business Committee, and unanimously agreed to, that Sir Culling E. Smith should be permanent president during the sittings of the Conference.

"We were thoroughly persuaded," said Dr. Buchanan (Glasgow), "upon full consideration of the subject, that this Conference could not get comfortably and satisfactorily through the immense mass of business which it has to transact, unless we have a chairman who is thoroughly acquainted with the important object which has called us together, and whose knowledge of business generally will enable him to conduct the business of the Conference with that promptitude and accuracy which, in our circumstances, are so indispensably necessary. The gentleman who has been selected from among us to fill the chair, is not only one whose whole heart has (as we have heretofore seen) been engaged in this cause, but also one who has proved himself pre-eminently competent to fill it."

The remainder of the sederunt was occupied in hearing the statements of several of the American and Continental members as to the feeling of Christians generally in their circles, regarding the proposed Alliance. Dr. Patton of New York spoke first: He said—

"The objects contemplated by this meeting have found a very warm response in America; and some little evidence has been given of that, by the fact of so many pastors having been most cheerfully surrendered by their people, to be absent for three or four months, for the purpose of crossing the Atlantic to be present at this meeting. Had the proposition been laid before these respective congregations, for their pastors to be absent to attend our anniversary meetings in May, I am certain there would not have been a response in the affirmative made by one out of ten; but when the proposition was, that their pastors should come and be present at *this* meeting, as a pledge of the deep interest they felt in the subject, though it was with self-denial (perhaps it does not become us to say any thing on that point ourselves), and in view of the difficulties that would arise, from their pastors being away so long a time; yet, after prayerful consideration, they came, in every instance, I believe, to a unanimous resolution, in a public assembly, to spare their minister, and bid 'him God-speed.' There appears here a large number of individuals from America; and not from one section of the country alone, not only from the Atlantic slope, where it might be supposed that it was easy to step into a steamer, or a packet ship, and to come across the Atlantic, but there are individuals here from our western wilds, where no cities have sprung up."

Mr. Kirk of Boston followed, and bore similar testimony. Mr. Richey, from East Canada, stated that there the Christians of different denominations had been compelled to form a sort of Evangelical Alliance.

"They lived amidst the domination of the Papal apostasy, where the ceremonials of that faith met the eye with a gorgeousness which perhaps was not exceeded in Rome itself, and where hundreds of priests and Jesuits were trooping the streets from morning to night—and he might have said, from night to morning. All who really believed in the great principles of the Reformation as established by law, and, what was far better, established in the souls of Evangelical Christians, must feel that many of the differences existing among them, as Evangelical Protestants, were not worthy of a thought, compared with the advantages which would be gained by presenting a united phalanx against the great apostasy."

Mr. Richey also gave some interesting particulars as to the state of Romanism in Canada.

"There was in Canada a diminution of that deference which was formerly paid to the Roman Catholic priesthood; and he well knew that considerable dissatisfaction existed among many members of that communion on the subject of religion. The testimony of many of his own converts was, that they had long prayed and sighed to know the good and the right way, and that they regarded him as an angel of light from the throne of God, who introduced them into the marvellous light of the glorious gospel of Christ. The spirit of inquiry was abroad; and he was persuaded that numerous congregations would come, in prompt attendance, and listen with profound attention to the words of eternal life. It was true, that the keen eye of Jesuitism was upon them, and that Jesuit missionaries were trooping the country in all directions, and were even mimicking those special efforts which many zealous ministers had made for the extension of the Word of God, by holding protracted meetings, in which they preached to the people for seven or fourteen days in succession, inviting especially the female portion of their congregations to take vows and oaths to maintain the cause of Popery."

Dr. Tholuck, Mr. A. Monod, and Professor La Harpe, all testified to the anxious desires after unity by which the Lord's people over the whole Continent were filled, and expressed their great delight and thankfulness at what they had already witnessed of the prayers, and praises, and proceedings of the Conference.

At the morning sitting, on the 20th, Dr. Wardlaw moved the first resolution on the subject of Christian union, as follows:—

"That this Conference, composed of professing Christians of many different denominations, all exercising the right of private judgment, and, through common infirmity, differing among themselves in the views they severally entertain on some points, both of Christian doctrine and ecclesiastical polity, and gathered together from many and remote parts of the world, for the purpose of promoting Christian union, rejoice in making their unanimous avowal of the glorious truth, that the Church of the living God, while it admits of growth, is one Church, never having lost, and being incapable of losing, its essential unity. Not, therefore, to create that unity, but to confess it, is the design of their assembling together. One in reality, they desire also, as far as they may be able to attain it, to be visibly one; and thus, both to realize in themselves, and to exhibit to others, that a living and everlasting union binds all true believers together in the fellowship of the Church of Christ, 'which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all.'"

In illustrating the resolution, the venerable mover remarked:—

"There are two very pleasing facts, of which they had visible assurance by looking around upon that meeting—the fact of variety, and the fact of unity. The fact of variety existed in two forms—variety of sentiment, and variety of locality. They were of different Christian denominations—would to God the term had never been originated! He presumed that there were then present the representatives of not less—perhaps more—than twenty different Evangelical Christian denominations. He might also say, that, since denominational Christianity began, there had never been such a manifestation at once of its variety and of its unity, as they saw before them at that moment. Their variety of sentiment was, therefore, a great fact; as was also their variety of locality, for they had assembled from various and distant parts of the world; and yet the fact of their unity was equally evident. They felt that they were one; and, in this particular instance, they had individual proof that distance of place does not imply any severance of heart. They had felt as one before they came together: he had felt united to every one of his brethren in America, and on the Continent, before he had seen them; but now they felt themselves more strongly united in a common bond. They felt that the various points in which they differed, were like so many forces keeping them apart; but, at the same time, they felt that the great and essential truths—which they all believed, and which were the objects of their common faith—were like so many forces drawing them closer to each other, and holding them together in love. And he presumed they had, in this very circumstance, a stronger manifestation of the power of that truth than if the contrary forces were not in existence. They ought all, therefore, while the fact of variety was before them, to rejoice in the fact of unity. When a sinner came, under the influence of the Spirit of the living God, to feel his need of a Saviour, and to see in Jesus Christ a Saviour suited to that need, and to accept the offered mercy of God, he became a member of Christ's body; and, becoming one with Christ, he became, at the same instant, one with all who were of Christ throughout the whole earth. And when a sinner thus became united to Christ, and to the whole body of the faithful, he became united with him for ever. For this union not only embraced all who believed in Jesus on the face of the earth, but (delightful thought!) there was a union between earth and heaven. Some there were who would have delighted to have been with them on the present occasion—to have assisted and encouraged them in the great work, had they not been removed to the enjoyment of a purer and a holier bliss; but there was a union between earth and heaven. The apostle speaks of the Father of the Lord Jesus, as the Father 'of the whole family in heaven and in earth.' How delightful was the contemplation of this, that they on earth were one with 'the spirits of just men made perfect,' who had gone before them to glory! In his own person the Saviour presented that union which existed between his divine and human nature; and the great object which he came from heaven to earth to effect was, the reconciliation of the divine and human nature—the reconciliation of the sinner to God. Thus He was the centre of all union between his disciples. All hearts were drawn to him. The more they looked to the Lamb that was slain, the more they felt themselves one with him. And the effect of this union was, to make the assembly above one with the 'general assembly of the Church of

the first-born, who are written in heaven,' though not yet there. 'The spirits of just men made perfect' were distinguished by the apostle from this 'general assembly of the Church of the first-born, who are written in heaven;' but they would all finally join together in the house of many mansions, which had been consecrated for the reception of the whole redeemed family, who were united in Christ, and united in the perfection of purity, and in the perfection of love. And that Conference was assembled, 'not,' in the words of the resolution, 'to create that union, but to confess it;' for, as the same resolution also observed, 'the Church of the living God, while it admits of growth,' is one Church, never having lost, and never being capable of losing, its essential unity.' They were there assembled for the purpose of effecting a visible union among Christians on earth."

The resolution was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. Jordan of Enstone moved the next resolution, to the effect—

"That this Conference, while recognising the essential unity of the Christian Church, feel constrained to deplore its existing divisions, and to express their deep sense of the sinfulness involved in the alienation of affection by which they have been attended, and of the manifold evils which have resulted therefrom; and to avow their solemn conviction of the necessity and duty of taking measures, in humble dependence on the divine blessing, towards attaining a state of mind and feeling more in accordance with the spirit of Christ Jesus."

The Rev. W. Anderson, while he concurred with the resolution as far as it went, thought it deficient, inasmuch as it made no provision for bringing Christians into more full agreement in the truth; and as there were many serious and important differences among Christians in regard to truths which were held by many as of great magnitude, and for which they felt bound to strive, he proposed this addition to the resolution—"And to seek that God, of his infinite mercy, may pour forth more abundantly of his Holy Spirit as the Spirit of love, of truth, and of holiness, that all the Churches may be brought into a nearer conformity to the Word of God in all things, that the friends of the Redeemer may be thoroughly united in truth and love."—Mr. Begg seconded the amendment.

"The resolution as it now stood," he said, "is decidedly defective. In the first part, the existence of divisions in the Christian Church is deplored, and I think justly; and wherever these divisions exist, there is culpability; wherever they are, there is sin somewhere. They did not exist in the Church of Christ from the first; they are not in the Word of God; but they arise from human sinfulness. Therefore the resolution most properly deplores, not only the alienation of affection arising from these divisions, but the divisions themselves; but herein it is defective, since it merely aims at the removal of the alienation of affection, without aiming, in any measure, at the removal of the divisions themselves. Everything which is said in the divine Word to be our duty, ought to be aimed at. It may be very long before we attain perfection in obeying the commands of the divine Word—we never shall attain it in this life; but there can be no doubt, with respect to the whole Christian Church, that it ought to speak the same things, and with one mouth to glorify God. And, therefore, when it is said, 'We

can work together so far as we are agreed,' remember it is said, that 'If in anything we be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto us.' (Phil. iii. 15.) And the apostle, in speaking 'of the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God,' exhorts, that we should know the same things, and keep the same things. And, if it be so, it appears to me to be our duty, not only to seek the removal of alienation of feeling, but also the removal of all divisions."

Rev. Dr. Cunningham agreed with the opinion, that

"The resolution did not indicate, with sufficient clearness, the practical conclusion to be aimed at. Even if all asperity of feeling, all alienation of affection, should be abandoned, their great object would not be attained. So long as denominations existed, there would be a large amount of error in the interpretation, exposition, and application of God's Word, which could not but be offensive and displeasing to Him. It was of no small importance that these resolutions, which have to form the basis of all subsequent proceedings, should not express vaguely and by implication that which, in the existing condition of Christianity, was so greatly to be desired, the absence of which they regretted, and the presence of which they prayed for and laboured to accomplish. Thinking, therefore, that this should be more distinctly indicated, and yet feeling the inconvenience which was attendant on making a large addition to the resolution, he proposed that the word 'Word' or 'Truth' should be inserted before 'the spirit of Jesus;' making the latter part of the resolution to read, 'The necessity and duty of taking measures, in humble dependence on the divine blessing, towards attaining a state of mind and feeling more in accordance with the word' or 'truth and spirit of Christ Jesus.'"

This suggestion of Dr. Cunningham appeared to afford general satisfaction, and was unanimously agreed to.

The next resolution was moved by Dr. Buchanan, and was as follows:—

"That, therefore, the members of this Conference are deeply convinced of the desirableness of forming a confederation, on the basis of great evangelical principles held in common by them, which may afford opportunity to members of the Church of Christ of cultivating brotherly love, enjoying Christian intercourse, and promoting such other objects as they may hereafter agree to prosecute together; and they hereby proceed to form such a confederation, under the name of 'THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.'"

In supporting the resolution, Dr. Buchanan said:—

"The resolution, assuming it to be desirable that a confederation should be formed, recommends that it be formed on the basis of great evangelical principles held in common by us all. There are those, as is well known, who would have preferred that this confederation should have rested, not on the basis of common principles, but on the basis of common operations. I am satisfied that, unless this confederation, when it is formed, shall have operations as well as principles, its union will neither be efficient nor enduring; but, at the same time, I have never been able to see any solid objection to proceeding on certain recognised principles; while, on the other hand, I see many important advantages in it. If another form of confederation had been adopted, and if it had been determined, without any principles

formally stated, to proceed on a certain understanding respecting our operations, we must, nevertheless, have been really and truly going upon principles all the while. It is impossible for Christian men to come together, and act together in any Christian cause, without having, either proposed or understood, a fountain of the whole procedure—certain principles on which they are united. And, if so, I certainly have never been able to see any objection to having those principles (which must at all events be understood) formally and distinctly announced. In these circumstances, we shall better understand with whom we are co-operating; and the conviction will be strengthened that we are engaged in the prosecution of a common cause, so far as we are lifting up a common standard for the truth of God."

"I hold in my hand a pamphlet, the work of one honoured in the Church of Christ—the work of the venerable Chalmers—in which it is recommended that we should call ourselves, not the 'Evangelical,' but the 'Protestant Alliance.' In giving this recommendation, Dr. Chalmers was only taking up and expressing views which some entertained and expressed nine months ago, when we held the first meeting at Liverpool; but I have not, Sir, been moved, even by the weight of his name, or by the power of his forcible reasoning, to diverge from the conviction to which I was brought nine months ago: and I still think, that, in view of all circumstances, it is better that we should adhere to the name, then suggested, of the 'Evangelical Alliance.' But, Sir, though I adhere to the original name, I must love the character which the name indicated by Dr. Chalmers is designed to give to our Alliance. And if I thought for a moment, that in preferring the name 'Evangelical' to 'Protestant,' I should be thereby impairing the Protestant character of this confederation, I would never stand in the position which I now occupy. I believe, Sir, that the only effective Protestant Alliance is an Evangelical Alliance; and that the only effectual resistance which can be made to that Antichrist, that Man of Sin, that Son of Perdition, who now, as of old, is exalting himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped, sitting in the temple of God, and showing himself that he is God,"—I believe, that the only successful antagonist to that Antichrist is Christ himself in his glorious gospel."

Dr. De Witt followed, saying:—

"Gladly, when deputed to attend these meetings, did I look upon the Atlantic: and are we not here all present, prepared to unite in and repeat the chorus, 'Blessed are our eyes, for they see what kings and prophets desired to see, and yet saw not;' and 'Blessed are our ears, for they hear what kings and prophets desired to hear, and yet heard not?' And, Sir, I am cheered with a strong and confiding hope, that we shall perfect the work which we have now begun. I was not without my fears—and fears were expressed by my Christian friends—that, in proportion to the exceeding desirableness and magnitude of the object, was the danger lest the safeguards of truth should not be united with the cement of love; but these fears have passed away, and have been changed into strong hopes; and those anxieties have yielded to firm confidence. I have watched, in the preparatory meetings, and I have listened, and have compared, and have marked what I thought to be the wisdom and the candour displayed in all those assemblies. I felt myself in an atmosphere of love, which I could not but inhale and breathe forth.

"It is indeed good and pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity. It is like the holy oil, that flows from the great High Priest of our profession, and falls down to the skirts of his garments—every member of the blood-bought and sanctified flock of Christ: and that spirit will assuredly calm and soothe the troubled surges of religious controversy and animosity. It is good to be here, Sir; for the dew of heaven is falling, and here God commands his blessing, even life for evermore. It is good to be here; but let us build no tabernacles: let us rather go and carry this eternal life to a perishing world!"

After some conversation the resolution was passed unanimously, and the Evangelical Alliance was constituted amid the praises and congratulations of the Assembly.

(To be continued.)

MOUNT CARMEL.

BY THE REV. J. T. HEADLEY, NEW YORK.

MOUNT CARMEL stands by the sea, lifting its head two thousand feet above the water, looking off on Sharon towards the south, while inland Tabor shows dim through the hazy atmosphere. Its shape is that of a flattened cone, and it is one of the most picturesque objects in that land of glorious associations. Two scenes, totally different, yet thrilling in the extreme, have transpired on its summit. Elijah and Mount Carmel go together, and no time nor change can separate them in human history.

Under the reign of the despot Ahab, Israel had forsaken the commandments of God and his worship, and gone over to idolatry, till vice and cruelty covered the land. To bring the nation to reflection God declared, through Elijah, that no rain should fall on the earth for years; and, lo, the heavens were shut up and became like brass over the thirsty fields. Every thing withered up—the corn shrivelled and died—the grass shrunk away and turned red in the fierce heat—the very trees drooped and died, and the once fat herds, reduced to skeletons, swarmed over the fields in search of food and water. The harvest remained ungathered, and the farmer looked with anxious, and then despairing, heart on his barren fields and empty granaries. Men husbanded the little grain that was left, and all over Israel food was measured out by piecemeal, for want began to stare them in the face. The first year men were impoverished, the second ruined in their fortunes, but the third brought famine and all its horrors. Children, pleading for bread, died in their parents' arms; the old yielded up the ghost with a groan; the strong-limbed, bloated, fell on their own thresholds; and woe and wretchedness were on every side. At first, Ahab was angry with Elijah, who had predicted this calamity, and attempted to slay him as the cause of it; but the prophet fled from his hand. But, at length, the haughty king was frightened into apparent meekness, and then the prophet presented himself before him. The

hunted fugitive trod the courts of the palace without fear, and more like a king than their owner, and stood with a stern and haughty brow before the royal despot. The king looked on him a moment in surprise, as he stood wrapped in his mantle before him, then said, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" The roused prophet, whose heart had bled over the sufferings of his beloved country, who would gladly have sacrificed his life to have saved it, could not brook the charge implied in this question. Hurling back the accusation in the very teeth of the king, he said, "*I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim.*" Thou, proud monarch, art the enemy of thy country; thou hast brought down the curse of Heaven; on thy head rests the guilt of all this woe and death. Such was the language the despised, and poor, and exiled prophet uttered in the ears of the astonished Ahab. Conscience had at length awoken, and he dare not resent it, but allowed himself to be bearded on his very throne, surrounded by his vassals. Elijah saw that he was partially humbled by fear—and well he might be at the spectacle his country presented—and so immediately proposed a trial of the respective claims of the prophets of the Lord and those of Baal, "Gather me," said he, "all Israel unto Mount Carmel, and with them four hundred and fifty of the prophets of Baal, and four hundred more of the prophets of the groves who sit at Jezebel's table." A strange proposal for a public criminal to make to a king; but there was something about him that awed the monarch, so that he dare not refuse his consent. That plain-clad man in his mantle, who had been a by-word for children for years, now dictated to the king, who had hunted him, like a common felon, the length and breadth of Israel. His order was obeyed, and, lo! all Israel came flocking to Carmel. Every road was thronged with the eager thousands—on foot, in carriages, and on horseback, they went streaming onward, till every highway leading to the mountain was filled with the dust of hasty travellers. In the barren fields through which they rode—in the wan and haggard faces that stared on them as they passed, they saw evidence enough that Israel was troubled, and that it was time the cause was made known.

The prophets of Baal, and of the groves, eight hundred and fifty of them in all, went in the pomp becoming their high station and power, and thus priest and people thronged together to this strange rendezvous. Without a friend to cheer him, unless perchance Obadiah was with him—on foot and alone, Elijah trode his weary way to the same solemn gathering. Behold the top of Carmel covered with the multitude! Below them heaves the blue Mediterranean, whose restless waters lose them-

selves in the distance; behind them is Palestine in its beauty; and, far away, the snow-capt heights of Lebanon fringe the horizon. It is a glorious spectacle beneath and around, and the solemn murmur of the sea perchance rises over the hum of the multitude. But soon one form and one voice arrest every eye and ear. Wrapped in his mantle, Elijah stands on the lordly summit, and, casting his eye over the landscape, and over the throng, at length breaks forth: "*How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him.*" He paused, and gazed sternly on the thousands about him, but not a voice broke the ominous silence. There was an air of authority about him that awed even the prophets of Baal; and, in the confidence of a king rather than with the humility of a proscribed man, he made a proposal which should for ever settle who was the true God, and which were the false. "I," said Elijah, "am the only prophet of the Lord left, while here are four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal. But let them now take two bullocks, and cut one in pieces, and lay it on wood without fire; and I will dress the other bullock, and lay it on wood, and put no fire under; and they shall call on their god, and I will call on the Lord, and the God that answereth by fire let him be God." "It is well spoken," murmured the multitude; "let it be tried." Whether the prophets wished to come to this conclusive issue or not, they were forced to it by the people. Doubtless, they feared a failure, but they hoped their numbers and their power might overawe Elijah, and it might be a mutual failure, and then the prophet's doom was sealed. He had called all Israel together, and the people were on the stretch of expectation, and anything short of overwhelming success would be disgrace and death. "*And I am left alone.*" Yes, thou art alone, Elijah, and around thee are nearly a thousand vindictive foes, thirsting for thy blood; and if thy God answers not by fire, then wilt thou thyself be offered up here on the mountain, a sacrifice to human hate. True, thou standest proudly there, with thy uplifted arm pointing towards heaven, and thy prophet's mantle wrapped about thee, and thy voice is like one who knows the secrets of God; but woe to thee if thou hast deceived thyself and this mighty assembly!

Thus thought many a heart as they saw Elijah, by one single act, bring the reputation of God and his own life into apparent jeopardy. But now there was no retreat to either party, and the prophets of Baal cut their bullock in pieces, and laid it on the wood, under the open sky, and began to pray. There was no room for deception here—all was open and clear, and every eye could see the fire that should fall from the cloudless heavens above. All was silent expectation and breathless

anxiety as this strange scene commenced. The sun had just risen over the Holy Land, flooding Mount Carmel with his beams, as those four hundred and fifty prophets knelt, in one dense mass, around the altar and began their supplications. At first, solemn and fervent, as became the dignity of the occasion, they besought Baal, for his honour and for the sake of his followers, to hear them. To send down fire was a small matter for one so powerful, and thus for ever silence the tongue of this hostile prophet. But no fire descended—the sun rode quietly up the heavens—the deep heaved calmly below, and the morning wind went seaward as gaily as ever. Thus they prayed till noon, while the people looked on. But at length frenzy took the place of supplication, and it was one wild shout around that bullock, as it lay smoking in the mid-day sun. Elijah till now had stood apart and quietly surveyed the scene, but as the frantic throng began their mad outcries and frantic gestures, crying, “O Baal, hear us!” his long-suppressed scorn broke forth, and he taunted them in the midst of their ravings, and said, “Cry aloud, for he is a god; perhaps he is busy talking, and cannot attend to you immediately; or he is pursuing his foe, and cannot stop; or perhaps he is on a journey; or asleep. Shout louder, and wake up your god.” Bitter words, that only increased the frenzy of those to whom it was addressed, and they leaped upon the altar, flinging their arms aloft, crying out still more frantically, “O Baal, hear us!” They cut themselves with knives and lancets, till the blood streamed over the bullock, and shouted till Mount Carmel rung with their turbulent cries, and became a scene of indescribable confusion; but still the heavens were silent and serene as ever; no voice answered them—no fire came down.

At length the people began to tire of this exciting but useless scene, and the prophets themselves gave up in despair. Then came Elijah's turn. The sun was stooping towards the sea, and the time of the evening sacrifice approached. Standing up, he called the people to him, and, as they clustered around, he repaired the long neglected altar of the Lord, and placed upon it twelve stones for the twelve tribes of Israel. He then dug a trench around it, and having placed the wood on the altar, and the bullock on the wood, told the spectators to pour four barrels of water over them. They did so. “Do it the second time,” said he, and they did it the second time, and the third time, till the trench was full to the brim, and the wood and the sacrifice were flooded. Here could be no deception, no concealed fire, nothing which could allow the prophets of Baal to declare the whole a trick—for the altar was flowing with water.

All is now ready; the disappointed prophets and Israel's thousands are looking anxiously

on. The blazing fire-ball is hanging over the waves below, and already the sea breeze is stealing landward, for the time of the evening sacrifice has arrived. Elijah advances towards the altar, with uncovered head and solemn countenance, but with no hesitation or alarm in his glance. His step is firm and his eye serene, as he moves across the space between him and the spectators. Yet, methinks, I hear a voice saying, “Gird now thyself, Elijah; for thine hour has come. Thy God and the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, thou hast cast on one bold issue. Woe for thee, and woe for Israel, if thou failest!”

But he shall not fail. He kneels and prays. There is no confession of sin, no pleading for pardon, for he is not asking for blessings on his own head, or on that of his country: he is asking God to vindicate himself, and make good his given word. There seems no necessity for strong crying and earnest supplication; yet in that sudden outburst of “*Hear me, O Lord, hear me!*” I see the mighty wrestling of a mighty soul. He prays fervently, but solemnly. There is no contortion, no assumed tone or manner, as with uplifted hands he exclaims, “*LORD GOD OF ABRAHAM, ISAAC, AND OF JACOB, LET IT BE KNOWN THIS DAY THAT THOU ART GOD IN ISRAEL, AND THAT I AM THY SERVANT, AND THAT I HAVE DONE ALL THESE THINGS, AT THY WORD. HEAR ME, O LORD, HEAR ME; THAT THIS PEOPLE MAY KNOW THAT THOU ART THE LORD GOD, AND THAT THOU HAST TURNED THEIR HEART BACK AGAIN.*” He ceased, and lo! from the cloudless heavens fire fell like falling lightning, and the bullock smoked amid the water that flooded it, and a swift vapour rose from the top of Carmel, and all was over! There lay the ashes of the sacrifice, and there the dry trenches, and there, too, knelt the awe-struck prophet. For a moment the silence of the grave hung over that solitary mountain, as the astonished multitude hid their faces in the earth; but the next moment there arose a murmur, swelling gradually louder and louder like the gathering roar of the sea, till, drowning every other sound, it rolled gloriously towards heaven—“*The Lord he is the God; Jehovah he is the God!*” ’Twas done; Truth had triumphed, and Israel was saved.

But Elijah had not yet fulfilled his mission. Turning sternly to the people, he bade them seize the prophets of Baal, and not let one of them escape. Prayers and entreaties were alike in vain. Though they crowd around the just now despised exile with tears, he has no pity for their fate. God and his country demand their death, and down the mountain slope they are dragged by the indignant people, and there, by the margin of the brook Kishon, Elijah slays them, and the parched earth drinks up their blood.

Still the prophet's work is not done; his coun-

try's enemies are destroyed, but her sufferings are not allayed. The crowd may return home, but he, accompanied by his servant, re-ascends Carmel. Standing on the now silent and solitary summit, in sight of the forsaken altars, he surveys for a moment the heavens above him, and the scene around him; the sun is just bathing his burning forehead in the western wave ere he sinks to rest, and not a cloud is on the brazen sky. Casting himself upon the earth, and burying his face between his knees, again he prays. But where is the lofty bearing and stern aspect that just now awed the people, as he brought fire from heaven? Gone with the fulfilment of his task. He was then defending the God of Israel before scoffers and idolaters, and his voice and aspect became his great mission. But now he is pleading for pardon for his suffering, sinful country; he is entreating God to take his erring people once more to his arms, and pour upon them his blessings, and he is in the dust, as it becomes such a mediator. For three years and a half, not a drop of rain has fallen in Israel, and he now beseeches the Lord to water the earth and stay the famine and woe of the land.

As he closed his prayer, he bade his servant go and look towards the sea. He obeyed, and returned, saying, "I see nothing." Again the prophet poured his supplications into the bosom of the God of Jacob, and again sent his servant to see if there were signs of rain. Again he returned, as before. Still Elijah's faith did not shake. Again he prayed, and again sent his servant, till the seventh time. But the seventh time he came back, saying, "There is a little cloud rising out of the sea, like a man's hand." It was enough—Faith was satisfied, and Elijah arose and said to his servant, "Go up, say unto Ahab, Prepare thy chariot, and get thee down that the rain stop thee not." He heard the sound of the coming storm before it arrived, ay, heard it long before, in the silence that followed the death of the prophets. And, lo! what a sight appeared from Mount Carmel! Dark and angry clouds began to roll up the scorching heavens—the sun went down in gloom—the sea rose and shook itself to meet the coming tempest—fierce lightnings traversed the angry masses, as they pushed themselves upward—the thunder came muttering over the Mediterranean, as it rolled its vexed waters against the base of the mountain—the sound of wind and rain was borne landward—and day was turned into sudden night, as the storm burst on the land of Israel. The thirsty and barren earth again smiled in verdure, and the long curse was removed. What a day of terror and of grace that had been to Israel! and as the prophet lay that night and listened to the descending rain, methinks his heart swelled with deeper gratitude than ever before to the God of his fathers.

Mount Carmel still stands by the sea, and

overlooks the same prospect; but the people of God are no longer there. Priest and prophet have disappeared, and there is no Elijah now to plead in their behalf. A Turkish mosque stands where arose the altar of God, and the Muezzin's voice rings where arose the prayer of the prophet.

AN OLD TESTAMENT NARRATIVE APPLIED TO SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

BY THE REV. ANDREW A. BONAR, COLLACE.

(From the *Scottish Sabbath School Teachers' Magazine*.)

FELLOW-LABOURERS in the fields that are white to the harvest, we all feel that it is difficult to say whether we should labour most or pray most. O for that fellowship with God which, in the very midst of its awful bliss, seems to put the sickle into our hand anew! O for that holy labour, which is carried on in the enjoyment of present communion!

I was lately helping my Sabbath school teachers to gather out the precious lessons of Gen. xxxii. and xxxiii. for their classes, when the subject rose to my view in a light that led me to apply it to the teachers themselves.

I. Fellow-labourer, you are often found, on a Saturday evening, thinking anxiously of the morrow. You have made efforts through the week to have a good attendance of your somewhat troublesome and fickle scholars, and have prayed for them too. But it is now *Saturday night*, and to-morrow is your day of opportunity. Are you not oftentimes like *Jacob*? are you never "greatly afraid and distressed?" You form your plans, and think what you may say and do—as *Jacob* divided his bands and flocks, and resolved what to do. But you fear the terrible opposition of the carnal mind: the utter apathy of some; the good-natured playfulness and levity of others; the careless neglect of more; and the actual resistance of a few. You feel you have no power against this host; no control over their wills; and you feel before God "not worthy of the least of all his mercies." Only He made your duty plain to engage in his work. He said, "Return to it, and I will deal well with thee."

II. Fellow-labourer, do you not now go alone! Your arrangements are all, mentally at least, completed, and you turn to Him that quickeneth the dead. "*Jacob was left alone.*" So you are now alone. Even your books and papers are laid aside, and your chamber is still. "Abba, Father!" bursts from your lips, and the Intercessor repeats the words at the golden altar! *Jacob's* words and arguments are not recorded; they were such as suited the solemn moment. They were so strong that the Intercessor drew near, and "wrestled with him till the breaking of the day;" as if to show that he felt himself grasped, and detained, and fairly arrested by this feeble worshipper on his knees! Is it not so with

you? Has *Sabbath morning* not begun to dawn? has the hour never advanced toward the time when Mary Magdalene would have been rising to prepare her spices, ere ever you could cease your vehement longings, your earnest cries to the Lord for the outpouring of his Spirit on your scholars, whose enmity to God you fear and lament! And have you not also found yourself introduced into so near a meeting with the Lord, that, independent of to-morrow's answer, you have gained a blessing; you have found him speak peace, and promise greater things to your own soul? You are left weak and helpless, "halting on your thigh;" but no longer able to doubt the Lord.

III. Fellow-labourer, *the day now dawns*, your preparations and arrangements are all made, and so you come to your class. You enter the room. "Jacob lifted up his eyes, and, behold, Esau came!" And now, therefore, if ever, is the time of getting the blessing that was sought last night. Jacob put his company in three divisions; and this done, waited the result. You commence your labour; the hum of voices is heard; you fairly meet these souls whose alienation from God you so deeply feel, and have so often deplored.

IV. But, fellow-labourer, Esau's step was heard rapidly traversing the ground, till all at once his eye met his brother's. Instantly they fell on each other's neck! Where is the sword and spear? where is the knit brow? where is the scowl of defiance? Last night's intercession was carried up to God, and, behold, now "they wept!" Have you never seen it thus? You stood in your place—you timorously lifted your eye on the row of scholars before you—you spoke the word—you met them with the sword of the Spirit. What now? Some are moved. A tear falls from some of the sternest of them all; their feelings are touched; their conscience is reached! They seem interested in all you say; they need no inducement to remain hanging on your lips; and you speak with "the tongue of the learned" concerning the Well-beloved of the Father—the unspeakable gift—the eternal life given to us, in the person and work of the only begotten Son of God.

V. Fellow-labourer, what has God wrought! how he has heard and acknowledged you! Do you not now look on the changed countenance of that once stubborn boy, or that gay-thoughted girl, and say, "I have seen thy face as though I had seen the face of God!" (Gen. xxxiii. 10.) That altered countenance, betokening an altered state of feeling, is so evidently God's answer to your prayer of faith, that you recognise *God himself* in that change. The acknowledgment of your last night's request is so obvious and undeniable, that you cannot mistake the evidence it yields of God smiling on you. He is thus telling you by facts that your appeal to him, combined with your diligent and faithful efforts, has been well-pleasing in his sight, for

the sake of the Intercessor, who that night put his incense round it.

VI. And now you journey on—cheered ever after with this token of good-will in God to you and your scholars; and the next time you are found at the altar, it is not "sacrificing to your net," or "burning incense to your drag," but owning the name of "*El-elohe-Israel*" (Gen. xxxiii. 20), ascribing the praise to "God, the God of Israel." And from that day forth, you are sent back again and again to that same altar, with similar thanks, arising from repeated blessing: "Glory to God in the highest!" "He hath mercy on whom he will have mercy."

VII. Fellow-labourer, may it be thus with you and me, week after week, till our pilgrim-life is done, and we sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, to tell together God's marvellous grace, in the kingdom of God.

LESSONS.

FROM THE EARLY SINGING OF BIRDS.—How am I reproved for sluggishness by these watchful birds, which cheerfully entertain the very dawning of the morning with their cheerful and delightful warblings!

It is a pity that Christians of all men should suffer sleep to take so much out of so small a portion as their time on earth is. But, alas! it is not so much early rising, as a wise improving those fresh and free hours with God, that will enrich the soul; for that is experimentally true which one in this case has pertinently observed, that if the world get the start of religion in the morning, it will be hard for religion to overtake it all the day after.

FROM THE LOVE OF A DOG TO HIS MASTER.—How many a weary step, through mire and dirt, has this poor dog followed my horse's heels to-day, and all this for a very poor reward! All he gets by it at night, is but bones and blows.

O my soul, what conviction and shame may this leave upon thee, who art oftentimes weary of following thy master, Christ, whose rewards and encouragements of obedience are so incomparably sweet and sure! O let me make a whole heart-choice of Christ for my portion and happiness, and then I shall never leave him, nor turn back from following him, though the present difficulties were much more, and the present encouragements much less.

FROM A WITHERED POSEY.—Finding in my walk a posy of once sweet and fragrant, but now dry and withered flowers, which I supposed to be thrown away by one who had formerly worn it, Thus, said I, does the unfaithful world use its friends, when Providence has blessed and withered them. Whilst they are rich and honourable, they will put them into their bosoms, as the owner of this posy did whilst it was fresh and fragrant, and as easily throw them away when they come to be withered. Then, Lord, let me never seek its friendship. O let me esteem the smiles and honours of men less, and thy love and favour more!—*Flavel*.

THE SOUL AND THE BODY.

Do the souls of men out-live their bodies? *Then it is the height of madness and spiritual infatuation,*

to destroy the soul for the body's sake—to ruin the precious soul for ever, for the pleasures of sin which are but for a moment; yet this is the madness of millions of men. Every cheat and circumvention in dealing, every lie, every act of oppression, is a wound given the immortal soul, for the procuring some accommodation to the body.

O what soul-undoing bargains do some make with the devil! He is a great trader for souls. He hath all sorts of commodities to suit all men's humours that will deal with him. He hath profits for the covetous, honours for the ambitious, pleasures for the voluptuous: but a soul is the price at which he sells them; only he will be content to sell at a day, and not require present pay: so that he is paid on a death-bed, in a dying hour, he is satisfied.

We smile at little children, who, in a kind of laborious idleness, take a great deal of pains to make and trim their babies, or build their little houses of sticks and straws. And what are they but children of a bigger size, that keep such ado about the body, a weak pile, that must perish in a few days?

Two things a master commits to his servant's care, saith one—the child and the child's clothes. It will be but a poor excuse for the servant to say, at his master's return, "Sir, here are the child's clothes neat and clean, but the child is lost." Much so will be the account that many will give to God of their souls and bodies at the great day. You rob your souls to pay your flesh. This is madness.

O my friends, let me beg you not to love your bodies into hell, and your souls too for their sakes; be not so scared at the sufferings of the body, as, with poor Spira, to dash them both against the wrath of the great and terrible God. Most of those souls that are now in hell, are there upon the account of their indulgence to the flesh; they could not deny the flesh, and now are denied by God. They could not suffer from men, and now must suffer the vengeance of eternal fire.

Seeing there is so strict a friendship and tender affection betwixt soul and body, let me persuade every soul of you to express your love to the body, by labouring to get union with Jesus Christ, and thereby to prevent the utter ruin of both to all eternity.

Souls, if you love yourselves, or the bodies you dwell in, show it by your preventing care in season, lest they be cast away for ever. How can you say you love them, when you daily expose them to the everlasting wrath of God? O cruel souls! cruel, not to others, but to yourselves, and to your own flesh, which you pretend so much love to! Is this your love to your bodies? What! to employ them in Satan's service on earth, and then to be cast as a prey to him for ever in hell? The saints love them too well to cast them away as you do.

I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, to present your bodies living sacrifices to God, which is your reasonable service. (Rom. xii. 1.)

Except you have gracious souls, you shall never have glorified bodies: except your souls be united with Christ, the happiness of your bodies, as well as your souls, is lost to all eternity. O that this sad truth might sink deep into your consideration this day; that if your bodies be snares to your souls, and your souls be now regardless of the future state, assuredly they will have a bitter parting at death, a terrible meeting again at the resurrection, and horrid reflections upon each other, naturally charging their ruin upon each other to all eternity; whilst they that are in Christ, part in hope, meet with joy, and bless God for each other for evermore.—*Ibid.*

FOR PARENTS.

O! this is a cutting consideration, My child is in hell, and I did nothing to prevent it; I helped him thither.

If you neglect to instruct your children in the way of holiness, will the devil neglect to instruct them in the way of wickedness? No. If you will not teach them to pray, he will teach them to curse, swear, and lie. If ground be uncultivated, weeds will spring. If the season of their youth is neglected, how little probability is there of any good fruit afterwards! How few are converted in old age!—*Ibid.*

PASSING AWAY.

SUPPOSE that one of our active business men, who has been seen every day passing up and down our streets, and whose name and countenance are familiar to thousands, should be seen to turn abruptly, as he passed along the side walk, and to enter suddenly a door from which he should never come forth again. Suppose that no one could enter that door to bring him back, and no intelligence of him could ever return. What an event would it be for me to wonder and to shudder at! That mysterious door—crowds would gather about it and gaze at it, awestricken. And although precisely this does not occur, yet much in this way are men disappearing. Men who are seen in our streets and in the walks of business for years, and whom it is so natural to see that ye unthinkingly expect always to see them, are all at once gone for ever. The places that knew them, know them no more. Suddenly, perhaps in middle life, they are missed in the places of commerce and of trade, and they come not again. Do their partners and their acquaintance never pause, mentally, and look at the mysterious door through which they passed, and wonder whither that entrance leads, and with what kind of preparation it will be safe to follow? That path trodden once, and but once—men are every day withdrawing from our midst, to tread it alone. As they withdraw, they seem to say to those whom they leave behind, "Be ye also ready."

REASONS WHY THE YOUNG SHOULD GIVE THEIR YOUTH TO CHRIST.

1. *God regenerates the most of his chosen in early years.*—If that early risers were mostly the men that grew rich, and lived long in the world, who of you would not leave lying late in bed? Truly, they that rise in the morning of their days, and turn unto God, be mostly the men that ever overcome the devil. They that continue in the bed of their security late are in danger of having their bed in hell for ever. "A young saint, and an old devil," is a proverb which was certainly hatched in hell. God and men break colts when they are young.

2. *God doth regenerate most easily those souls whom he turneth early.*—Know it, sirs; pain is necessary—thank sin for it. Had not sin entered, never had we known pain, grief, fear, or shame; but now there is a very natural necessity for it. Sin is a painful, grievous, fearful, shameful thing: nor can I see how the honour of God's justice could possibly have excused repentance. Spiritually, as well as naturally,

we are born in sorrow. Both sorts of children cry before they laugh: all new creatures be first mourners. But all are not in the same degree so; nor are all equally long sowing in tears, before they do reap in joy. Some sinners are lanced more deeply than others; and God keeps open the wounds of some of his children longer than others, as he pleaseth. But ordinarily we see young Timothys be not struck down like Sauls; or, if they be, they be not kept so many days in frightful darkness.

And is this a small thing? Think of it, and say, "If my body had a sore, of easy and speedy cure, if the surgeon were applied quickly unto, I should not suffer a little matter to hold me from him. My soul and body is all spiritual wounds. God alone can heal them. Those which he doth heal easiest and soonest, they be those of first comers most commonly. Tardy and late comers are healed rarely, and so as by fire when they be. What should all me? Why should I not presently arise, and go to my Father? Why should I buy dearly God's hardest blows?"

3. *God doth honour singularly, and reward with grace extraordinary, his early converts.*—If any, they be those that have two heavens; great service and sweet assurance on earth, and greater degrees of glory also than others above. Most divines think so. Late converts too much imitate the Indians, that eat the honey themselves, and offer but the wax unto their deities. "They give God but the bran of their life, when Satan has had the flour," as some have expressed themselves. None so much honour God, and none are so honoured by him, as those who give honour to him, and accept it from him, in your early days. Infer you, then, my young folk,—

You must convert presently, or delay with loss; even with certain danger of hell, and certain loss of much of heaven.—*Burgess.*

DOING NOTHING.

"HE made me out a sinner for doing nothing!" This remark fell from the lips of one who was under conviction of sin, and of whom we asked the question, How were you awakened? It was in a revival of religion, in 1832. He had heard a sermon from the words, "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion!" It was a new thought to the poor man, who had been comforting himself with the plea that he had done nothing very bad. But now he saw that his greatest sin was the very thing in which he had been comforting himself—*doing nothing!*

We were reminded of this incident by meeting in an old religious magazine with the following interrogatories on the words, "Curse ye Meroz." The writer says:—

By whose authority? The angel of the Lord's.

What has Meroz done? Nothing.

Why then is Meroz to be cursed? Because they did nothing.

What ought Meroz to have done? Come to the help of the Lord.

Could not the Lord do without Meroz? The Lord did do without Meroz.

Did the Lord sustain, then, any loss? No, but Meroz did.

Is Meroz then to be cursed? Yes, and that bitterly.

Is it right that a man should be cursed for doing nothing? Yes, when he ought to do something.

Who says so? The angel of the Lord: "That

servant which knew his Lord's will, and did it not, shall be beaten with many stripes." (Luke xii. 47.)

Reader, have you done—are you doing *any* thing for God—any thing for your own soul—anything for the souls of your fellows? If not, you have been and are doing every thing against them. Arise and do something. "Work out your salvation with fear and trembling." "Follow the Lord fully." "Let your light so shine before men, that they seeing your good works, may glorify your father who is in heaven." Those who neither *think* nor *do* in time, will find time to think and suffer in eternity.

RIGHTEOUS OVERMUCH.

THIS is properly to be righteous overmuch, when we pretend to correct God's law, and add supplements of our own to his rule.

FROZEN TOGETHER.

DURING a season of great religious declension, an aged deacon was asked whether the Church to which he belonged were united. "Ah, yes," replied the good man with emotion, "for we are all *frozen together.*"

CHILDREN.

I REMEMBER a great man coming to my house at Waltham, and seeing all my children standing in the order of their age and stature, he said, "These are they that make rich men poor;" but he straight received his answer, "Nay, my Lord; these are they that make a poor man rich; for there is not one of these whom we would part with for all your wealth."—*Bishop Hall.*

I delight in little children: I could spend hours in watching them. How much there is in them that the Saviour loved, when he took a little child, and set him in the midst! Their simplicity, their confidence in you, the fund of happiness with which their beneficent Creator has endued them, that when intelligence is less developed, and so affords less enjoyment, the natural spirits are an inexhaustible fund of infantine pleasure.—*Wilberforce.*

That which I have often blamed as an indiscreet and dangerous practice in many fathers, is, to be very indulgent to their children whilst they are little, and as they come to ripe years to lay great restraint upon them, and live with greater reserve towards them; which usually produces an ill understanding between father and son, which cannot but be of bad consequence. And I think fathers would generally do better, as the sons grow up, to take them into a nearer familiarity, and live with them with as much freedom of friendship as their age and temper will allow.—*Locke.*

CONSOLATION ON LOSS OF CHILDREN.—In sending so many children to the place of happiness before you, you are, as it were, glorified by piecemeal: instead of planting families from yourself on earth, you have contributed towards the planting of colonies in heaven; and instead of recruiting the forces of the Church militant, have furnished the trophies of the Church triumphant.—*Ford.*

THE GOSPEL TREASURE.

ADDRESSED TO THE YOUNG.

In your story books you have read many things that have greatly pleased and amused you. You have read of travels, and shipwrecks, and adventures; of foreign lands, and the wonderful things travellers speak about them; about the philosopher's stone, that was to change whatever it touched into gold; the elixir vitæ, which was to make immortal every one that drank of it; of the famous El Dorado, on whose shores whosoever arrived was henceforth to be happy; of hidden treasures, and stores of gems guarded by magicians and necromancers as carefully as the tree in the garden of the Fates was watched by the dragon that never slept. You have read about these and many other things of the same kind, and of the disappointment of those who pursued them expecting to get what they promised, and how at the very moment they thought to have realized all, they found that they had been seeking a fool's paradise—things not to be attained, and of no great worth if they had;—all of them fables; day-dreams of warm but vain imaginations; clouds with a sunbeam or a rainbow brightening for a moment upon them—for a brief moment—for the cloud melted and left nothing behind but the viewless air in which it hovered and floated. If you will believe it, there is a real and true treasure far greater than any or all of them; and what is better still, this treasure you may get possession of. If you do, it will make you good and rich, and happy in this world, and also in the world to come: you shall dwell in the high places of the earth, and afterwards in the high places of the heavens—in the palace hall of God, and near his right hand amongst the angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect: you shall stand upon the sea of glass, and see the rainbow that is around the throne, and eat of the fruit of the tree of life that is in the midst of the paradise of God: you shall be blessed ones amongst the blessed ones: you shall be clothed in shining garments, crowned with unfading amaranths, have golden harps put into your hands on which to give praise to the Lamb for ever and ever.

I write this paper to tell you about this treasure. If you read it with care, you may find that your time has not been ill spent.

When war is in a country, it is a ruinous thing. Men's lives are not safe—men's property is not secure; armed plunderers go about searching for it. They seize whatever they can. The more each gets he better is he pleased. In such times, men who had money or other valuable things, used often to gather all together, bundle it up, dig in the earth, and hide it there. This they did to secure it, and thus, when the war was over, they might dig it up again and enjoy it. It sometimes happened that they were disappointed; the man who hid the treasure in his garden or his field was slain, or died before the return of peace. No one but himself knew about his treasure, and so no more was heard about it for a long time. It would also happen, that long after, some one ploughing in the earth, or turning it over with his spade, would stumble upon the treasure so carefully hidden. As the gold glittered before him in the sunshine, he lifted up his hands in joy, and counted himself happy. It so happened once with a shrewd man. Digging in a field he came upon a treasure. The field was not his own. He concluded, as the field was not his own, so he had not a just claim to the treasure. The owner of the field, though he knew nothing about the treasure, and though he would have been never a hilling the poorer, though the treasure had never been discovered, yet, because it was in his field that it was hidden, might have disputed the claim, or even, if a greedy and powerful person, might have wrested the whole of it from the poor man who discovered it, or put him off with some wretched pittance. The man who discovered it knew all this, and was, as you have been told, a shrewd man. What does he do? The first thing he did, was to examine the treasure, and to cast in his mind the value of it; he found that its value was greater than the value of all the property he was master of. He next covered up the treasure again, and said not a word about it to any one. He then sold all that he had, and with the money went and bought the field. It was now his own. Thus he came to the possession of the treasure.

In the Gospel according to Matthew, we read the words of our Lord Jesus Christ (xiii.

44): "Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field." This is the treasure I spoke of, and which is to be described and recommended to you.

The gospel is the field in which this treasure is hidden. Is it, then, a hidden treasure? It is. We see that it is a hidden treasure; for many read the Scriptures where it is, and yet never find it; as many dig in a field where treasure may be hidden, but never discover it. Why is the treasure hidden? It is hidden, that we may diligently search for it. It undoubtedly is in the gospel—we are sure that it is; but it is hidden that we may dig and search for it. I a man knew for certain that a great sum of money was concealed somewhere in his field, what would that man do? He would not surely content himself with the mere knowledge of the fact; he would dig over every inch of the field, not a patch of it but he would turn over. If still he did not find it, he would begin again and dig deeper—he would persevere till it was found, and safely in his possession. We are made certain that the treasure, "the kingdom of heaven," is in the gospel. Our duty, I think, is to take no rest, but to persevere without relaxation till we discover it, especially as we have a promise from God that if we do so, we shall have it. The promise is this, "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find." I fear you do not seek with half enough of diligence and pains-taking. I would have you to seek till you find. Remember, also, that now is the time to seek for it. Yes, now at the present time. They do not seek for it in heaven—they enjoy it there; nor in hell—they lament there that they did not seek for it whilst it was yet time. There it is for ever hidden from them.

But what is the treasure? It is "the kingdom of heaven." The Lord Jesus Christ has purchased "the kingdom of heaven" as a pleasant heritage for believers. It is a good and blessed place, and he gives them fair estates and possessions in it. The treasure is the gift of Christ, he gave himself to purchase it. Because he did so, let us consider the Lord Jesus Christ himself as "the treasure."

The worth of a treasure may be estimated in two ways. It may be estimated by the high opinion in which it is held, and by the high terms

in which it is spoken of by those who are able to judge of its value. This is the first way; it is a good way—a sure way. If every jeweller were praising the excellence and brilliance of a certain diamond, and saying that it surpassed any other one they had ever seen, every person would admit that it must be a very precious gem. The other way of estimating the worth of a treasure is to consider what it could do for us, supposing it were ours; how rich it could make us—how happy it could make us. This also is a very good way of getting a right view of its value. Consider the treasure that is hidden in the gospel in either of these ways, or in both of them, and you will see what a treasure it is for sterling worth and value.

The gospel treasure, as I have said, is the Lord Jesus Christ. Let us see what is said concerning Christ—what is thought of Christ by those who are the proper and competent judges. In the estimation of God the Father, Christ is infinitely precious; Christ dwelt in the bosom of the Father from eternity. The bosom is the place of love, of honour; to dwell in one's bosom, means to be a sharer of his tenderest affections and of all his counsels. "This is my beloved Son," says the Father of Christ, "in whom I am well pleased." It is set forth in Scripture as a most striking proof of the love of God the Father to sinners, that he could want the company of Christ out of his bosom when he came to this world to die for sinners; so dear was Christ to him. Still more, that he spared not Christ whom he so tenderly loved, but consented to his sufferings and death, and did himself stretch out his hand against him, notwithstanding the infinite love he bore to him. Amazing love to worthless sinners! No love like this! unparalleled except by the love of Christ! Of Christ, the Father also says, "Behold mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth." He calls Christ "the elect, precious." So he is; Christ is precious to the Father for his own sake; precious also because through him that deep eternal love that is in the bosom of the Father to poor sinners finds a way to reach them, and redeem them, and glorify them.

What do the holy angels think of Christ, the gospel treasure? It would be hard to tell how highly they think of him. They infinitely admire the excellence and beauty of his person and of his work. They wonder at his amazing love. They can never sufficiently admire it. How ready they are to execute all the commissions that Christ gives them! How happy

they think themselves when he despatches them on his errands of mercy! They know no more blessed employment than to join with the redeemed in heaven in praising Christ. "And I beheld, and heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts, and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."

What does every redeemed sinner think of Christ, the redeemed on earth as well as in heaven? He is altogether lovely, infinitely precious. None like him—none second to him—the chiefest among ten thousand—all in all. To the redeemed soul Christ is every thing. Any ransomed sinner will tell you so. Now, that which is a man's all, is precious to him. Judge of it by worldly things even, and you will see that it is so. Is a man rich or poor? is not the question. The question is, What is his substance!—what is his all—his total possession? Be it much or be it little, it is precious to him. A shepherd on the hills, a few sheep his fortune; a fisherman on the sea, his boat and nets his whole wealth. A small matter, truly; but as precious to him as the rich man's estate and palace are to the rich man. He supports by this his life, his wife, his children—more precious to him than his own life. Take from him his few sheep, his little boat, his lines, his fish-hooks—you ruin him; he and his family are beggars. A man's possessions are precious to him. If so, must not Christ be unspeakably precious to the redeemed soul? for he is the wealth, the substance, the every thing, the all-in-all of that soul. You need not wonder that such an one thinks much of Christ. Without Christ he is nothing—has nothing. In Christ he has all he needs, all he can desire. and more than he can ask or think.

But what can Christ do for you? Consider the gospel treasure in this view also, and see what a treasure it is. How spiritually rich, how happy can the Lord Jesus Christ make you, and how willing he is to do so! How blessed would you be if you came to him! How gloriously he would clothe your souls in the garments of righteousness, the apparel of the saints, which makes them comely and radiant in the sight even of Jehovah! And with what divine peace would he fill you! You would be happy to your hearts' content, and beyond what you can suppose. The peace that Christ bestows

on his humble, sincere, and true followers—how different is it from this world's peace! This world can bestow nothing like it. It is beyond the comprehension of this world. It is so pure, and holy, and profound a peace. Look a little in detail upon what the Lord Jesus, the gospel treasure, can do for you. The Lord Jesus can pardon your sins. That is a weighty matter. You cannot get quit of them otherwise. You cannot get the guilt of them removed. The punishment due to them cannot be escaped. What a sad thing to have your guilt twisted like chains upon you; to lie under it as under the weight of mountains, and no possibility of deliverance! It is a wonder that this does not mar the sinner's joy, poison his peace, and fill him with horrible apprehensions, and even with despair. It will do so one day. That day is very near; perhaps to-morrow—perhaps before the sun sets this very day. But Christ can deliver you from this weight of guilt, which, upon earth, is a load of condemnation, and in hell a load of anguish. How easily can the Lord Jesus do it! His blood cleanses from all sin. How willingly would he do it, would you but come to him! How anxious is he to do it! He waits upon you to do it—even now he waits. Here is a thing that Christ can do for you, which none other can. The gospel treasure is precious beyond all other treasures: they cannot be named with it.

Deliverance from the punishment of sin, unspeakably precious as it is, is but a part of what the Lord Jesus can do for you. He can enrich you still farther, he can also redeem you from the power of sin. Your hearts are corrupt. He can give you new hearts—holy heavenly hearts—desires, feelings, affections, aspirations, such as the angels and saints that minister before him in heaven have. To have a soul impressed with the image of God, and burning with love to God—what a mighty thing is that!—he who has it is like to God.

It would be pleasant to dwell for ever upon the riches that the Lord Jesus has to give you. Christ's riches are called "the unsearchable riches of Christ," there is in him such an inexhaustible store of riches, such a wealth of blessings—all of them choicest blessings. "It has pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell," even the fulness of the Godhead; for "the fulness of the Godhead dwells in him bodily." There is nothing truly good and desirable that Christ has not to bestow. No one can imagine any one thing truly excellent, but behold, Christ has it to bestow, and that in the

fulness of it. There can, therefore, be no lack in Christ, and none to those who are his; for he holds all things for their advantage. You see, then, what a treasure the gospel treasure is. And, after all, will you not accept of it? You would not throw away what few shillings or pounds you may possess. Will you despise the unsearchable riches of Christ?

The love of Christ does not change, and this is the last thing to be mentioned now. It is not sometimes cold, sometimes hot. It does not burn intensely, and straight burn out, and become extinct. If Christ but once set his love upon a sinner, he never ceases to love him. It is an everlasting love. Many waters cannot quench it. Nothing can. "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"—"I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

It is but a little of the riches of Christ, the gospel treasure, that I have been able to set before you now. But may we not say again, What an invaluable treasure this is!

One word more about it. What did he do who found the treasure in the field? He sold all, and bought that field. So must you do if you would have Christ. You must give to him your heart—yourselves. He says, "My son, give me thy heart." Christ makes a most gracious offer. One of two must have your heart—Satan or the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord Jesus bespeaks it. He is anxious to have it, that he may make it pure and holy, and that he may enrich it with all spiritual blessings: yea, that he may glorify you with himself. And may he give you grace to take thankfully that good offer which he makes!

Biographical Sketch.

THE REV. CRADOCK GLASCOTT.

(Concluded from p. 102.)

It was in the year 1782, that Mr. Glascott came to reside in Hatherleigh, the vicarage having been presented to him by the late Mr. Ireland, the friend of Fletcher, and his (Fletcher's) companion in a tour through Italy and Switzerland. His parish he found in a state of great poverty and depression, both as to temporal and spiritual concerns: it had for above half a century been gradually declining in every

respect. The year before his coming, two of his itinerant coadjutors, being on a journey in the west of England, passed through Hatherleigh. "A poor village," say they in their journal; "it was evening before we arrived, and not knowing any one person here, nor perceiving any door open for preaching, we remained at the inn."

It has been said* that on his first going there, the dangerous errors of the Socinian school prevailed in the parish. This requires some explanation, especially as, from the connection in which the remark occurs, it would seem to be implied that the persons alluded to were his persecutors, which was far from being the case. In the year 1662, notorious in the annals of English history for the ejection of two thousand "worthy, learned, and pious divines" from the Church of England, Hatherleigh afforded an asylum to the Rev. Bartholomew Yeo, who was ejected from his living of Merton, a neighbouring parish, and who came here to reside with his relative at Reed House; in the large hall of which he met for worship, and expounded the Word of God to a few pious and devout followers during the troublous times that succeeded. On the passing of the Act of Toleration, a Nonconformist place of worship was erected for the accommodation of a very respectable congregation; in which a succession of faithful men ministered, until it was supplied by a young man from Dr. Doddridge's academy, of the name of Castle. This gentleman was the minister at the time of Mr. Glascott's coming to reside in Hatherleigh. He was a man of learning, and great urbanity of manners, but certainly unsound in his theological creed. He had imbibed the errors of the Socinian, or rather of the Arian school; and his style of preaching was that which much prevailed both in and out of the Establishment at that period. The peculiar doctrines of Christianity were scarcely hinted at, and the whole formula of public instruction amounted to little more than a system of morality. With the decay of trade in the town, and the still greater decay of piety, the Nonconformist interest had become almost extinct; within about a year after Mr. Glascott's coming, Mr. Castle left; and the few persons who were accustomed to attend the meeting, were, so far from becoming persecutors, the first to welcome Mr. Glascott as a messenger of God. It is true, his zealous, uncompromising promulgation of the truth, contained in his first announcement from the pulpit, "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and him crucified," did bring down upon him opposition; but it was from persons who prided themselves on being true sons of the Church; from worldly-minded ecclesiastics on whom his zealous and indefatigable discharge of his duties was a constant censure; and from un-

* Vide Funeral Sermon, by the Rev. G. P. Richards.

godly laymen, who could not bear the undaunted reproofs of his public ministrations, or the condemnation of his holy example. Complaints were made to the bishop against the Methodistical parson, that his proceedings were irregular, and that "he brought to the ears of his parishioners strange doctrines, which neither they nor their forefathers were accustomed to hear." Bishop Ross, the then bishop of Exeter, was a man of liberal mind, and paid little attention to these complaints.

The good man continued to hold on his way, and, "by a steady perseverance in his holy duties, by an irreproachable consistency of character, by attending to whatsoever things were true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, silenced the voice of slander, and obtained the meed of approbation even from those who had been his adversaries."* We well remember, many years ago, on hearing a gentleman highly caricature his preaching, we asked, "Have you, sir, anything to allege against his character?" after a short pause he replied, "No! as a man, as a gentleman, I respect, I revere him; but I hate his preaching, and will never more go to hear him." This resolution of his was not, however, strictly adhered to; and we know that though he had not from that time many opportunities of attending on Mr. Glascott's ministry, he ever cherished a high regard for his person and character.

Nearly fifty years did God, in mercy, favour Hatherleigh with the faithful ministry of his servant; and though, in the retired pastoral labours of his parish, he was not privileged with those remarkable manifestations of God's favour which attended his more public and itinerant labours, yet he was never left without witness, or seals to his ministry. And even at those periods when the religious state of his parishioners appeared to be at the lowest ebb, it has afterwards been found that one and another of his hearers were the subjects of serious impressions, and became savingly converted to God. A short time since, a stranger passing through the village, requested to see the monument erected to his memory. On taking a view of it he burst into tears, and said to the person who accompanied him, "that, being a commercial traveller, he had some years ago spent a Sunday in Hatherleigh, and attended church, when Mr. Glascott's sermon was made a blessing to his soul, and that therefore he could not but revere his memory."

A few years before his death, Mr. Glascott received a letter, stating that the writer was about to embark as a missionary to a foreign land, and though a perfect stranger he could not comfortably leave his native country without writing to inform him that, many years before, when quite a youth, he had heard him preach an occasional sermon in a neighbouring parish, which made a deep impression on his

mind; that for some months afterwards he frequented Hatherleigh church, and was much edified and blessed by what he there heard; that he knew not at the time a single individual to whom he could open his mind, and had never an opportunity of making himself known to Mr. Glascott, having shortly after left the neighbourhood. At the place to which he removed he was providentially introduced to the acquaintance of some Wesleyan Methodists, and having united himself to that body of Christians, he was now going out as a foreign missionary. We were recently in the company of a gentleman, who informed that, about thirty years ago, he and his sister became occasional hearers of Mr. Glascott, when his ministry was made a blessing to both of them. They had frequently gone to Hatherleigh church, a distance of seven miles from their residence, but having shortly after removed to a more distant part of the country, they had never an opportunity of personal intercourse with Mr. Glascott, or of informing him of the benefit they had received under his preaching. These cases, the two latter at least, are selected as having occurred at the most discouraging periods of his ministry.

Though at some periods* during his long sojourn, the state of religion would appear exceedingly low indeed amongst his parishioners, his zeal and spirituality abated not. We remember being present on one occasion at a week evening lecture (the meetings for which were at that time held in a private house), when only three or four constituted the assembly. On looking around he said, "We are a small company indeed," and then with cheerfulness, "but we are still within the promise; come, while we are so few, let us draw around the fire and have a little profitable conversation." And a more interesting, profitable conversation we never remember to have mingled in. In colloquial intercourse there was occasionally something rather stern and forbidding in his manner, especially at first interview, but he improved on acquaintance; and when he did unbend, no man could be more agreeable. In the parlour circle of friends his company uniformly gave a zest to the conversation. He would watch his opportunity to give the chit-chat a profitable turn, and his serious remarks would be so appropriately introduced as to command attention and respect without offending the most fastidious. Those who had the privilege of associating with him will not readily forget the pleasurable opportunities they thus enjoyed.

There are not wanting instances of permanent good resulting from his pastoral visits, and from his conversations with those whom he accidentally met in his walks. It was an incident of this kind that was the means, by God's blessing, of producing a decided change in the character of one who has laboured suc-

* Vide Funeral Sermon before alluded to.

cessfully for many years as a missionary coadjutor with the lamented Williams in the South Seas.

Mr. Glascott has left no production of his pen to perpetuate his memory; he entertained a remarkably humble opinion of his own abilities, perhaps to a fault. We believe the only thing he ever committed to the press was a fast-day sermon on occasion of the American revolutionary war. "He always shrunk from public notice," says one who knew him well, "when there was not a manifest call of duty; and the sincerity and disinterestedness of his religious profession was seen in nothing more strongly than in his disregard of human applause and human opinion."

His pulpit addresses were characterized by plainness of speech, earnestness of manner, and anxious solicitude for the best interests of his hearers. His whole soul seemed, as it were, to be thrown into his subject. It was evident that he felt as he spoke, and spoke what he felt. He excelled in his evening lectures, especially those of the week-day. Here he became remarkably familiar in his style, and experimental in his matter, a high-toned spirituality pervading his addresses. We may mention an anecdote which may serve in some degree to illustrate the style of his Sunday evening lectures. It happened several years ago, that a party of strolling players attempted to fix their winter residence amongst us. The good man, aware of the immoral influence of such an establishment, zealously exerted himself to expel them from the place, and at length succeeded. On the Sunday evening previous to their departure, the principal of the party was induced to attend church. On coming out after the service, he exclaimed, "Never before in my life have I witnessed such a scene as this; why, it appears to me like an affectionate father conversing with his children. Is it possible that such a man as this can have it in his heart to hurt a poor player!!" He was decidedly Calvinistic in his doctrinal sentiments, his Calvinism being that of Newton and of Cecil—"like sugar in a cup of tea, found nowhere in the lump, but sweetening the whole mass." Though he shrunk not, on any proper occasion, from the distinct avowal of his sentiments, his exposition of doctrine was never a crude exhibition of mere theory. Doctrines were always viewed and exhibited by him in relation and in subservience to experience and practice. He had in his day seen, and conversed much with, what is called the religious world; hence he became truly catholic in his principles and spirit. He cherished esteem and love for those whom he recognised as bearing the image of Christ, however widely he might differ from them in theory. Persons acquainted with the circumstances which called forth Fletcher's "Checks to Antinomianism," are aware that Mr. Glascott was intimately connected, and

from principle sided, with those who were Mr. Fletcher's opponents in that controversy. But having intimately known Mr. Fletcher, and frequently preached in his pulpit both before and after the controversy, he had formed a high estimate of his piety. Hearing on a certain occasion that an individual had spoken contemptuously of him, "Dear me," he exclaimed, "he did not know the man. Fletcher!—I revere his memory. He was one of the most holy, self-denying men that ever I had the honour of being acquainted with, though (for wise reasons, no doubt) his judgment was obscured on some points of doctrine which appear to me important."

He was truly faithful in his admonitions and reproofs: and on some occasions his energetic appeals to the conscience have been received as personal attacks when they were by no means so intended. A curious instance of this occurred a few years ago, when, immediately after the sermon on a Sunday morning, a man arose from his seat in a furious rage, and, to the no small astonishment of the preacher, charged him with an intention to hold him up to public odium for his conduct in some matter of dispute he had had with a neighbour the preceding week, without affording him an opportunity of being heard in his own defence. The calm dignity of the man of God, who was quite ignorant of the quarrel, and intended no personal allusion, formed a striking contrast to the individual before him. "Man," said he, "I do not condemn thee—it is thine own conscience that is thine accuser."

His zeal, his earnestness, and affectionate solicitude for the spiritual good of his parishioners continued unabated to the last; and, though in his eighty-ninth year, he retained his faculties and vivacity in a very remarkable manner. When the taper of life was flickering in the socket, the Sunday preceding his death, with his usual energy he pressed on his hearers that solemn truth, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you." And afterwards, in administering the sacrament, while frequently wiping the perspiration from his face, and more than once sitting down to rest himself, he addressed the communicants in the most impressive manner, and spoke of the gracious dealings of God with his soul during his affliction the preceding fortnight. This was his last public ministration. The Thursday following he entered into rest. His dying language was "peace." The last time we saw him, was on the Monday preceding his death. As we entered the room, he was sitting on a sofa opposite the door. He beckoned me to sit down at his side, and immediately entered on the subject of his illness and his prospects for eternity. He spoke with such pathos and energy as we are now quite incapable of depicting. A friend has given us the following particulars of an interview he had

with him about the same time, in the words he penned in his journal immediately after.

"Saw dear Mr. Glascott; he said 'he hoped the sickness had proved a spiritual blessing—that he had been in the near prospect of death;' then he lifted up his hands, and the tears started into his eyes, and he exclaimed, '*Then I found the value of the doctrines I have preached!*' that he had experienced some sweet and glorious consolations in his illness, and he left it to the Lord whether to die or live; he was desirous only that *His* will should be done. I wept like a child, and it was some time before I could recover self-possession." My friend tells me he never recollects a conversation that breathed so much of an atmosphere above that which is earthly. The same friend, who attended the funeral, says, "I knew the estimation in which he was held by his parishioners; that they had, unknown to him, subscribed for, and had presented to him, a piece of plate, in testimony of their veneration and regard; but it was at the funeral that I saw their deep-felt attachment most strikingly exhibited. To see all the shops closed as if it were a Sabbath—to perceive a mournful silence reign over the town—to see almost the whole population, as if inspired by one feeling, filling the church to pay the last sad tribute of their respect; and after the body was laid in the vault, to see them walk up the aisle, look on the coffin that enclosed the remains of their late beloved pastor, drop the tear of sorrow, pass on absorbed in painful reflections, and give place to others immediately following to take the last sad look, was inexpressibly affecting."

Thus was the revered and venerable pastor severed from his flock; but "the memory of the just is blessed."

A white marble tablet, surmounted with a neatly ornamented open Bible, on which are inscribed the first and the last texts he preached from in Hatherleigh church, was erected to his memory. The inscription on the tablet is as follows:—

Near the Communion Table in this Church
lie the Mortal Remains
of the REVEREND GRADOCK GLASCOTT, A.M.,
Forty-nine years Vicar of this Parish.

A Christian and a scholar, he consecrated all his talents to the work of the ministry. From the pulpit, with peculiar eloquence and fervour, he displayed the Father's everlasting love; the atonement, righteousness, and full salvation of the Son; the sanctifying grace of the Eternal Spirit; and all the joys and triumphs of a purifying faith. In the active discharge of his pastoral duties, he lived and laboured only to exalt a Saviour's love, and to promote the salvation of sinners. Having uniformly evinced the purity and sincerity of his principles, from early life to the age of eighty-nine, he departed in full assurance of hope, and entered into glory, August 11th, 1831.

His grateful parishioners erect this monument.

THE WALK TO EMMAUS.

It happen'd, on a solemn even-tide,
Soon after He that was our surety died,
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclin'd,
The scene of all those sorrows left behind,
Sought their own village, busied as they went,
In musings worthy of the great event.
They spake of Him they lov'd, of Him whose life,
Though blameless, had incurred perpetual strife;
Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
The recollection, like a vein of ore,
The farther trac'd enrich'd them still the more.
They thought Him, and they justly thought Him, one
Sent to do more than He appear'd t' have done—
T' exalt a people, and to place them high
Above all else; and wonder'd He should die.
Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A stranger joined them, courteous as a friend,
And ask'd them, with a kind engaging air,
What their affliction was, and begg'd a share.
Inform'd, he gather'd up the broken thread,
And, truth and wisdom gracing all he said,
Explain'd, illustrated, and search'd so well
The tender theme on which they chose to dwell,
That, reaching home, "The night," they said, "is near.
We must not now be parted—sojourn here."
The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
And made so welcome at their simple feast,
He bless'd the bread, but vanish'd at the word,
And left them both exclaiming, "'Twas the Lord!
Did not our hearts feel all He deigned to say?
Did they not burn within us by the way?"
Now theirs was converse such as it behoves
Man to maintain, and such as God approves.
Their views, indeed, were indistinct and dim,
But yet successful, being aim'd at Him.
Christ and his character their only scope,
Their object, and their subject, and their hope,
They felt what it became them much to feel;
And, wanting him to loose the sacred seal,
Found him as prompt as their desire was true
To spread the new-born glories in their view.
Well! what are ages and the lapse of time
Match'd against truths as lasting as sublime?
Can length of years on God himself exact,
Or make that fiction which was once a fact?
No; marble and recording brass decay,
And, like the graver's mem'ry, pass away:
The works of man inherit, as is just,
Their author's frailty, and return to dust:
But truth divine for ever stands secure—
Its head is guarded, as its base is sure:
Fix'd in the rolling flood of endless years,
The pillar of th' eternal plan appears,
The raving storm and dashing wave defies,
Built by that Architect who built the skies.
Hearts may be found that harbour, at this hour,
That love of Christ in all its quick'ning power;
And lips unstain'd by folly or by strife,
Whose wisdom, drawn from the deep well of life,

Tastes of its healthful origin, and flows
 A Jordan for th' ablution of our woes.
 Oh, days of heav'n, and nights of equal praise,
 Serene and peaceful as those heav'nly days,
 When souls drawn upwards, in communion sweet,
 Enjoy the stillness of some close retreat,
 Discourse, as if releas'd and safe at home,
 Of dangers past, and wou'ders yet to come,
 And spread the sacred treasures of the breast
 Upon the lap of covenanted rest!

COWPER.

DEATH WITHOUT ITS STING.

R— M— was a young man who had always been highly esteemed for his great abilities and extensive intellectual attainments, but it was not till within a few months of his death that his character brightened up with all the graces of the Christian. He had spent several winters at one of the universities, where he distinguished himself as a student of extraordinary merit; but this very success proved injurious to him—it led him into company where his vanity was flattered, and too much encouragement given to the display of his social qualities. In consequence of this, he at length resolved entirely to leave college, and all the allurements of city life, that he might devote himself without interruption to the cultivation of his powers, and to the improvement of his fellow-creatures around him. This resolution was not the result of mere cool calculation. Revival meetings in the town where his home was, which were held shortly after the close of his last winter session, were the means of powerfully awakening him to a serious retrospect of his past life. He had never been altogether wanting in religious principle, but that principle had been weak; he had often wandered from the path of duty, so that his feelings now, on reviewing the past, were those of repentant contrition. At the time of this happy change, the subject of it was in good health; but it was not long till that fatal illness was developed, during the progress of which his spirit became so perfectly ripened for heaven, and which at length terminated in his removal.

During the continuance of the meetings alluded to, and immediately after them, M—'s Christian activity was unwearied. He set on foot and superintended two Sabbath-schools. Several prayer-meetings also owed to him their origin. Neither did the lapse of time damp his zeal or abate his energy. In the case of many others, the subsidence of the temporary excitement was accompanied by a return to their old ways. But his nature had been too deeply stirred to admit of its easily recurring to apathy. The truths which conscience had called up took a permanent position before him. Month succeeded month, but no cooling down of his ardent piety took place—no relaxing of his self-denying efforts for the spiritual benefit of his fellows. How different this from the ordinary results of serious impressions, so often like *the morning cloud and the early dew!*

Among all his plans of usefulness, he took most delight in a Sabbath evening school, which he had commenced at a little village about a mile and a-half from the town. He visited every cottage in the village and neighbourhood; and besides collecting a number of children, he succeeded in bringing together a dozen or two aged individuals whose infirmities prevented their attendance at any regular place of worship. It was an interesting and a delightful sight to see this young man standing up before such an audience, turning the attention of the young to the concerns of religion—labouring to impart to them an interest in spiritual things, and then addressing the venerable individuals present, beseeching, with energetic and striking eloquence, those among them who might yet be unconverted to look where they were going, ere they stepped across the brink of time into the gulf of eternity—or consoling those who were already settled in the faith, by recalling to their memory the enduring promises of the gospel.

We remember the last occasion on which he was able to attend this delightful scene of labour. It was a lovely Sabbath evening in the month of August. As we walked together by the river side to the place of meeting, his conversation was more solemn and spiritual than usual. He was sometimes wont to speak of poetry and sacred literature—of Milton and Cowper, of Bunyan and Jeremy Taylor. But now it was somewhat different. He looked up into the sky, and his thoughts seemed to take a tinge from the infinitude, and, as it were, the embodied spirituality that was there. All subjects of remark he viewed in a purely religious light. On the calm water beneath our feet the images of the trees and bushes by which its banks were clothed, were reflected in glassy stillness; but a cloud that floated across the face of the sun effaced the beautiful picture. "Even so," said M—, "are many of the hopes of earthly existence. Even so is life itself. A mere cloud, driven by a stray wind, is sufficient to blast all worldly prospects; but there is a land in which no clouds gather—where there are no blights to cloud the purity of the soul." His services at the school that evening were peculiarly striking, and more especially his concluding address and prayer. He spoke literally as a dying man to dying men, and his words seemed to fall with great effect on the hearts of the grey-headed tottering men and women by whom he was surrounded. Among his last words were these: "Perhaps that sun which is now sinking beneath the horizon may never again shine on the present speaker, addressing those who now listen to him." The words with which he followed up this sentence were remarkably impressive. They were the last he ever addressed to his interesting charge.

In returning home, we passed through a little wood on the banks of the stream. This place had been one of his favourite resorts, and his gentle feelings were touched when he noticed that the axe of the woodman had been at work, and that many of the trees he had so long admired were now stretched among the grass. We sat down on one of them, and

he repeated that beautiful little poem by Cowper, one of his most beloved authors:—

"The poplars are felled, farewell to the shade,
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade;
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor once on their bosom their image receives.

"Twelve years have elapsed since I last took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew;
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade.

"The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat,
And the scene where his melody charm'd me before
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

"My fugitive years are all hastening away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

"The change both my heart and my fancy employs,
I reflect on the frailty of man, and his joys;
Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we."

That evening,

"So cool, so calm, so bright,"

was the last he enjoyed in health. The next day he was seized with hemorrhage from the lungs, which completely prostrated him. The attack came unexpected, and it was so violent as to leave almost no hope of escape. He was carried without warning into the presence of the king of terrors; and what wonder that a youthful spirit like his—in one sense so unprepared—should be struck with dismay? He had been gazing into the vista of future life, expecting that he would tread it. He had calculated on a long course of happy usefulness—of active devotion to the cause of Christ. He had been projecting methods by which he might best turn the advantages of a cultivated and powerful intellect, and a pious heart, to the glory of his Maker and the salvation of his fellow-men. But now, without either silent intimation or startling warning, by one fell stroke, he was laid prostrate on a bed of death. For some weeks the conflict within him was agonizing. He could not believe the awful reality that he was about to die, though he felt that his end was certainly at hand. He could not tear his soul away from all its warm hopes of earthly happiness, though in his judgment he knew that all such hopes were delusive. All his plans for worldly usefulness and honour, it seemed to him hard that he should be forced to relinquish. It appeared like a dream which the clear light of reason ought to dissipate. At length light did break in upon his troubled spirit; but it was not of earth—it was the light of heaven. His perturbation settled down into calm and holy rest. His fears were dispersed, faith gained the triumph, and he was able to exclaim, "I am dying, but I have no fear. I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that great and decisive day—

'Dear name! the Rock on which I build—
My shield and hiding-place!'"

The storm was now past, and his soul reposed in

calmness and peace, lighted up with the beauty of heaven.

A Christian on his death-bed is in all cases and circumstances a delightful object of contemplation. It is beautiful to witness the pilgrim of years who has seen many changes, who has passed through temptations and trials, laying himself down to die, with the undisturbed assurance that his hour is come. In such humble resignation to the will of Heaven, there is much to admire. But death-bed piety in youth is still more lovely. Here we see a young spirit, not disgusted with the toils, and cares, and sorrows of the world, for of these he has scarce yet tasted—not wearied of life itself, for with him it has not passed its morning freshness;—but turning all his energies unbroken, towards the objects of the unseen world; entering with an unsatiated relish for happiness into the love of the Redeemer, and rejoicing that he is about to cast the clogs from off those powers which he is conscious of possessing, that he may go forward in his pure spiritual nature in the service and enjoyment of God.

Such was the character of the feelings now predominant in the bosom of M——. His happiness lay entirely in God, Christ, and heaven; and his expressions, in joyful and longing anticipation of the realization of his hopes, became more frequent, ardent, and *deliberate*, as his illness advanced towards its termination. To a dear friend who had watched with him during his long and weary decline, he said, a few days before his death, "I have done with time, and am about to enter on eternity. Do you not envy me? Yes, you may envy me, soon to enter glory. I leave you in a waste howling wilderness. I have attempted to pluck the sweets which the world affords, I have laboured to do so—but have laboured in vain. But now I am about to drink of the pure perennial spring, and I shall never thirst again. I am going to my Redeemer, in whose presence I shall be blessed for ever." To an old man who followed him to the grave not long after, he spoke these words, "We shall not be long separate. When we reach the realms of bliss, you will no longer be a grey-headed old man, nor I a beardless youth. If I, on my death-bed, only do some good to sinners and to believers, will it not be a great blessing? My sufferings are great, but very great are my mercies. The Lord be praised! when faith is strong, Jordan is shallow. When our Father is correcting us with one hand, he is wiping away the tears with the other." To another individual, "The most pleasing view I have of heaven is, that I shall serve my Redeemer without interruption, without weariness, without pain, without care. Farewell! I expect to meet you, and all my friends with whom I have held sweet intercourse, in heaven." Here we have an expression of the feelings which pervade the young soul in the prospect of heaven. He longed to be disencumbered of the body, not simply that he might fly away and be at rest, but that he might be able to serve his Redeemer without interruption, without weariness, without pain, without care.

It will be observed that, in one of these remarks, he says, "If I, on my death-bed, only do some good to

sinners and to believers, will it not be a great blessing?" These fragments of his conversation sufficiently evince how he delighted many of the latter class. To the benefit of the former, his attention was no less ardently devoted. To many individuals who, he feared, were not yet at peace with God, he addressed words of the most affectionate warning. We shall never forget the occasion on which he spoke his parting words to a number of his young friends. It was only two or three days before his death. More than a dozen of us were collected together in his chamber. It was a solemn and affecting scene. We all seemed to stand upon the confines of the other world. On his couch of sickness reclined poor M——, poor in body, but rich in the consolations of the Spirit—his wan cheek flushed with the fading hues of earth—his eye glistening with unearthly lustre, as if he had been holding converse with the Unseen. Each individual on entering exchanged with him a sad greeting, and received from his lips the last syllables he was to hear from him in private. He then offered up a prayer to Heaven. And such a prayer! This was followed by his addressing us. He spoke for about a quarter of an hour. What he said we shall not attempt to repeat; but the import was so affecting, his tones so sepulchral, and his aspect so heavenly, that feelings were stamped on the hearts of all the listeners such as cannot be effaced till the day of dissolution. After some remarks and prayer by a clergyman present, we bade him good-bye—a long good-bye it was. We were returning to the cold, bleak, unspiritual world—he was on his way to Paradise. If there was any eye undimmed by tears, it must have been because of the overwhelming nature of the emotions.

We saw him not again. He died on the evening of the Sabbath following, exclaiming, in answer to a dear relative who had asked him if he was happy in the prospect of eternity, relying on Jesus? "O yes! quite happy—HAPPY."

"Like a spring rose just opened to the air—
The cold March air—then closed again, as if
The season of its life had come and gone
On the brief sunshine of a short spring day."

His age was only nineteen years and a few months. His body was carried to a distance, where it reposes among the bones of his fathers—his purified and happy spirit was carried by rejoicing angels into the presence of Jesus.

O death, where was thy sting? O grave, where was thy victory?

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

THERE was, some years ago, not far from this place, a very gifted preacher, who for several years preached with great earnestness and success the doctrine of the cross, but who on that very account was violently opposed. One of his opponents, a well-informed person, who had for a long time absented himself from the church, thought one Sabbath morning that he would go and hear the gloomy man once more, to see

whether his preaching might be more tolerable to him than it had been heretofore. He went; and that morning the preacher was speaking of the narrow way, which he did not make either narrower or broader than the Word of God describes. "A new creature in Christ, or eternal condemnation," was the theme of his discourse: and he spoke with power, and not as a mere learned reasoner. During the sermon, the question forced itself upon the hearer's conscience: "How is it with myself? Does this man declare the real truth?" This thought took such a hold upon him, that he could not get rid of it amidst any of his engagements or amusements. But it became from day to day more troublesome, more and more penetrating, and threatened to imbitter every joy of his life; so that at last he thought he would go and see the preacher himself, and ask him, upon his conscience, if he were convinced of the truth of that which he had lately preached. He fulfilled his intention, and went to the preacher. "Sir," said he to him, with great earnestness, "I was one of your hearers when you spoke, a short time ago, of the only way of salvation. I confess to you that you have disturbed my peace of mind, and I cannot refrain from asking you solemnly, before God, and upon your conscience, if you can prove what you have asserted, or whether it was unfounded alarm." The preacher, not a little surprised at his address, replied with convincing certainty that he had spoken the word of God, and consequently infallible truth. "What, then, is to become of us?" replied the visitor. His last word, *us*, startled the preacher; but he rallied his thoughts, and began to explain the plan of salvation to the inquirer, and to exhort him to repent and believe. But the latter, as though he had not heard one syllable of what the preacher said, interrupted him in the midst of it, and repeated, with increasing emotion, the anxious exclamation, "If it be true, sir, I beseech you, what are we to do? Terrified, the preacher staggers back. "*We*!" thinks he, "what means this *we*?" and, endeavouring to stifle his inward uneasiness and embarrassment, he resumed his exhortations and advice. Tears came into the eyes of the visitor; he smote his hands together like one in despair, and exclaimed, in an accent which might have moved a heart of stone, "Sir, if it be truth, we are lost and undone!" The preacher stood pale, trembling, and speechless. Then, overwhelmed with astonishment, with downcast eyes and convulsive sobbings, he exclaimed, "Friend, get down on your knees, let us pray and cry for mercy!"—They knelt down and prayed; and shortly after the visitor took his leave. The preacher shut himself up in his closet. Next Sabbath, word was sent that the minister was unwell, and could not appear. The same thing happened the Sabbath following. On the third Sabbath the preacher made his appearance before his congregation,

worn with his inward conflict and pale, but his eyes beaming with joy, and commenced his discourse with the surprising and affecting declaration, that he had now, for the first time, passed the strait gate. You will ask, what had occurred to him in his chamber during the interval that elapsed. A storm passed over before him—but the Lord was not in the storm; an earthquake—but the Lord was not in the earthquake; a fire—but the Lord was not in the fire. Then came the still small voice, on which the man enveloped his face in his mantle, and from that time he knew what was the gospel and what was grace.—*Krummacher*.

THE GODLY CHARITABLE.

If you look into the Scripture, you shall scarce read of a man truly godly, but he was charitable; nay, according to his eminence in godliness, he was eminent in works of charity. To instance some few:—

Abraham, the father of the faithful, as he was eminent in godliness, so was he eminent in hospitality, which is one of the noblest works of charity. For we read how Abraham stood at his tent-door, and no sooner saw strangers passing by, but called them in, and gave them entertainment. (Gen. xviii. 1, 2.)

As there was none like Job, in his days, for piety and godliness, of whom God himself giveth this testimony, that “there was none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feared God, and eschewed evil” (Job i. 8); so neither was there any like Job for liberality. Note what he saith of himself: “The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me;” that is, I had many good prayers and well-wishes from them whom I had relieved in their low and perishing condition: “and I caused the widow’s heart to sing for joy;” that is, “By my bounty and liberality to her in her necessity, I gave her great cause of hearty joy.” (Job xxix. 13.) And afterwards Job declareth how he had not, according to the manner of covetous and churlish persons, eaten his meat alone, without giving part thereof to the hungry orphans. Neither had he seen any perish for want of clothing. (Job xxxi. 17, 19.) Under which expressions is implied, his readiness to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, with other like acts of charity.

It is recorded, to the perpetual praise and commendation of good Obadiah, that, in the time of famine and persecution, he not only hid the prophets of God by fifty in a cave, from the cruelty of Jezebel, but that also, in that extreme dearth, he there sustained them with food, and supplied their necessities. (1 Kings xviii. 4.)

We read of Cornelius, who, as he was a godly and devout man, so he was very charitable; for the Spirit of God giveth this testimony of him, that he was “a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, which gave

much alms to the poor.” He was not only charitable, but did abound in works of charity, giving much alms to the poor. (Acts x. 2.)

We likewise read of Gaius, who is recorded to be a godly, wealthy citizen of Corinth, that he did usually in his house entertain, not only the Apostle Paul, but also all Christians resorting to that city. (Rom. xvi. 23.)

The Apostle Paul, who was an holy, zealous Christian, was likewise charitable; for in his Epistle to Timothy, reckoning up some of his graces, as his faith, patience, long-suffering, &c., he mentions charity. (2 Tim. iii. 10.)

Yea, we read of Zaccheus, that though, before his conversion, he was a most covetous extortioner, yet, after his conversion, he gave the half of his goods to the poor; for, said he, “Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor.” (Luke xix. 8.)

But the most remarkable is the charity of the primitive Christians, who, being converted by the ministry of the apostles, and having embraced the Christian faith, it is said, that “as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles’ feet: and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need.” (Acts iv. 34, 35.)

Thus it hath ever been the property of a sincere Christian and true believer to be charitable. And certainly, whosoever, by a true and lively faith, are engrafted into Jesus Christ, cannot but be fruitful branches, bringing forth the fruits of mercy and compassion, of charity and liberality, towards their poor brethren—*Gouge*.

If the world hath locked up thine heart, and congealed the bowels of thy compassion towards the poor; let the blaze of thine outward profession shine never so fair, manage the heartless representation of external holiness never so demurely, keep the times and tasks of daily duties with never so great austerity; nay, though thou be able to amaze weaker Christians with some affected strains and artificial fervency in prayer;—for all this, if the holy heat of brotherly love doth not warm thine heart, and upon occasion work affectionately and effectually, I dare say, thou art rotten at the heart-root; there is no true love of God in thee, no grace, no hope of salvation.

Let that terrible and flaming place against all covetous Pharisees, “Whoso hath this world’s good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?” (1 John iii. 17);—let it, I say, dissolve thy frozen-heartedness this way, and enlarge thy bowels of pity towards thy poor brethren of Christ Jesus; or else never look hereafter to look him in the face with comfort, or to find mercy at that day.—*Bolton*.

THE JEWS AN UNEXCEPTIONABLE EVIDENCE FOR CHRISTIANITY.

WHAT earthly judge, if he had been questioned as to the means likely to produce one of the strongest evidences of the truth of Christianity to unbelievers, but would have named an agreement between Jews and Christians as its fullest corroboration? If we ourselves had an important cause depending—for instance, the ascertaining our right to a litigated estate—if the success of the trial depended on the testimony of the witnesses, and on the authenticity of our title-deeds—whose testimony should we endeavour to obtain? into whose hands should we wish our vouchers to be committed? According to all human prudence, should we not desire witnesses who had no known hostility to us? should we not object to a jury of avowed enemies? and should we not refuse to lodge our records in the hands of our opponents?

But His wisdom, in whose sight ours is folly, has seen fit to make one of the most striking proofs of the truth of Christianity depend on the living miracle of the enmity of the Jews: "To them also were committed the oracles of God;" so that, to both their ancient testimony and their present opposition, we are to look for the most striking proofs of a religion which they behold with perpetual hatred.

And now that Christianity is actually made to stand upon such evidence, what test can be more satisfactory? Reason itself owns its validity; for what collusion can now be charged upon the concurrent witnesses to Christianity, when each party in court is decidedly at variance with the other? Who can rationally question the strength of that title which is contained in their genuine archives; that evidence resulting from their hereditary denial of facts, of which they persist to reverence the predictions? Where can we more confidently look for the truth of a religion they detest than to the verification conferred on it by their original history, their irreversible antipathy, their actual condition, and existing character?—*Hannah More.*

A POOR EXCUSE.

"There are so many ways and religions, that we know not which to be of; and therefore we will be even as we are."

Ans. Because there are many, will you be of that way that you may be sure is wrong? None are farther out of the way, than worldly, fleshly, unconverted sinners; for they do not err in this or that opinion, as many sects do, but in the very scope and drift of their lives. If you were going a journey that your life lay on, would you stop or turn again, because you met some cross-ways, or because you saw some travellers go the horse-way and some the foot-way, and some perhaps break over the hedge, yea, and some miss the way? Or would you not rather be the more careful to inquire the way? If you have some servants that know not how to do your work right, and some that are unfaithful, would you take it well at any of the rest, that would therefore be idle and do you no service, because they see the rest so bad?—*Baxter.*

TIME'S SOLILOQUY.

OLD! call you me? Ah! when the Almighty spoke creation into birth, I was there. Then was I born. 'Mid the bloom and verdure of paradise, I gazed up-

on the young world radiant with celestial smiles. I rose upon the pinions of the first morn, and caught the sweet dew-drops as they fell and sparkled on the boughs of the garden. Ere the foot of man was heard sounding in this wilderness, I gazed out on its thousand rivers, flashing in light, and reflecting the broad sun, like a thousand jewels upon their bosoms. The cataracts sent up their anthems in these solitudes, and none was here to listen to the new-born melody but I! The fawns bounded over the hills, and drank at the limpid streams, ages before an arm was raised to injure or make them afraid. For thousands of years the morning star rose in beauty upon these unpeopled shores, and its twin sister of the eve flamed in the forehead of the sky, with no eye to admire their rays but mine. Ah! call me old! Babylon, and Assyria, Palmyra and Thebes, rose, flourished, and fell, and I beheld them in their glory and their decline. Scarce a melancholy ruin marks the place of their existence; but when their first stones were laid in the earth, I was there! 'Mid all their splendour, glory, and wickedness, I was in their busy streets, and crumbling their magnificent palaces to the earth. My books will show a long and fearful account against them. I control the fate of empires—I give them their period of glory and splendour; but at their birth, I conceal in them the seeds of death and decay. They must go down and be humbled in the dust—their heads bowed down before the rising glories of young nations, to whose prosperity there will also come a date, and a day of decline. I poise my wings over the earth, and watch the course and doings of its inhabitants. I call up the violets upon the hill, and crumble the grey ruins to the ground. I am the agent of a Higher Power, to give life and take it away. I spread silken tresses upon the brow of the young, and plant grey hairs on the head of the aged man. Dimples and smiles, at my bidding, lurk around the lips of the innocent child, and I furrow the brow of the aged with wrinkles. Old! call you me? ay, but when will my days be numbered? When will time end and eternity begin? When will the earth and its waters, and the universe be rolled, and a new world commence its revolutions? Not till He who first bade me begin my flight, so orders it. When His purposes, who called me into being are accomplished, then, and not till then—and no one can proclaim the hour—I too, shall go to the place of all living.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

THE cross is but a sign of Christ crucified: Christ crucified, the substance of this cross. The sign, without the substance, is as nothing: the substance, without the sign, is all things. I hate not the sign, though I adore but the substance. I will not blaspheme the cross of Christ: I will not worship but Christ crucified. I will take up my cross—love my cross—bear my cross—embrace my cross;—yet not adore my cross. All knees shall bend in reverence to His name: mine shall never bow in idolatry to his image.—*Warwick.*

THE TWO MONKS.

Two Cistercian monks, in the reign of King Henry VIII., were threatened, before their martyrdom, by the Lord Mayor of that time, that they should be tied in a sack and thrown into the Thames. "My Lord," said one, "we are going to the kingdom of heaven, and whether we go by land or by water is of very little consequence to us."

MOUNT HOREB.

BY THE REV. J. T. HEADLEY, NEW YORK.

MOUNT HOREB not being so isolated as Ararat or Sinai, does not occupy so definite a place in nature or history as it. One of the group that surrounds Sinai, it presents the same barren and desolate appearance, and stands amid the same bleak and forbidding scenery. These solemn summits rise together in the same heavens, and the silent language they speak has the same meaning. Still Horeb has less distinguishing characteristics than Sinai, and he latter overshadows it as much in interest as it does in nature. The Mount of Terror is monarch there in the desert, and all other summits are but his body-guard. They witnessed his grand coronation when the law was given, and shook to the thunders that honoured the ceremony.

Mount Horeb has not been consecrated once, but thrice, and hence has a threefold claim for a place amid the immortal list of Sacred Mountains. Moses learned his first lessons around its base, and amid its solitudes formed the thoughtful, stern, and decided character which rendered him fit to be the leader of Israel. When in his impetuous youth he slew the Egyptian that would trample on his countryman, he came thither to escape the penalty of the deed. After the first gust of indignation had swept by, and he saw the lifeless corpse at his feet, alarm took the place of passion, and hastily covering the dead man in the sand, he fled to the desert. Month after month he wandered about Horeb, thinking of Egypt and the royal court he dared not enter. Away from the temptations of the palace, and beyond the reach of the conflicting motives that might sway him there, he trod the desert a free man. With nought but nature and God to teach him, his character must be simple and manly, and his principles upright and pure. Amid the grand and striking features of mountain scenery, he could not but learn to hate tyranny and love freedom still more, and when, at length, his character was settled on a broad and permanent basis, God sent him back to Egypt to deliver his people.

Wandering one morning along the slopes of Horeb, he saw before him a solitary bush blazing from top to bottom, but still unconsumed. Every branch was a fiery branch, and every

leaf a leaf of fire that glowed unwasted in the still flame. As he stood amazed and awe-struck at the sight, a voice, whose tones were yet to be familiar to his ear, exclaimed, "Take thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place on which thou standest is holy ground." Here Moses received his first commission, and here was God's first outward demonstration to him in behalf of his people.

In the exciting scenes through which he afterwards passed in Egypt, he may have entirely forgotten Horeb. But after the plagues, and death, and flight, and pursuit, and Red Sea passage, and overthrow of his enemies, had all been left behind, and the host of Israel entered the desert, the familiar scenery he began to approach must have waked up strange associations in his heart. At length the well-remembered form of Horeb, where he had wandered lonely and solitary, self-exiled from his home, rose before him. A gloomy fugitive, he first saw that desolate mountain in the distance; a leader of a mighty people, and the chosen of God, he pitched his tent the second time at its base. Doubtless his first interview with the Deity here, caused him to expect some other revelations now that the commission he had given him had been fulfilled. How much his early experience had to do with his encamping on this spot with the host of Israel it is impossible to tell; but that he should expect that God, who had first sent him forth, should here give him further instructions, was most natural. His expectations were not disappointed, and Sinai and Horeb together became the scene of the most wondrous events of human history. The shadow of Sinai falls over Horeb, and they stand together in immortal brotherhood. They cannot well be separated in contemplating the revelations of God to his people, on their journey from Egypt to Canaan, and hence I have not attempted it.

Still, there are other scenes connected with Horeb, in which Sinai is not mentioned. Twice had it been honoured by the presence of Deity, which had so consecrated it that we find the angel of the Lord afterwards calling it "*The Mount of God.*" It was, however, destined for a third baptism. When Elijah, hunted by Jezebel, fled for his life, he wandered across

the desert to this mountain. His prayers had brought rain upon the parched and desolate earth, but his sword had also drank the blood of the prophets of Baal, and Jezebel had sent him word that she would do to him as he had done to her prophets; and so he fled into the wilderness, and sat down under a juniper tree and prayed for death. Weary and discouraged, the hunted fugitive lay down and slept on the barren heath, when the angel of the Lord touched him and bade him arise and go to Mount Horeb. Elijah started for the desert, and after travelling for more than a month, he at length, worn and exhausted, came to the mountain, and took up his solitary lodgings in a cave. How many desolate days and lonely nights he passed there we know not, but broken in spirit, nay, his faith itself weak and well-nigh gone, his hours, whether few or many, were full of despondency and sorrow. Both the blessings and judgments he had brought on Israel, attended, though they had been, with miracles, had failed to turn the people from their wickedness. That Elijah was still in the despairing mood which caused him to pray under the juniper tree for death, is evident both from the interrogation of the Deity and the reply of the prophet. "The Lord said unto him, What doest thou here, Elijah? And he said, I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts, for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenants, thrown down thy altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only am left, and they seek my life. And he said, Go forth and stand upon the mount," Jehovah was about to reveal himself, and Elijah evidently expected some exhibition of divine goodness or power, though he was not prepared for the scene which was about to transpire. Before he reached the entrance of his cave he heard a roar louder than the sea, that arrested his footsteps and sent the blood back to his heart. The next moment there came a blast of wind, as if the last chain that bound it had suddenly been thrown off and it had burst forth in all its unrestrained and limitless energy. In the twinkling of an eye the sun was blotted out by the cloud of dust, and the fragments that filled the air as it whirled them in fierce eddies onward. It shrieked and howled around the mouth of the cave, while the fierce hissing sound of its steady pressure against the heart of the mountain was more terrible than its ocean-like roar. Before its fury and strength rocks were loosened from their beds and hurled

through the gloom—the earth rent where it passed, and so boundless seemed its strength that the steady mountain threatened to lift from its base and be carried away. Amid this deafening uproar and confusion, and darkness and terror, the stunned and awe-struck Elijah expected to see the form of Jehovah moving; but that resistless blast, strewing the sides of Horeb with wreck and chaos, was not God in motion—

"'Twas but the whirlwind of his breath,
Announcing danger, wreck, and death."

The hurricane passed by, and that wild strife of the elements ceased; but before the darkened heavens could clear themselves, the prophet heard a rumbling sound in the bowels of the mountain, and the next moment an earthquake was on the march. Still Horeb rocked to and fro like a vessel in a storm, and its bosom parted with the sound of thunder before the convulsive throbs that seemed rending the very heart of nature. Fathomless abysses opened on every side, and huge precipices, toppling over the chasms at their base, went thundering down through the darkness. The fallen prophet lay on the floor of his cavern and listened to the grinding, crushing sound around and beneath him, and the steady shocks more terrible than all that ever and anon shook the heights, thinking that Jehovah at last stood before him. Surely it was his mighty hand that lay on that trembling, tottering mountain, and his strong arm that rocked it so wildly on its base. No, "God was not in the earthquake."

"'Twas but the thundering of his car,
The trampling of his steeds from far,"

The commotion ceased, and Nature stood "and calmed her ruffled frame;" but in the deep, ominous silence that followed, there seemed a foreshadowing of some new terror. and, lo! the heavens were suddenly on fire, and a sheet of flame fell like falling lightning from the sky. Its lurid light pierced to the depths of Elijah's cavern till it glowed like an oven, and from base to summit of Mount Horeb there went up a vast cloud of smoke, fast and furious, while the entire sides flowed with torrents of fire. The mountain glowed with a red heat, and stood like a huge burning furnace under a burning heaven, and groaned on its ancient seat as if in torture. But God was not in the fiery storm—

"'Twas but the lightning of his eye
that had kindled that mountain into a blaze,
and filled the air with flame."

But this too passed by, and what new scene of terror could rise worthy to herald the footsteps of God—what greater outward grandeur could surround his presence? The astonished prophet still lay upon his face wrapped in wonder, and filled with fear at these exhibitions of Almighty power, waiting for the next scene in this great drama, when suddenly through the deep quiet and breathless hush that had succeeded the earthquake and the storm, there arose “a still small voice,” the like of which had never met his ear before. It was “small and still,” but it thrilled the prophet’s frame with electric power, and rose so sweet and clear,

“That all in heaven and earth might hear;
It spoke of peace—it spoke of love,
It spoke as angels speak above.”

And God was in the voice. The prophet knew that he was nigh, and, rising up, wrapped his mantle about his face, and went to the mouth of the cave, and reverently stood and listened. Oh, who can tell the depth and sweetness of the tones of that voice which the Lord of love deemed worthy to announce his coming! A ransomed spirit’s harp—an angel’s lute—a seraph’s song—could not have moved the prophet so. But while his whole being, soul and body, trembled to its music, a sterner voice met his ear, saying, “What doest thou here, Elijah?” The prophet again poured the tale of his woes and of Israel’s sin into the Infinite bosom. His wrongs were promised redress, and Israel deliverance; and the hunted exile went boldly back to his people, and Horeb again stood silent and alone in the desert.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

(Continued from page 114.)

ON Friday forenoon, the important resolution containing what has been called the basis of union, was moved by the Rev. Mr. Bickersteth. It was as follows:—

“That with a view, however, of furnishing the most satisfactory explanation, and guarding against misconception, in regard to their design, and the means of its attainment, they deem it expedient explicitly to state as follows:—

“That the parties composing the Alliance shall be such persons only as hold and maintain what are usually understood to be evangelical views in regard to the matters of doctrine under-stated, viz.:—

“1. The divine inspiration, authority, and sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.

“2. The unity of the Godhead, and the trinity of persons therein.

“3. The utter depravity of human nature in consequence of the fall.

“4. The incarnation of the Son of God, his work

of atonement for sinners of mankind, and his mediatorial intercession and reign.

“5. The justification of the sinner by faith alone.

“6. The work of the Holy Spirit in the conversion and sanctification of the sinner.

“7. The right and duty of private judgment in the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures.

“8. The divine institution of the Christian ministry, and the authority and perpetuity of the ordinances of baptism and the Lord’s supper.

“9. The immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, the judgment of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, with the eternal blessedness of the righteous, and the eternal punishment of the wicked.”

The last article had not been among the number agreed on by the preparatory meeting held at Liverpool, but had been added by the Aggregate Committee, at the special request of the American brethren. Mr. Bickersteth, after urging the necessity of some such statement of common principles as the above, referred to the additional article in these terms:—

“Brethren from America showed to me, and to us all, their peculiar dangers and difficulties from Infidelity in the form of Universalism; and the Calcutta missionaries also explained the peculiar dangers they had to contend with in India, from the infidelity of the Hindus; and we had their assurance, that our ninth article would meet the difficulties of the circumstances in which they were placed. And when our brethren from Germany had also shown us how Neologians deny the most awful truths which we believe, I felt that the article, No. 9, was most precious and important. It embraces, ‘The immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, the judgment of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, with the eternal blessedness of the righteous, and the eternal punishment of the wicked.’ I recollected also, in reference to the importance of making this addition now, that two departed saints—the Rev. Josiah Pratt, first secretary of the Bible Society, and the Rev. Joseph Hughes—had told me there would have been no difficulty in having prayer at the meetings of the Bible Society, had it been agreed to at the beginning: the difficulty was, in making the alteration afterwards. I do, therefore, feel that we are under a deep debt of obligation to our American brethren for coming forward to suggest the addition. It was worth their while to cross the Atlantic, to enable us to bring forward such a proposition. I feel, also, that it was not right to leave out all reference to the future state, and the future hopes of the Church of God. ‘Knowing the terrors of the Lord,’ said the apostle, ‘we persuade men;’ and the recompense of the reward, and the joy set before Him, affected our Lord himself.”

The adoption of the articles was seconded by Dr. S. H. Cox of New York, in a remarkable speech, from which we make the following extracts:—

“I should be more pervaded, Sir Culling, with a sense of the honour now conferred upon me, if I were not so overwhelmed with a sense of the duty, compared with my meanness in my own sight, and infinitely more in the sight of God. I hope to have the same comfort which strengthened my excellent brethren—the prayers of Christians. When I think, Sir, of this assembly—an assembly

Such as earth saw never,
Such as heaven stoops down to see!”
I say, how little is man! how great is God! I am

comforted with a fine remark, which an excellent saint, a minister, made to another who had to preach on a great occasion in the United States. "Can you," said he, "face that audience?" "I am afraid I cannot." "Did you not hear the advice of an old gentleman, to think them all a patch of cabbages?—to sink them, that they may not sink you?" "Yes, but I am afraid." "You ought to be afraid to go with the inspiration of such a lie. They are a most august assembly; the Areopagus of Athens was nothing to them." "So I think," said the preacher; "and what shall I do?" "You must sink them, or they will sink you." "How can I?" "I will tell you. When the sun is up, the stars are invisible; and when God is seen, men and angels together retire under his wing. In the light of his countenance, and in the succours of his strength, go; and may the Spirit of God go with you." He afterwards said, "I was calmed and relieved; and never preached with greater freedom."

"Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." We want the Rock of Ages for our basis. Your articles can only in a relative and a most inferior sense be called a basis. But God, who hath made us able ministers of the New Testament, will not allow us to be dishonoured by quibbling about words."

"It has been said, that the eighth article, and possibly some others, may exclude some who are Christians. I think it quite possible. It is a great comfort to me, that God can see piety where I cannot. But, ignorant as I am, I feel called by Him to breathe good-will to men, and to seek to do them service; but not to acknowledge the features and the family likeness of the children of God, where that family likeness is so mystified and caricatured that I cannot see it. When I refuse to see what I cannot see, I do not usurp the place of the most high Judge; the eternal God is witness, that I do not thus in my soul, any more than in outward demonstration. I would rather advance the interests of God's people than disturb them in one particular. But, in the very nature of the case, it is necessary that the members of this Alliance should have some symbolical mode of knowing one another, and of understanding who they are that stand up together. I have nothing to say of signs and pass-words, though in this hall; but I believe there is a mode of knowing one another between individual Christians, which the devil may have aped, but which God having established, remains as excellent and superlative as the communion of saints. I will repeat an anecdote, which at first troubled me, when I was born in 1812. A Christian from England, in an Oriental country, met with one from Syria. Having mutually heard of each other, but having no master of the ceremonies to introduce them—and having, in consequence of the confusion of Babel, no common language—they could not speak to each other, but knowing each other they shook hands, and looked, and felt, and gestured unutterable things. They felt that they were Christians; they were two sons of the King of kings, redeemed by the same blood, and therefore blood-relatives of the best blood in the universe. Then one of them said, recollecting some blessed words that are transferred from the Hebrew into all versions of the Bible (and I wish that more had been transferred, that cannot be translated)—'Hallelujah.' 'Amen,' said the other."

"Sir, I am not certain but what there may be some talismanic sentence, that will show to what a man belongs all over the world, and that will be carried where no smaller circle of Knights Templars, or their posterity, could have gone, or intended to go. At the same time, we wish this Eden of ours should be

guarded, if not with the flaming cherubic sword turning every way, yet with a line or scroll; not that which God alone can see, but which men can see. I most perfectly dissent from the idea, that a man does not exclude himself. I believe that sinners exclude themselves from the broad open glories of the gospel. We do not wish to exclude any one; but, if they will not speak the language of Canaan, we must not be asked to translate gibberish."

"And now, I throw myself upon the brotherly confidence of this sainted confraternity, to which I feel it a great honour to belong. I would refer to the Friends;* and I presume to know more about them than men who are more learned than I: because I was born one, and educated one: and if the reading of George Fox, William Penn, and Robert Barclay, apologies, and excuses, and all, would make me know their views, I claim to know them. I wonderfully distinguish between a system and the men. I say the system is very rickety. If you say, and I have heard this objection, that we by this basis exclude them, I beg leave to demur. No, we do not. If you would alter the basis, or abolish it, they would be excluded, except by an inconsistency; because they could not join in your prayers. No, George Fox would not do it; and Robert Barclay says, that prayers that are spoken without the antecedent motion of the Spirit are abhorred of God, and to be separated from by all his true worshippers. And they all believe it. They could not have joined your Bible Society, if you had not joined them in their mistake. I never undertook to dispose of them in the world, as if I were anything but a fellow-sinner. But I am bound as a Christian, as a member of this Alliance, and more as a minister of Christ, to tell men, with the voice of a trumpet that gives no uncertain sound, the difference between truth and error—between Christianity and a mistake. You may rely upon it, unless you are prepared to give up, not only your basis, but your prayers, you need not be sorry for what you have done; only grieve and pray over what they have done to exclude themselves. I hope they will come into our Alliance yet: because I know that God is on the way to destroy all the wood, hay, stubble, that were ever put together, and to compact his children upon a basis which is more durable than adamant. Now I have another thing to say: if your eighth article do not exclude them (and I deny that, in a proper sense, it does), yet they are excluded by your first article. It is the *παρρησι*

ψευδος of their system—the cardinal error of their whole theology is in the foundation; that there is a superior rule of faith and practice to the Scriptures. Your Bible, with them, is not the word of God. That very phrase is expatriated from its own native domain. This phrase—the Word of God—they mystically connect with their views of the inward light. That inward light (according to them) is the fountain; and the Bible is one of its streams, and Sarah Grubb's Journal is another. I do not wish to caricature them; but I am telling you the truth: and so long as we say that the Word of God, in time and in eternity, is the supreme rule, they never can fair with us, unless (which I hope will be the case) God shall enlighten them more, and extricate them by the love and glory of Christ. Then they will find how much they need, that "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, should shine into their hearts, to give them the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. . . ."

"I have come to the last of the nine articles; and I beg my honoured brethren to believe, that whatever I may say (and I am afraid to say anything, for fear

* An objection had been made to the eighth article, that it would exclude members of the Society of Friends."

I should say something not wise), I desire to hurt no man's feelings; and I am willing to learn from my brother—at any one's feet: but if I may not play the polemic, by the great grace of God, I think I could act the martyr for that ninth article. By the great grace of God, I would rather die than stain its heavenly glory. Whatever wisdom led those honoured brethren, who drew up the eight propositions, to bring them to such a close, I cannot tell. It was a strange document, which had no future, with its 'far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory,' for a grand appendix. Every one of the eight propositions was true, as far as it went: but it did not go to the grave—much less rise in triumph beyond it. The Friends do not believe in the resurrection of the body, excepting that of Christ: I was taught by them; and I thought I ought to do many things. The thing that knocked me down (when I was a student of law—when I left Blackstone for Paul—alone and serious, for fear any one should see me—so great a fool I was) was reading the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians. I felt an old man strike me on the head; and I had the headache when I received the blow. I received it with an agony I cannot describe; and since I have received the truth, I would rather give my life, which is not worth giving or taking, than part with my immortality. I believe that Jesus Christ on the cross suffered in his soul, but in his body too (though in his soul much more), that he might redeem *bodies and souls*; and I hear an argument like that in his own words, 'Your bodies are the temples of the living God; if any man defile the temple of God, him will God destroy.' I feel that we ought to honour our bodies, and to keep them pure and clean for Christ—that, in the resurrection, they may be conformed to his most glorious body, according to that passage, which I will alter to make it more close to the original: 'Who shall change the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of His glory, according to the working of His mighty power whereby He is able to subdue even all things to Himself.' Now, Sir, this doctrine is so completely the doctrine of Christianity, that, give it up, and you may go with Pythagoras to the mummies of Egypt, and be yourself a mummy; but you will never be a philosopher, and never be a Christian. Christianity here has completely the field of vision; like the sun that spreads its radiant tide of never-ending affluence, inexhaustible; and, of which, a pencil can illumine a hemisphere of this little globe. His sunbeams are brought to the world, unattracted by the world, by their own irradiating effluence, like the grace and truth of God. I see in God's light, and believe with all my soul, the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead; without which, I should feel that living was a poor and absurd business.

"But this is solemn as well as glorious. 'When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory. And before him shall be gathered all nations'—when no other man will ever be born, and no born man ever be born again. 'He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats.' Here I ask you, what is God's motive in telling you of these things? for it is not as some have dishonourably represented them. In the 25th chapter of Matthew, Christ gives the parable of the talents, teaching us our own accountability; the parable of the ten virgins, showing the difference between the Church visible and invisible (the only Church out of which there is no salvation). But He says these principles are to be illustrated, when the Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father, with all his holy angels. In that scene we shall figure. I have received a letter from

one dear to me, who, is praying for you, as she has done for me, and she says, 'I pray for you, that forgetting everything else, you may come off with triumph in the day of judgment.' Let God's grace give us that triumph, without which all others are only the precursors of damnation. I ask this question—what is the motive of the great God in telling men of hell? I believe it is nothing but an illustration of this truth—'God is love.' It is because He does not want men to go there; as Whitefield told his audience once in the outskirts of this city, 'I preach hell, that you may go to heaven;' and if there is a heaven, said a woman, 'I will go there;' 'God help you,' was the answer, 'and so will I.' I believe it is short-sighted misanthropy to hide those truths; I do not mean to say, that we are to recommend men to go to heaven, merely or mainly, by telling them of the pains of hell; but I say that motive has its place, as every truth has its position, and the whole revelation of God its finished symmetry. I am before an audience that understand it.

The discussion of the question was adjourned, and at next sederunt Dr. Byrth, of Liverpool, opposed any alteration in the articles agreed to at Liverpool, or any addition to them. Especially he opposed the ninth article—not from any doubt in his own mind as to its scriptural truth, but on the grounds that it was not contained in the original basis—that those truths only which were essential to salvation ought to be included in it, and that the basis which had been tried for nine months should at least be tried for nine more. He could have wished also to exclude the eighth article (respecting the ministry and the sacraments), but had consented for the sake of peace and love not to disturb it. Like Dr. Cox, he had been born and bred a Quaker, and he fully confirmed the statements which had been made respecting the opinions held by the Society of Friends. Dr. Byrth concluded by moving as an amendment, that they should return to the Liverpool articles.

Mr. Hinton seconded the amendment, arguing that the main design of the Alliance was to include godly people, and therefore nothing should be adopted that would exclude a single believer, however erroneous we might deem his views on some important points.

Dr. Cunningham urged the addition of the ninth article:—

"The subject is not generally thought much of in this country. But we are bound to attach due weight to the solemn, deliberate testimony of the American brethren. If there is to be anything of a statement regarding truth, it is important that it should be given out on that point. With regard to our own country, as far as its theological literature is concerned, we have scarcely anything of the denial of the doctrine of eternal rewards and punishments, except from Unitarians, and men avowedly infidel. I do not speak of individual instances in a meeting like this. We must judge from what appears fully and palpably; and I assert, without fear of contradiction, that, as far as concerns the theological literature of Great Britain, the denial of eternal rewards and punishments has been, with few exceptions, characteristic of a sect which none of us regards as evangelical. Therefore the addition of this article to our basis, professing the views commonly called evangelical, is but a following out of our general assertion of evangelical principles, by em-

bodily in our list an article, in regard to which the views of such as differ from us have been characteristic only of an un-evangelical or anti-evangelical sect.

"If it be true, that there is some indication of what has not appeared in the literature of Britain—some indication of such doctrines being held by men, evangelical on other points; if that be the case, it seems to me, that, unless we are to exclude from our consideration altogether the element of doing anything for evangelical truth, that fact constitutes the strongest reason why we should let the world know that we believe in the scriptural doctrine of the eternity of future rewards and punishments, as a part of that great system of truth, to which alone we can attach the name of Christian. If the case be as represented—and a mixture of truth with heathen philosophy is becoming prevalent—it is one of the great dangers to which rising Christianity is exposed—it is a danger against which, if we have any regard for truth, we are called to go forth with a warning voice; and, therefore, to oppose the amendment which proposes to leave out the ninth article."

Dr. Morrison (Cheisea) held the same view:—

"If I had now come into this assembly, and for the first time had looked at the basis as it originally stood, I think the question would have occurred to me—professing no very high measure of intelligence on such points—how marvellous it is, that a basis of truth, coming from such an assembly as this, should not contain so much as one reference to the destinies of futurity! although it be the great characteristic of Christianity, that life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel; and although it be the constant testimony, both of Christ and his apostles, that the wicked shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power? I do not, for a single instant, call in question any of those statements made by Mr. Binney, or Mr. Hinton, relative to the personal plety of some individuals who may be, as I think, fearfully at variance with Scripture upon the subject of the everlasting destinies of mankind. But this I will say, if you do not adopt a principle similar to that which alters the articles of your basis, you will not only include these godly men, but you will open your doors to the admission of every man, and any man, who chooses to hold the doctrine of the non-eternity of punishments and rewards. And I want to know, if you do open your doors so wide as this, how you will conduct yourselves, if thousands in America should come forward, and propose to subscribe every article of your creed? How will you act towards them? How will it be possible for you, under your existing—I mean the provisional basis—how will it be competent for you to exclude them from your fellowship?"

Mr. James of Birmingham followed on the same side, as also did Dr. Wardlaw, who said:—

"When Dr. Cox alluded to the fact that, in such a basis no reference whatever had been made to a future state, I felt surprise and sorrow; and I could not account for the fact of such an omission, except upon the ground, that we had all considered that point assumed. Yet it did appear a singular thing, that, in the basis of Christian truth, there should be no reference whatever to futurity. I, therefore, am decidedly of opinion that the ninth article should be retained. It is a doctrine I have never been able to view as capable of being disposed of by verbal criticism—as if it were indefinitely stated. It is one of the most fearful truths of the Bible. It presents the most awful views of the divine government we can take."

I must own before this assembly, it is a truth which, of all others, has occasioned the most powerful emotions in my own mind. I have studied the subject, and alas! with tears and anguish, when I have thought what was implied in *eternal punishment*. I have trembled, and was almost afraid of thinking upon it. But then it has ever occurred to my mind (and I hope I have not been actuated and influenced, in this emotion, by 'the fear that hath torment')—with regard to my own personal position; I hope in the Son of God; and one consideration which especially binds my soul to him is this—that he has delivered me from everlasting misery. Again, whenever I have thought on the subject, the question would come back to my mind—Am I to claim for myself greater benevolence than God? And this has led me to the Bible; and there I have found that awful truth—written so clearly, and in such a variety of ways, and so universally pervading it—that I could not resist the conviction without giving up my principles. I have therefore yielded my conviction to God; and rested in the hope, that he will give me strength of principle to acquiesce, with holy joy, in what is to glorify him for ever; and that the great day will be, in this, as in every other respect, the day of the revelation of the righteous judgment of God. I hold this as a most important article of truth, fearful as I have felt it."

The discussion of the question was again adjourned, and finished at next sederunt; after addresses from Dr. Beecher, Dr. Patton, Mr. Haldane Stewart, and the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel—an immense majority voting in favour of the article. Mr. Noel concluded his argument thus:—

"I humbly conceive, that Christian prudence requires us to admit the article: and if, as one of our brethren has ventured to intimate, we should be called by a new, and that which sounds to his ear, an unmusical name—if we should be called *eternal tormentists*—a name which we do not take, but which is given by the mockery of the world—would not that name be a sermon to the world? Would it not tell them, that we are eternal tormentists who have been rescued by the blood of Christ, and who long to see them rescued also? Oh! that in the spirit in which it is revealed in God's Word, this truth might echo round the world, that those who are exposed to torment, because they have not felt the magnitude of their sins, might come with us in that peace-speaking blood, which is able to change eternal torment to endless glory! and thus be one with us in that spiritual Church over which Christ presides, and whose home is in heaven!"

SELF-CONSECRATION.

My faith looks up to thee, *once said the*
Thou Lamb of Calvary, *thy precious blood*
Saviour divine! *thy blood of life I*

Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine!

May thy rich grace impart *at hand and*
Strength to my fainting heart, *show on it*
My zeal inspire; *as past sin now I*
As thou hast died for me, *my evil*
O may my love to thee,

Pure, warm, and changeless be, *conscience*
A living fire!

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove:
O bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul!

MISERY AND MADNESS.

It was a bright cold spring evening, and as I sat by the fire, I was surprised to see an old man, who lived many miles distant, pass my window with a hurried step. His manner on all occasions was solemn, and his motion very slow; but he was now evidently impelled by some strong emotion, and I waited with some impatience till he was shown into my room, wondering what could have power so to move a man of such a peculiarly phlegmatic constitution. The mystery was soon unravelled. He had saved money, and now he feared it was lost, and his whole being seemed absorbed in and roused by this fear. Three score and ten years had furrowed his brow. He had no children to provide for. And independent of what he supposed was gone, enough remained to support in comfort the declining years of himself and his wife; but his life had been spent in accumulating, and with Mical, he seemed ready to say, "Ye have taken away my gods, and what have ye left me?" He spoke of the hard labour with which he had gathered, and the lightness with which those into whose hands he feared it had fallen would spend, and the thought seemed as gall and wormwood to his soul; and while the strength of a long-cherished passion easily accounted for the state of excitement in which he appeared, there was a strangeness sometimes in the expression of that excitement, which led me to fear that some fatal injury might be done to the overwrought brain.

I tried to soothe him by the hope that he might yet regain his lost treasure; promised to aid him in the attempt—and urged on him the need, if God saw fit to deprive him of that which he might have too highly prized, of submitting with meekness to his good will, assured that he had in store for him a better portion, if he would but be willing to receive it.

It was affecting to mark the workings of his mind, in the varied expression of his countenance. Doubt and fear seemed to give way to confidence, and then suddenly, as if urged by some new emotion, he would start and look

with intense eagerness in my face, as if to discover whether what I said could possibly be true. The idea of having lost all that he had so long doted on, over and over again, resisted all my reasonings, in whatever way devised and pressed home; and pitiable it was to see how the poor unhappy man had so blocked up all the avenues of consolation to his mind, by the continually recurring tide of passionate love for a thing which seemed for ever ravished from him. For a long time he remained with me, and whether the violence of his grief and vexation exhausted itself, or a shadowy hope of retrieving his calamity arose over his troubled spirit, I cannot say—but so it was; he, at last, listened with calmness to the counsels I gave him. I rather suspected that the apparent reception they now commanded, arose from his auguring somewhat more favourably of the future. I was not concerned, however, to examine very carefully whence it was. I was thankful for his gratitude, and I did trust that, ere the return of his excitement, he might be more able to command his feelings by the blessing of God upon what he had heard.

Before we parted I proposed to pray. For a little he listened with the deepest silence. We could not hear him breathe. A groan occasionally he did utter, and that more frequently as the exercise drew to a close, from which I dreaded a speedy return of the more violent emotions I had witnessed. He continued, however, in a state of repose. His countenance had resumed more of its natural expression; and when he left my room to return home with his wife, who had been waiting for him a considerable time, I was willing to believe that the crisis of his excitement was over, and that he might yet lay hold of some truth or promise of God, which would enable him to feel that, although not one fragment of his idol should be recovered, he was not beyond the reach of being happy in a miserable world.

Not many days were gone before I fulfilled my promise to inquire particularly regarding his affairs, and had procured such information as made me set out gladly for the old man's cottage, feeling I had tidings to impart that would, if not quite remove, at least greatly lighten, the burden of his grief; but I had scarcely entered, when the wildness of his eye too surely revealed to me that what I dreaded had come to pass. I told him what I had done, and what was yet secure to him; but he listened as if he heard me not. This phase of his disease was past; and his mind had rested on another and a deeper sorrow. His anxiety now was not for time, but for eternity.

He spoke of an awakening from long carelessness and indifference; of seasons of awful alarm and dread; of the still small voice that had conveyed, amid deep darkness, into the soul the bright light of gospel peace; of the joy and gladness of such a revelation; the de-

light of contemplating it, and the horror of having it for ever ravished from the sight. "But why should it be so?" I said, and I would have proceeded, but he impatiently interrupted me, and replied, "It is a righteous judgment, for I have sinned against God." "But God," I said, "can forgive all sin." "No," he said, "not mine, not mine." "What sin," I said, "can the blood of Christ not blot out?" He replied, in an audible whisper, and with a look that made me shudder, "Horrible blasphemies, that I dare not utter."

I felt deeply for the poor old man; and scarcely knowing what were best to say to him in this sore extremity of his unhinged and distracted soul, I was silent for a little, not without inwardly crying to the Lord that he might enable me, in the spirit of wisdom and tenderness, to meet the necessities of his condition. The unexpected bereavement of a corruptible thing, on which his mind, alas! as it proved, had been too idolatrously fixed, first shook the throne of his reason, and set his thought adrift far from its control; now the cause of his sore malady seemed altogether forgotten. He thinks not of his lost gold. Had he the whole world, instead of a few fragments of its most precious metals on which he had set his heart, that were of no avail now. A temporal calamity had opened the fountain of bitterness in his soul—restored prosperity might have closed it, or dried up its waters; but now a spiritual misery from a far deeper depth welled forth its billows tumultuously, so to speak, tossing on their bosom the wounded spirit of this unhappy man. I said I was silent for a little. He looked at me with intense eagerness, as if afraid, and yet compelled to tell what he felt, when drawing very near me, and almost touching my ear with his lips, he breathed out in a deep scarcely heard whisper, "Horrible blasphemies—horrible blasphemies; no forgiveness—no forgiveness; the blood will not do for me." And I said, "This blood cleanseth from all sin. The Holy Ghost saith, by the Apostle John, 'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us.'" "Ay, ay, that is it," he said, crying out with great vehemence, "the Holy Ghost—the Holy Ghost—against him have I sinned. Is John greater than Jesus? and he said, 'Whosoever blasphemeth against the Holy Ghost, hath never forgiveness.' Speak not smooth things, nor any deceit to me. The fire of hell is already here; the blood of Christ cannot quench the fire of hell. The worm that never dies is gnawing me; can his blood drown it?" Here he laughed with a wild triumphant air, as if he had fairly entangled me in a difficulty. "Drown it? drown it?—no, no—it feeds it; it would soon die, but the thought of my despising the blood shed for me feeds it—it feeds it—" thus repeating the same words over and over again, raising his voice higher and

higher, till I almost trembled. "Yes, the thought that I have despised my day, and trampled on the blood of Christ, feeds it. It has become like a dozen—it fills my soul." "Come now, be a little quiet," I said; "you are forgetting yourself entirely." Just let us reason together. Surely you have heard the words, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool?'" "Yes; long, long ago I heard them. Then I thought I had got forgiveness; but it was all a fancy—a sweet fancy; I was happy for a while. Often I wished I had told you how happy I was; but it was a fancy—all fancy. It was better I told you nothing about it. Woe's me now—woe's me, it was a sweet fancy!" And the poor man wept in his agony, even as a child. I could not help weeping with him, while I had hope that the tears he shed, bitter as they were, might yet be followed by happier feelings.

He dashed them away violently, and looking at me firmly, he said, "It was a lie! You had no right to say the words were for me—a false prophet," and he clenched his right hand, as if a furious mania stimulated his frame; but it passed away, then he said, "Yes, yes—it was true; it was for me; but I have sinned—even now saw ye the blasphemies."

"But what are they?" I said. "Let me know." "Know?" he replied, "the tongue was never made that could utter them. 'O could they be told, then my heart might be eased. No, no; here they are," he said, knocking his breast; "here, and they must drag me down to the lowest hell."

I saw it was vain to speak, and left him, beseeching God to have mercy on him, and calm his troubled soul.

A few days only had passed when I was once more on my way to the old man's cottage. When within about two miles of it, I stopped to gaze on the beauty of the scene before me.

The bright waters sparkled in the rays of the sun, and reflected from their quiet bosom the light and airy clouds that bedecked the sky. The mountains rose in stern magnificence from the shore, and only a solitary cottage here and there along their base reminded of the presence of man.

On one of these my eye rested. It was small, but neatly whitewashed, and added much to the effect of the beautiful scene I admired. While I looked, the contrast between the outward calmness and the disquietude which I had reason to believe still reigned there, much oppressed me, and I felt how truly might be applied to what I saw the poet's description of another scene,

"Where all, save the spirit
Of man, is divine."

I was roused from my contemplation by a strange unearthly sound. I looked on all sides for something to account for it, but in vain—

nothing seemed to stir. The trees were as motionless, and the bosom of the lake as calm and bright as before; yet its quiet waters seemed to waft to my ears what struck me as the most fearful sound I ever listened to. While I wondered, it ceased; and I pursued my way, unable by any means to account for what I had heard.

I had reached the path which led from the road to the cottage garden, when I perceived some figures standing near the door. One, I concluded from his appearance, was a clergyman. A stout young man in the dress of a sailor, and the old man's wife, stood by him, apparently engaged in conversation that much engrossed them. I did not like to intrude, and was just turning away, when a sudden movement among them attracted my attention. It was the old man; his hands tied behind his back, and his ankles bound together, and yet by short sudden jumps, he contrived to move with a rapidity truly amazing. He was addressed by the clergyman; but where I stood I could not hear what was said, though the reply was in a voice that would have been audible at a much greater distance. He declared, that he had been sent into the world for the purpose of destroying it, and that he was that day to commence with his own house; that he was commissioned by the Almighty to slay every living thing, and commanded now to begin by slaying his own wife. The few last words were uttered with amazing rapidity and increasing loudness, until the sound which before had startled me, pealed in my ears with such terrific vehemence, as left no room to doubt from whence it had proceeded. Week after week I visited the miserable old man, and at each return I found him tortured by some new fancy. His own, not the destruction of others, had now become his passion; and for some time he had to be watched narrowly.

Then this gave way to the dread of being poisoned; all having conspired to destroy him, since he was once commissioned to destroy them; and this dread for several days led him to resist all manner of food. The energy of his mind decayed, and his bodily strength failed rapidly in consequence; and when I last saw him, he was reduced to extreme debility, but he was calm and collected. There seemed, indeed, so far as I was able to judge from the words he uttered, something like mental soundness returning to him.

He expressed a desire that I would pray for him, which he had never done before. Upon requesting him to tell me, if he could, why he now wished me to pray, and for what, he looked earnestly in my face, and after a considerable pause, he replied with difficulty, but with deep solemnity, "Sin, sin—the cross, the cross of Christ." I felt as if these broken, detached words revealed to me his whole soul, and I could not but derive some confidence and com-

fort while praying for him, from what seemed to indicate a just perception of his own condition, and of the only remedy for all his miseries.

I prayed as I was led, I trust, by Him who knoweth the deep things of God, and who knew that poor man's wants. The prayer was offered up in the name of Him who died for him. There was the deepest silence at the close; no voice, no sigh, no breath from the bed of the poor maniac, if maniac he had continued to be; his stormy life had closed in the deepest stillness. — was no more; his spirit had returned to Him who gave it.

EVIL SPEAKING.

"MAY I speak evil of another person when it is true?"

1. *A man may be faulty in so doing.*—The real secret faults of your neighbour you ought not unnecessarily to publish. And suppose there be no untruth nor injustice in it, yet there is uncharitableness and unkindness in it; and that is a sin. Thou wouldest not have all truth said concerning thyself, nor all thy real faults publicly traduced. "Out of thy own mouth will God judge thee, O thou wicked servant!" Yea, thy own tongue and conscience shall another day condemn thee.

2. *You may speak evil of another person when necessity requires it.*—It may be necessary sometimes for his good; and so you may speak evil of him unto those that can help it; as a man may acquaint parents with the miscarriages of their children, in order to their amendment. Thus Joseph brought to his father the evil report of his brethren. (Gen. xxvii. 2.) Sometimes this may be necessary for the caution of others; as, if I see a man ready to enter into intimate friendship and acquaintance with a person whom I know to be highly vicious and dangerous, I may in such a case caution him against it; for, certainly, if charity commands me, when my neighbour's ox is ready to fall into a pit, to do my endeavour to prevent it, much more am I obliged to prevent the ruin of my brother's soul, when I see him so near destruction. But for a man to do this unnecessarily and unprofitably—this is sin.

3. *If you will speak evil of other persons, do it in the right method.*—Christ hath given us an excellent rule; "If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, take with thee one or two more. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the Church." (Matt. xviii. 15, 17.) But if men will be preposterous, and will not follow Christ's order, but, instead of private admonishing, will publish men's faults to others, herein they make themselves transgressors.

4. *In doubtful cases, silence is the safest way.*—It is rarely men's duty to speak evil of men; and when it is not their duty to speak, it is not their sin to be silent. It is seldom that any one suffers by my

silence, or concealment of his fault; but great hazards are run, and many persons commonly are made sufferers by my publication. Now, as charity commands me to pass the most favourable judgment, so wisdom obligeth me to choose the safest course.—
Poole.

THE SABBATH AND THE WORKING CLASSES.

(From an Address by the Rev. Mr. Roxburgh of Dundee.)

THE relaxation of Sabbath obligation is advocated from a professed regard to liberty and popular rights—a desire to afford the working classes opportunity and facilities for recreation—for escaping the snares and temptations of the town—for contemplating the beauties of nature, the sight of which is spoken of with the utmost rapture, and as possessing such a renewing and purifying efficacy, as if all who took a trip into the country on the Lord's-day, were to return home perfect patterns thenceforth of all that is morally fair and good. There is promised us a very millennium of contentment and happiness, and temperance and purity, through the operation of steam engines and Sabbath trains—so that the occupation of ministers and missionaries may now be considered gone, their place to be supplied, with much greater advantage to the interests of morality, by stokers and locomotives. Beautiful and poetical pictures are drawn by municipal imaginations of husbands and wives, with their little children, setting out on Sabbath pic-nic parties to worship in the temple of Nature—reminding one of those apostates from the true worship of the true God under a former economy, of whom we read, "They sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play." With these seductive scenes presented to their view, in eloquent terms I shall not attempt to imitate, the people are taught that the good old way of their forefathers was but bigotry and fanaticism, and are invited to rejoice in an emancipation from the unnatural restraints which clerical ambition and domination would perpetuate. Other advocates of the new order of things are touched with a sympathetic and tender-hearted feeling for the cases of necessity and mercy, which, it seems, along with the employment of steam as a means of travel, have multiplied to an extent which our hale and rubicund ancestors not only never experienced, but never even dreamt of. These latter advocates, again, would not be guilty, for the world, of any attempt to invalidate the divine authority of the Sabbath, nor would they for a moment question its perpetual obligation. O, no, not they. And why should they? They have discovered a short-hand and much more convenient way of accomplishing the desired end. They have but to stretch and press the doctrine of necessity and mercy, so as to render the Fourth Commandment suicidal—to make

it destroy itself; or rather, though in words a commandment requiring that the Sabbath be sanctified, to make it in practice a commandment requiring that facilities and temptations be afforded for all manner of Sabbath desecration. It would demand a much longer speech than I can presume to inflict on this meeting fully to expose the sophistries and false assumptions with which such representations abound. Thus, it is assumed that a misspent Sabbath will afford a truer and more rational happiness, and will better recruit the exhausted frame, and refresh the languid and jaded spirits, than a Sabbath duly sanctified. Go to the homes of our operatives who fear God and keep his commandments—inspect their humble, but comfortable and respectable economy—look to the education bestowed on their children, and the rich reward reaped in return from the children's obedience and love—follow them, after a Sabbath spent in the public and private exercises of religion, to the renewal of their toils on Monday morning—contrast them in all these respects with the godless Sabbath breaker who spends his day of rest, I shall not say in dissipation and profligacy, but in strolling in the fields, or in idle conversation and reading the newspapers at home; and I put it to all who have had any personal intercourse with the working classes, whether this comparison will not be found to supply an invariable and most emphatic condemnation of the policy of those professed friends of the operative who, under the pretext of providing for his needful relaxation and amusement, would furnish him with facilities and temptations to forsake the house of God, and to neglect the spiritual instruction of his family. And here, I must ask our hollow and spurious philanthropists, is there no way in which the needed amusement and bodily relaxation of the people, and their health and happiness, may be provided for, without encroaching on the day which God claims as his own, and which, in doing so, he has set apart for their moral, and mental, and religious improvement? I do not here offer any opinion on the vexed question of long hours and protracted labour. This is neither the fitting place nor occasion for doing so. But I may be allowed to say, that if these are admitted to bear injuriously on the physical health and comfort of the working classes, then let those who think so seek a direct redress of the evil—such a remedy of it as will leave the poor man his Sabbath entire, to be devoted to the advancement of his moral and spiritual health and comfort. Let not one social evil be made the pretext for inflicting another and a greater. The same authority which has said, *Thou shalt not kill*, has said also, *Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy*. I trust it is observed that I am arguing with those who are supposed to admit that the labouring classes are at present overtasked and over-toiled, and who use this as a

reason for providing them with the means of Sabbath recreation. And I tell such false philanthropists, that were it their design to perpetuate the alleged oppression and degradation of the working classes, they could not do so more effectually than just by teaching them to neglect their Sabbath duties, and despise their Sabbath opportunities. They could not more effectually accomplish their object than just by excluding from their contemplation, week after week, those divine truths, and those views of their nature, and those hopes and prospects of immortality, which the Bible teaches them to entertain—truths, and views, and hopes, which can sustain the spirit of a man in the most adverse circumstances, and which, by inspiring self-respect, will ever be found to furnish to him the most animating motives to seek the improvement of his character, and, along with this, the permanent amelioration of his condition. I trust, then, that when railway shareholders and directors, anxious for a rise in the value of their shares, expatiate eloquently on liberty and popular rights, the working classes will remember the case of him who also made flaming professions of regard for the poor, and of whom it is said, "This he did, not because he cared for the poor, but had the bag." The Bible, in its descriptions of character, is wonderfully true to human nature in all ages and places; and this Bible tells us of some who, "speaking great swelling words of vanity, promise liberty, while they themselves are the servants of corruption." If ever this description were realized, surely it is in the case of those who, under the sacred but often abused and prostituted name of liberty, would open the flood-gates and admit an inundation of moral and social evils, under which the labouring man would be the very first to sink. True liberty, I trust, we shall ever reverence and contend for—blessed liberty to keep all God's commandments, whose will is the law of the universe, and the grand principle of all order, as a willing subjection to it is the true secret of the well-being and happiness of every reasonable and accountable creature. But this false and spurious liberty that is pleaded for, let us spurn as an impostor, as an enemy, assuming the name and disguise of a friend that he may more effectually wound us. "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." "I will walk at liberty (says David) when I seek thy precepts."

REFORMATION RELICS.

THE Secretary of one of the American Home Missionary Societies gives an account of an interesting discovery:—

I have recently found one or two most interesting relics of German colportage in the sixteenth century. One is a tract of Martin Luther, printed at Wittenberg in 1545, which I found in a German family. It is in a very good state of preservation. From the note

made on the margin, it has evidently been read many times with great care. It bears on it the marks of age; but the revolutions and changes of more than three hundred years have not obliterated a word or sentiment from the glowing page. The same truth, on the same identical paper on which it was stamped in the life-time and under the eye of Luther, is still kindling up in German hearts in America, the pure flame of those great doctrines that shook Germany to its centre, and made Rome tremble to its base. Here is a living witness of the ubiquity and power of the influence of printing. Here stands up a household preacher, sent into the field by the agency of those humble colporteurs that traversed Germany in 1545, with their precious burden of printed truth, knocking at every door. It has withstood the calumnies of wicked men, and has escaped the fires of persecution. It has seen generation after generation of living men rise and pass away, amid the changes and errors of ten thousand forms of doctrine, itself still unchanged, distinct in every syllable, and firm in every point of truth. It has stood a faithful witness for the truth, till clamorous Infidelity and Neology had nearly drowned its silent love tones in its own fatherland, and now it comes as a *foreign missionary*, to preach the gospel of Christ among the households of scattered Germans in the United States.

The other relic is a Christian book printed at Wittenberg in 1532, which I also found in a German family on my field. The dingy must of three hundred and fifteen years, and the worn and worm-eaten cover, still leave the truth that was stamped upon its antiquated page, under the eye of Melancthon, distinct and legible. Who knows but some of the Baxters and Doddridges which our Society is now depositing in families all over the land, will stand up three hundred years hence, in the midst of three hundred millions of people, and point the eye of Christ's humble disciples to the "Saint's Everlasting Rest," or teach them the true philosophy of the Christian life?

Our labours we may and ought to regard as of an humble character; but if we can succeed by our efforts in putting one household preacher into the field, that shall tell of Christ and salvation three hundred years, we ought to feel that we have not lived in vain. First, let us have the pure doctrines of salvation, as they are revealed in God's Word, as they have been received by evangelical Christians of all time, such truths as will live for ever, and then let us bend all our energies of mind and body in giving the widest extension to their influence. Let us have such truths; let us toil to circulate and to perpetuate them, and we are sure that our short lives will not have been spent in vain.

PRAYER.

THE longer a believer hath neglected prayer the harder he finds it to pray, partly through shame; for the soul having played the truant, knows not how to look God in the face; and partly through the difficulty of the work, which is doubly hard to what another finds who walks in the exercise of his graces. It requires more time and pains for him to tune his instrument, when all is out of order, than for another to play the lesson.

Prayer, like Jonathan's bow, returns not empty. Never was faithful prayer lost at sea. No merchant trades with such certainty as the praying saint. Some prayers, indeed, have a longer voyage than others, but then return with the richer lading at last.

Who can express the powerful oratory of a believer's prayer? This little word (father) lisped forth in prayer by a child of God, exceeds the eloquence of Demosthenes, Cicero, and all the most famous orators in the world: we knock at heaven, and the heart of God flies open.

The Christian is compared to a tree (Ps. i); and those trees flourish most, and bear the sweetest fruit, which stand most in the sun. The praying Christian is (as they say of Rhodians) *in sole positus*: he stands nigh unto God, and hath God nigh unto him in all that he calls upon him for: you may therefore expect his fruit to be sweet and ripe; when another that stands, as it were, in the shade, and at a distance from God, through neglect of prayer, will have little fruit found on his branches, and that but green and sour.

In trading, he gets most by his commodity that can forbear his money the longest; so does the Christian that can with most patience stay for a return to his prayer. Such a soul shall never be ashamed of its waiting.—*Gurnall*.

THE GULF OF ETERNITY.

How little do the gay and busy multitudes of earth's inhabitants realize, as they sail down the stream of time, that they are rapidly nearing the tremendous gulf of eternity, or how soon they will plunge into its measureless realms!

We see that our youthful joys were but this morning: we see them withered ere 'tis night—withered to be green no more. The grass can be turned in one hour to withered hay, but the hay can never return to its former freshness. We look back on our early joys and say, They are "as a dream when one awaketh." How short was the vision, and whither has it fled? We were just preparing to live, but now we have awoke and found that we have nothing to do but to prepare to die. For what has happened to the joys of life, will shortly happen to life itself.

"In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up, in the evening it is cut down and withereth" in the grave. We have already passed the greater part of life's comforts: every hour is carrying us still further from them; we cannot return, but an irresistible current is bearing us down into the gulf of eternity. There is no return—there is no stop. It will be but a moment, and we must go to our long home, and leave the mourners to go about the streets. We cannot be younger, but we shall soon be dead; and on a dying bed we shall feel the truth of our text, and the propriety of its figure, more than ever. All our life will seem but a day. And having passed the short day of dreams and shadows, we shall disappear. We shall take an eternal leave of earth, and wing our way to the bar of God. The places which now know us will know us no more. Our lands and houses will go into other hands. Strangers will occupy our substance, and walk over our graves without knowing that we were buried there. Our names will be forgotten on earth. The world will go on as before. The sun will arise and set as usual. Mirth and diversion will be as brisk as ever. None will take thought of our pleasures or pains, while we shall be either mounting the regions of life and soaring high in salvation, or shrieking to the ear of hell and sinking in the pit that has no bottom.—*Dr. Griffin*.

ORDINANCES.

MEN often go to God in duties with their faces towards the world; and when their bodies are on the mount of ordinances, their hearts will be found at the foot of the hill, going after their covetousness.—*Boston*.

PARDON.

You may have heard of some persons condemned to execution, who at the scaffold have been so obdurate and stiff-necked that not a cry or a tear came from them; yet, just as they have been going to lay their necks upon the block, when a pardon has come, and they were at once discharged from guilt, imprisonment, and death, they that could not weep a tear before, no sooner see the pardon sealed, and themselves acquitted, than they dissolve into tears of joy, thankfulness, and surprise. So it is with believers. The more they see Christ in the pardon of sin, and the love of God in Christ to receive and embrace them, the more they melt.—*Crisp*.

First, souls look to Christ, by faith, for pardon through his blood; and then they mourn for sins pardoned: and never do they mourn better and more kindly, or are more ashamed and confounded because of their sins, than when they are most satisfied that God is pacified towards them for all that they have done.—*Gill*.

PROMISES.

GOD is wise to conceal the succours he intends thee in the several changes of thy life, that so he may draw thy heart into an entire dependence on his faithful promise. Therefore, though thou perhaps might not see thy God in the way, thou shalt surely find him in the end.—*Gurnall*.

Judge not of God's love by providences, but by promises.—*Wilcox*.

When a believer is in darkness, and endeavours to reason away his unbelief, he will find all his reasonings but lost labour. There is only one thing he can do to purpose, and that is, simply to cast anchor on God's naked promise.—*Madan*.

Looking to the promises quickens us in our religious course. It is like the rod of myrtle in the traveller's hand, which (as some tell us) revives his spirits and makes him walk without weariness.—*Anon*.

God's promises shall as surely receive their accomplishment in due season as that of Christ's incarnation did when the fulness of time was come (Gal. iv. 4); and that of bringing the people of Israel out of Egypt at the end of four hundred and thirty years, which was most exactly performed on the self-same day in which that number of years was expired. (Exod. xii. 41.)—*Arrowsmith*.

REJOICING.

WHEN the flowers in a man's garden die, yet he can delight in his lands and money. Thus a gracious soul, when the creature fades, can rejoice in the unsearchable, the inalienable, and the inexhaustible riches of Christ.

“PRAYING ALWAYS.”—EPHES. vi. 18.

1. *Pray in everything.* Prayer is a catholic duty, with which, like a girdle, we are to be encompassed in all our affairs; it is to be as bread and salt on our table; whatever else we have to our meal, these are not forgotten to be set on. Whatever we do, or would have, prayer is necessary, be it small or great: not as the heathen, who prayed for some things to their gods, and not for others; if poor, they prayed for riches; if sick, for health; but as for the good things of the mind, such as patience, contentment, and other virtues, they thought they could carve well enough in these for themselves, without troubling their gods. O, how proud is ignorance! Let God give the less, and man will do the greater. But their folly is not so much to be wondered at, as the irreligion of many among ourselves, who profess to know the true God, and have the light of his Word to direct them what worship to give him. Some are so brutish in their knowledge that they hardly pray to God for anything, others not for everything. May be they look upon pardon of sin, and salvation of their souls, as fruit on the top branches of a tree, out of the reach of their own arm; and, therefore, now and then put up some slight prayers to God for them. But as for temporals, which seem to hang lower, they think they can pluck them by their own industry, without setting up the ladder of prayer to come at them. When we see how busy some are in laying their plots, and how seldom in prayer, we cannot but think that they expect their safety from their own policy, and not from God's providence; or when we observe how hard they work in their shop, and how seldom and lazy they are at prayer in their closet for God's blessing on their labour, we must conclude that these men promise themselves their estates more from their own labour than the Divine bounty. In a word, it is some great occasion that must bring many upon their knees before God in prayer: may be, when they have an extraordinary enterprise in hand, wherein they look for strong opposition or great difficulty—in such a case God shall have them knocking at his door, for now they are at their wits' end, and know not what to do; but the more ordinary and common actions of their lives they think they can master at their pleasure, and so pass by God's door

without bespeaking his presence or assistance; thus one runs into his shop, and another into the field, and takes no notice that God is concerned in their employments. If to take a long journey by sea or land, where imminent dangers and hazards present themselves unto their thoughts, then God hath their company; but if to stay at home or walk to and fro in their ordinary employments, they bespeak not the providential wing of God to overshadow them. This is not to *pray always*. If thou wilt, therefore, be a Christian, do not thus conduct thyself towards God, committing the greater transactions of thy life to him, and trusting thyself with the less, but “acknowledge God in all thy ways, and lean not to thine own understanding in any.” By this thou shalt give him the glory of his universal providence, with which he encircles all his creatures and all their actions; as nothing is too great to be above his power, so nothing too is little to be beneath his care; he is the God of the valleys as well as of the mountains. The sparrow on the hedge, and the hair on our head, are cared for by him; and this is no more derogatory to his glorious majesty than it was to make them at first. Nay, thou shalt by this not only give God his glory, but secure thyself; for there is no passage in thy whole life so minute and inconsiderable which (if God should withdraw his care and providence) might not be an occasion of a sin or a danger to thee; and that which exposeth thee to these calls upon thee to engage God for thy defence. *First*, The least passage in thy life may prove an occasion of sin to thee. At what a little wicket many times a great sin enters! David's eye did but casually light on Bathsheba, and the good man's foot was presently in the devil's trap: hast thou not, then, need to pray that God would set a guard about thy senses wherever thou goest, and to cry with him, “Keep back mine eyes from beholding vanity?” What need hast thou, before thou goest forth, to charge God with the keeping of thee, that so thou mayest be in his fear from morning till night! *Secondly*, No passage of thy life is so small wherein thou mayest not fall into some great danger. How many have been choked with their food at their own table—received their deadly wound by a beam from their own house! Knowest thou what will be the end of

any action when thou beginnest it? Joseph was sent by his father to see his brethren in the field, and neither of them thought of a longer journey; yet this proved the sad occasion of his captivity in a strange land. Job's servants were destroyed with lightning from heaven when they were abroad about their master's business. Where canst thou besafeif Heaven's eye be not on thee? A slip of thy foot as thou walkest, or a trip of thy horse as thou ridest, may break thy bones. O what need, then, of a God to make thy path plain before thee! Is it he that preserves man and beast? And canst thou have faith to expect his protection, when thou hast not a heart to bespeak it in thy humble prayers at his hand? What reason hath God to take care for thy safety, who carest not for his honour?

2. *Pray in all conditions*; that is, in prosperity as well as in adversity. Indeed, when God afflicts, he puts an especial season for prayer into our hands; but when he enlargeth our state, he doth not discharge us of the duty, as if we might then lay it aside, as the traveller doth his cloak when the weather is warm. Prayer is not a winter garment: it is then to be worn indeed, but not to be left off in the summer of prosperity. If you would find some at prayer, you must stay till it thunders and lightens; and not go to them except it be in a storm. These are like some birds that are never heard to cry or make a noise but in or against foul weather. This is not to pray always; not to serve God, but to serve ourselves; to visit God, not as a friend, for love of his company, but as a mere beggar, for relief of our present necessity; using prayer as that pope is said to have used preaching, for a net to procure some mercy we want, and when the fish is got, then to throw away the duty. Well, Christian, take heed of this; thou hast arguments enough to keep this duty always on its wheels, let thy condition be what it will. *First*, Pray in prosperity, that thou mayest speed when thou prayest in adversity; own God now, that he may acknowledge thee then. Shall that friend be welcome to us, who never gives us a visit but when he comes to borrow? This is acting the part of a beggar, not a friend. *Secondly*, Pray in prosperity, to prove that thou didst not pray in hypocrisy when thou wert afflicted. One prayer now will be a better evidence for thy sincerity, than a whole bundle of duties performed in adversity. Colours are better distinguished by day-light than by candle-light. I am sure the truth and plainness of our hearts

in duty will be best discovered in prosperity. In affliction, even gracious souls have scruples upon their spirits, which they seek themselves; pain, they fear, makes them cry, till they remember that their acquaintance with God did not begin in their affliction, but that they took delight in his company before these straits drove them to him. *Thirdly*, Pray in prosperity, that thou mayest not be ensnared by it. Ephraim and Manasseh were brethren; and so are *plenty* and *forgetfulness*, the signification of their names. Prosperity is no friend to the memory, therefore we are cautioned so much to beware when we are full, lest we forget God. He is a holy man indeed, whose present prosperity doth not prove a snare to him, when it smiles most pleasingly on him. O how hard it is to be pleased with it, and not be ensnared by it! "Strong drink," Solomon saith, "is a mocker;" it soon puts him that is too bold with it to shame;—prosperity doth the same. A little of it makes us drunk, and then we know not what to do. This hath often proved an hour of temptation to the best of men. You shall find, in Scripture, that the saints have had their saddest falls on the most even ground. Noah, who had seen the whole world drowned in water, no sooner was safe on shore, but himself is drowned in wine. David's heart was fixed when in the wilderness; but his wanton eye rolled and wandered when he walked upon the terrace of his palace. Health, honour, riches, and pleasures, with the rest of this world's enjoyments, are like luscious wine; we cannot drink little of them, they are so sweet to our carnal palate; and we cannot bear much of them, because they are strong and heady, fuming up in pride and carnal confidence. Now prayer is an excellent preservative against the evil of this state. *1st*, As it spiritualizes our joy into thankfulness. It is carnal joy that is dreggy, and therefore soon putrifies. Now, as prayer in affliction refines the Christian's sorrow by breathing it forth in holy groans to God, whereby he is kept from sinful complaints and murmurings against him; so here the Christian, by giving a spiritual vent to his joy in thanksgiving and praises of his God, is preserved from the degeneracy of carnal joy, that betrays the soul to many foul sins, if itself be not one: for which purpose it is that the Apostle James cuts out this twofold channel for this double affection to run in: "Is any afflicted? Let him pray. Is any merry? Let him sing psalms." (James v. 13.) As if he should say, Let the afflicted soul pray, that it

may not murmur: let the joyous saint sing psalms, that his joy turn not sensual. A carnal heart can easily be merry when he prospers; the saint alone is praiseful. The Psalmist, speaking of the mariners delivered from storms at sea, saith, "Then are they glad, because they be quiet" (Ps. cvii. 30): but this they may be, and yet not thankful: wherefore he adds, "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness!" 2d, By prayer the soul is led into the acquaintance of higher delights than are to be found in all temporal enjoyments, and thereby is taken off from an inordinate valuation of them, because he knows where better are to be had. The true reason why men are puffed up with too high an opinion of worldly felicities, is their ignorance of spiritual. 3d, Prayer is God's ordinance to sanctify our creature-comforts. Everything is "sanctified by the word of God and prayer." (1 Tim. iv. 5.) Now, this obtained, the Christian may safely drink of these streams; Satan shall not have such power to corrupt him in the use of them, as another that bespeaks not God's blessing on them. 4th, In thy prosperity pray, to show thy dependence on God for what thou enjoyest. Thou holdest all thy mercies in the head. He that gave thee life, holds thy soul in life: "Thou didst hide thy face," saith David, "and I was troubled." Truly it is time for God to withdraw his hand when thou goest about to cut off his title. That enjoyment comes but as a guest, which is not entertained by prayer. Solomon tells us of wings that our temporal mercies have: now, if anything can clip these, and keep them from flying, it is prayer. God would often have destroyed Israel, had not Moses stood in the gap; their mercies were often upon the wing, but that holy man's prayers stayed their flight. God's heart would not allow him to refuse his prayer, and put that to shame; no, they shall live, but let them say, Moses' prayer begged their life. Now, if the prayer of a holy person could prevail for others, and obtain a new lease for their lives, who were (many of them) none of the best, surely then the prayer of a saint may have great power with God for his own. Long life is promised to him that honours his earthly father: prayer gives our heavenly Father the greatest honour. If, therefore, thou wouldst have thy life, or the life of any mercy prolonged, forget not to pay him this tribute. Yea, would you transmit what God hath blessed you with to your posterity! The best way thou canst take is, to lock thy estate up in God's hand by prayer. What-

ever *will* thou makest, God is sure to be thy executor. Man may propose and purpose, but God disposeth. Engage him, and the care is taken for thy posterity. 5th, Pray now that thou mayest outlive the loss of thy prosperity. When prayer cannot prevail to keep a temporal mercy alive, yet it will have a powerful influence to keep thy heart alive when that dies. O, it is sad, when a man's estate and comfort are buried in the same grave together. None will bear the loss of an enjoyment so patiently, as he that was exercised in prayer while he had it. When Job was in his flourishing estate, his children alive, and all his other enjoyments, then was he a great trader with God in his duty; he sanctified his children every day. He did not bless himself in them, but sought the blessing of God for them. And see how comfortably he bears all: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." The more David prayed for his child while alive, the fewer tears he shed for it when dead.

To be continued.

THE DEATH OF THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

[THE following most touching letter is from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Mason, a Baptist missionary in Asia. It is addressed to those of his children who had been sent to America for their education, and conveys intelligence of the death of their mother.]

Tacoy, Oct. 9 (2 o'clock morning), 1846.

MY DEAR MOTHERLESS CHILDREN,—My story is told on the threshold. Yes, you *have* no mother. She d'ed last night about seven o'clock, and I now sit alone, watching the corpse, with nothing to interrupt the unbroken stillness, save the occasional sobs of your broken-hearted little sisters, sleeping in the next room. The thought of their wretchedness, and of yours, makes me almost forget my own. Yet we are not wretched. God still lives, and loves us with a stronger love than the one we have lost. It was the confidence that God would be to us a blessing which enabled her to leave us in the peace she did. When I remarked, in view of her departure, that, were it the will of God, I should much prefer to change situations with her, she replied, "Oh no! it is much better that I should go than you. You are qualified for usefulness in many different ways; while, were I left alone, I could do but very little. No," she continued, in a more than usually animated tone, "live and serve God, and he will bless you more and more. He will bless you in your own soul, as well as in other respects, and will make your last days better than your first." I deem this promise a most precious legacy; more valuable than thousands of gold and

silver—than “gems from the mountain or pearls from the ocean.” I seize upon it in the fond hope that it was uttered in the inspiration of faith. Nature will be heard, will loose the floodgates of feeling for the moment; yet, cheered on by these words, I feel nerved to buckle on my armour anew, to do or to suffer whatever God may allot me, “all the days of my appointed time, until my change come.” Now she used similar language in relation to her children. What she did not see, she believed. She trusted that God would be the portion of her little ones. But this is not to make you presumptuous and careless in your sins, but to stir you up to choose God for your portion yourselves; for without that, the prayers and faith of your mother will be utterly unavailing. Death will soon bring you at his feet. Willing or unwilling, you will soon be grappling with him, and he will not leave you, till he leave you like your mother before me—a breathless corpse. What an awful thing death must be to those who have no hope in Christ! To be struggling, consciously struggling with death, with the second death in full prospect before them? It makes one dizzy to look at it from a place of safety. Could you have watched over your mother, as I have done, you would think that death, under the most favourable circumstances, was sufficiently fearful. “What a dreadful thing sin is,” remarked your mother, during one of her painful attacks, “if after the sting of death is removed, it is still necessary to suffer so much.” But added, after a pause, “it is needful for us to understand something of its heinousness.”

Day-time.

You will wish to know the particulars of your mother's sickness and death; but I have taken no notes, nor recorded any of her sayings; I must, therefore, depend upon my memory, and many things will probably escape it now, that may come to mind hereafter. One massive, crushing feeling of the distressing scenes through which I have passed, seems to obliterate every thing else. I remember, however, the comfortable prospect we had of your mother's being soon raised from her confinement, of the ensuing debility, and the necessity to call a wet-nurse—then the rallying a little—then the relapse—then sister Bennet taking the babe over to her house for “a few days,” to leave the mother quiet—then the giving up of my school, to enable me to give up my whole time and attention to her wants—then the numberless relapses and recoveries, each of which, like a series of steps down to the grave, left her lower than the preceding. I remember the intense desire with which I watched every symptom that promised recovery; and I have not forgotten the “hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick.” I cannot forget the agony of watching over one who, in sober truth, I loved better than my own life, from glowing health, through

all the changes on the dial-plate of disease, down to that dark point where, owing to the intensity of sufferings, I rejoiced, from the love I bore her, that she was a lifeless corpse. Medical skill has done all it could, from the time no danger was apprehended, until it declared itself baffled, and medicine nought. Christian kindness, sisterly affection, and conjugal love, have done their utmost; yet, there she lies before me, in her shroud! All, all in vain; yet not *all* in vain to me. Near the closing scene, she threw her death-struck arms around my neck and said, “Kind husband, and best of friends! I can never repay you for all your kindness.”—Your mother did not die of any disease. She died of sheer debility, increased by the enervating influences of the climate. Her physician remarked, as he sat by her dying bed last evening: “She has had no symptoms that would be at all dangerous in another person, who had vigour in her system. But there was nothing for art to work upon. All the powers of nature were worn out. She was sensible of the state of her constitution, long before others were. She observed to me, several weeks ago: “I thought it probable I should wear out in this way, and therefore had clothes made up before hand for you and the children, that you might be well provided for, but prepared none for myself.” I never saw a living person so literally reduced to a skeleton as she has been for the last month. Her countenance, too, has latterly had painful traits of suffering engraven upon it; but since death has done his work, she has, much to my astonishment, resumed that same, sweet, placid aspect, only more thin and pale, which she had when I first met her at her uncle's fire-side in Chesnut Street.

The most remarkable trait apparent during her sickness was the calm and unruffled peace that constantly pervaded her mind. During the three or four months that I stood by her sick-bed, the breath of trouble never once appeared to agitate her bosom. She often chastened my sanguine hopes for her recovery, when ground for hope appeared, and as often cheered my desponding spirits, when those prospects were beclouded. “Remember,” she would say, “what is your loss, is my eternal gain.” Never did she manifest any anxiety to live. Once she said her mind was much in the same state as Paul's, when he wrote, “I am in a strait betwixt two; having a desire to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better; nevertheless, to abide in the flesh is more needful to you.” In the early stages of her sickness, when danger was first apprehended, she observed: “I have not the least anxiety about the issue, not the slightest. I have no choice to live or die.” One of her most common ejaculations throughout her sickness was, “Thy will be done;” and would often add, in tones of deep emphasis:

“Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His.”

I never saw her weep but once during her sickness, and that was what proved to be the last time she saw her infant. As I held it to her lips, before it was returned to Mrs. Bennet, for a parting kiss, she embraced it fervently, and bursting into tears, said: "Poor babe, you will never know a mother's love! a mother's love!" Here were chords of feeling which I rarely dared to touch; and never, but to draw my fingers lightly over them, like a casual, careless breath. I feared to agitate what my own trembling hand was but ill able to quiet again. Little appeared on the surface, but there was clearly a deep under-current in the soul, which grace repressed. On one occasion I observed: "If missionaries do not die, yet, circumstanced as they are in this country, they have to part with their children with little less anguish than on the death of one of the parties." "Ah!" she replied, "missionary work is hard work, and none ought ever to engage in it that are not called to it. No, certainly, none ought ever to come, unless specially called." I said, her uninterrupted peace was remarkable, but it was not, to one who knew the previous exercises of her heart while in health. She was truly dead to the world long before death itself came in sight. Conversing on death at one time, she said:

"But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away."

"I have no fear," she added; "that fear is taken away." Speaking, on another occasion, of the goodness of God in exempting her from the temptations and doubts that often assail Christians in their last days, she observed: "Bless God for the gracious influence of the Spirit that he has vouchsafed me within the last two years." At another time she exclaimed:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;"

and continued, "If ever sinner got into that, I did, at Pyee-khyn. You and brother Vinton had been conversing together about that hymn, and when you went to meeting, I stayed behind in the house. That was a memorable occasion—one long to be remembered. Tell sister Vinton it is worth living for, to translate that hymn into Karen."

On the last evening she was free from spasms, and I began to hope she would get some quiet sleep; but before midnight was reached, I saw unequivocal tokens that Death himself had come. Her power of utterance began to fail her, and she became much more helpless than ever. "I know it," she observed, in her usual calm way; "when people come to their dying hour, they cannot help themselves." Ah! those were to me agonizing hours. One or two Burmese women, beside her usual Burmese attendant, stood around her bed and fanned her, during the early part of the night; but when they saw that death had come, they gave way

to their drowsiness, and left me for the most part alone at the very time their aid was most needed to afford your mother a measure of comfort. When day came, and the sisters ascertained the state of things, they came over and attended her through the closing scene. It was mercifully attended with little acute suffering. When the doctor called in the morning, and asked her if she was in pain, she readily replied in the negative. She did not appear to be conscious, excepting once after two o'clock in the afternoon. After repeated attempts to arouse her attention in vain, Mrs. Bennet said, about four o'clock, "My dear sister, do you want any thing?" Much to our surprise, she replied, in a still, low whisper, just loud enough to be heard distinctly, "No." It was the last word she attempted to utter, and the last sign of consciousness she gave. Life continued to ebb weaker and weaker for three hours more, when she ceased to breathe, without a struggle.

She would frequently, during her protracted sickness, allude to her apparent uselessness. "Lying here doing nothing," was a common remark; but added once, after a pause, "Yet those who wait, serve too." Once, in pain, she observed, "*Moth taumuth* (Thou shalt surely die), is the curse that rests upon man. It must be passed through, though the sting of death be removed." She often quoted Pope's "Dying Christian to his Soul;" and when in pain, would frequently breathe out, with deep feeling, the last strain of the following couplet:—

"Cease, fond nature! cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life."

As I turned her aching frame in the bed, she would often, in sweetly plaintive tones, exclaim: "Oh! that I had the wings of a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest." She frequently quoted appropriate portions of hymns.

It was with great difficulty that she could articulate so as to be understood, even in the early part of the day she died. Several times she spoke to me without my being able to understand her, though she repeated her words two or three times. She could understand, however, when spoken to, very readily; and signify assent or dissent in an equally satisfactory manner. I once asked, "Is your mind calm?" She gave the ready sign of assent, in reply. An hour subsequently, I inquired, "Is your mind in peace?" On receiving the usual indication of assent, I said, "Try and say Peace." She made the attempt—it was 'Peace' when it left her heart, but the organs of speech performed their office so imperfectly, that it required the ear of affection to understand it when it left her lips. It was after this, when the sisters were around her bed, that I took up her "Daily Food"—a precious little book to her—and read to her the portion for the day, which seemed to me peculiarly appropriate to her

circumstances. She gave signs that she understood and appreciated it. I transcribe it :—

"The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee."

"Let the wind blow, and billows roll,
Hope is the anchor of my soul;
It fastens on a land unknown,
And moors me to my Father's throne."

"Hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost."

Conversing on one of her last days, on the great work to be done for the heathen, and how little we understood the ways of God, in removing well-qualified labourers from the field, as he was constantly doing, she said it was probably to make them more useful in some other way that we did not understand, or words to this effect; and added: "Tell the native Christians that I loved them to the end. Tell them to *strive* to get to heaven; that the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force. Tell them," she continued, stretching out her poor, withered arm, with an energy such as she manifested on no other occasion, and in tones so loud and sonorous that I was startled—"tell them to *lay hold* on eternal life."

Night.

"'Tis finished." Your mother's earthly tabernacle awaits the archangel's trump beneath the shadows of the sweet-flowered mesuatre. If you look at Mr. Malcom's drawing of Boardmans' grave, you will see a tree, apparently near the west end of the tomb (for the view is from the east); and it is beneath the overshadowing branches of that tree, and between it and the tomb, that your mother lies. The sun dropped behind the western hills just as the funeral services closed.

* * * * *

I have noted down the most prominent things connected with your mother's sickness and death, that have occurred to me within the last twenty-four hours, and now pause. I pause, and find myself *alone*. I thought to derive some comfort, and find some society in your little sisters; and when they returned this evening from Mrs. Wade's, they came into the lone room, looked around a few times, and then simultaneously burst into tears. The eldest was convulsed with deep sobs, but the younger exclaimed, in her Burman idiom, "*Not got mama.*" Poor child! I *know* the feeling which prompted that remark. It lies this moment gnawing at my heart like a worm. The room in which I sit writing your mother and myself have occupied together for ten or twelve years. Every chair, table, box, and book, as I look around upon them, brings her up before

my imagination, and still each seems to say, "*Not got mama.*"

I have written to you as men and women, and not as children. You will soon *be* men and women, and then you will understand why I could not do otherwise. I feel as a man, and not as a child; and I must write as I feel, if I write at all. In the loss of your mother, you have lost a correspondent who had a peculiarly happy tact in writing to children. Still, should the death of your mother prove the means of your repentance unto life, and the consecration of yourselves to God, your afflicted father will go on singing, down to the grave,

"Sweet affliction, sweet affliction."

THE FIRST GRIEF.

THEY tell me first and early love outlives all after dreams;

But the memory of a first great grief to me more lasting seems—

The grief that marks our dawning youth to memory ever clings,

And o'er the path of future years a lengthened shadow flings.

Oh! oft my mind recalls the hour when to my father's home

Death came, an uninvited guest from his dwelling in the tomb;

I had not seen his face before, I shuddered at the sight,

And I shudder still to think upon the anguish of that night.

A youthful brow and ruddy cheek became all cold and wan;

An eye grew dim in which the light of radiant fancy shone:

Cold was the cheek, and cold the brow; the eye was fixed and dim;

And one there mourned a brother dead, who would have died for him.

I know not if 'twas summer then, I know not if 'twas spring;

But if the birds sang on the trees, I did not hear them sing;

If flowers came forth to deck the earth, their bloom I did not see:

I looked upon *one* withered flower, and none else bloomed for me.

A sad and silent time it was, within that house of woe;

Each eye was dull and overcast, and every voice was low;

And from each cheek at intervals the blood appeared to start,

As if recalled in sudden haste to aid the sinking heart.

Softly we trode, as if afraid to mar the sleeper's sleep,
And stole last looks of his pale face for memory to
keep:

With him the agony was o'er, and now the pain was
ours,
As thoughts of his sweet childhood rose like odours
from dead flowers.

And when at last they bore him hence from this
world's weary strife,
How oft in thought did we again live o'er his little
life;

His every look, his every word, his very voice's tone,
Came back to us like things whose worth is only prized
when gone.

That grief has passed with years away, and joy has
been my lot;

But the one is oft remembered, and the other soon
forgot:

The gayest hours trip lightest by, and leave the
faintest trace,

But the deep, deep track that sorrow wears, no time
can e'er efface.

LETTERS TO A ROMISH BISHOP.

[A CONVERTED Roman Catholic, who signs himself "Kirwan," has recently been addressing a series of letters to the Romish Bishop of New York, containing his reasons for abjuring the faith in which he was trained. They are graphic and interesting, and make some sad disclosures as to the religious belief and condition of the Romanists of Ireland. We purpose giving the substance of them, as they come to hand. In his second letter he says:—]

You know very well the common belief among the Irish peasantry, that Papal priests can work miracles. Whatever may be the preaching of the priests themselves upon the point, such is the belief of the people, a belief strongly encouraged by the conduct of their spiritual leaders. Hence in diseases the people resort, not so much to the physician, as to the priest—they depend less upon the power of medicine than upon that of priestly charms. Although the son of intelligent parents, and educated from my youth for the mercantile profession, the miraculous power of the priest is yet associated with my earliest recollections of him. And, as you know full well, the belief that this power is possessed by their priests, is one of the leading causes why the Papal Irish bow with such entire and unmanly submission to them. In my youth there were two things which greatly shook my faith in the possession of this power. There resided not far from my paternal residence a priest, whose fame as a miracle-worker was well known all over the county in which he resided. The road to his house (called in that country a bridle road) went by our door. I frequently saw in the morning individuals riding by, with a little keg resting before them on the saddle, or a jug hanging by the horse's side. I often asked who they were, and where they were going. I was told that they were going to Father C——'s to get some of their sick cured. I asked what was in the keg or jug. I was told that

it was Irish whisky to pay the priest for his cures. I asked why they went so early in the morning. I was answered, that unless they went early they would not find him sober.

In one of the large interior towns of Ireland where I resided, the bishop of the diocese met his priests, or a part of them, once a-year. This meeting was always held in the house where I resided, and over the store in which I was then a clerk. Among the priests that always met the bishop was a Father B——, whose fame as a miracle-worker was extensive. He had also a reputation for learning and eloquence; and, because of his connection with an old and wealthy family, exerted a wide social influence. He always stayed with us when he came to town. About ten o'clock one night, after one of those meetings of bishop and priests, I went out to shut up the store windows; and hearing a singular noise in the gutter, I went forward, and assisted a man out of the mire. I soon recognised it to be Father B——, the miracle-worker. Running in, I announced with some excitement, to the lady of the house, that Father B—— was drunk in the street. I received for my pains a stunning slap on the side of the face, with this admonition, "Never say again that a priest is drunk." I staggered under the blow. I assisted in cleaning his reverence. I gave him his brandy next morning; and, young as I was, my faith in miracle-working priests was effectually shaken. Although fearing to draw the conclusion, I felt it, that God would not bestow miraculous power upon those who lived a life, not of occasional, but of habitual intemperance. And I would ask you, sir, whether all this pretension to miraculous power by your priests is not a gross imposition upon the people, for the double purpose of keeping them in awe and getting their money? Let the bishop be silent, and the man of sense speak, and I have no fear as to the answer.

The doctrine of purgatory, you know, is one of the peculiar and most cherished doctrines of your Church. Indeed, I do not know how your Church could get along without it. My object now is not to reason with you about it, nor to controvert it; but to state to you a few facts in reference to it that made, in early life, a strong impression on my mind. You know that, in Ireland, the custom of the priest is, at a certain point in the service of the mass, to turn his back to the altar and his face to the people, and to read a long list of the names of deceased persons whose souls are in purgatory, and to offer up a prayer for their deliverance from it. This is done, or used to be done, in the chapels every Sabbath. To obtain the name of a deceased relative on that magic list, the priest must be paid so much a-year, varying, I believe, with the ability of the friends to pay. If the yearly payment is not made when due, the name of the person is erased from the list. A circumstance arising out of this custom of your Church, occurring in my boyhood, is distinctly before me. A respectable man in our parish died in mid-life, leaving a widow and a large family of children to mourn his loss. True to her religious principles, and to her generous instincts, the widow had her husband's name placed on that list, and heard with pious grati-

tude his name read over from Sabbath to Sabbath, with a prayer offered for the deliverance of his soul from purgatory. After the lapse of two or three years, on a certain Sabbath, the name of her husband was omitted from the list. The fact filled her with mingled joy and fear—joy, thinking that her husband had escaped from purgatory; and fear, lest she had done something to offend the priest. On timid inquiry, she learned that his soul was yet in purgatory, but that she had forgotten to send in the yearly tax at the time it was due. The tax was promptly paid, and the name was restored on the next Sabbath. With this fact, sir, I am entirely conversant; for that widow was my own mother, who sought the release of the soul of my father from purgatory. Can you wonder, sir, that this incident made a deep impression upon my youthful mind, or that it shook my faith in your whole system? And, as far as memory serves me, Father M—— was an amiable man, and above the ordinary level of the men of his calling.

Another fact which early impressed me in reference to purgatory was this: Your Church makes a distinction between mortal and venial sinners. The former go to hell for ever—the latter go to purgatory, “whence they are taken by the prayers and alms offered for them, and principally by the holy sacrifice of the mass.” Now I always saw that the *most mortal* sinners, that every body would say went to hell, could always have masses said for them, as if they went to purgatory—provided their friends could pay; and that *less mortal* sinners, that people would say went to purgatory, were sent to hell, if their friends could not pay for masses for them. And their souls were kept in purgatory a long while when their friends paid promptly every year; but the souls were soon prayed out whose friends could not pay long for them. Facts like these, sir, very early impressed my mind, and shook my faith in the religion of my parents and priests. And when in maturer years I could more fully consider them, they actually led me to reject religion as a fable cunningly devised by priests.

Again: to pray to angels or saints is a doctrine of your Church. I am quite familiar with your explanations of it—with the distinctions which your writers make to free it from idolatry. Perhaps, ere these letters are concluded, I may return to this subject; I have only to do now with some of my early impressions in reference to it. In our parish chapel there were a great many pictures of saints. Whose pictures they were I do not remember. But on Sabbath morning, an hour before mass, I have often seen the poor people, and even some more wealthy and refined, walking on their knees from the one picture to the other, and counting their beads, and bowing before them with external acts of the most profound and sincere worship. Although then I thought differently, I have not now a doubt but that it was idolatry. But the idea that struck me was this: Here are some praying to Peter, or Paul, or John; the same pictures are hung up in ten thousand chapels all over the world, and in all these chapels persons are praying to them. Can these good saints hear but in one

place, or can they hear all? If they can hear all, they are omnipresent; if omnipresent, they are gods. Thus we have as many gods as saints. But if they hear but in one place, then nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine out of the ten thousand are praying to an absent saint! This one thought, reverend sir, very early in life impressed my mind, and was not the least powerful among the causes which led me, eventually, to reject the authority of your Church. More of these causes in my next.

THE ENGLISH AND SCOTCH SABBATH.

(From Hugh Miller's *"First Impressions of England and its People."*)

I LODGED within a stone-cast of the terminus of the great Manchester and Birmingham Railway. I could hear the roaring of the trains along the line, from morning till near mid-day, and during the whole afternoon; and, just as the evening was setting in, I sauntered down to the gate by which a return train was discharging its hundreds of passengers, fresh from the Sabbath amusements of the country, that I might see how they looked. There did not seem much of enjoyment about the wearied and somewhat dragged groups: they wore, on the contrary, rather an unhappy physiognomy, as if they had missed spending the day quite to their minds, and were now returning, sad and disappointed, to the round of toil, from which it ought to have proved a sweet interval of relief. A congregation just dismissed from hearing a vigorous evening discourse would have borne, to a certainty, a more cheerful air. There was not much actual drunkenness among the crowd—thanks to the preference which the Englishman gives to his ale over ardent spirits—not a tithe of what I would have witnessed, on a similar occasion, in my own country. A few there were, however, evidently muddled; and I saw one positive scene. A young man considerably in liquor had quarrelled with his mistress, and threatening to throw himself into the Irwell, off he had bolted in the direction of the river. There was a shriek of agony from the young woman, and a cry of “Stop him, stop him,” to which a tall, bulky Englishman, of the true John Bull type, had coolly responded, by thrusting forth his foot as he passed, and tripping him at full length on the pavement; and for a few minutes all was hubbub and confusion. With, however, this exception, the aspect of the numerous passengers had a sort of animal decency about it, which one might in vain look for among the Sunday travellers on a Scotch railway. Sunday seems greatly less connected with the fourth commandment in the humble English mind than in that of Scotland, and so a less disreputable portion of the people go abroad. There is a considerable difference, too, between masses of men simply ignorant of religion, and masses of men broken loose from it; and the Sabbath-contemning Scotch belong to the latter category. With the humble Englishman, trained up to no regular habit of church-going, Sabbath is pudding-day, and clean-shirt-day, and a day for lolling on the grass opposite the sun, and, if there be a river or canal hard by, for trying how the gudgeons bite, or, if in the neighbourhood of a railway, for taking a short trip to some country inn, famous for its cakes and ale; but to the humble Scot, become English in his Sabbath views, the day is, in most cases, a time of sheer recklessness and dissipation. There is much truth in the shrewd remark of Sir

Walter Scott, that the Scotch, once metamorphosed into Englishmen, make very mischievous Englishmen indeed.

Among the existing varieties of the genus philanthropist—benevolent men, bent on bettering the condition of the masses—there is a variety who would fain send out our working people to the country on Sabbaths, to become happy and innocent in smelling primroses, and stringing daisies on grass stalks. An excellent scheme theirs, if they but knew it, for sinking a people into ignorance and brutality—for filling a country with gloomy workhouses, and the workhouses with unhappy paupers. 'Tis pity rather that the institution of the Sabbath, in its economic bearings, should not be better understood by the utilitarian. The problem which it furnishes is not particularly difficult, if one could be but made to understand, as a first step in the process, that it is really worth solving. The mere animal that has to pass six days of the week in hard labour, benefits greatly by a seventh day of mere animal rest and enjoyment: the repose according to its nature proves of signal use to it—just because *it is* repose according to its nature. But man is not a mere animal: what is best for the ox and the ass is not best for him; and in order to degrade him into a poor unintellectual slave, over whom tyranny, in its caprice, may trample rough-shod, it is but necessary to tie him down, animal like, during his six working days, to hard engrossing labour, and to convert the seventh into a day of frivolous, unthinking relaxation. History speaks with much emphasis on the point. The old despotic Stuarts were tolerable adepts in the art of king-craft, and knew well what they were doing when they backed with their authority the Book of Sports. The merry unthinking serfs, who, early in the reign of Charles the First, danced on the Sabbaths round the maypole were afterwards the ready tools of despotism, and fought that England might be enslaved. The Ironsides, who, in the cause of civil and religious freedom, bore them down, were stanch Sabbatarians.

In no history, however, is the value of the Sabbath more strikingly illustrated than in that of the Scotch people during the seventeenth and the larger portion of the eighteenth centuries. Religion and the Sabbath were their sole instructors, and this in times so little favourable to the cultivation of mind, so darkened by persecution, and stained with blood, that, in at least the earlier of these centuries, we derive our knowledge of the character and amount of the popular intelligence mainly from the death-testimonies of our humbler martyrs, here and there corroborated by the incidental evidence of writers such as Burnet. In these noble addresses from prison and scaffold—the composition of men drafted by oppression almost at random from out the general mass—we see how vigorously our Presbyterian people had learned to think, and how well to give their thinking expression. In the quieter times which followed the Revolution, the Scottish peasantry existed as at once the most provident and intellectual in Europe; and a moral and instructed people pressed outwards beyond the narrow bounds of their country, and rose into offices of trust and importance in all the nations of the world. There were no societies for the diffusion of useful knowledge in those days. But the Sabbath was kept holy; it was a day from which every dissipating frivolity was excluded by a stern sense of duty. The popular mind, with weight imparted to it by its religious earnestness, and direction by the pulpit addresses of the day, expatiated on matters of grave import, of which the tendency was to concentrate and strengthen, not scatter and weaken, the faculties; and the secular

cogitations of the week came to bear, in consequence, a Sabbath-day stamp of depth and solidity. The one day in the seven struck the tone for the other six. Our modern apostles of popular instruction rear up no such men among the masses as were developed under the Sabbatarian system in Scotland. Their aptest pupils prove but the loquacious gabblers of their respective workshops—shallow superficialists, that bear on the surface of their minds a thin diffusion of ill-remembered facts and crude theories; and rarely indeed do we see them rising in the scale of society: they become Socialists by hundreds, and Chartists by thousands, and get no higher. The disseminator of mere useful knowledge takes aim at the popular ignorance; but his inept and unscientific gunnery does not include in its calculations the parabolic curve of man's spiritual nature; and so, aiming direct at the mark, he aims too low, and the charge falls short.

BAD SIGNS.

LET us point out some of those things that indicate in Christians a spirit of conformity to the world, dangerous to the Church, and hurtful to their own growth in grace:—

1. A neglect of prayer-meetings, and week-day lectures at the house of God. Full often the heart of a pastor, and the hearts of a few faithful souls, who long for the spiritual health of Zion, are grieved, when, instead of a throng, some three or four only assemble to pray for reviving mercies, or to listen to instruction upon eternal realities. Why are these meetings neglected? Because the world and its allurements are more attractive than the knowledge and blessing of God.

2. A greater readiness and zeal to attend a social party, a musical soiree, or some trifling exhibition, than to be at the place of worship and the solemn assembly. An eminent prelate, we are informed, lately preached to perhaps a dozen hearers in a considerable city; the members of his church were at a dancing party.

3. A disposition of mind to find excuses to satisfy conscience for the neglect of duties, and for indulging in amusements which were, by former and older Christians, considered inconsistent with holiness. Why are they so desirous to mingle in scenes and dissipation which were, by their parents, regarded as injurious, if not positively sinful? Does it not show a hankering after forbidden pleasures, and a wish to soften down the strictness of the Christian rule of life? Especially, why so desirous to call those things "innocent" and "harmless," which they admit the preacher could not practise, without being recreant to his profession, and false to his high commission?

How low must be the standard of piety, when a greater number of professors can be found assembled at a social party, than can be collected for a lecture or prayer-meeting, and when some of them neglect the church to take part in the dissipation? Are not such professors conformed to the world? Are they letting their light shine? Are they the salt of the earth? Are they living epistles, known and read of all men? Does such conduct preach Jesus Christ and his salvation as the one thing needful? Do they not grievously wound the Saviour in the house of his friends? For such Christians, let their friends pray "May God enlighten them."

A FORGOTTEN WAY OF DOING GOOD.

THE most common mercies are the least regarded, for the reason that they *are* common, so much so as to come as matters of course. Blessings of very inferior value, if conferred at certain intervals, or in unusual circumstances, attract more attention, and more certainly call forth praise. The air we breathe is of incalculable value. If the proportion of its constituent parts were but very slightly altered, we should suffer great inconvenience—or even suffering and death. And yet this wise disposition of the constituents of the common atmosphere, is less regarded than the occasional breeze which refreshes us on a hot day.

So, too, common and every-day facilities for self-improvement, and for doing good to others, are less regarded than occasional striking opportunities, and special openings of Providence, as the phrase is. Common conversation, for example, a privilege which all enjoy, which all are capable of exercising, and which, if rightly improved, would be found a most powerful instrument for producing good impressions upon the minds of those with whom we have intercourse, is very little relied on as a means of usefulness, compared with the confidence we feel in other measures. If our neighbour's thoughts, and feelings, and principles, are to be changed and turned to God, to truth and duty, we suppose it must be brought to pass through some thrilling sermon, or stirring providence, or in the midst of some great revivals, and not by the still small voice operating through simple, every-day means, such as any right-minded man can use, as well as the eloquent and the learned. It would be well if all who are in the habit of looking only, or chiefly, to extraordinary, striking, and rare instrumentalities, which few can exert or command for the benefit of our fellow-men, should begin to feel that they have resources in every-day life which the most moderate talents can wield; that mere striplings with slings and pebbles may slay the Goliaths of the world as well, or better, than chosen champions in mail and king's armour.

This instrumentality which we have referred to, of common conversation among individuals of the plainest education and natural talents, needs but the infusion of a single element to make it a regenerator of society. The apostle gives a complete direction when he says, "Let your conversation be seasoned with grace." That direction, complied with among the professed friends of Christ, would kindle in thousands of social circles the hallowed fires of religious feeling, and change materially and in a short time, the moral atmosphere in which we live.

It is true that spiritual conversation presupposes a considerable degree of spiritual-mindedness. But it is equally true that such conversation is a cause as well as an effect of a devout frame and temper of mind. Speaking of the things of religion, tends to warm the heart and deepen the feelings of him who speaks. Like every other exercise in duty, spiritual conversation is twice blessed—blessing him who gives, and him who takes. He who will employ his powers

of conversation in the spirit of true piety, for the promotion of religious feeling in the hearts of those with whom he has intercourse, will not fail soon to find the opportunities and the means of usefulness, as well as a most efficient means of self-improvement. The fitness and purifying tendency of Christian conversation is finely depicted in Cowper's admirable poem on the subject, the whole of which might be read with profit and delight, by all who wish to do good to their fellow-men, and glorify God in the use of the tongue:—

"Though life's valley be a vale of tears,
A brighter scene beyond that vale appears,
Where glory with a light that never fades,
Shoots between the rocks and opening shades;
And while it shows the land the soul desires,
The language of the land she seeks, inspires.
Thus touched, the tongue receives a sacred sense
Of all that was absurd, profane, impure.
Held within modest bounds, the tide of speech
Pursues the course that truth and nature teach.
No longer labours merely to produce
The pomp of sound, or tinkle without use;
Wherever it winds, the salutary stream
Sprightly and fresh, enriches every theme;
While all the happy man possessed before—
The gift of nature, or the classic store—
Is made subservient to the grand design
For which Heaven formed the faculty divine."

QUESTIONS.

Is it not strange that many talk of keeping God's commandments, and never remember that this is the commandment of God, that we should believe in the name of his Son, Jesus Christ, and love one another?

How many think of rearing up a building whose top shall reach heaven itself; and quite forget to lay their foundation upon the rock—Christ Jesus!

What numbers talk of repentance, and never repent of the greatest of all sins—unbelief!

Thousands cry Peace, peace, to their own souls, who never obtained peace by Jesus Christ; and think no more of peace through his death, than through that of Julius Cæsar. But will such self-assumed peace stand at the bar of God?

LIFE IMBITTERED—AN ARGUMENT FOR ETERNITY.

How the world falls to pieces round about us,
And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!
What says this transportation of my friends?
It bids me love the place where now they dwell,
And scorn this wretched spot they leave so poor.
Eternity's vast ocean lies before thee:
Give thy mind sea-room; keep it wide of earth,
That rock of souls immortal; cut thy cord;
Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call every wind;
Eye thy great pole-star; make the land of life.

YOUNG.

THE PRESENT LIFE PROVED UNWORTHY
OF OUR ONLY REGARDS.

THOSE, sure, must be little, narrow souls, that can make themselves a portion and a sufficiency out of what they enjoy here; that think of no more, that desire no more. For what is this life but a circulation of little, mean actions? We lie down and rise again; dress and undress; feed and wax hungry; work or play, and are weary; and then we lie down again, and the circle returns. We spend the day in trifles; and when the night comes, we throw ourselves into the bed of folly, among dreams, and broken thoughts, and wild imaginations. Our reason lies asleep by us; and we are, for the time, as arrant brutes as those that sleep in the stalls or in the field. Are not the capacities of man higher than these? and ought not his ambition and expectations to be greater? Let us be adventurers for another world.—*Burnet.*

THE CROSS AND THE CROWN.

OH reward truly great, above desert, yea, above conception! A crown for a few groans! an eternal crown of life and glory, for a short and momentary suffering! How just is St. Paul's account, that "the afflictions of this present life are not worthy of the glory which shall be showed unto us!" O Lord, let me smart, that I may reign; uphold thou me in smarting, that thou mayest hold me worthy of reigning. It is no matter how vile I be, so I may be glorious. What say you? would you not be afflicted? Whether had you rather mourn for a while, or for ever? One must be chosen; the election is easy. Whether had you rather rejoice for one fit, or always? You would do both. Pardon me, it is a fond covetousness, an idle singularity, to affect it. What! that you alone may fare better than all God's saints? that God should strew carpets for your nice feet only, to walk into your heaven, and make that way smooth for you, which all patriarchs, prophets, evangelists, confessors, Christ himself, have found rugged and bloody! Away with this self-love, and come down, you ambitious sons of Zebedee; and ere you think of sitting near the throne, be content to be called unto the cup. Now is your trial: let your Saviour see how much of his bitter potion you can pledge; then shall you see how much of his glory he can afford you. Be content to drink of his vinegar and gall, and you shall drink new wine with him in his kingdom.

Our hearts shall be so full, that we cannot choose but sing, and we cannot but sing melodiously. There is no jar in this music, no end of this song. O blessed change of the saints! they did nothing but weep below, and now nothing but sing above! We who sowed in tears, reap in joy: there was some comfort in those tears when they were at the worst, but there is no danger of complaint in this heavenly mirth. If we cannot sing here with angels, "On earth peace," yet there we shall sing with them, "Glory to God on high;" and joining our voices to theirs, shall make up that celestial concert, which none can either hear or bear part in and not be happy.

But, alas, where is my love?—where is my longing?—where art thou, O my soul? What heaviness hath overtaken thee? how hath the world bewitched and possessed thee, that thou art become so careless of thy home, so senseless of spiritual delights, so fond of these vanities? Dost thou doubt whether there be a heaven? or whether thou have a God and a Saviour there? O far be from thee this atheism—far be from thee the least thought of this desperate impiety. Woe were thee, if thou believedst not! but O thou of little faith, dost thou believe there is happiness, and happiness for thee, and desirest it not, and delightest not in it? Alas, how weak and unbelieving is thy belief!—how cold and faint are thy desires! Tell me what goodly entertainment hast thou met with here on earth, that was worthy to withdraw thee from these heavenly joys?—what pleasure in it ever gave thee contentment? or what cause of dislike findest thou above? O no, my soul, it is only thy miserable drowsiness, only thy security. The world, the world hath besotted thee, hath undone thee with carelessness. Alas, if thy delight be so cold, what difference is there in thee from an ignorant heathen, who doubts of another life; yea, from an epicure, that denies it? Art thou a Christian? or art thou none? If thou be what thou professest, away with this dull and senseless worldliness—away with this earthly uncheerfulness; shake off at last this profane and godless security, which hath thus long weighed thee down from mounting up to thy joys. Look up to thy God and to thy crown, and say with confidence, O Lord, I have waited for thy salvation.

What is death, but the taking down of these sticks, whereof this earthly tent is composed! the separation of two great and old friends till they meet again! the jail-delivery of a long prisoner! our journey into that other world, for which we on this thoroughfare were made! our payment of our first debt to nature! the sleep of the body, and the awaking of the soul?

Hast thou been wont, O my body, when the day hath wearied thee, to lie down unwillingly to thy rest? Behold, in this sleep there is more quietness, more pleasure of visions, more certainty of waking, more cheerfulness in rising: why, then, art thou loath to think of laying off thy rags, and reposing thyself? why art thou like a child, unwilling to go to bed? Hast thou ever seen any bird, which, when the cage hath been opened, would rather sit still and sing within her grates, than fly forth unto her freedom in the woods? hast thou ever seen any prisoner in love with his bolts and fetters? Did the chief of the apostles, when the angel of God shined in his jail, and struck him on the side, and loosed his two chains, and bade him arise quickly, and opened both the wooden and iron gate, say, What, so soon! yet a little sleep? What madness had it been, rather to slumber betwixt his two keepers, than to follow the angel of God into liberty! Hast thou ever seen any mariner who hath saluted the sea with songs, and the haven with tears? What shall I say to this diffi-

dence, O my soul? that thou art unwilling to think of rest after thy toil, of freedom after thy durance, of the haven after an unquiet and tempestuous passage? How many are there that seek death, and cannot find it, merely out of the irksomeness of life! Hath it found thee, and offered thee better conditions, not of immunity from evils, but of possession of more good than thou canst think; and wouldst thou now fly from happiness, to be rid of it?—*Hall.*

LOVE OF NATURE.

How is it that a scene of quiet beauty makes so much deeper an impression than a startling one? The glorious sunset I had witnessed on that sweet lake—the curving and forest-mantled shores—the green islands—the mellow mountains—all combined to make a scene of surpassing loveliness; and now as I lay and watched the stars coming out one after another, and twinkling on me through the tree tops, all that beauty came back on me with strange power. The gloomy gorge and savage precipice, or the sudden storm, seem to excite the surface only of one's feelings; while the sweet vale, with its cottages, and herds, and evening bells, blends itself with our very thoughts and emotions, forming a part of our after existence. Such a scene sinks away into the heart like a gentle rain into the earth, while a rougher, nay sublimer one, comes and goes like a sudden shower. I do not know how it is that the gentler influence should be the deeper and more lasting, but so it is. The still small voice of nature is more impressive than her loudest thunder. Of all the scenery in the Alps—and there is no richer on the earth—nothing is so plainly daguerrotyped on my heart as two or three lovely valleys I saw. Those heaven-piercing summits, and precipices of ice, and awfully savage gorges, and fearful passes, lie like a grand but indistinct vision on my memory; while those vales, with their carpets of green sward, and gentle rivulets, and perfect repose, have become a part of my life. In moments of high excitement or turbulent grief, they rise before me with their gentle aspect and quiet beauty, hushing the storm into repose, and subduing the spirit like a sensible presence. O, how I love nature! She hasten thousand voices even in her silence, and in all her changes goes only from beauty to beauty. And then when she speaks aloud, and the music of running waters—the organ-note of the wind amid the pine-tree tops—the rippling of waves—the song of birds—and the hum of insects—fall on the ear; soul and sense are ravished. How is it that even good men have come to think so little of nature, as if to love her and seek her haunts and companionship were a waste of time? I have been astonished at the remarks sometimes made to me on my long jaunts in the woods, as if it were almost wicked to cast off the gravity of one's profession, and wander like a child amid the beauty which God has spread out with such a lavish hand over the earth. Why, I should as soon think of feeling reproved for gazing on the midnight heavens, gorgeous with stars, and fearful with its mysterious floating worlds. I believe that every man degenerates without frequent communion with nature. It is one of the open books of God, and more replete with instruction than anything ever penned by man. A single tree standing alone, and waving all day long its green crown in the summer wind, is to me fuller of meaning and instruction than the crowded mart or gorgeously built city.—*Headley.*

SELF.

If I could but be master of that house-idol, myself, my own, mine; my own wit, will, credit, and ease; how blessed were I! Alas! we have more need to be redeemed from ourselves than from the devil and the world.—*Rutherford.*

The honey that you suck from your own righteousness will turn into gall; and the light which you take from this, to walk by, will darken into black night upon the soul.—*Wilcox.*

Many who have escaped the rocks of gross sin, have been cast away on the sands of self-righteousness.—*Dyer.*

When thou believest and comest to Christ, thou must leave thy own righteousness behind thee, and bring nothing with thee but thy sins. You must leave behind all your holiness, duties, humblings, &c., and bring nothing but your wants and miseries; else Christ is not fit for thee, nor thou for Christ.

A disposition to establish our own righteousness as a ground, cause, or condition of our acceptance with God, is a weed that naturally grows in every man's heart.—*Anon.*

Some people, it is to be feared, follow the gospel, as a shark follows a ship—for a dinner.—*Madan.*

SUFFERINGS.

OH how sweet are sufferings for Christ! God forgive them that raise an ill report on the sweet cross of Christ! Our weak and dim eyes look only to the black side of the cross; and this occasions our mistakes concerning it. They that can take it cheerfully on their backs, shall find it just such a burden as wings to a bird, or sails to a ship.

Christ is strong, even when lying in the dust, in prison and in banishment. Losses and disgraces are the wheels of Christ's triumphant chariot. In the sufferings of his saints he intends his own glory and their good; this is the two-fold mark he aims at, and he does not shoot at random, but always touches the point he purposeth to hit.—*Rutherford.*

Sufferings are comfortable when they overtake us in the way of duty.—*Manton.*

There is as much difference between the sufferings of the saints and those of the ungodly, as there is between the cords with which an executioner pinions a condemned malefactor and the bandages where-with a tender surgeon binds his patient. The design of the one is to kill; of the other, to cure. Believers undergo many crosses, but no curses.—*Arrowsmith.*

STABILITY.

THOUGH you get strokes and frowns from your Lord, yet believe his love more than your own feeling. The world can take nothing from you that is truly yours; and death itself can do you no hurt. It is not your rock that ebbs and flows, but your sea.—*Rutherford.*

PRAYING ALWAYS.

(Concluded from p. 147.)

3. *Pray daily.* When the Christian keeps a constant, daily exercise of this duty, prayer is not a holy-day, but every-day work: "Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thee for ever and ever." This was typified by the daily sacrifice, called, therefore, "the continual burnt-offering" (Exod. xxix. 38), whereby was signified our daily need of seeking mercy at God's hands, through Christ. When our Lord taught his disciples to pray, he bade them not ask bread for a week, no, nor for the morrow, but for the present day—"Give us this day our daily bread;" plainly signifying our duty to seek our bread every day of God; which surely was also the reason why God gave the manna in such a portion, as should not fill their cupboards, and furnish them with a store for a month or a week, but be a just and sufficient allowance for a day; that so they might be kept in a daily dependence on God, and look up to him daily, who carried the key of their pantry for them. And have not we the same necessities with them? Our bodies are as weak as theirs, and cannot be preserved without daily repast. Do we not depend on him for the bread of the day, and the rest of the night? And he hath too good an opinion of his soul's constitution, who thinks he can live or thrive with yesterday's meal, without communion with God to-day. The mother would think the sucking child not well, if it should forsake the breast a whole day; so mayst thou conclude thy soul is not right, if it can pass a day without craving any spiritual repast in prayer. If thy wants be not sufficient to keep the chariot of this duty on its wheels, yet the sins which thou daily renewest should drive thee every day to confess and beg pardon for them. We are under a law, not to let the sun go down upon our wrath against our brother; and dare we, who every day deserve God's wrath, let the sun go down before a reconciliation is effected between God and us? In a word, every day hath its new mercies: "His compassions fail not; they are new every morning." (Lam. iii. 22, 23.) These new mercies contract a new debt, and God hath told us the way of payment, namely, a tribute of praise: without this, we cannot expect a sanctified use of them. He is

branded by all for a profane person, that eats his meat and gives not thanks; and it would be thought a ridiculous excuse, should he say he gave thanks yesterday, and that should serve for this also. We have more mercies every day to bless God for than what is set on our tables. We wear mercies, we breathe mercies, we walk upon mercies—our whole life is but a passage from one mercy to another. Now, doth God every day anoint our head with fresh oil, and shall we not crown him with new praises? I will not enter into the question how often a Christian should pray of set times in a day; at least it must be twice—that is, morning and night. Prayer must be the key of the morning, and lock of the night. We show not ourselves Christians, if we do not open our eyes with prayer when we rise, and shut them again with the same key when we lie down at night. This answers to the morning and evening sacrifice in the law, which was so commanded, as to leave room for those other free-will offerings which their zeal might prompt them to. Pray as often as you please besides, so that your devotions interfere not with the necessary duties of your particular callings; the oftener, the more welcome. We read of David's seven times a-day; but be sure thou dost not retrench and cut God short of thy stated hours. "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord; to show forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night." (Ps. xcii. 1, 2.) God is Alpha and Omega. It is fit we should begin and end the day with his praise, who begins and ends it for us with mercy. Well, thou seest thy duty plainly laid before thee. As thou wouldst have God prosper thy labour in the day, and sweeten thy rest in the night, clasp them both together with thy morning and evening devotions. He that takes no care to set forth God's portion of time in the morning, doth not only rob God of his due, but is a thief to himself all the day after, by losing the blessing which a faithful prayer might bring from heaven on his undertakings. And he that closeth his eyes at night without prayer, lies down before his bed is made. God is his people's keeper; but can he expect to be kept by him, that chargeth not the Divine

Providence with his keeping? The angels, at his command, pitch their tents about his saints' dwellings. But as the drum calls the watch together, so God looks that, by humble prayer, we should beg of him their ministry and attendance about us.

Caution.—Beware, that thy constant daily performance of this duty doth not degenerate into a lifeless formality. What we do commonly, we are prone to do but slightly. He is a rare Christian that keeps his course in prayer, and yet grows not to pray of mere course. The power of religion cannot be preserved without an outward form and order observed in its exercises; and yet very hard it is not to grow formal in those duties which we are daily conversant with. Many that are very neat and nice when their holiday suit is on, are yet too slovenly in wearing their every-day apparel. Thus at a fast, or on a Sabbath, our hearts haply are stirred up to some solemnity and spirituality becoming the duty of prayer, as being awed with the sacredness of the time, and extraordinary weight of the work: but, alas! in our every-day duties we are too slovenly. Now set thyself, Christian, with all thy might, to keep up the life and vigour of thy spirit in thy daily approaches to God. Labour to come as hungry to this duty, as to eat thy dinner. Now, there is no expedient for this, like a holy watch set about thy heart in the whole course of thy life. He that watcheth his heart all day, is most likely to find it in tune for prayer at night; whereas, loose walking breeds lazy praying. Be often in the day putting thyself in mind what work waits for thee at night. Thou art to draw near unto thy God; and this will make thee afraid of doing anything in the day that will indispose thee or make thee fear a chide from thy God when thou appearest before him. "If ye call on the Father, who without respect of persons judgeth according to every man's work, pass the time of your journeying here in fear." (1 Pet. i. 17.) As if he had said, Do you mean to pray? Then look to the whole course of your walking, that it be in the fear of God, or else you will have little heart to go about that work, and as little hope that he will bid you welcome; for he judgeth of persons that pray, not only by their prayers, but by their works and walking.

SECRET PRAYER.

BE exhorted, O ye saints, to hold up your secret acquaintance with God! Believest thou

that this is thy duty? I know that thou believest. Dost thou pray in secret? I dare not question it; the Spirit of Christ which is in thee will not suffer thee to be wholly a stranger from it. But I would provoke thee to be more abounding therein: "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God—that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God" (1 John v. 13); that is, that you may believe more; and these things do I now write to you who call upon the name of God in secret, that you may call oftener: and this you need, except you live farther from Satan's quarters than the rest of your brethren. There is no duty more opposed by Satan or our own slothful hearts than this. The devil can allow you your Church prayers, your family duties, and now and then a formal one in your closet, and yet make his market of you. Therefore, take along with you these directions for your better managing thereof. *First*, Let it be your constant trade. Rolling stones gather no moss; unstable and inconstant hearts will never excel in this or any other duty. The spirit of prayer is a grace infused, but advanced to farther degrees by daily exercise. Frequency begets familiarity, and familiarity confidence. We go boldly into his house whom we often visit. *Secondly*, Let it be true secret prayer, and not have its name for nought; take heed no noise be heard abroad of what thou doest in secret. "Enter into thy closet," said Christ, "and when thou hast shut thy door, pray." Be sure that thou shuttest it so close that no wind of vain-glory comes in; rather than there should, shut the door of thy lips as well as thy closet: God can hear, though thy mouth delivers not thy message. It is true, when Daniel prayed, he opened his window; but it was to show his faith, not his pride—that he might let the world know how little he feared their wrath, not that he coveted their praise. God observes which way the eye turns, and it is a dishonour he will not bear, that thou shouldst be expecting thy reward from man, and not himself; this is to change heaven for earth, and that is a bad bargain. *Thirdly*, Be free and open, and hide nothing from him: to be reserved and close, is against the law of friendship. "I have called you friends," saith Christ; "for all things I have heard of my Father, I have made known unto you." Is Christ so open-hearted, as not to conceal anything he knows for our good? And wouldst thou have any secret box in thy cabinet, that he should not see? Art thou confessing thy sins? Strip thy soul naked, and shuffle not with God; if thou dost, it speaks two things—that thou hast some secret design of sin for the future, or harbourst an ill opinion of God in thy breast concerning thy past sins, as if he would not be faithful to forgive what thou art free to confess: like some prodigal child, who, though his father promised to pay all his debts,

and forgive him also, yet, because the sum is vast, dares not trust him with the whole truth. The first is not the spot of God's children; but into the latter they sometimes fall, and for a while may be held by Satan, and their own unbelief. But consider, whatever thy sin is, and how great soever, yet the way to obtain pardon is by confessing; neither is it concealed from God, though thou confess it not. But God likes a confession out of thy own mouth so well, that as soon as thou layest open thy own shame, he hath obliged himself faithfully to cover it with the mantle of pardoning mercy. "If we confess our sins, he is just and faithful to forgive us our sins." (1 John i. 9.) Again, art thou making thy requests to God? Carry no burden away on thy spirit through a foolish modesty, and fear of troubling God too much, as long as the promise is on thy side. Christ never complained that his saints opened their mouths, or enlarged their desires, too wide in prayer; nay, he bids his disciples open them wider, and tells them, they had asked nothing; that is, nothing proportionable to his large heart to give. *Fourthly*, It must be seasonable. This gives everything its beauty. *1st*, Take heed that it doth not jostle with public worship. The devil takes great pleasure in setting the ordinances of God at variance one against another. Some he persuades to cry up public prayer, and neglect secret; and others he would fain bring out of love with the public; whereas, there is room enough for both in thy Christian course. Moses, though he killed the Egyptian, yet the two Israelites, when scuffling together, he laboured to reconcile. Beware of giving Satan such an advantage, as to neglect the communion of saints in public, under a pretence of praying in thy closet. This is to set one ordinance to fight with another. Deny thy presence in public, and thou art sure to lose God's in thy closet: "He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, his prayer shall be an abomination." (Prov. xxviii. 9.) *2d*, Look that it interferes not with thy duty in thy particular calling. As thou art to shut thy closet door to pray, so thou art to open thy shop to follow thy calling in the world. Go into thy closet before thou goest into thy shop, or else thou art an Atheist; but when thou hast been with God there, attend thy calling, or else thou art an hypocrite. Thou consistest of soul and body—God divides thy employment between both; he that is not diligent in duty, is conscientious in neither. When every part in the body hath its due nourishment distributed to it, health is preserved; so he is the sound Christian that divides his care wisely for his spiritual state, and temporal also. Sleep not away thy time for prayer in the morning, and then think thou art sufficiently excused for omitting it, because thy worldly business calls thee another way. Jade not thy body with over-labouring, nor overcharge thy

mind with too heavy a load of worldly cares in the day, and then think that the weariness of the one, and discomposure of the other, will discharge thee from praying at night. This is to make a sin thy apology for neglecting a duty. —Gurnall.

MOUNT LEBANON.

BY THE REV. J. T. HEADLEY, NEW YORK.

LEBANON is rather a chain of mountains than an isolated peak, running through the south of Syria. There are two grand ridges rising above the rest, called Libanus or Lebanon, and Antilibanus. The name signifies white mountain, and was given to this range from the white appearance its snow-capt summits present, and also, perhaps, from the limestone rocks that form it. The highest mountain in Syria, covered with snow both in summer and winter, Lebanon naturally became a marked object to the Israelites in that warm climate. Still it has been consecrated by no great event—no manifestation of God there has made its soil sacred to the pilgrim, and it has not that claim to a place among the list of immortal mountains that others possess. It is, nevertheless, mentioned so frequently in the Bible, and spoken of with such delight by prophets and kings, and, indeed, used so often by God himself to illustrate his declarations to his people, that we have come to regard it as a holy mountain. Besides, the wood for Solomon's temple was cut from its slopes, and many of the sacred utensils were made from its fragrant cedars. Christ and the Church are also likened to Lebanon, from their fruitfulness, and fragrance, and glory. Even Jerusalem was sometimes called Lebanon, because the temple and the houses were built almost entirely of its cedars.

The Lebanon range furnished several peaks more or less elevated, and though the highest was usually white with snow, those more depressed were covered with vineyards, while fountains leaped from the declivities and cool brooks wound through the fragrant fields that carpeted their sides—now glowing in the sunlight as they crept over the landscape, and now lost amid the green shrubbery that clustered on the shores, until they at length reached the plain, and flowed away towards the streams of Abana, and Pharpar, and Jordan. As the traveller approached Lebanon, the cool breeze that fell from its summit made him forget the heat and toil of the way, and bless the heights that poured such freshness and health into his path. And as he lifted his eyes, the scene before ravished his senses. All along the hill-sides, and over the rolling heights, spread away vineyards in every direction, while here and there, half hid amid the grapes, peeped forth the vine-dresser's cottage; and clustering trees, and bubbling streams, and all the beauty and verdure of an eastern clime seemed to have been

gathered there in its greatest richness and variety; while, to finish the picture, endless forests of cedars waved along the top—a green crown to all the beauty below, making it indeed “the glory of Lebanon.” Those lofty cedars caught the first sunlight in the land of Israel, and on their green tops the last beams of day lingered long after deep shadow filled the plains below. The fruitful fields, and pure water, and spring-like verdure and coolness, made the mountain known even beyond the boundaries of Canaan. Moses had heard of it, and longed to see it before he died. “I pray thee,” said he, as he besought the Lord to let him enter Canaan, “let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, and *that goodly mountain, Lebanon.*”

One who has never travelled in a warm climate and a desert country, cannot appreciate the feelings of the inhabitants towards a forest-covered and fruitful mountain. By the coolness it imparts to the atmosphere, the pure water it sends to the vales, and the wood it furnishes to the builder, it is viewed as one of the greatest blessings of the land.

Such was Lebanon when Jerusalem was in its glory. David sang of it. To have “his fruit shake like Lebanon” was to make one rich in blessings. To “grow like a cedar in Lebanon,” was to flourish in unchecked vigour. Solomon, too, in less exalted strains, sung of the “wood of Lebanon,” of its fragrance and its streams. The countenance of “his beloved was like Lebanon,” and “excellent as its cedars.” Isaiah thought of it in his moments of highest rapture, and as he foresaw the increase of the Church of God, he burst forth, “The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, and the pine tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary, and I will make the place of my feet glorious.” Jeremiah makes God compare the royal house of Judah to Lebanon, saying, “Thou art Gilead unto me, and the head of Lebanon.” Hosea, in predicting the future greatness of Israel, exclaims, “Thus saith the Lord, I will be as dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon. They that dwell under his shadow shall return, they shall revive as the corn and grow as the vine; the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon.” Thus did the poet and the prophet make use of Lebanon to illustrate the truths of heaven, consecrating its name, if not itself, the world over.

The forests of cedars that covered its heights must have been well-nigh exhaustless, for not only was the temple built from them, and most of Jerusalem itself, but it furnished all the timber for shipping to the Tyrians and Sidonians, then the greatest commercial nations on the globe. Here, too, the Assyrians and Chaldeans, when they overran Syria, Canaan, and

Phœnicia, obtained their wood to carry on their sieges; and yet to expiate sin, “Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt-offering.”

But the glory of Lebanon is gone—the cedars that covered it are fallen, and the nation that crowded at its base peeled and scattered over the earth. The curse of the Holy One has fallen upon it, and the prophecy that “Lebanon should fall” and “her tall cedars be cut down,” has been fulfilled. Of all her ancient groves, but few now remain, and they are bereft of their former glory. Mere monuments of the past, just sufficient by contrast to make the desolation complete, they arrest the eye of the traveller only to move his heart with sorrow.

Villages are still scattered over the heights, and the vine-dresser’s voice is still heard as of old; but all else how changed! Innumerable convents dot the sides of the ancient pride of Israel, and the Maronite is the chief dweller there. The terraced vineyards are beautiful along the slopes, and the great “cedar grove” belting the highest summit of the mountain, together with the ruins of ancient temples slowly crumbling back to dust, are worthy of the pilgrim’s toil. But, alas! the ancient shrine is shattered, and Mohammedan rites have taken the place of the Hebrew’s prayer and sacrifice.

From the sea, Lebanon is still glorious to behold. Rising ten thousand feet in the heavens, it rolls its white and ancient peaks along the sky, as if it constituted the outer wall of the earth. Running from the north-east to the south-west, it stretches from opposite Damascus to the plain of Esdraëlon, into which it seems to sink. The great land-mark of that country, it stands unwasted by the ravages of time, a silent witness of the truth of revelation, and the fulfilment of prophecy. Nations may be born and die, at its base cities sink and rise, and the records of human history fail; yet so long as the Bible remains, Lebanon shall stand as one of its witnesses—a perpetual memento of departed glory. Around its hallowed form rests an atmosphere of beauty, and to the end of time the traveller, pausing at its base, shall sigh as he remembers how the poets of Israel struck their lyres, and the prophets of God breathed forth their numbers in its praise.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

(From the Princeton Review.)

WE now beg the earnest and impartial attention of our readers to the following observations on this subject.

1. It cannot be denied that there is something very extraordinary in the doctrine of the Romanists. There is nothing in the Bible which has the least analogy to it. In all other cases when miracles were wrought, the appeal was made to the senses of the people; but here we are called upon to believe that a miracle is wrought, when the testimony of the senses is in direct opposition to the fact. A piece of bread, made out of wheat flour, lies upon the table.

It is admitted that it is what it appears to be, bread, and nothing else. But as soon as the priest pronounces the words "*Hoc est corpus meum—This is my body,*" we are told that the bread is changed, or transubstantiated, into the body of Christ: but after the pronunciation of these words, the substance on the table remains the same, so far as our senses can judge. The appearance is the same to the sight; the weight is the same, if it be tried in a balance; all the chemical properties will be found the same upon analysis; the feeling is the same when handled; and the smell is the same. It is admitted that there is no sensible change; no change of any kind, which we can discern. Now, we say that there is nothing analogous to this in all the hundreds of miracles recorded in the Bible; and before it is received as a fact, there must be strong evidence indeed, if any evidence can be sufficient, to produce a rational faith, in direct contradiction to the testimony of all the senses.

2. But, if there is such a change of the bread and wine into the flesh and blood of Christ, why are the properties of the bread and wine left to impose on our senses? What reason can be assigned why the evidence of the miracle, as in all other cases, is not made manifest? The only reason which we have ever heard assigned for this very extraordinary and unique case, is, that it serves to increase the mystery of the sacrament, and renders the faith which receives the truth more mysterious. This, however, is an explanation which receives not the least countenance from Scripture. God never, in any other recorded case, dealt thus with his people; but where he works a miracle, he makes it evident to the senses of all who are his witnesses; and why is there a departure from this rule here? If, on the third day after the crucifixion, the body of Christ had remained in the tomb, an apparently lifeless corpse, and the disciples had been informed that, notwithstanding this appearance of death, he was alive and had left the tomb, as he had predicted, it would be an analogous case. But if we were obliged to resort to such an invisible miracle, and not only invisible, but absolutely contradicted by the senses of all, what a triumph would have been afforded to the enemies of Christ! and what a theme for ridicule and triumph! If such had been the case in regard to the resurrection of Christ, his religion would never have survived a single year; yet it might be said that the mystery would have been greater, and our faith more meritorious. It is a false principle, that God creates mysteries to astound his creatures with their incomprehensible nature, where there is no need of them. All the mysteries of revelation arise from the nature of the subject, or rather from the limited capacity of the human intellect. If a miracle is wrought, why should it not appear to be what it really is? If that bread is no longer bread, but flesh, why does it not appear to be flesh? This change of substance, while the properties or accidents remain, has too much the appearance of deception. It is unworthy of the God of truth thus to deal with his creatures. He gave us our senses, and so formed us, that we cannot but credit their testimony; and to suppose that he would place us in circumstances in which we are required to believe that their information is false, is to subject his creatures to a dilemma in which they must either act absurdly or wickedly. If we believe our own senses, we must be of opinion that that substance on the table is still bread; but according to the religion of Romanists, thus to believe is a damnable sin; for this which appears to be bread, is really the flesh of Christ. And why, we ask again, are we subjected to this great difficulty? Why does not the element manifest its true nature by its properties? Why

does not the miracle appear evidently, as in all other cases? To these inquiries no satisfactory answer has been given, or can be given.

3. This is not all. The thing proposed to our faith seems to be impossible. Different collections of material elements, forming bodies of various kinds, are distinguished from each other by their properties. Flesh has properties which make it flesh; and the same is true of bread. Now, to assert that flesh has lost all the properties which constituted it flesh, and possesses all the properties which belong to bread, and yet remains flesh and not bread, is a contradiction. It is a thing impossible. It is the same as to say, It ceases to be flesh, and yet is flesh—it has all that which constitutes bread, and yet is not bread. The notion of properties subsisting without a subject is repugnant to common sense, and involves a manifest contradiction. What is a property or accident? It is that which inheres in some subject, and by which it is what it is; but to talk of properties without a subject, is absolute nonsense. It is an absurdity which never could have gained footing, except in the dark ages, and under the influence of the false philosophy of the schoolmen. We know nothing of essence or substance but by its properties, and when we perceive them to exist, we are, from the constitution of our nature, obliged to believe that the substance is what these properties manifest it to be. But here it will be asked, Do you deny the power of the Almighty to uphold accidents where there is no subject? We answer, that God is not honoured by attributing to him absurdities and contradictions. Omnipotence can perform whatever is an object of power; but to cause the same thing to be and not to be at the same time, is not a possible or conceivable thing; so, to create or uphold properties or accidents without a substance to which they belong, is impossible, because it involves a contradiction, as will appear whenever we attentively consider the import of the terms. For what is a property or accident? A property, as the word imports, is that which belongs to something; but if it belongs to nothing, it is no property; and the same is true of every other term by which qualities are expressed. The very idea of their self-existence without a subject, is contradictory. This block is extended, inert, and divisible into parts: these are some of its properties; but can there be such properties created without a subject; or where the substance is changed, is it possible that the properties can remain unchanged? We feel mortified to be under the necessity of arguing such a plain matter of common sense; but our adversaries are pertinacious in regard to this very point; for unless they can maintain themselves here, the whole fabric of transubstantiation must fall. We must be indulged, therefore, in some further illustrations. Matter and spirit are believed to be essentially distinct, because their invariable properties are not only distinct but incompatible. God could easily change one substance into another, and give to matter the properties of spirit; but to make no change in the properties of matter, and yet to make it spirit, is impossible, because it attributes to the same substance qualities manifestly incompatible. If this doctrine, however, be true, the substance of a stone might be changed into an intelligent mind, and yet the inertness, solidity, and extension of the stone remain as before. Here is a dark heavy piece of ore; now, as God can create worlds without any pre-existing material, so he could change this opaque body into a sun or star; but suppose the question to be, Can God transubstantiate this substance into a bright luminous body, and without sensible weight, while it continued to possess all its former properties, of being opaque, heavy, &c.? every man of common

sense would say, It is impossible for this to be, because it involves a contradiction. But what if it were made an article of faith, that this lumpy stone was now changed into a brilliant star, although, to our senses, it still had all the properties of stone? Would not every man say, It is absurd to require us to believe in such a proposition? He would say, I am sure it is not so, for I see it to be the very same it was before you say the change in its substance took place. He takes it in his hand, and says, That which I thus handle cannot be a star; a star is a body of vast magnitude, but this is so small that I can grasp it in my hand; a star is a beautiful, luminous body, but this is a dark and unsightly lump of ore. To which, upon the principles of our opponents, it might be replied, You must not, in this case, trust your senses; God is able to change the substance of this stone into a star, and yet all the accidents of the stone may remain as before; and as his word declares that such a change has occurred, you must, on pain of damnation, believe the divine declaration. This is as precisely analogous to the case of transubstantiation as anything we can imagine. It would not be more unreasonable to insist (nor half so much so), that the stone which you hold in your hand is a brilliant star of the first magnitude, as to believe that the small wafer of bread which the priest puts in your mouth, is the whole body of Christ; and not merely his flesh and blood, but his "soul and divinity." It would be in vain to allege, that a small piece of matter could not be a star, because the properties of the stone might be said to remain, while the substance was changed; and although to our senses it appeared to be nothing but a stone, yet, under these sensible properties, there lay concealed the substance of a brilliant star. For thus they pertinaciously insist, that although this wafer has, after consecration, all the properties of bread, and this liquid in the chalice has all the sensible properties of wine, which it ever had, yet, by the exertion of divine power, a great miracle is wrought every time the eucharist is celebrated, and the bread and wine are converted into the flesh and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. True, it is admitted that we perceive nothing of flesh; but we must believe that our senses deceive us, and that that which, to our sight and taste, and touch and smell, seems to be a thin cake of wheaten bread, is really the flesh and blood of the Son of God.

4. The very action which this doctrine of transubstantiation supposes to be performed by every believing communicant, is one which is shocking to all the unadulterated feelings of human nature. The idea of feasting on human flesh is so abhorrent to our nature, that most people think they would rather perish with hunger, than preserve life by such unnatural food. This natural abhorrence of devouring our own species has for a long time rendered the world exceedingly incredulous about the existence of cannibalism. To the disgrace of our kind, the proof of the fact has become now too strong to admit of any further doubt; but still, when we read the narrative of the shocking feasts of the New Zealanders, it thrills us with horror, and our blood seems to be curdled in our veins. Now, to suppose that God would ordain that the flesh and blood assumed by his own eternal Son should be eaten and drunk daily, and that too as a part of our most solemn worship, is a thing so incredible in itself, that we doubt whether any evidence that can be conceived is sufficient to render it so probable, that, in opposition to this strong instinctive or natural aversion, we should receive it as a truth, and as an essential part of the service which God requires. It is true, our Lord spoke familiarly to the Jews about eating his flesh and drinking his blood, and declared such a manducation

of his body as essential to eternal life; but he could not have been here speaking of the eucharist, of which sacrament no intimation had yet been given. And surely Christ could not have discoursed to the Jews about an ordinance of which they could not have had the least idea. His words did, however, contain a prediction of the violent death which he knew he should die, and by which his body would be broken, and his blood poured out. As the Jews called for a sign from heaven, and referred to the bread which their fathers received in the wilderness, Christ took occasion to let them know that the manna, concerning which they spoke, was a lively type of himself; that he was the true bread which came down from heaven; and to teach the necessity of faith in himself, he insists on the necessity of eating his flesh and drinking his blood, in order to eternal life. As the manna kept the people alive only by being eaten, so a participation, by faith, of his atonement, was necessary to the salvation of men. Often Christ discoursed to the Jews, who were malignantly watching him, in a highly figurative manner; sometimes, that he might lead them on to a conclusion by which they condemned themselves; and at other times in just judgment for their perverseness, "that hearing they might hear and not understand, and seeing they might see and not perceive." The Jews had no idea of what Christ meant by eating his flesh and drinking his blood, and some of them understood his words literally; but they were not agreed in their interpretation of them, for it is written, "The Jews therefore strove among themselves saying, How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" Our Lord, knowing their true character, gave them no further explanation, but extended his former declaration, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day." When, however, he perceived that they were offended with what he had said, as entertaining some gross and carnal idea of his doctrine, to leave them without excuse, he intimated to them with sufficient plainness, that his language was not to be interpreted according to the literal meaning. "It is," said he, "the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." Now after this lucid exposition of the general import of this discourse, for any now to insist upon a literal interpretation, of eating the flesh and drinking the blood of the Son of man, is to be more blind than the unbelieving Jews: for it is not probable that any of them were so stupid as to suppose that Christ meant nothing more by these expressions than a natural manducation of his flesh and blood; for they knew the law well enough to understand that all drinking of blood was forbidden, and the reason of the prohibition would apply to human blood with tenfold force. It would be just as reasonable to suppose, because Christ calls himself a shepherd, and speaks of his sheep of different folds, that he actually was engaged in tending a flock of sheep; yea, that he promised to sheep literally, a kingdom. Or, that he was really a door, or a vine; or that the Holy Spirit, whom he promised to believers, was "a well of water." There would be more excuse for having recourse to these words to prove the fact that Christ's body must be eaten and his blood drunk, if he had not precluded every gloss of the kind, by asserting that "the flesh profiteth nothing." As much as to say, If you could literally become partakers of my flesh, that could not profit you. And again, "The words I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life." What can this mean,

but this, that his words were to be interpreted spiritually; and that, under the figure of eating his flesh and blood, he had represented spiritual blessings, connected with eternal life, which would be procured by his death and sufferings, and be made to nourish unto eternal life all who would believe in his name?

5. "The flesh profiteth nothing." There is much in these words deserving our attention, and which has a direct bearing on this subject. The eating of any flesh can have no effect to invigorate the spiritual life of the soul. Christ's body, although perfectly free from all the defilements of sin, consisted of particles of matter, otherwise it would not have been a body; and his body was derived from his mother by the power of the Holy Ghost, by whose operation it was produced, otherwise it would not have been a human body. Some heretics of old, and some enthusiasts of modern times, imagined that Christ did not receive his body from his mother, but all such opinions have ever been rejected by every branch of the catholic Church, and by the Romanists as well as others. Now, the body of Christ being material—his flesh formed and configured like the flesh of other human bodies, and his blood also material and of the same qualities as the blood of other men, except that his whole body was uncontaminated with the stain of original or actual sin—it plainly follows that, however the flesh of such a body might, upon the principles of nutrition, invigorate or sustain the life of the body, it could not possibly, by being carnally eaten, promote the health and purity of the immortal soul. If a man should eat nothing else but the flesh of Christ, and drink nothing else but his blood all his life, it would never improve the moral qualities of the immortal soul. The argument which our Lord uses so forcibly, to prove that that which enters into a man's stomach cannot defile his soul, is founded on the same principle as the one which we are now using. Material causes cannot directly affect the mind, either to purify or defile it. We cannot see, therefore, that the mere eating of the flesh of Christ's body, and drinking his material blood, could in itself, *ex opere operato*, have any more effect to produce or increase spiritual life, than the flesh and blood of any other person. We do not deny, however, that God can institute a connection between external acts and the communication of his grace; and if he had made eating Christ's flesh a means of grace, or the channel through which he communicated spiritual life, this act would stand precisely on the same footing with other ordinances; the efficacy of which depends, not on the act performed, but on the blessing of God, which can give efficacy to that which has none in itself. But is it probable, is it credible, that God would ever institute such an ordinance as this, by which we are bound, on the pain of the loss of salvation, to devour the flesh of the Son of God?

THE DYING YOUTH'S FAREWELL.

Oh! take me out to see the fields,
The landscape and the sky,
And let me hear the little birds
Once more before I die!

I feel a stiffness in my limbs,
A faintness at my heart,
Which speaks too plainly, mother dear,
That we must shortly part!

Bring me my hat and shepherd plaid
To shield me from the breeze;
And let me lean upon your arm,
To help my feeble knees.

It warms my heart to smell the fields,
And see the lambskins play,
And hear the joyous lintwhite sing
His sonnet on the spray.

Walk gently, gently, mother dear,
My limbs are stiff and sore;
I feel a sweetness in the air,
I never felt before.

Oh, sweetly smile yon mountains blue,
With summits towering high,
Andauteous are yon golden clouds
Slow sailing o'er the sky.

The sky resounds with music sweet,
And every bush and tree
Send forth their thrilling notes of love,
As if to welcome me!

And must I leave the friends I love,
And scenes so fond and dear?
I feel a sadness at my heart—
Forgive a parting tear.

But sweet as are those smiling scenes,
Oh! what are they to me,
To yon bright shore, where we shall dwell
From cares and trouble free?

The tempter's smile and wicked wile
Will pain our hearts no more
When we get to our Father's home—
To yonder happy shore!

Then fare-thee-well, my native vale!
Farewell bright earth and sky!
I've seen thy joyful, fond-loved smile
Once more before I die!

J. B. GORDON.

THE REV. CHARLES SIMEON.

ALL our readers must have heard of the Rev. Charles Simeon of Cambridge, who long occupied a leading place among the Evangelical clergy of England. A partial memoir of his life, consisting chiefly of his correspondence, has just been published, and contains many passages of extreme interest. In our next we will present our readers with the remarkable account given of his last illness and death. Meanwhile, they will be interested by the following incidents:—

"It was in July 1783, I was waiting in Horsley-down church-yard for a corpse, which I was engaged to bury, and for my amusement was reading the epitaphs upon the tomb-stones. Having read very many which would have been as suitable for Jews or heathens, as for the persons concerning whom they were written, I at last came to one that characterized a Christian:

'When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Ev'n then shall this be all my plea—
'Jesus hath liv'd and died for me.'

Struck with the sentiment conveyed in the two last lines, I looked around to see if there were any one to whom God might render it the means of spiritual instruction. At a little distance I saw a young woman reading an epitaph, and called her to me, and addressed her nearly in these words, 'You are reading epitaphs, mistress; read that: when you can say the same from your heart, you will be happy indeed; but till then, you will enjoy no real happiness in this world or the next.' She read them without any apparent emotion; and then told me that a churchyard was a very proper place for her, for that she was much distressed. On my inquiring into the causes of her distress, she told me that she had an aged mother and two children; that she had ruined her health in labouring for them; and was now unable to support them. I immediately turned to some passages in my Bible, such as 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all (needful) things shall be added unto you;' and endeavoured to turn her eyes to Him who gives rest to heavy laden souls. After having conversed with her about a quarter of an hour, the corpse arrived, and at my request she gave me her address. The next evening, about seven o'clock, I went to see her, and found the aged mother very ill of an asthma, the two little babes lying in bed, and the young woman sitting very disconsolate. Though I was no stranger to scenes of distress, at this sight I was overcome in a very unusual manner. I told them that I was unable to say anything which might administer comfort, and desired that they would join me in applying to the Father of mercies and God of all consolation. We fell upon our knees, and in a moment were bathed in tears; I could scarce utter my words through heaviness of heart, and the abundance of tears which flowed down my cheeks; and to almost every petition that I offered, 'Amen, Amen, Amen—God grant it may—Amen, Amen,' was the language both of their hearts and lips. I was too much affected to be able to converse with them; I therefore referred them to two or three passages of Scripture, and left them. The next evening, about the same time, I visited them again, and, as before, we wrestled in prayer with strong cries and floods of tears; nor was I any better able to converse with them than before, so deplorable did their situation appear, and to such a degree were all our hearts overwhelmed with sorrow. As before, I left a few scriptures for their consideration, that they might plead them in prayer with our promise-keeping God; and returned the third evening about the same hour; then I began with some conversation, and afterwards went to prayer, but though we were earnest, our whole souls were not drawn out as on the two preceding evenings. When we had risen from prayer, I sat down to talk with them, and after I had spoken a little time, the young woman addressed me to this effect, and as nearly as I can recollect, in these words: 'Now, sir, I will tell you what the Lord has done for me; when you called me in the church-yard (which was nearly two miles off her house), I had been there five hours; I went to my sister, who lives close by, to tell her my distress, but she, instead of assisting me at all, or even pitying my situation, sent me away with reproaches; I thought God had utterly forsaken me, and left me and my children to starve, and that it did not signify what became of me; I found my misery insupportable, and therefore was determined to put an end to it; and at the instant you spoke to me, I was going to drown myself: thus I should in one moment have left my aged mother and my little helpless children without a friend in the world, and have plunged my own soul into irretrievable ruin. And now, sir, instead of

despairing of bread to eat, I am enabled to see that God, who is the Father of the fatherless, and the Husband of the widow, is my friend; that Christ Jesus has washed me from all my sins in the fountain of his own blood; and that it is my privilege to be careful for nothing; and, blessed be God, I am enabled to cast all my care on Him who careth for me. I have hitherto laboured on the Lord's-day to support my family; and I now see how little I can do without the blessing of God: henceforward, by grace, I will never work again on the Sabbath, but devote it entirely to the service of God, the concerns of my soul, and the instruction of my children.' This was the last time of my seeing her during my stay in town; but on my return to town, about a year afterwards, I made inquiries of a gentleman who lived very near her, and whom I desired to watch over her conduct, and found that it had been perfectly consistent with the professions she had made to me of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; that she was in every respect sober and discreet, and at all times regular in her attendance on the means of grace. Having heard this character of her as to the external conduct, I was very desirous of seeing whether the life of godliness also were in her soul, and went to visit her. At my entering into the house, she caught hold of my hand, utterly unable to speak, and I was apprehensive she would have gone off into a fit, through surprise and excess of joy. When she was composed, I asked her where her mother was; she told me that she had died about three months before; and that her departing words were, 'Come, Lord Jesus, I am ready if thou art willing; come, Lord Jesus;' and then, addressing the young woman, 'May God bless you, my dear daughter,' she expired without a groan. Such was the end of her who had been for years, I believe, a close walker with God.

"In the course of conversation, the young woman told me that she herself had, in the winter, been at the point of death, and that she was enabled to commit her children into the hands of her heavenly Father, without a doubt of his taking good care of them, and that she desired to depart and to be with Christ: in short, her whole conversation then, and at several times since when I have seen her, as well as her general character from those who live near her, have fully convinced me that her soul is quite alive to God; and I pray God it may continue so to the end.

"We may observe from hence, how mistaken those physicians and apothecaries are, who imagine that religious conversation with patients has a tendency to impede their cure. Here is a case where the woman was very ill in body, as well as distressed in mind, whom all the drugs in their dispensary could not have cured. When she had found Christ Jesus, that great Physician, healing her soul with the Balm of Gilead, her troubles immediately subsided, and her health was quickly re-established; for her subsequent illness, in the winter, was of a very different nature."

So strong an impression did this event make on Mr. Simeon, that when alluding to it, just thirty years after, he says, "If my whole life had been spent without any other compensation than this, my labours had been richly recompensed."

"On one of the occasions of visiting this poor family," observes Mr. Preston, "Mr. Simeon, having been detained longer than usual by the deep interest which he felt in their state, joined the party assembled at his relative's house so late, that his friends began to be jocular with him as to the cause of his absence. 'Ah,' said he, in narrating this, and with the usual fervid moulding of his face, '*I had meat to eat which they knew not of.*' He used to speak of

the invitation, which he had received at this period, to join in the festivities of his friends, as a plot kindly but ignorantly laid for diverting him from the over-intense pursuit of the objects which then lay nearest his heart. The deep interest which he felt in ministering to the spiritual necessities of this poor widow, was regarded by him as graciously appointed to counteract—as it did more than counteract—the deadening influence of scenes and associations which he felt constrained to attend, but in which he had ceased to feel pleasure.”

“The name of König is familiar to not a few of Mr. Simeon’s friends, who resided at Cambridge during the years 1808 and 1809. That young man, the only son of a rich merchant at Amsterdam, came over to England in the summer of 1807. He was received by Mr. Edward Simeon, his father’s correspondent, and sent to his house in the Isle of Wight, partly for the sake of studying the English language, of which he then knew very little. The Rev. C. Simeon was then at St. John’s, his brother’s house in the island, having been ordered by his physicians to abstain altogether for some weeks from the exercise of his ministry—the first time that such restraint had been deemed necessary for him. It soon appeared that young König was destitute of true religion, and ignorant of its principles: but his appearance and manners were such as to invite kindly feeling and attention. Mr. Simeon’s benevolent heart was drawn towards him, and he earnestly desired to win his soul for Christ. One day he was riding a few yards in advance of a party, of which König was one. König, seeing Mr. Simeon alone, rode up to join him; and perceiving that his lips were in motion, though he was not engaged in conversation, inquired, with his usual simplicity, ‘what he was saying.’ Mr. Simeon replied, ‘I was praying for my young friend.’ These words made a deep impression upon the interesting youth, and caused him to regard Mr. Simeon as one who was tenderly concerned for his welfare. His mind had, in fact, been prepared by the providence of God for this impression, which might otherwise have been transient: for just then he had been called to think on the subject of prayer by the following occurrence. The party, who were making the tour of the island, arrived at an inn, where König and another gentleman were necessitated to occupy a double-bedded room. That gentleman, before retiring to rest, knelt down to prayer by his bed-side. This, it afterwards appeared, was a new sight to the young Hollander: but it went to his heart. He had long been unhappy, from feeling the unsatisfactoriness of the things which are ordinarily accounted capable of conferring happiness, but knew not the better way. Immediately however, as he afterwards declared, he said to himself, ‘How happy is that man! What would I give to feel myself in the hands of an almighty guide and protector, as he surely does!’ Under this conviction he fell upon his knees, which he had not before done in private for years; and the very next morning he unbosomed himself to his companion. He was thus prepared for the reply of Mr. Simeon to his inquiry, and was not repelled, but encouraged, by it. The watchful shepherd, perceiving that the Spirit of God had marked this stranger for himself, resolved to do all in his power to train him for happiness and usefulness. After a sojourn of some weeks in the island, he invited him to take up his residence at Cambridge; and there, for months, did he spend no small portion of the day in cultivating the mind of this young foreigner, and storing it with divine and human knowledge. The improvement of the scholar in other useful knowledge, but especially in spiritual

discernment and devout feeling, was such as amply to repay his generous teacher. Indeed, his progress in the divine life was rapid, and soon put to shame some who had contributed to the happy result. In a tour through England and Scotland, which he subsequently made, Mr. König, not content with seeing and reporting upon the ordinary objects of interest to a traveller—of which, however, he was a diligent observer—explored, as he went, the abodes of misery, the infirmaries, and the cottages of lonely poverty—ministering to the sufferers instruction and consolation, as well as pecuniary relief.

“The remembrance of that youth, graceful in person and beaming with benignity, is even now redolent with everything lovely and of good report. He was, in fact, ripening for early removal to a higher sphere. He returned to Holland, where he died, of consumption; but not till he had been permitted and enabled to witness for his Saviour a good confession in his native city. The report of his behaviour during his death-illness excited considerable interest and surprise in Amsterdam, where his family was well known. Many, it has been stated, seemed to say, ‘What new thing is this?’

“Such blessings from above seemed to precede and follow this good man (Mr. Simeon), even when he was sent, as it were, into the desert. Surely ‘his steps were ordered by the Lord, who delighted in his way!’ How aptly might be applied to him the sentiments of Bishop Horne, speaking of the conversion of the Ethiopian eunuch: ‘He who sent Philip to a desert place, did not send him there for nought; but raised a fair and fragrant flower, which, having bloomed for its appointed time on earth in the beauty of holiness, now displays its colours and diffuses its odours in the paradise of God;—who, whenever He pleases to bless the labours of His servants, can cause the wilderness and the solitary place to be glad for them, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose!’

“From this and other instances, it appeared that, conversant as Mr. Simeon was with the largest projects for the conversion of nations and of the world, yet, like the angels, who account it an honour to minister to the heirs of salvation, even to little children, and who rejoice over one sinner that repenteth, he was ready also to seek diligently for a single sheep that was gone astray; and ‘when he had found it, to carry it as on his shoulders rejoicing.’”

THE DAY WILL DECLARE IT.

“I will tell you” (says Mr. Simeon, in a letter to a friend), “how I habitually view the diversified dispensations of our heavenly Father towards his children. I see a man of great intelligence and skill take a great number of stones, and I ask him, ‘What are you going to do with those stones?’ The answer given me is, ‘Wait and see.’ I then behold him making a furnace as hot as ever Nebuchadnezzar’s was, both under the stones and above them, and I ask, ‘What is that for?’ The answer as before is, ‘Wait and see.’ By-and-by I see a caldron filled with liquid extracted from these stones; and I ask, ‘What in all the world have you got here?’ The same answer is made me again. In my cogitations, I am almost ready to impute folly to him for taking so much pains about them at all.

“But on being again admitted to his presence, I see him put into the caldron a tube, and take a little of the melted product out of it, and blow it; and then I see him put that little blown portion into a furnace, made on purpose for it, and blow it again, and repeat that process five or six times afterwards, and reduce this little portion of melted stuff to a vast globe; and then I see him whirl that globe round with such velocity as was calculated, in my

judgment, to scatter it in ten thousand pieces far and wide; but behold, he only brings it to a plane; and then, with a gentle stroke, he separates it from the tube, and leaves it to become cool gradually: and at last I see my own church adorned with it, and all my audience protected from weather, and the service of God advanced, and God glorified: and beholding all this, I say, That man knew what he was about from the beginning; and his final object was in his mind all the time; and I will neither doubt his wisdom in future, nor be impatient to unravel all his counsels, but expect assuredly that, whether I understand the process or not, I shall, in a very short time, not only approve, but admire every one of his proceedings: and then, as the improvement of it all, I say, "If man's ways be so wise, what must God's be?" Now then, if I take a trip to Ipswich, and ascend a certain hill, and see a certain friend, I will invite him to come to this glass-house; and if he ask, What can I learn there? I will say to him, "Come and see."

BENEFITS TO FOREIGNERS FROM THE SOUTH SEA MISSIONS.

(From Pritchard's "Missionary's Reward.")

NUMEROUS benefits accrue to foreigners, by the change which the gospel has effected in Polynesia. The temporal benefits are not few nor unimportant. Many valuable lives have been preserved. "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." It may be justly said of the heathen, that "their feet are swift to shed blood."

A few years ago, the *Charles Eaton*, a merchant ship, on her voyage from Canton to Calcutta, was wrecked on a detached reef in Torres Straits, between New Holland and New Guinea. The shipwrecked people, including the captain, his wife and children, with a number of passengers, landed by rafts on an island in the Straits, and all of them, with the exception of four boys, amongst whom was the youngest son of the captain, and five of the crew who escaped to Timor, were cruelly massacred by the barbarous natives. What a different reception they would have had if that island had been blessed with the gospel of peace! "Instead of being met, as they landed, with the murderous club, they would have been welcomed and cheered by sympathy and succour; instead of a grave, they would have found a home, as comfortable as the resources of the island could make it; instead of their countrymen being sent to search for their mangled bodies and unburied bones, the natives would have worked to assist them in providing means of returning to their friends, even though such efforts should have met with no other compensation but forgetfulness." Similar deeds of murder have been perpetrated on many of the islands, but where they have been favoured with Christian instruction they have learned to behave kindly to foreigners in distress, and to mitigate the calamity of shipwreck. In many instances they have proved themselves to be the true friends of humanity, and have merited the esteem and gratitude of the benevolent in every part of the world. Had the Sandwich Islanders been as they now are, would the brave, enterprising, and scientific Captain Cook have fallen a sacrifice to their cruelty on Hawaii? Had the Samoans been under the influence of gospel principles, would M. De Langle, the companion of La Perouse, and eleven of his crew, have been barbarously murdered at Tutuila?

There are but few islands among those yet in a heathen state, where ships dare venture to anchor, or even to send a boat on shore. When foreigners do attempt to have intercourse with them, it is always at the risk of life. They are not safe one moment.

The very time when the natives appear most friendly, is the time to suspect them. They feign great friendship, to get the foreigners off their guard, that they may with the greater ease carry out their designs of plunder and death. But on those islands where they have received the gospel, ships may go with perfect safety. If a captain is recommended to go to some island with which he is not acquainted, the first question that he usually asks is, "Are there any missionaries there?" If he is informed that missionaries are there, he will go with the greatest confidence. The following is an extract from a letter written by a Swedish gentleman who had made several voyages in the Pacific. "In my former voyage, I touched at one of the Navigator's Islands, but I found the people so fierce and hostile that I feared to land, and was glad to make all sail from their shores. In the second instance, the same people received me with affection, traded with me fairly, and I felt my person and property secure in their hands. In the interval your missionaries had settled here, and to their influence I was indebted both for my safety and success."

The property of foreigners is protected. When the ship *Falcon*, an American whaler, was wrecked on Rurutu, an island about three hundred miles south of Tahiti, the natives not only treated kindly the captain and all his crew, but cheerfully rendered all the assistance in their power in saving as much as possible of the wreck. The captain has declared that not a single article of clothing was taken from any man belonging to the ship, though they had it in their power to plunder them of every thing that was landed.

A little before I visited Rarotonga, an American trading brig had been wrecked on the reef. By the prompt assistance of the natives, who are remarkably expert in the water, many things belonging to the wreck were saved. These things remained in the charge of the natives many months. The captain told the missionaries that he had not missed so much as a bit of rope, or an old nail. Had these two vessels been wrecked on some parts of the British coast, it is a question if so favourable a report could have been given of the honesty of the persons into whose hands these wrecks would have fallen.

Another very considerable advantage to foreigners is the great facility with which ships may now obtain supplies. There is an immense number of English and American whalers daily traversing the great Pacific. These voyages are usually very long, frequently from three to four years, consequently it is of the highest importance that they should have the means of occasionally obtaining fresh provisions. Since the gospel has been introduced to so many islands, these means of obtaining supplies are afforded; the health of the seamen is thereby preserved, and much time saved. Whether in the northern or southern hemisphere, they may, without leaving the whaling ground, put into some of the harbours, where they can be furnished with fresh beef, pork, fowls and fish, potatoes, yams, and other vegetables, with an abundance of fruits. In addition to what they consume while in port, they can obtain a good supply of live stock, vegetables and fruits, for their use at sea; and most of these things may be procured at a much lower rate than in many other parts of the world. At most of the islands a good supply of excellent water may be procured free of expense, and an abundance of fire-wood at a very moderate price.

In addition to these temporal advantages arising from the change effected in Polynesia, there are spiritual benefits which foreigners may enjoy. While the ships are in port, the crews have opportunities of attending the means of grace. The missionaries not

only cheerfully supply them with tracts, Bibles, and other good books that may be useful to them when at sea, but are always happy to preach to them either on board their ships or on shore. At Tahiti and the Sandwich Islands, chapels have been erected, with libraries attached, for the use of foreigners. On the Sabbath the Bethel flag is flying over these chapels, inviting captains and men on board the various vessels in port, together with the foreigners residing on shore, to repair to the house of God and enjoy the privileges of the gospel. By these means many a prodigal son has been brought to his right mind and turned from the error of his ways. I am acquainted with a few instances in which backsliders have been reclaimed and the vilest characters have been converted to God. One of these is now a very acceptable, faithful, and successful missionary on one of these islands. Some who neglected the great salvation while in their native country, and went to sea with their hearts full of enmity against God, have returned, consistent and devoted Christians.

Pious captains and seamen, who, on these voyages, are in great measure deprived of the public means of grace, find these opportunities very refreshing.

In many instances foreigners are prevented from indulging in sinful practices. "Some time ago a few young men, from a ship at anchor in the harbour of Leone, went on shore to one of the villages, avowedly for bad purposes. They went into one house and found the inmates singing the praises of God: they went to a second, and the family were employed in reading the Word of God; and to a third, and they were kneeling at a throne of grace, presenting their grateful homage to the Father of mercies. This was more than the young men could outbrave; and, constrained by feelings more easily conceived than described, they joined with the poor Samoans in their devotions, and afterwards returned on board their ship, and confessed that they had been completely defeated."

I have been informed that a certain British officer in her Majesty's navy, who for many years took an active part in many of the benevolent societies in London, received his first serious impressions from their example. While he was captain of a ship of war, he visited Polynesia. Having invited some of the natives on board to dine, he was much struck in perceiving that they would not eat till they had asked a blessing on the food of which they were about to partake. It is said, that this led that gentleman to serious reflection and anxious inquiry, which afterwards terminated in the formation of that noble character, which made him a blessing to all around him.

Commerce generally is greatly benefited by the present state of things in Polynesia. New ports are open where merchants may carry on their mercantile speculations with advantage. There is now on these islands a great consumption of foreign articles, especially of such as are manufactured at Manchester and Sheffield.

In the port of Papeete, at Tahiti, there are goods sold annually to the amount of full thirty thousand dollars (£6,000). This is a mere trifle compared with the extent of commerce carried on at the Sandwich Islands. Many of the natives are now trading to a considerable extent. Some of them purchase foreign articles and carry them to those villages which are not visited by shipping, and retail them at good percentage on the cost price. Others prepare large quantities of cocoa-nut oil, arrow-root, sugar, &c., that they may have something with which to barter when an opportunity offers. Some of the missionaries' sons are now setting up as merchants, and are endeavouring, by all possible means, widely to extend commerce in every direction.

When we consider the number of islands now evangelized, and the rapid progress of civilization, it is easy to see that the demand for foreign goods must be daily increasing. Hence merchants sending their ships to these islands, will not only be able to dispose of their articles of trade, but will at the same time procure return cargoes.

Whale-fisheries might be established with great advantage on some of the islands. The ships would be no sooner out of the harbours than they would be on whaling ground. While standing at my own door, I have seen them killing and cutting in whales just outside the reef.

A FOREST FUNERAL.

WE had one long and weary, and somewhat unsuccessful, expedition last fall. We made our calculations to go through the whole hunting district in the course of six days, and reach the river ten miles below our cabin on Saturday, so that we might attend church there—or rather hear preaching in a log school-house, from a clergyman who once a-month visited the small settlement. We worked hard during the week, and were not sorry at dusk on Saturday to sit down in the comfortable frame house of Colonel —, who is the owner of some thousands of acres in that immediate vicinity. The school-house in which services were to be, is beautifully situated in a grove of oaks, on a point around which the river bends and runs rapidly, with a lulling sound. Did you ever notice how different the voice is in passing different scenes? Up in the gorge above it is wild, and rages, as if angry with the rocks it meets, and its voice is like the voice of a roused warrior. But here it goes slowly and sedately by the little "oak school-house," as it is called, and would seem to linger, as if loving the quiet scene.

It was nearly midnight of Saturday night that a messenger came to Colonel —, requesting him to go to the cabin of a settler some three miles down the river, and see his daughter, a girl of fourteen, who was supposed to be dying. Colonel — awoke me and asked me to accompany him, and I consented, taking with me the small package of medicines, which I always carried in the forest. But I learned soon that there was no need of these, for her disease was past cure.

Leaving the house, we descended to the bank of the river, and stepped into a canoe that lay in an eddy, and seizing a pole, flattened at one end for a paddle, Colonel — pushed the slight vessel out into the current, and we shot swiftly down. You may imagine the scene if you choose, as I lay in the bottom, and he used now his pole and now his paddle, to guide the bark in the rapids.

"She is a strange child," said the Colonel: "her father is as strange a man. They live together alone on the bank of the river. They came here three years ago, and no one knows whence or why. He has money, and is a keen

shot. The child has been wasting away for a year past. I have seen her often, and she seems gifted with a marvellous intellect. She speaks sometimes as if inspired; and she seems to be the only hope of her father."

We reached the hut of the settler in less than half an hour, and entered it reverently.

The scene was one that cannot easily be forgotten. There were books and evidences of luxury and taste lying on the rude table in the centre. A guitar lay on a bench near the small window, and the bed furniture, on which the dying girl lay, was as soft as the covering of a dying queen. I was, of course, startled, never having heard of these people before; but knowing it to be no uncommon thing for misanthropes to go into the woods to live and die, I was content to ask no explanations, more especially as the death hour was evidently near.

She was a fair child, with masses of long black hair lying over her pillow. Her eye was dark and piercing, and as it met mine, she started slightly, but smiled and looked upward. I spoke a few words to her father, and turning to her asked her if she knew her condition.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," said she in a voice whose melody was like the sweetest strain of an Eolian. You may imagine that the answer startled me, and with a few words of like import, I turned from her. A half hour passed, and she spoke in that same deep, richly melodious voice:

"Father, I am cold; lie down beside me"—and the old man lay down by his dying child, and she twined her emaciated arms around his neck, and murmured in a dreamy voice, "Dear father—dear father."

"My child," said the old man, "does the flood seem deep to thee?" "Nay, father; for my soul is strong."

"Seest thou the farther shore?"

"I see it, father; and its banks are green with freshest verdure."

"Hearest thou the voices of its inhabitants?"

"I hear them, father; as the voices of angels, falling from afar in the still and solemn night-time; and they call me. Her voice too, father;—oh, I heard it then!"

"Does she speak to thee?"

"She does, in tones most heavenly."

"Does she smile?"

"An angel smile!—but a cold, calm smile. But I am cold—cold—cold!—Father, there's a mist in the room. You'll be lonely, lonely, lonely.—Is this death, father?"

"It is death, my Mary."

"Thank God!"

I stepped out into the night, and stood long and silently looking at the rushing river. The wife of a settler arrived soon after, and then the Colonel's excellent lady and her daughter, and we left the cabin.

The Sabbath morning broke over the eastern hills before we reached the school-house

again. But never came Sabbath light so solemnly before. The morning service in the school-house I have not room to describe now.

As evening approached, a slow and sad procession came through the forest to the little school-house. There with simple rites the good clergyman performed his duty, and we went to the grave. It was in the enclosure where two of Colonel——'s children lie—a lovely spot. The sun was setting as we entered the grove. The procession was short. They were hardy men and rough, in shooting jackets, and some with rifles on their shoulders. But their warm hearts gave beauty to their unshaven faces, as they stood in reverent silence by the grave. The river murmured, and the birds sang, and so we buried her.

I saw the sun go down from the same spot, and the stars were bright before I left it—for I have always had an idea that a grave-yard was the nearest place to heaven on this earth; and with old Sir Thomas Browne, I love to see a church in a grave-yard, for even as we pass through the place of graves to the temple of God on earth, so we must pass through the grave to the temple of God on high.—*Journal of Commerce.*

NO ROYAL ROAD TO RELIGION ANY MORE THAN TO SCIENCE.

HE alone is properly said to be Christ's, who, upon a sound knowledge of, and a sincere obedience to, Christ's will, stands justified and reconciled to God, by the merit of His death and sufferings; and thus he is perfectly Christ's who has an interest in him, considered under every one of his offices. This may serve to overthrow the wild and irrational justification of the Antinomians, who, upon this ground alone, judge themselves to be Christ's, because they believe they are: a way of justification, for its easiness, rather to be wished true than to be thought so. Easy things in religion are always suspicious, if not false; and such will find that their belief is not the rule of God's proceeding.—*South.*

Fragments.

WORLDLY PLEASURE SHORTLIVED.—A great monarch being asked by a courtier in the midst of a splendid festival what more was wanting, replied, "Permanence."

POVERTY is the gift of God, as well as riches.—*Powell.*

THE DUTY OF PROMPT PAYMENT.—"The wages of him that is hired shall not abide with thee all night until the morning." (Lev. xix. 13.)

A CALL.—Beware of reaching that point in life when a searing touch, or a severing blow, shall leave no space for repentance.—*Herbert.*

THE IMPURITY OF ROME.

"You who would live to God, from Rome depart, Where all are licens'd but the pure in heart."

THE MOTHER'S CHARGE.

BY W. B. SPRAGUE, D.D., ALBANY.

LET me briefly illustrate *the nature of a mother's charge*. That charge is nothing less than a physical, rational, accountable, immortal, sinful, and social being.

It is a *physical* being. The babe that she embraces is a curious piece of the divine workmanship. Its little frame bears the stamp of infinite wisdom and goodness. It is exactly fitted to answer the purposes for which it is designed—is wanting in nothing, is superfluous in nothing. But yet it is only the germ of a man or woman, destined, if it live, to a natural process of expansion. That body is, indeed, nothing but finely-organized clay, and there does not essentially belong to it either the principle of immortality or the principle of thought; but it is designed to be the organ of the soul's operations, and is to exert no unimportant influence upon the soul's character and destiny. If the body dies, the soul will still live; but if the faculties of the body are not suitably developed, the mind that inhabits it will find itself proportionably cramped and contracted in its operations. Let no one say, "It matters not for the physical nature, if the higher nature be provided," so long as the one is the medium through which the other acts. God hath joined them together in the economy of his creating wisdom; and man should have respect to the connection, as he would accomplish the end of his existence.

The mother's charge is a *rational* being. True, indeed, you see nothing in its earliest infancy to indicate that it possesses any higher faculties than the lamb, or the lark, or any other of the animal creation. But, helpless as it seems, unconscious as it seems, there is a glorious principle of intelligence belonging to it which time will ere long reveal, and which, if rightly developed and directed, may render it a fit companion for an angel. Where all seems blank and dark, the light will ere long shine, and a mind that can discriminate, that can reason, that can feel, will be seen coming up in its strength and glory. Who knows but that it may be the mind of a Newton, who shall measure the heights and fathom the depths of the material creation? Who knows but that it may be the mind of a Locke,

that shall bring out the mysteries of thought, and reveal to man the secret springs of his own conduct? Who knows but that it may be the mind of a Milton, attuned to heavenly melodies, and touched with a seraph's fire? What the particular character of her infant's mind is to be—whether of high degree or of low degree—the mother knows not—cannot know; enough that she knows that it is a spiritual, thinking, active principle, destined by the decree of Heaven to an indefinite expansion.

But to the power of thought is also joined the susceptibility of feeling; the infant is born with a *moral* as well as a rational nature. In it are the elements of passions and affections, of desires and aversions, in which its happiness or unhappiness chiefly will be found, and which must decide in a great degree the complexion and destiny of the soul. Here too is concealed that noble principle of conscience, which, perhaps more than any other, bespeaks the dignity of human nature, which is destined to occupy the judgment-seat in the soul, and to bring peace and joy, or remorse and terror, according to the decisions which it renders. In the earliest periods of infancy there may be no higher happiness, or at least none apparent, than freedom from bodily pain; and there may be no other suffering than what *consists* in bodily pain; but there is a hidden nature there, susceptible of enjoyment or suffering that outruns all human comprehension. There is that which may kindle into a consuming fire, and show itself great in wrath, in desolation, in self-torture; or which may glow with a genial fervour, diffusing serenity within, and shedding light and joy over the whole field of its influence.

And this leads me to say that the mother's charge is an *accountable* being. I do not mean to say, nor do I believe, that it is a moral agent from the beginning; nor would I venture to mark the point of intellectual development, when moral agency commences, believing as I do, that that is one of the secret things which the Creator has retained in his own keeping;—I only mean, that as the infant is constituted with a rational and moral nature, and is placed under the government of God, so accountable-ness is an essential attribute of that nature;

and that before the accountableness can cease, the power of distinguishing and choosing between good and evil must cease. What a reflection to a mother, that the unconscious babe in her arms is constituted in such a way that its actions shall ere long sustain a moral character; and that the whole history of its life shall be reviewed as a ground of approbation or of condemnation at the bar of the eternal Judge!

The mother's charge, too, is *immortal*. The body will, indeed, last but a few short years. Now she folds it in her arms, and dandles it upon her knee; but soon it will have expanded to the measure of a youth; and at a period a little more distant it will have reached its mature growth; and a little later, if indeed it has not been earlier, it will return to the dust whence it came. But the spirit that gives the babe its chief interest, the soul, that thinks, and speaks, and burns with celestial fire, is rendered imperishable, if not by the necessity of its nature, at least by its Creator's decree. The arms that infold your babe will become clouds, the sun that shines upon your babe will be extinguished, and the skies that attract its infant gaze will be rolled up as a burning vesture; and yet all that is great and spiritual in that babe shall survive, not only in unimpaired but constantly increasing energy. And for aught we know, other suns and worlds may take the place of these which we now behold, and, having fulfilled their end, may pass away as a midnight dream; and others still may come up at the Creator's bidding to replenish immensity, and, in obedience to a like decree, these may retire and be lost in the abyss of annihilation; and yet that infant mind whose operations are now so feeble that you can scarcely detect them, will live through all this wreck of worlds, and even then will feel that its existence is only begun. When the Christian mother resigns her babe to the tomb in the budding season of its faculties, let her not look despairingly at the narrow house, as if her infant had perished there; but let her rather think of the grave as the temporary dwelling-place of the corruptible, and be thankful that God has permitted her to make such a contribution to the immortal population of heaven.

The mother's charge is a *sinful* being. What! that smiling, unconscious babe, whose eyes have so lately been opened upon the light, a sinner! Not an external transgressor of God's law—for of that we cannot suppose that its faculties render it capable—but a sinner in precisely the same sense that it is a rational being. There is

that within it that will by-and-by kindle up and show itself a rational soul; and there is that within it also, that will by-and-by kindle and show itself a sinful disposition. I will not refer to God's Word now for the only satisfactory explanation of the fact; but the fact itself is proved by universal experience. Show me, if you can, an instance in the world's history, save that of the immaculate child Jesus, in which what has seemed innocent infancy did not prove itself the germ of sinning childhood. And besides, if no hereditary stain have reached an infant's mind—in other words, if the infant be regarded as holy under the government of God—let us have the explanation of that bodily suffering under which it shrinks, and writhes, and sometimes even dies. Yes, mothers, talk as much as you will of your innocent babes, every one of them is the heir of an unholy nature, which will as certainly develop itself in unholy action, as that it develops itself at all. The new-born leopard may seem beautiful and harmless, and you fear not to take it up in your hands or to press it to your bosom; but wait a while, and you dare not look at it except some barrier intervene to protect you; for it has shown itself possessed of a nature the promptings of which would be to tear you to pieces. There was an infant born between thirty and forty years ago, that doubtless smiled upon its mother with the apparent innocence with which other infants are wont to smile; and possibly some advocate for the original purity of human nature may have drawn an argument from what it seemed to be in its helpless, unconscious state, to disprove that severe creed which recognises infants as inheriting a moral taint from Adam; but that infant had not lived long before he began to give proof that the orthodox creed was sound. In his boyhood he was revengeful and wicked; in his manhood he was a murderer; and the other day, when it was expected that the sun would have gone down upon his body hanging in ignominy between earth and heaven, it went down upon his body self-bathed in his own blood. Your children may not, we trust will not, prove like him; but you deceive yourselves if you imagine that with all their loveliness they have not the same sinful nature which made him a murderer.

The mother's charge has also a *social* nature. As it is not destined to exist in a state of solitude, so it is endowed with a social propensity—with a disposition to mingle with other beings, to whom it will impart more or less of its own character. No man lives for himself alone.

As he is bound to society by various ties, so every relation that he sustains is a channel of influence for good or evil that is operating constantly upon his fellow-men. It is a most serious thought that the infant in your arms, if it live but a few years, will be an active member of society, and will not only be himself forming a character for eternity, but will be contributing an influence that will tell on the destinies of other minds through the whole period of their existence!

Such is the mother's charge; and where is the mother who can contemplate it without being ready to sink under the burden of responsibility which it imposes?

MOUNT ZION.

BY THE REV. J. T. HEADLEY, NEW YORK.

PERHAPS there is no name in human history the mention of which awakens so many thrilling associations as that of Zion. It not only represents the ancient Jewish Church, and all that was dear and holy in her, but it is applied to the Christian Church at the present day. Confined to no sect, and no clime, and no language, it embraces in its catholicity all who love God, binding them in one endearing epithet together to the end of time. "Zion!" there is something sad as well as delightful in the word, and the heart pauses over it with a sigh, half of regret and half of affection, for the past, while its mournful history rises to view. Zion has had tears as well as raptures, suffering as well as joy, and her note of lamentation has arisen as often as her song of thanksgiving. He who has kept a record of her tears knows full well her conflicts and her trials, and that, from the time of her toilsome flight through the wilderness and desert to the land of Canaan till now, she has been a stranger and sojourner in a world of wicked men. Now scattered to the four winds of heaven, her children sad captives and her home the prey of the spoiler, she has wept unavailing tears at the feet of her spoilers; and now, rent by inward dissensions and secret foes, she has committed suicide around her own altars. But still her very dust has been precious in the eyes of Him who hath formed her for himself; and out of the most hopeless bondage, from deepest ruin, he has again called her; and adorned her with robes of beauty, and put a crown of glory on her head, and made her enemies to flee before her. Amid the amazement of those who believed her ruin complete, and the astonishment of her friends, a voice has been heard to say,

"And yet Zion still is well beloved."

The literal Mount Zion was one of the hills on which Jerusalem was built. It stood near

Mount Moriah, where Abraham offered up Isaac to the Lord, and witnessed that greatest triumph of human faith; and centuries afterwards, when the temple covered the summit of the former, it formed the heart and strength of the city. Situated at the southern extremity, it rose above every other part of Jerusalem, and came in time to stand for the city itself. At first it seems strange that Zion should have become a word filled with such endearing associations to the Jews. They could never let it go from them when speaking of their city. If her strength as a fortress was spoken of, the language was: "Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof: mark ye well her bulwarks, and consider her palaces." If her elevation, it was: "The holy hill of Zion." God's affection for his people was expressed by his love for Zion: "He loveth the gates of Zion"—"The Lord hath chosen Zion." As if this were not enough, they and their city together are called "Daughter of Zion." Occupied by the son of Jesse, it became the "City of David," the representative of all that was dear and cherished in Israel. Hence it was called also the "Holy hill of Zion, whither the tribes went up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel." It was "God's hill, in which it delighted him to dwell." Thus every thing conspired to render "Zion" the spell-word of the nation, and on its summit the heart of Israel seemed to lie and throb. While it remained unshaken by its foes, hope and joy reigned in every bosom; but when the feet of the spoiler trode its sacred top, and his conquering troops swept over it, a cry of despair went up around her towers.

How often the name is on the lips of David! and every string of his harp seems tuned to utter "Zion." In a burst of lofty enthusiasm, carried away by a sudden transport as he contemplates its glory and strength, he exclaims: "*Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion; God is known in her palaces for a refuge. Let Mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of Judah be glad, for this God is our God for ever, and ever.*"

But perhaps there is no exhibition of the love the Hebrews bore for it so touching as the reply they made, when captives at Babylon, to those who required of them a song. "The joy of the whole earth" had been ravaged, and that "holy hill," so "beautiful for situation," laid desolate by the enemy. Its palaces were broken down, and a heap of ruins alone marked the spot where the "City of David" arose. On its top Israel's thousands had stood and battled for its safety. Their fearful war-cry had rung along its streets, as the banner of David rose and fell in the doubtful fight, till borne back and overwhelmed, leaving thousands of corpses as bloody testimonials of the desperate conflict; they at length yielded to numbers, and Jerusalem fell. A multitude of cap-

tives graced the triumphal entrance of the victors into Babylon, and the city shook to the shouts of welcome. But the pageantry was soon forgotten, and the prisoners became objects only of idle curiosity, as they moved sadly along the streets, or sat in groups under the public walks. Methinks I see that little band, as, strolling one day through the city, they sat down by its fountains and listened to the murmur of the streams that swept by. The scene was beautiful, and it reminded them of the hill of Zion where they had so often strayed—the home of their hearts—never to be seen again. As they thus sat and conversed in their native tongue, filled with sad remembrances—their neglected harps hanging on the willows—the heartless and curious passed by, and stopped to view their strange apparel and listen to their still stranger language. As they saw their harps hanging beside them, they asked for a native song. The hearts of the captives were sad enough before, but this sudden recalling of the joys of the past was too much for their overburdened feelings, and a burst of tears was the only answer, as they shook their heads in mournful silence.

That day of bitterness they could never forget; and, whenever memory recalled it, the heart seemed to live over again its hour of woe, and they said, "By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hung our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song, and they that wasted us asked for mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." They did not forget her, and the city of David once more rose over the hill of Zion, and the banner of Israel again floated from its heights; for God had remembered her tears and forgiven her sins.

Years passed, and though visited by misfortune and ruin for its departures from the Lord, Zion still arose in its glory and strength. But at length its long line of kings disappeared—the Roman occupied it, and the eagles of Cæsar took the place of the banner of David. Still Mount Zion stood, beautiful as of old, the pride of the conqueror; but its cup of iniquity was fast filling to the brim. Shiloh had come, and the rejected Saviour, as he overlooked the city, wept in view of its approaching doom. There was Mount Moriah lifting the temple on high, whose glorious form dazzled the eyes of the beholder as the sunbeams fell upon it; and there, higher yet, Mount Zion, with its countless palaces, and domes, and towers of strength, before him. His heart yearned over the "glory of the earth," and the daughter of

Zion looked beautiful upon her throne of hills and as he thought of the past—of her toils and sufferings—of her former faithfulness—and all that God had done for her, words of deepest love were heard to fall from his lips. But amid them was also heard the startling language, "*Behold your house is left unto you desolate.*"

The last drop in the cup of crime, the crowning guilt at length came—Zion crucified her Saviour. Then the long delayed curse fell, and Roman legions girdled the city. Mount Zion became the scene of the severest strife that had ever wasted it, and of the keenest sufferings its crimes had ever brought upon it. Although a troop of flaming seraphs had stooped on the temple, and with the words, "Let us depart," wheeled away to heaven again, and chariots of fire had been seen jostling against each other in the evening heavens, and a flaming sword been suspended over the city, and the woe of the denouncing prophet heard along its walls, still the doomed inhabitants believed them not as omens of evil. Under their ancient banner they once more rallied for the conflict, and for a long time Mount Zion stood like a tower of strength amid her foes. Beating back the tide of battle from her sides, she proved worthy of her olden renown. Standing shoulder to shoulder on that glorious hill-top, the tens of thousands of Israel's warriors presented an unbroken front to the foe, and their shout went up as strong and terrible as when Joshua led them on to victory. "*Zion shall be ploughed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps!*" Impossible! "Walk about Zion and go round about her: mark her bulwarks, tell the towers thereof, consider her palaces," number if ye can her warriors, proud of their strength and confident in their resources. But the decree has gone forth, "*Zion shall be ploughed as a field.*" Famine is stronger than the arm of the warrior, and inward dissensions more wasting than the sword of the enemy. The banner of Israel still floats in the breeze, but it waves over the blood of her children. Pestilence has entered the gates, and the groans of the dying rise from every house. Bloated forms are seen staggering round the empty market-places, chewing wads of straw and leather for food, and falling dead in their footsteps. Despairing eyes, and wan and haggard faces, stare from every window, and corpses are hurried in crowds over the walls, till even the enemy turn away from the fetid air. The strong fall on the weak, and tear them asunder, to get the morsel they have swallowed; and mothers devour even their own offspring. The thunder of engines is heard against the walls without, and the clash of steel mingles in the wild confusion. Yet even amid this terror and woe, Zion fights against herself, and strives to swell the slaughter of her own children. At length the last

day and last hour comes—the temple is on fire, and blazes balefully up from Mount Moriah—the eagles of Cæsar flash along the crowded streets, and the shrieks of the flying and the shout of the struggling, mingling with the crackling of the flames, rise over the city. Zion at length yields, the last stronghold is taken, and the spoiler roams unchecked through the streets. “Jerusalem is in heaps,” destruction has done her worst, and silence reigns amid the desolation.

Their task at length accomplished, the victors take up their line of march, followed by the long train of captives, and depart. As they ascend the last slope that overlooks Jerusalem, that mournful band pause and turn to give a farewell look to Mount Zion. As they behold it strewn with burning ruins, and think of their desolate homes never to be rebuilt or revisited, and see but a cloud of smoke where the glorious temple stood, tears of unavailing sorrow stream from their eyes, and a “note of lamentation swells upon the breeze.”

Years have passed by, and the plough-share is driven over the top of Zion. Where its towers and palaces stood grain waves in the passing wind, or ruins overlaying each other attest the truth of the Word of God. The Arab spurs his steed along the forsaken streets, or scornfully stands on Mount Zion and surveys the forsaken city of God.

But the promise is still sure—Zion is not forgotten, nor is her glory gone. The Church of God still lives and flourishes in more than her ancient beauty. Kingdoms may rise and fall like waves along the sea, and the strongest monuments of human skill crumble to dust, and the earth itself change places—Zion is still secure. No foe can finally prevail against her, nor even time—under whose corroding tooth all things disappear—touch her life. She has brighter palaces than those which adorned Jerusalem, and firmer towers and bulwarks than those built by human hands. Unseen warriors hover around her battlements, and the banner over her shall float triumphantly amid the chaos of a crumbling world. There is also a Mount Zion in heaven, covered with harpers, and the redeemed in their white vestures are there, and the song they sing has no dying cadence. Its top is crowned with a more glorious temple than ever adorned an earthly city, and there nothing that “can hurt or make afraid,” shall ever enter.

DIVERSE GIFTS IN THE MINISTRY.

Ministers differ in their intellectual powers and accomplishments: Here is an Edwards or a Butler, trained to the most profound and discriminating research; there is a Hall or a Mason, the grandeur of whose conceptions throws the thoughts of common minds into the shade; and yonder, standing alone—I

had almost said in the world's entire history—is a Whitefield, who is familiar with avenues to the heart which others have not explored, who can raise a tempest in the bosom when he will, and as quickly speak it into a calm; while a great multitude shine with inferior but different degrees of lustre. There is a difference in their *moral constitutions*. The unshrinking boldness of Paul, the head-strong impetuosity of Peter, the winning gentleness of John, the docile spirit of Nathanael, and every other variety of natural disposition, is continually exemplified in the Christian ministry. There is a difference in the amount of *prey* which they possess; some keeping the world under their feet, and having their conversation habitually in heaven, while others seem scarcely to rise to the ordinary level of Christian attainment. They are favoured also, with different degrees of *usefulness*; and their usefulness flows in different channels. One exerts an influence in advancing the kingdom of Christ which is felt far and wide; while another, with feebler powers and less zeal and perseverance, would seem to labour to comparatively little purpose. One is directly instrumental in turning many to righteousness, and there are hundreds, and even thousands, who expect to heap blessings upon him in heaven as the instrument of their salvation; while another exerts a more silent but scarcely less important influence, in vindicating the claims of Christianity, in moulding the character of the young, in guarding the general interest of the Church. And, to crown all, they differ in their ultimate *reward*. They that have been faithful in a few things will not *lose* their reward; but they that have turned many to righteousness, will shine as the brightness of the firmament.

Such is the variety which the great Head of the Church permits—I may say, has ordained, in the Christian ministry. And the *wisdom* of this appointment, especially in regard to the different intellectual and moral constitutions of ministers, is as manifest as its existence; for the ministry has to perform its work upon every variety of character, and the influence which might be entirely lost upon one individual, might operate with mighty power on another. Hence I cannot think it desirable that all ministers should try to force themselves into a conformity to any one particular standard; indeed, that seems to me to be doing violence to the divine constitution. God requires, indeed, that all his ministers should preach the same great principles, but He has not required that they should all be of the temperament of Peter, or of John, or of Paul; he chooses to have his sons of thunder and his sons of consolation; and no one may say with the greater degree of favour. I have sometimes heard even ministers complain of their brethren as likely to accomplish little or no

good by their preaching, because, though they preached the truths of the gospel plainly, they preached them with less energy or less apparent fervour than could be desired. But I would say in all such cases, You have no right to require the brick where God has not given the straw; and besides, the very mode of preaching which you desire, would doubtless be far less acceptable and far less useful to many individuals, than that to which you object. Let a minister keep himself within those bounds of decorum which God's Word and the dignity of his own office prescribe, and the more closely he follows the bent of his own mind, the better; he may not be a Paul or Apollos, a Chalmers or a Hall; but he will be *himself*; and in that most natural and appropriate of all characters, he will be likely to do his Master's work in the best manner, and with the greatest success.—*Sprague.*

THE SHEPHERD.

FAR in a vale remote, where a clear stream
Rolls its glad waters, 'mid the fleecy flocks
That on its peaceful margin joyous browse
The flower-bespangled grass, or rest serene;
Unaw'd by the swift swallow, skimming past
Above the lucid wave, or by the plunge
Of sportive trout, or by the heron tall,
With measur'd steps slow stalking 'mong the lambs
That blithesome sport around; there, by some trees
With age worn thin and hoar, a mansion stood—
Though humble, yet the home of peaceful joy;
For he who own'd that dwelling fear'd the Lord;
And, while he duteous watch'd his fleecy care—
For he a shepherd was—he taught, betimes,
His little children duly to adore
Their great Creator in their days of youth.

Of on the Sabbath, that sweet day of rest,
Which God in mercy on mankind bestow'd,
To fit their souls for heaven, the pious sire
Would, while his flocks were feeding full in view,
On some soft flowery eminence recline,
And, to his listening little ones, relate
The sacred history of the Son of God,
Revel'd to man in that most blessed book—
The HOLY BIBLE. Pointing to the stones
Of hoary aspect, standing here and there
On the green mountain's side, to mark the graves
Where sleeps in peace the martyrs' sacred dust,
He would their bosoms thrill with solemn joy
And hallow'd indignation, while he told
Them melting tales of days of other years.
And ever, when the curlew's mournful note
Was heard to sound, amid the twilight dim,
The lonely requiem of departed day,
And welcome in the night, was duly heard,
Ascending from the shepherd's humble cot,
The artless notes of the glad evening hymn.

'Twas sweet to see, as on a summer's eve
He sought his peaceful home, his children run,

Their flaxen hair bedeck'd with blooming flowers,
To hail his coming glad; while at the door
Of his neat cottage, with a smiling babe
Safe nestled in her arms, complacent stood
The much-lov'd partner of his happiness;
And, by the brightness of her soft blue eye,
Bespoke the welcome of her children's sire.

But in that cottage, where unmingled joy
For many a day had danc'd in every heart,
Was felt a change—a mournful change; for he,
The sire, the husband, and the faithful friend,
Death's victim fell; and to a troublous world
His loving wife and helpless children left
Without a stay, save the strong arm of Heaven.

'Twas winter when he died; and the loud winds,
Sweeping along the hills and hollow vales,
Hid deep his flocks beneath the drifting snow,
And darksome night her dismal pall outspread
O'er the clear sky, veiling the waning moon,
And every star. Behind him, on his couch,
His duteous wife sat weeping. On her breast
He lean'd his drooping head. Her hand, anon,
Wip'd the cold sweat from off his chilly brow,
Or, with a little cooling water, dew'd
His parched lips. Around his dying bed
His children stood in silence; while the rays
Of the pale lamp show'd down their youthful cheeks.
The shining tears flow fast. The affecting scene
So mov'd the father's heart, that ebbing life
Flow'd back; and, as the pious patriarch
Of old, when near to die, call'd all his sons
Around his bed to bless them, and foretold
What would befall them in the latter days,
And felt returning energy of thought
Rush on his soul, while to his faded sight
The past and future vividly appear'd;
So did that dying saint his strength collect
For one last effort, and, with these sweet words,
He cheer'd his family before he died:

"Farewell! thou partner dear of all my joy
On earth, and all my woe! Farewell! my babes,
We now must part! I feel the sleep of death
Weighing my eyelids down; and all the strings
Which bind my heart are breaking. Yet, this hour
To me is happiest of all the hours;
However happy, I on earth have spent
In my short pilgrimage. This is the hour
Which frees my spirit from the cumbrous load
Of frail mortality—from sin, and grief, and pain,
And even from death! My joy is not to leave
You in a vale of weeping; but to go
Where God himself shall, with his gracious hand,
Wipe from his people's eyes each bitter tear
Of sorrow, and infuse in every cup
The wine of life; to go where angels gaze,
With holy admiration, on the face
Of my Redeemer! I shall see his face
Beaming with beauty! I shall hear his voice!
Aid—O, enrapturing thought!—He too shall look
On me with gracious pleasure, and present
Me to his heavenly Father; while the harps
Of glowing seraphim and ransom'd saints
Shall, loudly sounding, honour high ascribe,

And glory, to the Lamb that once was slain,
But lives for evermore! Nor shall we part,
But for a little space. Where now I go,
There's room enough for all who truly love
The Son of God; and I can trust his care—
That faithful Shepherd of his Father's sheep—
To lead you safely through the vale of life,
And bring you all where I again shall see
My wife and babes, not weeping that I die,
But shining 'mid the ransom'd round the throne,
To weep no more; Farewell!" Thus having said,
On her kind breast he gently lean'd his head,
And calmly sunk to everlasting rest.

WILSON.

NARRATIVE OF THE LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH OF REV. CHARLES SIMEON.

(From Memoir by the Rev. W. Carus.)

WE are now brought to the closing scene of the life of this devoted servant of God. His vigour and zeal were perhaps never greater than immediately previous to his last illness. He had preached on Thursday evening (September 15), with his usual animation and energy, from John xv. 8, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples:" and again on the Sabbath morning after, from 2 Kings xi. 16, "Come with me, and see my zeal for the Lord." This was the last sermon he delivered. On the Tuesday following he was in high health and spirits, and talked of the journey he proposed to make next day to Ely with no ordinary delight. In conversation, however, at this time with the kind friend who now became his constant attendant, he made the following remarks about his nearness to the eternal world:—"Well, though I am talking of putting things by for my journey to Bath next June, the Lord knows that I am thinking, and longing to a certain degree, for a *better journey*, which in a few days I shall take; but I find it difficult to realize the thought that I am so near the eternal world; I cannot imagine what a spirit is—I have no conception of it. But I rejoice in the thought, that my coffin is already cut down, and in the town at this very time—of this I have no doubt; and my shroud is also ready; and in a few days I shall join the company of the redeemed above." His friend replied, "Why, dear sir, should you talk so? you are in good health and strength; and November is so near, I think you will be permitted to preach your sermons, and also to prepare the other set you were thinking of; and perhaps you may preach them too." He said, "That will be as the Lord pleases; but I do often wonder at the degree of strength and spirits which of late the Lord has blessed me with. I never remember to have had greater energy for work than at this time; and I do seem to think that it is now the Lord's will to spare me through November: but you know it is quite immaterial

to me; the *sermons are finished*—that is all I care about; I would not have to write them *now* for a thousand pounds. But if I should be permitted to preach them, I expect it will bring me down, indeed; I give you all leave to break all my bones in December. Still I am fully determined, if I have any degree of strength left, instantly to begin a set of sermons, on that grand subject out of Ephesians, 3d chapter, 18th and 19th verses. I don't expect or desire to preach them; but if my life be spared, *WRITE THEM I WILL.*"

The next day (Wednesday, September 21), he went over to Ely to pay his respects to the bishop. He had been very anxious about this visit: for, as he was one of the oldest of the clergy, it was his wish, he said, to be among the very first to show all respect to his diocesan. The day was damp and chilly, and he needed more than usual care to prevent any injurious effects from the journey; but he felt so strong and vigorous, that he imprudently dispensed with his ordinary outer dress. The bishop received him with marked kindness and attention; and proposed that they should go together to see the Cathedral. Here they lingered too long: the coldness of the building, increased by the rawness of the day, soon began sensibly to affect Mr. Simeon, and was the direct cause of the severe illness from which he never recovered. The next morning early he was seized with a violent rheumatic attack, and, during the day, became so seriously indisposed as to be unable to leave his room for the evening lecture. The sermon he had intended to preach was upon Luke xi. 1: "Lord, teach us to pray;"—and this was the last subject he ever prepared for the pulpit. During the whole of the next day he continued very feeble, though he cherished a hope of being able to go in his carriage on the following Monday to Ipswich; and wrote to his beloved friend Mr. Nottidge, to say that he should preach for him, according to promise, on the opening of his new church.

Saturday (September 24) was his birth-day, when he entered his seventy-eighth year. Though he had passed but an indifferent night, he rose early this morning; and when his attendant came to him, he was sitting in a favourite spot before the window, to enjoy the first beams of the sun, and employed in writing another letter to Mr. Nottidge, in which he observed, "Of course, my University Sermons are laid aside, if not life itself." On repeating this to his attendant, he added, "What can I expect? I never expected to live so long: I can scarcely believe I am so old: I have as yet known nothing of the infirmities of age; though I have seen a good old age: I know, however, it will all be ordered well." Soon after, when referring to his journey to Ely, he remarked, "If this is to be the closing scene, I shall not at all regret my journey to the bishop; it was

of vast importance to you all; and I shall rejoice to close my life from such a circumstance."

For some days he remained much in the same state; but subsequently so far recovered, as to make it probable that the malady might eventually be subdued. So far, indeed, was he restored, that occasionally he could take a drive in his carriage; and we began to indulge a hope of his ultimate recovery. On October 6, he dictated the letter at the conclusion of the preceding chapter, which exhibits all his usual precision on subjects which deeply interested him.

The good hope we had ventured to entertain of his recovery was soon at an end. On another damp and chilly day he went out once more in his carriage, though earnestly entreated not to run the hazard of a relapse. This short drive was too much for his reduced frame; all the former pain and fever returned with increased violence, and he was obliged immediately to take to his bed. He was now fully aware that the hand of death was upon him; and having lately contemplated some changes in the disposition of his property, he was anxious, without delay, to make the necessary alterations in his will. He had already, indeed, disposed of the greater part of his fortune in promoting a variety of religious and charitable designs; but during his late journey, he had been so much impressed with the importance of the work in which he had been so generously assisted, that he determined to devote the small remainder of his property (with the exception of a few legacies to his relatives) to the furtherance of the great object which had so long engaged his regards.* When his desire on this point was accomplished, his mind seemed relieved from every care, and he prepared himself with joy for his departure.

During the second week of October, when one of his particular friends had called at his rooms to inquire after his health, Mr. Simeon immediately begged to see him, and in a feeble whisper requested him to pray by his bed-side. After the prayer, his friend expressed a hope that he was now supported by Divine consolations. Mr. Simeon then replied to this effect: "I never felt so ill before—I conceive my present state cannot last long—this exhaustion must be a precursor of death; but I lie here waiting for the issue without a fear, without a doubt, and without a wish." To another afterwards who remarked, "Many hearts are engaged in prayer for you," he rejoined, "In prayer? ay, and I trust in *praise* too—praise for countless, endless mercies."

On Friday (October 21) all hopes of his recovery were taken away. The gout had at length attacked him internally, and the means used for his relief were evidently in vain; of this he was

* This was the purchase of adwardsons to which he might present ministers whom he knew to be Christian and Evangelical.

perfectly aware, and in consequence seemed more than usually calm and happy. The writer was sitting by his bed-side, and on making some inquiry as to what had been lately passing in his mind, and of what at that time more particularly he was thinking, he immediately replied with great animation, "I don't think now—I am enjoying." He then expressed his entire surrender of himself to the will of God, and spoke of his extreme joy in having his own will so completely in unison with that of God, adding with remarkable emphasis, "He cannot do anything against my will." After a short pause, he looked round with one of his very bright and significant smiles, and asked, "What do you think especially gives me comfort at this time? The creation!—the view of God in his work of creation! Did Jehovah create the world, or did I?—I think He did; now if He made the world, he can sufficiently take care of me." His restlessness from excessive pain was now so great, that he was continually requesting his position to be changed; but when it was suggested that it would be better to attempt to lie quietly, he said most calmly, "I will do just what you like—I will be guided entirely by what you think best." Shortly after, by way of turning his thoughts to a subject which seemed likely to interest him, I said, "How blessed a prospect is opening before you; to be so soon with the innumerable company of angels, and the general assembly and Church of the first-born, and with Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant!" Upon this his countenance became peculiarly solemn and grave; and he said nothing, but only looked up most humbly and devoutly. I then alluded to another subject, which I knew would be agreeable to him; and made a remark about veiling our faces as the cherubim did in the presence of God: to this he immediately gave a sign of assent and pleasure. About midnight he was raised up in his bed, and having sent for me to his side, he began to speak, in a very slow and impressive manner, what seemed to us all to be his dying remarks. "I am a poor fallen creature, and our nature is a poor fallen thing; there is no denying that, is there? It cannot be repaired: there is nothing that I can do to repair it—well, then, that is true. Now what would you advise in such a case?" As he made rather a long pause, apparently waiting for an answer, I replied, "Surely, sir, to go; as you always have done, as a poor fallen creature, to the Lord Jesus Christ, confessing your sins, and imploring and expecting pardon and peace." He answered in a very determined and joyful manner, "That is just what I am doing, and will do." I added, "And you find the Lord Jesus Christ to be very present, and giving you peace?" He instantly replied, looking up to heaven with the most remarkable expression of happiness on his countenance, "Oh! yes; that I do." "And He does not forsake you now?" "No, indeed; that NEVER CAN BE!" I observed, "He has said,

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." He answered by a smile and gentle inclination of the head. Being afraid of wearying him, I then left him for the night.

The day following (Saturday, October 22), about noon, he appeared, if anything, to rally a little; and when he opened his eyes upon us, and saw us standing near him, he began to address us again in the same calm and deliberate manner as before. [To conceive aright of his mode of speaking on these occasions, he should be considered as uttering his words very slowly—generally after long pauses, and at times in a low but articulate whisper.] "Infinite wisdom has devised the whole with infinite love; and infinite power enables me—(pausing)—to rest upon that power; and all is infinitely good and gracious! I observed, "How gracious is it that you should have now so little suffering!" "Whether I am to have a little less suffering or a little more, it matters not one farthing. All is right—and well—and just as it should be; I am in a dear Father's hands—all is secure. When I look to Him (here he spoke with singular solemnity), I see nothing but *faithfulness*—and *immutability*—and *truth*; and I have not a doubt or a fear, but the sweetest peace—I CANNOT HAVE MORE PEACE. But if I look another way—to the poor creature—O! then THERE is nothing—*nothing*—(pausing)—but what is to be abhorred and mourned over. Yes, *I say that*; and it is true." Soon after this he fell into a state of great stupor, which continued till after ten o'clock at night; when suddenly recovering, and being raised up in his bed, he again began: "What is before me I know not; whether I shall live or die. But *this* I know, that all things are ordered and sure. Everything is ordered with *unerring wisdom* and *unbounded love*. He shall perfect everything; though at present I know not what He is about to do with me. But about this I am not in the least degree anxious." He then made some remark which was not exactly heard by us; but his attendant supposing she had caught the expression, and observing, "He says, he does not despair." He overheard her, and instantly said, "*What?*" (and turning round with surprising energy, added) "despair! *despair!* who dares to advocate such a sentiment as that here? Despair! O! what sweet peace and joy and affiance do I possess!" On seeing Dr. Haviland standing by his side, he looked at him most affectionately, and said, "Ah! what, is that you? how glad I am to see you; I have greatly wished to see you—my soul has longed for you, that you might see the difference in the end between (here we lost his words) that you might see the power of these principles, and what it is to go to God in contrition and faith." He then proceeded in the most earnest and affectionate manner to thank Dr. H. for all his kindness; and to express his earnest wishes for his best interests in time and eternity. After this, he mentioned how anxious he

had always been that his faculties might be preserved to the last, that he might be enabled to prove to all the power of those principles, which he had professed and preached through life, now to sustain him in death. He then looked round very seriously upon us, and said, "You seem all to be anticipating what will not yet take place—I am not yet about to die—I *know* I am not; I feel that I am not yet ready." "Dear sir," I said, "and what is wanting?" he replied, in a very slow and serious manner, "Greater humiliation—more simple affiance—and more entire surrender." I ventured to say, "Well, sir, He will make all perfect." "Yes," he replied: "that He will." After a short pause he proceeded, "And my body is not yet sufficiently reduced to allow my soul to depart, I know assuredly that I shall not die just yet; you are all disappointing yourselves if you expect *that now*." And then stretching out his limbs, he added, "My bodily vigour is very great; and I feel that there is yet much to be done before my soul can depart." Nothing could exceed the calmness and dignity both of his spirit and manner. As we were afraid of exhausting him, we all left the room. There had been present a larger number of persons than usual, arising from a circumstance which it is only proper to explain. His nurse, apprehending that he was on the very point of death, had suddenly called me in from the next room; and upon my hastening to his side, I was followed by his physician and curate (who had just arrived), and his three servants. These were all who were present. But not exactly perceiving who were in the room, and not knowing that they were there merely by accident, he soon after sent for me, and in a very serious and affecting manner expressed his disapprobation of what he had observed; "You are all on a wrong scent, and are all in a wrong spirit; you want to see what is called a *dying scene*. That I *abhor* from my inmost soul; I wish to be *alone*, with my God, and to lie before Him as a poor, wretched, hell-deserving sinner—yes, as a poor, hell-deserving sinner; . . . (then very slowly and calmly), but I would also look to Him as my all-forgiving God—and as my all-sufficient God—and as my all-atoning God—and as my covenant-keeping God. There I would lie before Him as the vilest of the vile, and the lowest of the low, and the poorest of the poor. Now this is what I have to say—I wish to be alone—don't let people come round to get up a scene."

He was evidently much hurt at the thought of even his nearest friends coming round to disturb the privacy, which he had always wished for in his dying hour. He had repeatedly charged me to keep every one away from him when that solemn season should arrive, and remain with him myself alone. That no one might enter without my knowledge I remained with him the whole night; the next morning (Sunday, October 23), as soon as he awoke, he

referred to what had happened the previous night. "Now I was much hurt at the scene last night: a scene!—a death-bed scene I abhor from my inmost soul. No!" he continued, smiting three times slowly on his breast, "No! I am, I know, the chief of sinners; and I hope for nothing but the mercy of God in Christ Jesus to life eternal; and I shall be, if not the greatest monument of God's mercy in heaven, yet the very next to it; for I know of none greater." Then after a short pause, he added, "And if we are to bring the matter to a point, it lies in a nutshell; and it is here—I look, as the chief of sinners, for the mercy of God in Christ Jesus to life eternal" (then very deliberately); "and sovereignty of God in choosing such an one—and the mercy of God in pardoning such an one—and the patience of God in bearing with such an one—and the faithfulness of God in perfecting his work and performing all his promises to such an one."

When Dr. Haviland called in the evening, Mr. Simeon addressed him in the most striking manner upon the subject of religion; speaking with a clearness, and power, and dignity, which perfectly surprised Dr. Haviland, though so accustomed to the peculiar energy and characteristic precision of Mr. Simeon's observations on such subjects. He said, he had never heard anything before from him comparable to this, for the propriety of the language as well as the importance of the matter.

Early the next morning (Monday, October 24), when I arrived, I found him just raised up, after passing a quiet night. I told him I had, as usual, on the previous evening addressed a large number of under-graduates, and had ventured to repeat to them some of his remarks, that they might know the power of those great leading principles he had preached to sustain and gladden the soul in the last hours of weakness. "Yes," said he, "it is to the principles I look. It is upon the broad grand principles of the Gospel that I repose—it is not upon any particular promise here or there—any little portions of the Word, which some people seem to take comfort from; but I wish to look at the grand whole—at the vast scheme of redemption as from eternity to eternity." Indeed, to say the truth, what may be called my spiritual exercises have lately been at rather a low ebb; and I may make another confession to you (smiling), my bodily exercises also of late have been at a low ebb. "I observed," Very probably the one may have been partly the cause of the other. "Yes!" he continued; "but however that may be, I wish to point out this distinction in my case—that I am not solicitous so much about this feeling or that, or this state or that, as upon keeping before me the grand purposes of Jehovah from eternity to eternity. Now I might wish to be able to go out to take a good walk; so also in my soul, I

might wish to be able to go forth and survey all the glories of heaven and the blessedness of that place;—there might, however, be some thing in all that to be suspected. But in making the great revelation of himself which God has given us, there I rest upon Him, and not upon myself. I do not depend upon feelings and thoughts, which are changing and uncertain, but I am kept by Him who changes not, and so I remain." (I quoted the passage, "I am the Lord, I change not; therefore, ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.") "Yes! that is the true view of the matter, as it appears to me. For after all, what are a man's thoughts before Him? It cannot depend upon a few poor, broken, pining words; nor do I depend upon these. But again I say, I take the glorious and majestic discoveries, which God has made to me of himself, and there I rest." He then added, smiling as he used to do, when making some strong statement upon any point about which he himself had not the slightest doubt, "I may be wrong in my view—though I think I am not;" then very solemnly and slowly, "But, however, this I know, that I am a poor lost and vile sinner; yea, the chief of sinners, and the greatest monument of God's mercy; and I know, I cannot be wrong here." The following day he revived considerably, and actually occupied himself in making arrangements respecting the sermons to be preached in November at St. Mary's. On Wednesday, however, he was so decidedly thrown back, that all thoughts about further exertions for the public were at once laid aside. When he had determined no longer to use any of the means which had been resorted to in the hope of prolonging his life (feeling they were now profitless), he said to his nurse, "You cannot but say that up to this time I have submitted patiently, willingly, cheerfully, to every wish of Dr. Haviland; I have not made one objection—have I?" he then added, "I did it all for the Lord's sake; because, if it had been his will to prolong my life, I was willing to use any means; but now I feel (and this he said with great emphasis) that the decree is gone forth: from this hour I am a dying man; death is far sweeter than life under such circumstances. I will now wait patiently for my dismission. All that could possibly be done for me, has been done; of that I am fully persuaded and satisfied—tell Dr. Haviland so." (I then observed to him, that I would say so.)

To be continued.

THE VOICE OF THE OCEAN.

Was it the sound of the distant surf that was in mine ears, or the low moan of the breeze, as it crept through the neighbouring wood? (Oh, that hoarse voice of Ocean, never silent since time first began—where has it not been uttered? not there is stillness amid the calm of the arid and rainless desert, where

no spring rises and no streamlet flows, and the long caravan pines its weary march amid the blinding glare of the sand, and the red-unshaded rays of the fierce sun. But once and again, and yet again, has the roar of Ocean been there. It is his sands that the winds heap up; and it is the skeleton remains of his vassals—shells, and fish, and the stony coral—that the rocks underneath enclose. There is silence on the tall mountain peak, with its glittering mantle of snow, where the panting lungs labour to inhale the thin bleak air—where no insect murmurs and no bird flies, and where the eye wanders over multitudinous hill-tops that lie far beneath, and vast dark forests that sweep on to the distant horizon, and along long hollow valleys where the great rivers begin. And yet once and again, and yet again, has the roar of Ocean been there. The effigies of his more ancient denizens we find sculptured on the crags, where they jut from beneath the ice into the mist-wreath; and his later beaches, stage beyond stage, terrace the descending slopes. Where has the great destroyer not been—the devourer of continents—the blue foaming dragon, whose vocation it is to eat up the land? His ice-floes have alike furrowed the flat steppes of Siberia and the rocky flanks of Schehallion; and his nummulites and fish lie embedded in great stones of the pyramids, hewn in the times of the old Pharaohs, and in rocky folds of Lebanon still untouched by the tool. So long as Ocean exists there must be disintegration, dilapidation, change; and should the time ever arrive when the elevatory agencies, motionless and chill, shall sleep within their profound depths, to awaken no more—and should the sea still continue to impel its currents and to roll its waves—every continent and island would at length disappear, and again, as of old, “when the fountains of the great deep were broken up,”

“A shoreless ocean tumble round the globe.”

Was it with reference to this principle, so recently recognised, that we are so expressly told in the Apocalypse respecting the renovated earth, in which the state of things shall be fixed and eternal, that “there shall be no more sea?” or are we to regard the revelation as the mere hieroglyphic—the pictured shape—of some analogous moral truth? “Reasoning from what we know,”—and what else remains to us?—an earth without a sea, would be an earth without rain, without vegetation, without life—a dead and doleful planet of waste places, such as the telescope reveals to us in the moon. And yet the Ocean does seem peculiarly a creature of time—of all the great agents of vicissitude and change, the most influential and untiring; and to a state in which there shall be no vicissitude and no change—in which the earthquake shall not heave from beneath, nor the mountains wear down and the continents melt away—it seems inevitably necessary that there should be “no more sea.”—*Hugh Miller.*

A LOOK INTO THE CHURCHES AT ROME.

Among the people who drop into St. Peter's at their leisure, to kneel on the pavement, and say a quiet prayer, there are certain schools and seminaries,

priestly and otherwise, that come in twenty or thirty strong. These boys all kneel down in single file, one behind the other, with a tall grim master, in a black gown, bringing up the rear, like a pack of cards arranged to be tumbled down at a touch, with a disproportionately large knave of clubs at the end. When they have tarried a minute or so at the chief altar, they scramble up, and filing off to the chapel of the Madonna, or the sacrament, flop down again in the same order; so if any body did stumble against the master, a general and sudden overthrow of the whole line must inevitably ensue.

The scene in all the churches is the strangest possible. The same monotonous, heartless, drowsy chanting, always going on; the same dark building, darker from the brightness of the street without; the same lamps dimly burning; the self-same people kneeling here and there, turned toward you from one altar or the other; the same priest's back, with the same large cross embroidered on it; however different in size, in shape, in wealth, architecture, this church is from that, it is the same thing still. There are the same dirty beggars stopping in their muttered prayers to beg; the same miserable cripples exhibiting their deformity at the doors; the same blind men rattling little pots like kitchen pepper-casters, their depositories for alms; the same preposterous crowns of silver stuck upon the painted heads of single saints and virgins in crowded pictures, so that a little figure on a mountain had a head-dress bigger than the temple in the foreground, or adjacent miles of landscape; the same favourite shrine or figure, smothered with little hearts and crosses, and the like, the staple trade and show of all the jewels; the same mixture of respect and indecorum; kneeling on the stones, and spitting on them loudly; getting up from prayers to beg a little, or to pursue some other worldly matter; and then kneeling down again, to resume their contrite supplications at the point where it was interrupted.—*Dickens.*

A LETTER OF CONSOLATION.

QUEEN KATHERINE (WIFE OF HENRY VIII.) TO THE
LADY WHITHESLY, COMFORTING HER FOR THE
LOSS OF HER ONLY SON.

Good my Lady Wresely; understanding yt hath pleasyd God of late to dysinheryte your sonne of thys world, of intent he schuld become partener and chosen heyre of the everlastyng inherytance (which callyng and happy vocatyon ye may rejoyce); yet when I consyder, you are a mother by flessche and nature, doubtyng how you can geve place quyetly to the same, inasmuch as Chryste's mother, indued with al godly vertues, dyd utter a sorrowful, natural passyon of her Son's dethe, whereby we have all obtayned everlastyngly to lyve; therefore, amongst other dyscrete and godly consolatons gyven unto you, as wel by my lord your husband, as other your wyse frendes, I have thought with mine own hand, to recommend unto you my symple consel and advyce; desyryng you not so to utter your natural affection by inordynate sorrow, that God have cause to take you as a murmuror ageynst hys appoyntments and ordynances. For what is excessyfe sorow but a pleynne evydens ageynst you, that your inward mynd doth repyne ageynst God's doyngs, and a declaratyon that you are not contented that God hath put your son by nature, but hys by adoptyon, in possession of the heavenly kingdom? Such as have doubtyd of

the everlastyng lif to come, doth sorrow and beweyle the departure hens: but those which be perswaid that to dy here ys lyf ageyne, do rather honger for death, and count yt a felicitye, than to beweyle yt as an utter destructyon. How much, Madam, are you to be counted godly wyse, that wol and can prevent, thorow your godly wysdom, knowlege, and humbler submyssyon, that thyng that tyme wold at length fynysche. If you lament your son's death, you do him great wrong, and schew your self to sorrow for the happiest thyng ther ever came to hym, being in the hands of his best Father. Yf you are sorry for your own commodite, you schew your self to lyve to your self. And as of hys towardness you could but only hope, hys years war so yong, which could perfourm nothyng, yt semyth that he was now a mete and pleasant sacrifice for Christ.

Wherefore, good my Lady Wreseley, put away al immoderate and unjust hevynes, requyryng you with thanksgyving to frame your hart, that the Father in heaven may thank you are moost glad, and best contentyd to make hym a present of hys spyrytual and your only natural son; gloryfying hym more in that yt hath pleased hys Majesty to accept and able hym to hys kyngdom, then that yt fyrst pleased hym to comforth you wyth such a gyft; who can at his pleasur recompence your loss with such alyke juell, yf gladly and quyetly ye submyt and refer al to hys pleasur.—*Strype's Ecclesiastical Memorials.*

MORNING HYMN.

JESUS, kind Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy little lamb in safety keep;
Guard me this day from every ill,
And with thy grace my spirit fill.

Teach me to love thee, O my LORD;
Help me to read thy holy Word;
May the first sounds my lips can raise,
Be sounds of joy, and prayer, and praise.

EVENING HYMN.

JESUS, underneath thy care,
Let me sweetly sink to rest;
Hear my simple evening prayer—
May the little child be blessed.

I thank thee for my happy home,
And all that thou hast given;
O make my infant heart thy own,
And train thy child for heaven.

BLOODY QUEEN MARY.

God shortened the time of her reign for his elect's sake; and he seemed to have suffered Popery to show itself in its true and natural colours—all over both false and bloody—even in a female reign, from whence all mildness and gentleness might have been expected, to give the nation such an evident and demonstrative proof of the barbarous cruelty of that religion, as might raise a lasting abhorrence and detestation of it.—*Burnet.*

THE NEW CUT.

AN old clergyman, who had an old tailor as his beadle or officer for many years, returning from a neighbouring sacrament, where Thomas was in the habit of attending him, after a thoughtful and silent pause, thus addressed his fellow-traveller, the "minister's man:" "Thomas, I cannot tell how it is that our church should be getting thinner, for I am sure I preach as well as I ever did, and should have far more experience than when I first came among you." "Indeed," replied Thomas, "old ministers now-a-days are just like old tailors, for I am sure I sew as well as ever I did, and the cloth is the same; but it's the cut—it's the new cut!"

DENY THYSELF.

HAVE I found my God so gracious to me, that he hath denied me nothing, either in earth or heaven; and shall not I so much as deny my own will for his sake? Hath my dear Saviour bought my soul at such a price, and shall he not have it? Was he crucified for my sins, and shall I by my sins crucify him again? Am I his, in so many bonds, and shall I serve the devil? O God! is this the fruit of thy beneficence to me, that I should wilfully dishonour thee? Was thy blood so little worth, that I should tread it under my feet? Doth this become him that shall be once glorious with thee? Hast thou prepared heaven for me, and do I thus prepare myself for heaven?—*Hall.*

VICISSITUDE.

CHRIST'S children must not expect always to lean upon his bosom. He sometimes sets them down on the cold, frosty side of the hill, and makes them walk barefooted upon thorns. Yet does he keep his eye of love upon them all the while. Our pride must have winter weather to rot it.—*Rutherford.*

TRIALS.

I NEVER had in all my life so great an inlet into the Word of God as now [*viz.*, as during his twelve years' imprisonment]; insomuch that I have often said, "Were it lawful, I could pray for greater trouble, for the greater comfort's sake."—*Bunyan.*

WAITING.

WAIT patiently on God. It is becoming of a dutiful child, when he hath not presently what he writes for to his father, to say, "My father is wiser than I; his own wisdom will tell him what and when to send to me." Oh Christian! thy heavenly Father hath gracious reasons which hold his hands for the present, or else thou hadst heard from him ere now.—*Gurnall.*

LITERATURE.

It opens a back door out of the bustle of the busy and idle world into a delicious garden of moral and intellectual fruits and flowers, the key of which is denied to the rest of mankind. Our happiness no longer lives on charity, nor bids fair for a fall, by leaning on that most precarious and thorny pillow—another's pleasure, for our repose.—*Young.*

MERCY FOR THE GREATEST SINNER.

BY THE REV. DR. SPRING, NEW YORK.

THE writer of this will not easily forget the impression which the following sentence from a forcible writer once made on his own mind : "When one great sinner finds mercy, another great sinner is encouraged to hope that he may find mercy also." It is a simple thought; but there are states of mind in which it is unutterably precious. The great mass of awakened and convinced sinners would be utterly discouraged by a view of their own ignorance, weakness, darkness, and wickedness, were it not for just such facts and assurances as these. But who shall be depressed, when he looks at the long catalogue of vile and atrocious offenders, from Adam down to the present hour? "Oh! I am a reprobate. The measure of my iniquity is full. I am just fit for eternal burnings. It is not possible there should be hope for such a sinner!" Who is it that says this? It sounds like a voice from the caverns of despair, rather than from this world of mercy where Jesus wept and died. And who is it that is the prompter to such despondency? It is some dark spirit of the pit. It is not the Spirit of God; it is not the Saviour of men; it is not the Bible; nor is it the prompting of those multiplied proofs of the power of grace with which heaven has been filled from our apostate world. God does not save men from tenderness to their own souls merely, but that, through his mercy to them, others may also find mercy. Eternity alone can reveal the number of those who have been kept from sinking into despair, and into hell itself, by those narratives of conversion which have abounded in this land within the past twenty years. If Christ "had rather save than damn" that poor drunkard, that vile debauchee, that hardened infidel, that son of godly parents who has become a very maniac in wickedness, and every one of these is now hoping in his mercy, and adorning that hope by a well-ordered life and deportment; what encouragement is there for me—for you—for all! Never was a truth more fitted to the condition of our lost world than this. Oh, the unspeakable fulness, and riches, and sovereignty of grace in the cross! What can the guilty sinner want more? Not until a voice from heaven, calling him by name,

16. †

and foretelling his awful doom—no, not until he has passed the regions of this world of hope, and actually made his bed in hell, may he despair of mercy. Tell me where the vilest sinner is to be found that dwells on God's footstool; conduct me to his abode of wickedness and gloom; and if it be anywhere this side the grave, I would assure him, in God's name, that He who was lifted up from the earth came to save just such sinners as he. Question not the truth of God. Limit not the infinitude of his mercy. Distrust not his omnipotent power. Reject not his only Son. He is the sinner's friend, and his last hope. His language is, "Let him that heareth say, Come; let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

There is one most beautiful feature in this arrangement of the divine mercy: it is, the reaction which it exerts upon the mind of the saved sinner himself. "Simon," said our Divine Lord, "I have somewhat to say unto thee. There was a certain creditor which had two debtors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay he frankly forgave them both. Tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most. Simon answered and said, I suppose that he to whom he forgave most. And he said unto him, Thou hast rightly judged." Great sinners who have found mercy, never forget the love of Christ. They more usually have deeper and more pungent convictions of conscience and of sin, both before their conversion and afterwards, than other men, and are very apt to carry these convictions through all their subsequent life, and with these a befitting and corresponding sense of God's wonderful love and mercy. David's convictions of his great sins, as recorded in the 51st Psalm, were of this kind; and when he speaks of God's redeeming mercy, his language partakes of the same strong and deep feeling. "He brought me up out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise to our God. Many, O Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts

which are to us-ward; they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee: if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered." Paul's convictions were also of the same powerful and overwhelming character. They prostrated him on the ground; shook his whole frame, and produced such internal conflict and agitation, that when he found peace and joy in believing, his love was as ardent as his convictions had been overpowering. Nothing cooled the fervour of his grateful attachment. The sacred flame that was kindled on his way to Damascus, burned brighter and brighter, through darkness, through trial, through the floods and through the flames, till it rose pure from the spot where he received the martyr's crown, and whence his spirit ascended to receive the crown that fadeth not away. Ungrateful as the heart of man naturally is, when subdued by grace it is not insensible to the love of the cross. To whom much is forgiven, the same loveth much; but "to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little." Show me a man in whom the singleness of purpose which marked the character of Paul is manifest, and in whose whole life is discoverable his fixedness of aim, his all-absorbing consecration, his growing resolution and activity—superior to discouragement and undaunted by enemies, and never relinquishing its object till he has lost the power of exertion—and I will show you the man who, with the buoyant hopes of a Christian, was once a great sinner. The love of Christ constrains him, as it constrained the great apostle, and with him he can say, "Of sinners I am the chief"—"By the grace of God, I am what I am!" Who washed the Saviour's feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head? It was the Mary who loved much, because she had much forgiven. What single Church in the world was ever so distinguished for its graces and its conduct, and the light of which shone so brightly, and so long, as the first Christian Church that was gathered at Jerusalem? And this Church was composed of persons who had been pre-eminently vile, and who had "killed the Prince of life." They were what Bunyan calls "Jerusalem sinners." Great sinners, when once brought to the knowledge of Christ, are for the most part the most shining examples of piety, and stand out before the world for the instruction and comfort of those who fear God and love his Son. Such instances of conversion in a family, in a congregation, or in a town, are "monuments and mirrors of mercy," and they

love to "show forth the praises of Him who called them out of darkness into his marvellous light." Our views of our obligations to the Divine mercy are always determined by our views of personal sinfulness. It is not to disserve the remembrance of past sins from the grace that pardons them, and its consequent claims, that great sinners are so often brought to the cross.

No man is excusable for neglecting so great salvation. It is a great salvation that saves great sinners through so great a Saviour. "If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin; but now they have no cloak for their sin." What will his excuse be at the day of judgment, who sees so many of the worst of sinners saved? Will it be that the sin of Adam brought him, without any actual transgression of his, into a state of sin and misery? He will there see that thousands born in sin like himself, and irresistibly prone to evil, have laid hold of that method of mercy, which, without any consent or doing of their own, forms a wonderful counterpart to the first apostasy. Will it be that he was exposed to peculiar snares and temptations? Will it be that he was depressed, and discouraged by a view of his sins, from seeking the kingdom of God? Will it be that his sins had gained such amazing power over his mind, that it was vain for him to think of becoming a Christian? Will it be that he was so wicked as to be beyond the reach of mercy? Will it be that God was so severe and inexorable that it was useless for him to sue for pardon? Will it be that the cross brought no glad tidings of great joy to such a sinner as he? Will it be that no man who has lived as he has lived, that has so "sold himself to commit deeds of wickedness," that has abused such light and such privileges, that has passed through so many affecting scenes, and for whom so much was done to prevent his falling into perdition, and all in vain, never obtained mercy? No, it will be none of all these. Great multitudes, even viler than he, will then be accepted in the Beloved, while he is cast out. He will see then, that nothing could have destroyed him, if he had returned to God through the cross of Christ. Greater sinners than he will rise up in the judgment and protest that he might have been saved as well as they, and upon the same condescending and gracious terms. And what cutting and bitter reflections will then pass through his mind! "Oh why, why did I not flee to the blood of the cross? Why did I not listen, while it

was called to-day? Why did I so often and so long turn a deaf ear to the counsels of heavenly mercy? I was a great sinner; but so were those who 'washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb;' and now they are 'before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple,' and I am a wretched outcast!"

Bitter, most bitter, will be such reproaches. How true it is that the sinner will be hereafter his own tormentor! He needs no vengeful storm of almighty wrath to crush him, for he is crushed under the burden of his own reproaches. Nor can he escape, any more than he can run away from himself. There will be no mercy for him to think of then, save the mercy he has abused. Truly, that dismal world will be a world of tears. Sighing and sorrow will go up from it, and groans will mingle with its inflicted wrath and anguish.

Think, then, of the cross, and His rich mercy, his free, immeasurable, everlasting mercy, whose blood maketh the foulest clean. If you are the greatest sinner in the world, then have you the greatest need of Christ, and what is more, the greatest encouragement to come to him. There is room for the greatest sinner, because there is room for the least. The least has sinned enough to perish without an interest in the cross, and the greatest has not sinned so much but the cross may be honoured in his salvation.

"My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound;
So let thy pardoning love be found!"

NARRATIVE OF THE LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH OF REV. CHARLES SIMEON.

Continued from page 178.

DURING the greater part of Thursday (October 27), his whole mind seemed absorbed in perfecting a scheme for four sermons upon his favourite passage in Eph. iii. 18, 19, "That you may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye may be filled with all the fulness of God." His thoughts had early been employed upon the subject, and before I arrived he had dictated the outlines of the four sermons under the following heads:—

"First, What it is to know Christ in all the immeasurable dimensions of his love.

"Secondly, The effect of this in filling us with all the fulness of God.

"(Here, under two distinct and separate heads, must be contained,

"(1.) What is that fulness in God of which there must be a corresponding fulness in us? and,

"(2.) How the comprehending of the love of Christ will, of necessity, operate to the production of it in us.

"These two must form two distinct sermons.)

"Thirdly, The immense importance of making this subject one of most earnest and incessant prayer."

Immediately on my arrival, he begged the paper containing these outlines to be put into my hands; and then requested me to take down the divisions which he had prepared during the night for the last of these discourses.

In dictating these outlines, he manifested his usual clearness and precision of mind—correcting and improving the divisions as more appropriate words suggested themselves. These minor details are noticed here as illustrating the cast of his mind to the very last, and as showing how that, which had been the principal and successful study of his life, had become a habit, which brought unspeakable delight to him, and was literally his occupation in death. So intensely were his thoughts fixed on the distribution and illustration of this glorious theme, that he declared he thought no higher honour could be conferred on him, than to be permitted to prepare a set of discourses upon it; and added: "This is the grandest subject I can conceive of for a course of sermons;—I should think a life well spent, even out of heaven, to write and deliver four sermons upon it, in a manner worthy of it."

His nights about this time were generally very restless, and he would employ himself in meditating on such portions of Scripture as particularly displayed the love, and immutability, and sovereignty, of God, or else tended to deepen his sense of sin, and promote contrition of heart. But as the time approached for the meetings in behalf of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, and for the anniversary sermons at his church, his thoughts soon became engrossed with this great subject, to which he had so long devoted his warmest regards. He wished to deliver, he said, his dying testimony to "its immense importance," and prepared to compose an address to be read to the under-graduates, at their meeting on the following Monday. Being afraid he might not remember the texts, which he wished to refer to when he came to dictate the address, he ordered his attendant to get his small Bible, and directing her where to find them, he desired her to read them out, and then mark them down; saying, with great emphasis, "Take care of these texts—they are gold, every one of them." He then dictated the following:—

"I wish to show you what grounds we have for humiliation, in that we have been so unlike to God in our regards towards his fallen people. See Jer. xii. 7: 'I have given the dearly beloved of my soul

into the hand of her enemies; and again (Rom. xii. 28), 'As touching the election, they are beloved for the fathers' sakes.' And to bring you into a conformity to God in relation towards them, so far as it respects your efforts for their welfare, and your joy in their prosperity, see Ezek. xxxvi. 22-24: 'Therefore say unto the house of Israel, Thus saith the Lord God; I do not this for your sakes, O house of Israel, but for mine holy name's sake, which ye have profaned among the heathen, whither ye went. And I will sanctify my great name, which was profaned among the heathen, which ye have profaned in the midst of them; and the heathen shall know that I am the Lord, saith the Lord God, when I shall be sanctified in you before their eyes. For I will take you from among the heathen, and gather you out of all countries, and will bring you into your own land.' And again (Jer. xxxii. 41), 'Yea, I will rejoice over them to do them good, and I will plant them in this land assuredly with my whole heart and with my whole soul.' And lastly (see Zeph. iii. 17), 'The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love; he will joy over thee with singing. I will gather them that are sorrowful for the solemn assembly, who are of thee, to whom the reproach of it was a burden. Behold, at that time I will undo all that afflict thee; and I will save her that halteth, and gather her that was driven out; and I will get them praise and fame in every land where they have been put to shame. At that time will I bring you again, even in the time that I gather you; for I will make you a name and a praise among all people of the earth when I turn back your captivity before your eyes, saith the Lord.'

In the afternoon of October 29, he observed to his attendant, as she was sitting by his bedside, "It would be poor work to have to seek heaven now." She replied: "Yes, dear sir, your work is now quite done; and what a privilege it is to see the peace you enjoy; and how you are enabled to bear with such patience and submission all your afflictions!" She had scarcely ended the remark, before he rebuked her in a tone and language of severity quite unusual with him. She made no reply, intending to explain her words to him at some future time. In about ten minutes, however, in reference to what had just transpired, he said: "Now, bring some paper, and write something down for me directly." Then, in a very serious and deliberate manner, he dictated the following: "If anything laudatory be mentioned before the university by Dr. Dealtry about me, or about my sermons, I entreat, from my inmost soul, that I may not have it repeated to me; let me go to heaven as the vilest sinner in the universe. So far as respects myself, let me not know that there is such a person existing as Charles Simeon; on no account, if any remarks are made, let them be uttered before me, *Satan himself could not be a greater curse to me*, than the person who would dare to breathe a word upon that subject commendatory of me, or anything I have ever done. They would be a curse to me, whoever they are. Persons so acting are doing the devil's work, and it is frightful to me. I feel, if I could be pleased with it, it would be

damnation to me." The manner in which he delivered this charge, especially the latter part of it, was most solemn and authoritative. He then ordered it to be copied and given to me, and desired that his servants, as well as Dr. Haviland, should be apprised of his wishes on this point. When his attendant had made the copy, and read it over to him, he said: "There! keep that for yourself, and you will be able to understand it twenty years to come; it may be of use to you then. Now, you understand me, don't you?" She replied: "Yes, dear sir, I think those who know the deceitfulness of their own hearts, and the temptations of Satan, will quite understand you." She then told him, that when speaking about his "patience and submission," she merely meant to say, how the grace of God was seen enabling him to be so patient (referring to Col. i. 11). Upon this he immediately replied, in the gentlest and kindest manner: "Ay, *there* you are right enough: speak of the *Lord's* goodness as much as you will; but don't speak of *me*—mind that." His wishes in this respect, it is perhaps needless to add, were most strictly attended to.

On Sunday morning (October 30), when I came to him, after hearing the sermon on behalf of the Jews, and began to speak to him of the forcible manner in which the matter had been treated by Mr. Noel, he immediately rejoined, by a comment on our ignorance, as well as want of feeling on the whole subject; and then, alluding to the texts before selected, he begged me to observe the strong expressions which God had been pleased to use, when describing his intense and unalterable regard for his ancient people. "See," said he, "how wonderfully he speaks; he calls them—1. 'The dearly beloved of my soul;' and then he says—2. 'I will plant them in this land assuredly with my whole heart, and with my whole soul;' and then again—3. 'He will rejoice over them with joy; he will rest in his love; he will joy over thee with singing;' nay, more—4. 'They shall be a name and a praise among all people of the earth.'" His thoughts on this and the following days, as might be anticipated, were chiefly given to the subject of the Jews; and he then dictated the address to the undergraduates.

But he was not so intent upon his favourite theme, respecting God's ancient people, as to be unmindful of the spiritual welfare of his own peculiar charge in Cambridge. Being fully convinced that his days were rapidly coming to a close, he began to consider in what way he might be permitted to benefit his people after his removal. The appointment of his successor in the ministry of Trinity Church now much occupied his thoughts. He felt that, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, he might, without impropriety, express his feelings on the subject to his diocesan, who was the patron of the living. During the night,

indeed, he made some touching allusions to the fact of his illness having had its origin in his late visit to the bishop; and the next morning he dictated a letter to him, describing his reduced state, and the impossibility of his ever resuming ministerial duty. He then requested to be henceforth considered a *miles emeritus*, and be allowed to resign his living into the hands of the bishop; expressing, in conclusion, a wish that the friend, whom the parishioners a few years before had chosen for their lecturer, might be appointed as his successor to the living. This seemed to be the last desire which had now to be gratified; for, in the afternoon, he said to his attendant: "How easily everything comes in his place! first, my will is made; then the address to the young men; and now nothing but this remained." After the letter had been sent to the bishop, he frequently expressed his anxiety to live to hear the reply; and once, even during the night, he inquired whether an answer had been received. On being reminded that it could not arrive before morning, and that probably the next post would bring the letter, he said: "Yes, I believe it will, and that my wish will be granted; and if it should come whilst I am alive, you may expect nothing less than to see me dancing on that carpet." In the morning (November 3), Sir Richard Simeon entered the room, with the desired letter in his hand. The bishop, in the kindest manner, not only granted him his request, but further intimated, that it had previously been his intention to make the appointment Mr. Simeon had suggested.

On the evening of this day, we thought he was beginning to lose his consciousness of what was passing, as he no longer took notice of anything, and his eyes had been closed for many hours; suddenly, however, he remarked: "If you want to know what I am doing, go and look in the first chapter of the Ephesians, from the third to the fourteenth verse—there you will see what I am enjoying now." This was the last chapter which he requested to have read to him; but such was his weakness, that it was only when read in a whisper that he could bear to hear it. Another kindred passage of Scripture—the last verse of the eleventh of the Romans—was one on which he would dwell for hours together, repeating the words: "For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things; to whom be glory for ever. Amen."

The next day, Friday (November 4), when I went to him in the evening, he was on the point of taking a little wine, which had just been prescribed for him. It so happened that, having had a present of a small quantity of *Lachryma Christi*, which he much valued as a token of the donor's regard, some of this had been brought for him on the present occasion. Never shall we forget his countenance and manner, as we offered him a little of this wine in a glass, after we had raised him up, and sup-

ported his back with the pillows. Stretching forth his feeble and withered hands in the attitude of reverential and earnest prayer, he began, in the most affecting manner, to invoke a blessing on all present: "May all the blessings which my adorable Saviour purchased for me with his tears—yea, even his own precious life-blood—be now given to me to enjoy; and to my two dearest friends, Sir Richard and Mr. C—; and my two dear nurses; and to that dear friend who gave me this wine, that they may enjoy the same in time and eternity." He then just tasted the wine; and turning to me, most affectionately said: "And you, take some—and you also," looking to his nephew. He seemed rather exhausted with the effort; but when we had gently laid him down again, he began to speak of the pleasure he had felt, in the circumstance of this wine in particular, having been brought to him on such an occasion. He then desired the remainder of it to be sent immediately to the friend from whom he had received it, with a label bearing this inscription: "To G. C. H—, Esq., with kindest and devoutest wishes for his happiness in time and eternity." Afterwards, referring to what had passed, he observed: "There! I shall drink no more of that wine, until I drink it new (this word he uttered in a peculiarly significant tone) with my Redeemer in his kingdom."

Many other observations and occurrences during this protracted illness were occasionally recorded. As illustrative of his character, and interesting in themselves, a few are here introduced, in the manner they were noted down at the time by his kind attendant, and as nearly as possible in Mr. Simeon's own words:—

"At an early period of his illness, when we asked him if he would like to take medicine or wait, he used to say: 'Why do you ask me what I like? I am the Lord's patient—I cannot but like everything. Don't say, 'Will you do this, or that?' but say, 'Here is this—you must take that; or, 'You are to do so'—I like everything.' When we expressed our sorrow once that he had passed a wakeful night (and, from the beginning of his illness, he scarcely had a good night), he replied, with a remarkable expression of contentment on his venerable countenance: 'Never mind; He giveth his beloved sleep.' At another time he said: 'I shall never sleep until I fall asleep in the arms of Jesus Christ.' He often appeared grieved to give us the least trouble, particularly when sitting up with him at night. He would say: 'What a grievous thing it is that I should cause so much trouble for this poor body!' On one occasion, when I had bathed his eyes, and asked him if they were relieved, he said, opening them, and looking up to heaven, 'Soon they will behold all the glorified saints and angels around the throne of my God and Saviour, who has loved me unto death, and given himself for me; then I shall see him, whom, having not seen, I love; in whom, though now I see him not, yet believing, I rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.' And turning his eyes towards me, he added: 'Of the reality of this, I AM AS SURE as if I were there this moment.'

"One day, while his servants were at dinner, he wanted them to come and move him. I was going to

call them; but when he remembered they were at dinner, he said, in the kindest way: 'Never mind, it does not signify now—let them be, and don't disturb them—I like to wait for my servants; let me be served last; that is what I like best.' On asking him if I could do anything for him, or if he wanted anything, he said very slowly and distinctly: 'Not anything—I want nothing. Are you not surprised to hear with what composure I can say that? I seem to have nothing to do but to wait; there is now nothing but peace—the sweetest peace.'

"When his servant, Mrs. C—, came into the room on one occasion, to clean and arrange the fireplace, he said: 'When C— is going out, tell her to come to my bed-side, and let me give her a last look; she must not speak, nor can I, for I am not equal to it.' When she came to his side, he looked at her most affectionately, and said: 'God Almighty bless you, my dear C—; now go.' Both his servants left the room overwhelmed at this sight of their dear dying master, from whom they had received so many kindnesses. He then turned his eyes towards me, as they were going out (he was himself much affected), and said: 'Dear faithful servants! no one ever had more faithful and kind servants than I have had; and to have such dear creatures to attend me, when I am such a poor wretch, and deserve nothing but perdition!' The tears trickled down his aged face the whole time he was uttering the above, and he appeared quite overwhelmed with a sense of the Lord's mercies to him."

There was a remarkable and rapid maturing of all the finer parts of his character from the very commencement of this illness, and a corresponding diminution, and ultimately a disappearance, of those symptoms of haste and irritability, which sometimes were visible in his days of health and vigour. He seemed now to breathe entirely an atmosphere of peace and love; and enjoying such a sense of God's pardoning love himself, he longed to manifest an affectionate and forgiving spirit to all around. A striking instance of this occurred, with reference to one of the fellows of his college, who had grieved him by frequent acts of discourtesy, and was now lying on his death-bed in acute suffering, and altogether in a state so wretched and distressing, as to deter his friends from visiting him. Daily did Mr. Simeon send to make inquiries after him, conveying, at the same time, some kind expression of his sympathy. This at length so wrought upon him, that he could not forbear observing: "Well! Simeon does not forget me, but sends every day to inquire after me, *ill as he is!*"

During the last few days of his life his bodily sufferings were often excruciating, and his strength so impaired, that his voice was scarcely audible. He then observed to his attendant: "Jesus Christ is my all in all for my soul, and now you must be my all for my body—I cannot tell you any longer what I want, or ask for anything. I give my body into your charge—you must give me what you think necessary." Afterwards, when he had revived a little, he remarked: "It is said, 'O death, where is thy sting?'" then looking at us, as we stood around his bed, he asked, in his own peculiarly expres-

sive manner: "Do you see any sting here?" We answered: "No, indeed; it is all taken away." He then said: "Does not this prove that my principles were not founded on fancies or enthusiasm, but that there is a reality in them; and I find them sufficient to support me in death?"

On Friday afternoon (November 11), as we were standing by his side, lamenting his long-protracted sufferings (which from Wednesday had been at times exceedingly severe), he at length made an effort to lift his hands from the bed. On our assisting him to raise them, he extended them to us, one on each side (he was at this time unable to speak), and then for the last time placed them together in the attitude of devout prayer; after this, he stretched them out to us once more, and so took, as it seemed to us, his final leave. His life was now fast ebbing away; he lay partially raised, his head drooping on one side, but supported by pillows, his eyes closed, and his hands stretched out motionless on the bed; nothing could be more solemn and venerable than his whole appearance. As we were now afraid of disturbing him, we refrained from any further observations.

The last words I addressed to him were on this night, when I gently took his withered hand, and slowly pronounced the benediction: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." He faintly answered, "Amen;" after which I heard him speak no more. During the night he was scarcely conscious of anything around, and on being raised in the morning into the same position as before, he remained thus during the whole of Saturday, and continued apparently insensible to the last. About two o'clock on Sunday afternoon (November 13), at the very time the bell of St. Mary's was tolling for the university sermon, which he was himself to have preached, after a momentary struggle, he entered into his eternal rest.

Thus graciously did God grant unto him his heart's desire—the most perfect peace, and a "full assurance of hope unto the end." And without weakness or wandering of mind during his severe sufferings—in which patience had indeed its "perfect work"—abounding in love and thanksgiving, he was enabled to testify to the last of the mercy and faithfulness of his God; and so, "having fought a good fight, and kept the faith, he finished his course with joy."

LETTERS TO A ROMISH BISHOP.

(Continued from page 152.)

THE doctrine of confession is one of the primary doctrines of your Church. It requires every good Papist to confess his sins to a priest at least once a-year. If any sins are concealed, none are forgiven. This doctrine makes the bosom of the priest the repository of

all the sins of all the sinners of his parish who make a conscience of confession. And this is one of the sources of the fearful power which your priests have over your people. And with this doctrine of confession is connected the power of the father confessor to grant absolution to the confessing penitent. It is sometimes affirmed, and then denied, to suit circumstances, that the priest claims such power. But Dr. Challoner, in his "Catholic Christian Instructed," chap. 9th, asserts his power, and on what he deems scriptural authority. And I never knew an individual who came from confession, with the privilege of partaking of the communion, who did not feel and believe that his sins were forgiven him; and if they were not immediately forgiven, they would be, on the performance of the prescribed penances. You, sir, will not say that I either mis-state or misrepresent the doctrine.

Now for some of my early impressions upon this subject. Father M—— held frequently his confessions at our house. He sat in a dark room up stairs, with one or more candles on a table before him. Those going to confession followed each other on their knees from the front door, through the hall, up the stairs, and to the door of the room. When one came out of the confessing-room, another entered. My turn came. I entered the room, from which the light of day was excluded, and bowed myself before the priest. He made over me the sign of the cross, and after saying something in Latin, he ordered me to commence the detail of my sins. Such was my fright, that my memory soon failed in bringing up my past delinquencies. He would prompt me, and ask, Did you do this thing, or that thing? I would answer, Yes, or No. And when I could say no more he would wave his hand over me, and again utter some words in Latin, and dismiss me. Through this process I often went, and never without feeling that my sins were forgiven. Sins that burdened me before, were now disregarded. The load of guilt was gone. And I often felt, when prompted to sin, that I could commit it with impunity, as I could soon confess it, and secure its pardon. And this, sir, is the fearful and fatal effect of your doctrine of confession and absolution upon millions of minds.

The questions, however, often came up—Why does the priest go into a dark room at the day-time? Why not speak to me in English, and not in Latin? How can he forgive sin? What if my sins, after all, are not forgiven? And I always found that I could play my pranks better after confession than before, for I could go to them with a lighter heart. Very early in life, my confidence in this doctrine of confession was shaken; and at a later period I came to the conclusion that it was a priestly device to ensnare the conscience and to enslave men.

Another thing which made early a deep impression on my mind was this. On my first remembered journey to Dublin, we passed by a place called, unless I mistake, St. John's Well. It is, as you know, one of the "holy wells" of Ireland. There was a vast crowd of poor-looking and diseased people around it. Some were praying, some shouting; many were up

in the trees which surrounded it. All these trees were laden in all their branches with shreds of cloth of every possible variety and colour. I inquired what all this meant. I was told: "This is St. John's Well, and these people come here to get cured." "But what do those rags mean hanging on the trees?" I was told that the people who were not immediately cured, tied a piece of their garments on some limb of the trees, to keep the good saint of the well in mind of their application. And judging from the number of pieces tied on the trees, I inferred that the number that went away cured were very few. I had previously read some travels in Africa describing some of the religious rites of the sable sons of that continent; and the thought that those performed around St. John's Well were just like them, occurred to me. I have no doubt but that the rites witnessed in my youth are performed there yet—the rags of diseased persons are now streaming from those trees to remind the saint of the requests of those who suspended them. There was always a priest present to hear confessions, and to receive the pennies of the poor pilgrims. And the impression then made upon my mind was, that it was a piece of paganism. And the rites and ceremonies about this well, I learn, are nothing in comparison with those performed at the wells of Saint Patrick in the county Down. Now, sir, can you, as a man of high intelligence, regard these things in any other light than the merest impostures to delude the ignorant? And what epithet, sufficiently expressive of abhorrence, can we apply to the priesthood who thus impose upon a credulous people?

I well remember yet another of these impostures. When a boy, I often heard that on the morning of Easter Sunday, the sun might be seen dancing in the heavens, and in the chapels, to express its joy on the anniversary of the resurrection of Christ; and I often wished to be where I could witness the phenomenon. It took place in a certain chapel, and in the presence of many pious and admiring beholders. An unbeliever in priestly miracles was present, who traced up the dancing of the sunbeams through the chapel to an individual managing concealed mirrors, so as to produce the wonderful effect! Of this I heard; and although it seemed incredible, yet it made an impression on my mind. The probability of the imposture cannot be doubted by those who know that the earth which covers the grave of Father Sheely (who was convicted of treason, and hung in the county of Tipperary), when boiled in milk, cures a variety of diseases.

The Bible, with all its notes and glosses, as published by the authority of your own Church, is denied by you to be a complete rule of faith. On this question I will not now enter, *only* so far as to say that this denial holds a very intimate connection with its virtual withholding from the people. If not a complete rule, it may lead astray; and as it is capable of opposite interpretations, in some of its passages, the souls of the people must not be endangered by its general circulation. It is better to know nothing of the Bible, than in some particulars to misrepresent

it! Your infallible Church teaches both ways on a variety of subjects, and among the rest, on the circulation of the Bible. It allows it in Protestant countries, with some stringent regulations; it virtually forbids it in purely Papal countries. How many Bibles could your reverence procure in Spain, Portugal, Naples, and Italy? How many Spaniards or Italians have ever read a Bible through? How many of the Irish peasantry, that can read and write, have ever read ten chapters of it? Now, sir, for years together, I sat daily at table with a Catholic priest, who was a member of the family, and the curate of the parish, and I never saw a Bible used in the family. I never heard at table, or in the morning, or in the evening, a religious service. The numbers of the Douay Bible, published by subscription, in folio, were taken in the family, but never read. And not only so, but I never heard a sermon preached in a Catholic chapel in Ireland, nor a word of explanation on a single Christian topic, doctrine, or duty. And before I was sixteen years of age, I never read a chapter in the Word of God, whilst in other respects my education was not neglected. I often asked the meaning of this thing and the other; but there was no explanation. Nor can one out of a thousand, in Papal countries, give a single reason for one of your peculiar doctrines or duties. And since, in the maturity of my judgment, I have examined this matter, I have greatly commended your wisdom in withholding the Bible from the people. If I were a bishop or a priest of your Church I would do the same. Light is the sure death of darkness. The circulation of the Bible will be the death of Popery.

GOD'S LAW.

SINCE the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of his law, heaven and earth have hearkened unto his voice, and their labour hath been to do his will. He made a law for the rain; he gave his decree unto the sea, that the waters should not pass his commandment. Now, if nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were but for a while, the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and, by irregular volubility, turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run his unwearied course, should, as it were through a languishing faintness, begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture, the winds breathe out their last gasp, the clouds yield no rain, the earth be defeated of heavenly influence, the fruits of the earth pine away, as children at the breasts of their mother, no longer able to yield them relief; what would become of man himself, whom these things do now all serve? See we not plainly that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world?—*Hooker.*

TRUST.—I never trusted God, but I found him faithful; nor my own heart, but I found it false.—*Dyer.*

A TRADITION OF THE TIMES OF THE MARTYRS.

BY THE LATE REV. EDWARD IRVING, A.M.*

THERE is nothing, my dear friend, for which I envy former times more than for this, that their information was conveyed from one to another so much by word of mouth, and so little by written letters and printed books. For though the report might chance to take a fashion and a mould from the character of the reporter, still it was the fashion and the mould of a living, feeling, acting man; a friend, haply a father, haply a venerable ancestor, haply the living chronicler of the country round. The information thus acquired lives embalmed in the most precious associations which bind youth to age—inexperienced ignorant youth—to wise and narrative old age. And to my heart, much exercised in early years with such traditional memorials of the pious fathers of our brave and religious land, I know not whether it be more pleasant to look back upon the ready good-will, the heartfelt gladness, with which the venerable sires and mothers of our dales consented to open the mystery of past times—the story of ruined halls, the fates of decayed families, the hardships and mortal trials of persecuted saints and martyrs; or to remember the deep hold which their words took, and the awful impression which they made, upon us whom they favoured with their tale. Of the many traditions which I have thus received, I select for your use one of the most pious and instructive, as well as the most romantic and poetical. For that, while I prize you as a poet, I esteem you as an upright and worthy man. Now, I have such a reverence for the traditions of past times, that you may depend upon my faith as a Christian man and a minister, that I have invented nothing, and altered nothing, in what I am about to relate, whether as to the manner of my receiving the story, or as to the story itself.

A branch of my mother's family who lived in Nithsdale, and whom you knew well as distinguished amongst the clergy of that district for faithfulness, had cultivated the most intimate brotherhood with another family, likewise of the Scottish clergy, who, when the father died, betook themselves to Glasgow, where the blessing of God continued to rest upon the widow and the fatherless. When about to repair to that city, to serve our distinguished countryman, my dear and honoured master, Dr. Chalmers, I received a charge from my mother's aunt, now with the Lord, not to fail to pay my respects to the old lady and her children, of whom I had seen the only daughter, when on a visit to our part of the country. Thus intrusted with the precious charge of an old and faithful family friendship, and with this also for my only introduction, I proceeded to the house of the old lady, and inquired for her daughter. The servant who admitted me, mistaking my inquiry as if it had been for the old lady herself, showed me into a large apartment; and deeming, I suppose, that I was well acquainted with her mistress, she shut the door and went away. When I looked around, expecting some

* This paper was addressed to Allan Cunningham, and was first published in "The Anniversary" for 1829, of which he was Editor.

one to come forward to receive me, I saw no one but a venerable old woman, seated at the farther end of the room, who neither spoke nor removed from her work, but sat still looking at her work, as if the door had not opened, and no one had entered; of which, indeed, I afterwards found she was not conscious, from her great infirmity of deafness. I had, therefore, time to observe and contemplate the very picturesque and touching figure before me. She sat at her spinning-wheel, all dressed in black velvet, with a pure white cap upon her head, an ancient plaited ruff about her neck, and white ruffles round her wrists, from under which appeared her withered hands, busily employed in drawing the thread, which her eye-sight was too feeble to discern. For, as I had now drawn near, I observed that her spinning-wheel was of the upright construction, having no heck, but a movable eye, which was carried along the pin by a heart-motion. She afterwards told me it had been constructed on purpose to accommodate her blindness, under the direction of her son, a gentleman in high office in London: for she had so much difficulty in reading, and was so dull of hearing, that it was a great relief to her solitude to employ herself with a spinning-wheel, which also preserved her habits of early industry, and made her feel that she was not altogether useless in the world. I felt too much reverence for this venerable relic of a former generation that was now before me, to stand by curiously perusing, though I was too much impressed immediately to speak, besides feeling a little embarrassed how I should make my approach to a stranger for whom I instinctively felt so much reverence, and with whom I might find it so difficult to communicate. Having approached close up to her person, which remained still unmoved I bent down my head to her ear, and spoke to her in a loud and slow voice, telling her not to be alarmed at the sight of a stranger, of whose presence she seemed to be utterly unconscious, for that I was the friend of one near and dear to her. I know not whether it was from her being accustomed to be thus approached, and spoken to, in consequence of her infirmity of sight and hearing, but she was less surprised than I had expected, and relieved me from my embarrassment by desiring me to sit down beside her; so I sat down, and told her of her ancient and true friends, whose remembrances and respects, thus delivered, she seemed highly to prize; and as I had touched upon a chord which was very sweet to her memory, she began to talk of her departed husband, and of my departed grand-uncle, who had been long co-presbyters and fast brethren, and had together fought the battles of the Kirk. I loved the theme, and love it still; and finding what a clear memory and fine feeling of ancient times she was endowed withal, I was delighted to follow her narratives, as she ascended from age to age, so far as her memory could reach. When she found that I had so much pleasure in her recollections of former times, she said that she would tell me a story of a still older date, which her father had oft told her, and in which he was not a little concerned. So,

pushing her wheel a little away from her, and turning her face round towards me—for hitherto, for the convenience of my speaking into her ear, she had looked towards her wheel—she began and told me the following history, of which I took a faithful record in my memory, and have oft told it since to pious and well-disposed people, though never till this hour have I committed any part of it to paper. I shall not attempt to recall her manner or expressions, but simply recall the very remarkable events of Divine Providence which she related to me.

After the restoration of Charles the Second, when the Presbyterian clergy of Scotland were required to conform to the moderate Episcopacy which he sought to introduce, the faithful ministers of the Kirk were contended, with their wives and children, to forego house and hall, and to tear themselves from their godly people, rather than suffer the civil power to bring guilt upon its own head, and wrath upon the land, by daring, like Uzziah, to enter into the sanctuary of the Church, and intermeddle with its government and discipline. The first who suffered in this contending for Christ's royal office in his house, was James Guthrie, professor of divinity in the University of Edinburgh. He was the first of that time who was honoured with the martyr's crown; and having witnessed his good confession unto the death, his head, according to the barbarous custom of those evil days, was placed upon a pole over one of the ports of the city of Edinburgh, called the West Port, which lies immediately under the guns of the Castle, and looks towards the south and west, the quarters of Scotland where the Church ever rallied her distressed affairs. And at the same time, a proclamation was made at the Cross, and other high places of the city, forbidding any one, under peril of instant destruction from the Castle, to remove that head of a rebel and traitor to the king. The body was given to his sorrowful kindred, amongst whom was a youth, his nephew, of great piety and devotedness to the good cause of Christ and his Church, of strong, and deep, and tender affection to his uncle, in whose house he had lived, and under whose care he had studied until he was now ripe for the ministerial office, and might ere this have been planted in the vineyard, but for the high and odious hand with which ungodly power and prelatical pride were carrying it in every quarter of poor suffering Scotland. This youth, his heart big with grief to see his uncle's headless trunk, vowed a vow in the presence of God and his own conscience, that he would, in spite of wicked men, take down from the ignominious gate his uncle's reverend head, and bury it beside his body. Full of this purpose, and without communicating it to any one, he went his way, at high noon, and climbed the city wall, and from beneath the guns of the Castle, in broad daylight, he took down his uncle's head, wrapped it in a linen napkin, and carried it away with him; whether overawing by his intrepidity the garrison, or by his speed outstripping them, or whether protected by the people, or favoured by the special providence of God, my vener-

able narrator stayed not to tell; but as he vowed he was honoured to perform, and in the same grave was the martyr's head buried with his body. Soon was it noised abroad what this devoted and fearless youth had done, who, regardless of his life, was disposed to walk abroad and at large as usual, and abide whatever revenge and violence might be permitted to do against him. But his kindred, and the steadfast friends of the distressed Church, perceiving from this heroic and holy act what such a youth might live to perform, set themselves by all means to conceal him from the public search which was set on foot, and to save him from the high price which was placed upon his head. Finding this to be almost impossible, in the hotness of the search which the Lord Provost, zealous in the cause of Prelacy, whereof he was a partisan, had set on foot, they sought to convey him beyond seas. This was not difficult at that time, when Scotland had become too hot for the people of the Lord to abide in, and many of her nobles and gentlemen found it better to leave their lands and habitations, and follow their religion in foreign parts, than by following it at home to suffer fines, forfeitures, imprisonment, and death. These noble witnesses, by exile for that cause for which the ministers and the people witnessed by death, were glad to find pious scholars or ministers who would accompany them as chaplains to their households and tutors to their children; and the name of Guthrie had already risen to such distinction in the service of Christ, and of his Church, that little difficulty was found in obtaining for the proscribed youth honourable shelter and occupation in a foreign land. But here, said the venerable matron, I should have told you that young Guthrie was knit to Edinburgh by a tie which made it more after his heart to abide in the face of threatening death, than to accept the protection of any noble family or the shelter of a foreign land. For the providence of God, to give in this youth a notable example of true faith, as well as of high devotion, had fast knit his heart to a maiden of good degree and fervent piety, as the sequel of this sad history will prove, being no other than the only daughter of the Lord Provost of the city, who with such zeal and bitterness was seeking her lover's life. To this true love religion had been the guide and minister, as she was destined to prove the comforter; for the soul of this young maiden had been touched by the grace of God, and, abhorring the legal doctrines of the curates, she cast in her lot with the persecuted saints, and in the hiding-places from the wrath of man, where they worshipped God with their lives in their right hand, these two hearts grew together, as it were, under the immediate eye and influence of the Holy Spirit; and now that they were knit together in the bands of faithful love, they were called upon to sacrifice their dearest affections to the will of God. She, knowing her father's zeal and speed to serve the cruel edicts of the reigning powers, was not only content to part with the proscribed youth, but anxious to hasten his escape from the danger to which he was continually exposed from her father's diligent search; and he, though very loath to leave his heart's desire under the sole

authority of a father who sought his life and persecuted the saints of God, was fain at length to yield to the remonstrances of all his friends, and become an exile to his native land. Yet did these pious lovers not part from each other until they had plighted their mutual truth to be for one another while they were spared upon this earth, and to fulfil that vow by holy wedlock, if Providence should bless them to meet in better days. And so they parted, never to meet again in this world of suffering and sorrow.

All this passed unknown to her father, and, indeed, hardly known to herself; for the events of the uncle's martyrdom, and the nephew's piety and proscription, had awakened the maiden's heart to the knowledge of an affection whose strength she had not dreamt of; and all at once, setting her father, whom next to God she honoured, in direct hostility to him whom more than all men she loved; there was neither time nor room, nor even possibility to give heed to any other thought than how she might prevent the man whom most she honoured from slaying the man whom most she loved. Fearful predicament for one so young and uncounselled, but a more fearful predicament was reserved for her.

She was her father's only child, and he was a widower; so that all his affections and hopes centred in her alone. Her fear of God made her mind beautiful, and her walk and conversation as becometh godliness. Her father, also, bore himself tenderly towards her predilections for the persecuted preachers, thinking thereby the more easily to win her over to his views; not finding in his heart to exercise harsh authority over such a child. Sore, sore was her heart as she thought on her exiled lover and her affectionate father, who lay in her heart together, and yet she must not speak their names together—than which there is no trial more severe to a true and tender mind. To sit beside her father, night after night, and not dare mention the name of him over whom she brooded the livelong day, was both a great trial, and seemed likewise to her pure conscience as a great deception. But aye she hoped for better days, and found her refuge in faith and trust upon a good and gracious Providence. But Providence, though good and gracious unto all who put their trust therein, is oft pleased to try the people of the Lord, and make them perfect through sufferings—which truly befell this faithful but much tried lady.

(To be continued.)

HUMAN NATURE.

I SEEM to acquire little new knowledge on any subject, compared to that which I acquire concerning man. This subject is inexhaustible. I have just read Colquhoun's Treatise on the Police of the Metropolis, and Baruel's Memoirs of Jacobinism. When we preachers draw pictures of human nature in the pulpit, we are told that we calumniate it. Calumniate it! Let such censurers read these writers, and confess that we are novices in painting the vices of the heart. All of us live to make discoveries of the evils of the heart, not of its virtues. All our new knowledge of human nature is occupied with its evil.—*Cecil.*

MONASTIC LIFE.

If they object that they live in contemplation and study of Scripture, and say that they ought not to be let from that holy work, for Christ said that Mary had chosen the best part, which should not be taken from her, I make the same answer which that holy father and abbot, Silvanus, made. He had many monks under him, whom he caused, after their prayers, to labour for their living, according to the mind of St. Paul; and upon a time there came a religious man to his abbey, and when he saw his monks working, he asked the abbot why he so used them, and why they gave not themselves to holy contemplation, seeing that Mary had chosen the best part. The abbot made few words, but gave this monk a book, and sent him into a cell, to be there occupied in study and contemplation; and at dinner-time the abbot called all his monks to meat, and let him sit in contemplation. After noon, when he began to wax very hungry, he came out again to the abbot, and asked whether his monks had not yet dined, and he answered, "Yes." And why called you not me," quoth the monk, "to dine with them?" "Verily," said the abbot, "I thought you had been all spiritual, and had needed no meat." "Nay," quoth the monk, "I am not so spiritual nor fervent in contemplation but that I must needs eat." "Verily," said the abbot, "then must you also needs work, for Mary hath need of Martha." When the monk heard that, he repented, and fell to work as the others did; and I would to God that this answer would cause our religious even so to do, and to fall to work, that they might succour their needy neighbours.—*Fifth.*

MAN'S WEAKNESS AND PRESUMPTION.

WE are born to grovel upon the earth, and we would fain soar up to the skies. We cannot comprehend the growth of a kernel or seed, the frame of an ant or bee; we are amazed at the wisdom of the one and industry of the other; and yet we will know the figure, the substance, the courses, and influences of all those glorious celestial bodies, and the end for which they were made! We pretend to give a clear account how thunder and lightning (that great artillery of God Almighty) is produced; and we cannot comprehend how the voice of a man is framed—that poor little noise we make every time we speak! The motion of the sun is plain and evident to some astronomers, and of the earth to others; yet we none of us know which of them moves, and meet with many seeming impossibilities in both, and beyond the fathom of human reason or comprehension. Nay, we do not so much as know what motion is, nor how a stone moves from our hand when we throw it across the street. Of all these, one of the most ancient and divine writers gives the best account in that short satire, "Vain man would be wise, though man be born like a wild ass's colt."

But his pride is greater than his ignorance; and what he wants in knowledge, he supplies by sufficiency. When he has looked about him as far as he can, he concludes there is no more to be seen; when he is at the end of his line, he is at the bottom of the ocean; when he has shot his best, he is sure none ever did, nor ever can, shoot better or beyond it. His own reason is the certain measure of truth; and

his knowledge, of what is possible in nature. Though his mind and his thoughts change every seven years, as well as his strength and his features; nay, though his opinions change every week or every day; yet he is sure, or at least confident, that his present thoughts and conclusions are just and true, and cannot be deceived: and among all the miseries to which mankind is born and subjected in the whole course of his life, he has this one felicity to comfort and support him, that, in all ages, in all things every man is always in the right. A boy of fifteen is wiser than his father at forty; the meanest subject, than his prince or governors; and the modern scholars, because they have, for a hundred years past, learned their lessons pretty well, are much more knowing than the ancients, their masters.—*Temple.*

ORATORIOS.

"Lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument; for they hear thy words, but they do them not." (Ezek. xxxiii. 32.)

"Whereunto shall we liken the people of this generation, and to what are they like?" I represent to myself a number of persons of various characters, involved in one common charge of high treason. They are already in a state of confinement, but not yet brought to their trial. The facts, however, are so plain, and the evidence against them so strong, that there is not the least doubt of their guilt being fully proved, and that nothing but a pardon can preserve them from punishment. In this situation, it should seem their wisdom to avail themselves of every expedient in their power for obtaining mercy; but they are entirely regardless of their danger, and wholly taken up with contriving methods of amusing themselves, that they may pass away the term of their imprisonment with as much cheerfulness as possible. Among other resources, they call in the assistance of music; and amidst a great variety of subjects in this way, they are particularly pleased with one. They choose to make the solemnities of their impending trial—the character of their Judge—the methods of his procedure—and the awful sentence to which they are exposed, the ground-work of a musical entertainment; and, as if they were quite unconcerned in the event, their attention is chiefly fixed upon the skill of the composer in adapting the style of his music to the very solemn language and subject with which they are trifling. The King, however, out of his great clemency and compassion towards those who have no pity for themselves, prevents them with his goodness. Undesired by them, he sends them a gracious message; he assures them that he is unwilling they should suffer; he requires, yea, he entreats them to submit; he points out a way in which their confession and submission shall be certainly accepted; and in this way, which he condescends to prescribe, he offers them a free and a full pardon. But instead of taking a single step towards a compliance with his goodness, they set his message likewise to music; and this, together with a description of their present state, and of the fearful doom

awaiting them if they continue obstinate, is sung for their diversion, accompanied with the sound of cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of instruments. Surely, if such a case as I have supposed could be found in real life, though I might admire the musical taste of these people, I should commiserate their insensibility.—*Newton.*

A DYING WORD.

BEHOLD, Lord, I have by thy providence dwelt in this house of clay more than double the time wherein thou wast pleased to sojourn upon earth; yet I may well say, with thine holy patriarch, "Few and evil have been the days of the years of my pilgrimage." (Gen. xlvii. 9.) Few in number, evil in condition; few in themselves, but none at all to thee, with whom a thousand years are but as one day. But had they been double to the age of Methuselah, could they have been so much as one minute to eternity? Yea, what were they to me (now that they are past), but as a tale that is told and forgotten?

Neither yet have they been so few, as evil, Lord. What troubles and sorrows hast thou let me see, both my own and others! what vicissitudes of sickness and health! what ebbs and flows of condition! how many successions and changes of princes, both at home and abroad! what turnings of times! what alteration of governments! what shiftings and downfalls of favourites! what ruins and desolation of kingdoms! what sacking of cities! what havocs of war! what frenzies of rebellions! what underminings of treachery! what cruelties and barbarisms in revenges! what anguish in the oppressed and tormented! what agonies in temptations! what pangs in dying! These I have seen, and in these I have suffered; and now, Lord, how willing I am to change time for eternity; the evils of earth, for the joys of heaven; misery, for happiness; a dying life, for immortality!

Even so, Lord Jesus, take what thou hast bought; receive my soul to thy mercy, and crown it with thy glory. Amen.—*Hall.*

LIFE.

OUR life is nothing but a winter's day.
Some only break their fast and go away;
Others stay dinner, and depart full fed—
The longest age but sups and goes to bed.
He's most in debt that lingers out the day:
Who dies betimes has less and less to pay.

WATCH PROVIDENCE.

YOUNG Christians, on setting out in life, often mistake greatly in not sufficiently attributing events to the immediate providence of God. They are not reluctant, at the end, to acknowledge that their way has been directed; but they do not enough mark it as they go on. There is a habit of saying, "Such a thing may TURN UP," as if it depended on chance; whereas nothing will turn up but what was ordered long before. One cause of this evil is, that the divinity of our day deals too much in common-place: certain fundamental truths are set forth; and if a man professes these truths, too little account is made of the faith, dependence, and other practical graces of a Christian. When a man becomes a Christian, he is written upon, as it were, "TO BE PROVIDED FOR!" and he ought, therefore, to notice, as he goes on, how Providence does provide for him.

THE UNREGENERATE.

OUR hearts, by nature, are like the loadstone, which refuseth gold and pearls, and only attracts rust and iron. Unregenerate people fly from God as if they were afraid of salvation.—*Cripplegate Lectures.*

What wise man would bring fishes out of the water to feed in his meadows, or send his oxen to feed in the sea? As little are the unregenerate meet for heaven, or heaven meet for them.—*Boston.*

An unregenerate man is equally dead to God whether he be buried in a sink of vice, or under a fair monument of natural virtue.—*Dolanau.*

An unrenewed person, while you please him, resembles the sea coast at high-water—all the filth that lies beneath is concealed by the incumbent tide. But when that same person is tempted, or provoked, he is like the beach at low-water; and the rubbish and stones become visible presently.—*Lunell.*

MUTABILITY OF WORLDLY THINGS.

THERE is an Oriental tale of a sultan who consulted Solomon on the proper inscription for a signet-ring, requiring that the maxim which it conveyed should be at once proper for moderating the presumption of prosperity, and tempering the pressure of adversity. The apothegm supplied by the Jewish sage was, "And this also shall pass away."

THE ANCIENT DISTINCTION OF MEATS.

"YE shall therefore put difference between clean beasts and unclean, and between unclean fowls and clean. . . . And ye shall be holy unto me: for I the Lord am holy, and have severed you from other people, that ye should be mine." (Lev. xx. 25, 26.)

By the distinction of meats into clean and unclean, Heathens and Jews could not eat together, and so could not live together. God here tells his people, in direct words, that the design of this law was to keep them separate from the Heathens, and all their abominable customs.—*Jones.*

The spiritual Israelite understood the reason of this ordinance, and lived separate from the world and its customs. The modern Israelite observes the distinction of meats as an external ordinance, but lives as the nominal Christians do about him. "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." (2 Cor. iii. 6.)

METHODISM.

METHODISM is a very convenient word; the general meaning of it, by those who use it, is, that the person or work to which it is applied has more religion than the speaker. I have known many religious persons in my life, but never one who had too much religion. A man must indeed be a simpleton, with little true religion, who will suffer himself to be laughed out of his principles by a nickname. Cant I detest; but religion I revere, and honour those who seriously profess it. If the Bible be true, as it most assuredly is, woe to them who are ashamed of Christ's words!—*Lord Teignmouth.*

MOUNT CALVARY.

BY THE REV J. T. HEADLEY, NEW YORK.

MOUNT CALVARY is lord of the "Sacred Mountains," and, by its baptism of blood and agony, its moral grandeur, and the intense glory that beams from its summit, is worthy to crown the group. Its moral height no man can measure, for though its base is on the earth, its top is lost in the heaven of heavens. The angels hover around the dazzling summit, struggling in vain to scale its highest point, which has never yet been fanned by even an immortal wing. The Divine eye alone embraces its length and breadth, and depth and height.

What associations cluster around Mount Calvary! what mysteries hover there! and what revelations it makes to the awe-struck beholder! Mount Calvary!—at the mention of that name the universe thrills with a new emotion, and heaven trembles with a new anthem, in which pity and exultation mingle in strange yet sweet accord. Glory and brightness are on that hill-top, and shall be to the end of time; but there was a morning when gloom and terror crowned it, and heaven itself, all but God the Father, gazed on it in wonder, if not in consternation.

The strange and painful scene in the garden had passed by, and the shameful examination in the lighted chamber of the high priest was over. Insult and contempt had marked every step of the villanous proceedings, till at length one wretch, more impious than the rest, advanced and struck Jesus in the face. The cheek reddened to the blow, but not with anger or shame; yet methinks, as the sound of that buffet was borne on high, there was a rustling of myriad wings, as angels started from their listening attitude, waiting the thunderbolt that should follow.

This too passed by, and also the second mockery of a trial in Pilate's hall; and the uprisen sun was flashing down on the towers and domes of Jerusalem, and the vast population was again abroad, thronging every street. But a few took any interest in the fate of Jesus of Nazareth; yet those few were filled with the bitterest hate. The victim was now in their power—given up to their will, and they commenced the bloody scene they were to enact, by spitting in his face and striking his unresisting cheek with blow after blow. To give greater force to their in-

sults, they put a crown on his head, made of thorns, and mocked him with sarcastic words, and strove, with fiendish skill, to irritate him into some sign of anger or complaint. After having exhausted their ingenuity, and failing in every endeavour, "they led him away to be crucified."

It was a bright and beautiful day when a train passed out of the gates of Jerusalem, and began to ascend the slope of Mount Calvary. The people paused a moment as the procession moved boisterously along the streets, then making some careless remark about the fate of fanatics, passed on. The low and base of both sexes turned and joined the company, and with jokes and laughter hurried on to the scene of excitement. Oh, how unsympathizing did nature seem! The vine and fig tree shed their fragrance around—the breeze whispered nothing but love and tranquillity, while the blue and bending arch above seemed delighted with the beauty and verdure the spread-out earth presented. The birds were singing in the gardens, all reckless of the roar and jar of the great city near, as Jesus passed by in the midst of the mob. His face was colourless as marble, save where the blood trickled down his cheeks from the thorns that pierced his temples; his knees trembled beneath him, though not with fear; and he staggered on under the heavy timber that weighed him down, till at last he fainted. Nature gave way, and he sank to the earth, while the hue of death passed over his countenance. When the sudden rush around him, caused by his fall, had subsided, the cross, or rather *cross-piece*, which he had carried was given to another, and the procession again took up the line of march. But suddenly, over the confused noise of the throng and rude shouts of the mob, there came a wild lament. Friends were following after, whose sick Christ had healed, whose wounded hearts he had bound up, and on whose pathway of darkness he had shed the light of heaven; and now they lifted up their voices in one long, mournful cry. He turned at the sound, and listened a moment, then murmured in mournful accents: "*Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children.*" Jerusalem on fire suddenly rose on his vision,

together with its famine-struck and bloated population, staggering and dying around the empty market-places—the heaps of the dead that loaded the air with pestilence, and all the horror and woe and carnage of that last dreadful siege; and forgetful of his own suffering, he exclaimed, “*Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children.*”

Soon the procession reached the hill-top, and Jesus was laid upon the ground, and his arms stretched along the timber he had carried, with the palms upturned, and through them spikes driven, fastening them to the wood. Methinks I hear the strokes of the hammer as it sends the iron, with blow after blow, through the quivering tendons, and behold the painful workings of that agony-wrung brow, and the convulsive heaving and swelling of that blessed bosom, which seemed striving to rend above the imprisoned heart.

At length he is lifted from the ground—his weight dragging on the spikes through his hands; and the cross-piece inserted into the mortice of the upright timber, and a heavy iron crushed through his feet, fastening them to the main post, and he is left to die. Why speak of his agony—of his words of comfort to the dying thief—of the multitude around him, or of the disgrace of that death? Not even to look on that pallid face and flowing blood could one get any conception of the suffering of the victim. The gloom and terror that began to gather round the *soul*, as every aid, human and divine, withdrew itself, and it stood alone in the deserted, darkened universe, and shuddered, was all unseen by mortal eye. Yet even in this dreadful hour his heart did not forget its friends. Looking down from the cross, he saw the mother that bore him gazing in tears upon his face, and with a feeble and tremulous voice, he turned to John, who had so often lain in his bosom, and said, “Son, behold thy mother.” Then turning to his mother, he said, “*Behold thy son.*” His business with earthly things was now over, and he summoned his energies to meet the last most terrible blow, before which nature itself was to give way. He had hitherto endured all without a complaint—the mocking, the spitting upon, the cross, the nails, and the agony—but now came a woe that broke his heart. *His Father’s, his own Father’s frown began to darken upon him.* Oh! who can tell the anguish of that loving, trusting, abandoned heart at the sight. It was too much, and there arose a cry so piercing and shrill and wild that the universe shivered before it; and as the accents,

“*My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?*” fell on the ears of astonished mortals, and filled heaven with alarm, the earth gave a groan, as if she too was about to expire; the sun died in the heavens; an earthquake thundered on to complete the dismay; and the dead could no longer sleep, but burst their ghastly cerements, and came forth to look upon the scene. That was the gloomiest wave that ever broke over the soul of the Saviour, and he fell before it. *Christ was dead*; and to all human appearance, the world was an orphan.

How heaven regarded this disaster, and the universe felt at the sight, I cannot tell. I know not but tears fell like rain-drops from angelic eyes, when they saw Christ spit upon and struck. I know not but there was silence on high for more than “half-an-hour,” when the scene of the crucifixion was transpiring—a silence unbroken, save by the solitary sound of some harp-string on which unconsciously fell the agitated, trembling fingers of a seraph. I know not but all the radiant ranks on high, and even Gabriel himself, turned with the deepest solicitude to the Father’s face, to see if he was calm and untroubled amid it all. I know not but His composed brow and serene majesty were all that restrained heaven from one universal shriek of horror, when they heard groans on Calvary, *dying* groans. I know not but they almost feared God had “given his glory to another.” But one thing I do know—that when they saw through the vast design, comprehended the stupendous scheme, the hills of God shook to a shout that had never before rung over their bright tops, and the crystal sea trembled to a song that had never before stirred its bright depths, and the “*GLOBE TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST*,” was a “sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies.”

Yet none of the heavenly cadences reached the earth, and all was sad, dark, and despairing around Mount Calvary. The excitement which the slow murder had created vanished. With none to resist, and none to be slain, a change came over the feelings of the multitude, and they began one by one to return to the city. The sudden darkness, also, that wrapped the heavens, and the throb of the earthquake, which made those three crosses reel to and fro like cedars in a tempest, had sobered their feelings, and all but the soldiery were glad to be away from a scene that had ended with such supernatural exhibitions. Gradually the noise and confusion around the cross receded down the slopes—the shades of evening began to creep

over the landscape, throwing into still more ghastly relief those three white corpses stretched on high and streaked with blood—and all was over. No! *not* over, for the sepulchre was yet to open, and the slain Christ was yet to mount the heavens in his glorious ascension.

I will not speak of the moral grandeur of the atonement—of the redemption purchased by the agony and death on Calvary, for they are familiar to all. Still they constitute the greatness and value of the whole. It is the atonement that makes Mount Calvary chief among the "Sacred Mountains"—gives it such altitude that no mortal eye can scan its top, or bear the full effulgence of its glory. Paul called on his young disciples to summon their strongest energies and bend their highest efforts to comprehend the "length and breadth, and depth and height" of this stupendous theme—"a length which reaches from everlasting to everlasting; a breadth that encompasses every intelligence and every interest; a depth which reaches the lowest state of human degradation and misery, and a height that throws floods of glory on the throne and crown of Jehovah.

THE LORD'S PRESENCE WITH HIS SERVANTS IN PRISON.

"Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before."

R. BAXTER.

PERSECUTORS can do much to destroy a man's peace. They can torture his body, spoil him of his goods, deprive him of his liberty and of his life. There is that which no persecution can touch, upon which no persecutor can lay his hand. The soul of the believer is invulnerable to the cruelty and malice of the enemy. Supported by the faith, upheld by the hand of the Lord Jesus, it walks undismayed in the heart of danger, feels at liberty in prison, and can look with composure, and sometimes with delight, upon death. His destroyers, gnashing upon Stephen with their teeth, and stoning him to death, he not only is enabled to possess his soul in patience, he prays also for those who are slaying him. Heaven is opened above him—he sees into it; he beholds the Lord Jesus in his glory; his soul is wrapt in a divine ecstasy—in the pangs of death he enters upon life. Nothing can separate between the love of Jesus and the truly believing soul—nothing on earth, in hell, in the wide universe. There is a union with God which nothing can break. Not only has the believer his hand upon Christ: Christ's hand, which is infinitely more important, which is the secret of his strength, is upon him. He is in the hand of the Almighty: no power can pluck him out of it. This is the record of God's Word. This is verified to the believer in his own experience. How strong is that love of Christ which is the life of the believer's soul!—stronger than all things—stronger than death. It has

upheld multitudes of men, otherwise helpless enough, and helped them to do valiantly in bonds, in prison, in judgment, at the stake, on the scaffold. The walls of the prison-house shut out the saint effectually from the world and its intercourse—not from God. The prison is a loathsome place, damp, gloomy, comfortless; its chain is galling—it eats into the heart; its fare wretched; its hours slow, monotonous, and irksome. But it has often been converted into a palace—a place where God and man have met—where the believer has gotten nearer to heaven than ever he did elsewhere. Prayer and supplication are natural enough in prison, the likely exercise of a believing soul; praise, at first sight, not so natural. But how often have dungeons, the gloomiest of them, not only re-echoed the groaning of the spirit in prayer, but rung to the praises of holy men giving glory to the Lord for the most benign visitations of his grace! The natural man says this is "enthusiasm, fanaticism;" the spiritual man sees in it the faithfulness of the Lord to his promises, and recognises with admiration the natural and anticipated motions of a soul banqueted at the feast of spiritual things. The persecutor thought to have shut them out from all comfort, to have buried them in despair; the visitation of divinest joy and gladness has, contrary to all calculations of the natural man, in accordance with the calculations of the spiritual man, reached them there; hence the song of praise, the rapture of thanksgiving from their comforted hearts. The labours of many in prison have been the top-stone and crown of all their other labours. Time diligently used, the grace bestowed upon them diligently applied—they have turned their minds to such meditations, their pens to such work, as have cheered believers, and imparted encouragement and strength to thousands in succeeding generations. With such instances history is thickly set. They shine out on the dark ground like the stars at midnight.

Paul was not deserted in prison. The Roman prison was to him what Luz was to Jacob—the house of God, the gate of heaven. Old, despised, worn by the labours of many years, to the eye of man in a most wretched forlorn condition; never in a more enviable one in the apprehension of faith—nearing the goal, approaching to glory, within sight of the crown of life. In the Second Epistle to Timothy, written there, he says, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." What calm repose of faith! what assured confidence in the Lord! What is the prison to Paul? what is death?

During the persecution raised by Diocletian against the Church, a severe though short persecution in which multitudes were destroyed, the Apostle John, now in extreme old age, was banished to the Isle of Patmos. We can suppose how many sweet and hallowed remembrances he would have there in casting his eye over his past life. If there were many dark

and painful recollections, there were also many bright and cheering ones. He would live over in memory his early days, when he associated with the Lord amongst the twelve, listening to his gracious words, a witness of his miracles and deeds of divine power and mercy. The mount of transfiguration, and the overwhelming glory of the manifestation there given; Moses and Elias communing with the Lord Jesus; the voice of the Father heard from heaven, to strengthen our Lord for the final and most trying part of his work, and for the confirmation of the weak and staggering faith of the three disciples; his leaning upon the bosom of his divine Master at the last supper; the agony in the garden; the crucifixion, burial, and resurrection;—these, and many scenes of former years which his eyes had witnessed, and in which he was privileged to have a part, would form subjects of meditation where precious fruits would abound. But he was not left to throw himself upon the past for comfort, and gather it out of gracious experiences long since departed. To be sure, it is dutiful in the hour of darkness and trial, when for a season it seems as if Christ had withdrawn his face, to go back upon past experiences of his gracious dealing and countenance; but this should be with a view to stir up the soul to the remembrance of the truth and faithfulness of the Lord, and to make it look with cheerful confidence to him for the present time. In Patmos the apostle is not left to seek to heal new sores with old comforts. He was in the Spirit. All that is to happen in the world and the Church till the consummation of all things was revealed to him.

The goodness of the Lord to his servants does not exhaust itself upon apostles and other inspired men. It is a perennial fountain. Never exhausted—ever full to overflowing—a stream of life in the wilderness; it flows through every corner of the wilderness and of it all his servants are made to drink.

Returning from the Diet of Worms, where he was strengthened to make that glorious stand for gospel truth and liberty, Luther is seized and carried off to the Wartburg. His friends have devised this plan as the only one, humanly speaking, by which his life can be preserved; so mad and obstreperous has the wrath of the enemy become. He continues in the Wartburg ten months. He is treated with every mark of attention. He has everything but his liberty. He is full of complaints, writing hard things against himself. He gets nearer insight into, better understanding of, many things; a closer insight into the utter depravity of the heart of man—of his own heart. He is overwhelmed by the sense of sin he obtains here; all excitement withdrawn, and brought into close communion with himself. The state of the Church is also always before him—the monstrous atrocities of Antichrist—the black cloud that threatens the faithful, which the Lord alone can cleave and dispel. "I sit here," says he, "the whole day picturing to myself the state of the Church, and repeating the 89th Psalm: 'Wherefore, O Lord, hast thou made all men in vain?' O Lord God, what a frightful glass of divine wrath is the cursed kingdom of the Roman Antichrist; and I

curse my hardness of heart, that I am not melted to tears to weep for the destruction of my people; but there is no one that will arise and stand in the breach, or make himself as a wall for the house of Israel in these last days of divine wrath." On one side he is full of complaints, and cast down from everything but the faith of the gospel, and hoping even against hope. Yet he was never busier in his whole life than now. He leads in his confinement a life of prayer and hard labour. In these ten months his pen is incessantly at work. He wrote a commentary on many passages of the Gospels and Epistles, an exposition of the 22d Psalm, instruction on baptism, several controversial works against the Papacy, and many other books, some of them those that he always after considered his best productions. Here also he commenced his great work, the translation of the Bible into the German language, with what hard study of Greek and Hebrew was necessary. He preached every Sabbath to those of the castle—some say he preached daily during his stay there. A life-time of labour in ten months! As has been remarked by one of his biographers, notwithstanding all Luther's complaint of indolence and apathy during his confinement, it is not easy to imagine how he could have been idle a single day, considering the manifold works that issued from his pen; and that was but one part of his labours. We can easily see what support and strengthening he received from above, to acquit himself even there, where his hands were tied up from what was ever nearest his heart—standing face to face with the enemy in the thick of the battle, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

In the admirable volume, entitled "Selections for the Young," issued by the Cheap Publication Committee, there are one or two interesting notices of the celebrated John Welsh. For indomitable steadfastness in the faith, and firmness in resisting ungodly innovations, Welsh, with other faithful men, was apprehended and sent to prison in Blackness Castle. He was removed from prison to prison, banished to France, where he laboured in the ministry for several years. He died in London the death of the righteous, in all spiritual peace—in spiritual triumph.

In Blackness he suffered the rigours of prison, was reduced to great extremities in his person; yet he had great refreshment and enlargement of soul. He was sustained at no ordinary height of spiritual enjoyment. From the gloom of the prison his mind found access to the glories of heaven. The mysteries of Providence, the deeper mysteries of redeeming love, opened up to him fields of devout and holy meditation, where the wrath of the enemy could not follow him to disturb his peace. His letter, addressed from this prison to the Countess of Wigton, speaks to the inward peace and strength of faith bestowed upon him. It is the deepest and most spiritual exercise of a soul taken up with the realities of eternity, and living in the heart of them. The tenderest and most heart-moving pathos, the largest views of the dealings of God, breathings of the Spirit scarce utterable, glimpses into heaven

and hell, flashes of divine splendour, characterize it. It expresses unshaken confidence in God, unquenchable love to Christ, firmest anticipations of future blessedness, longing for the crown of martyrdom; in it no trace is discoverable of the fear of prison or death, but the opposite of all such fear. "What is there," says he, "under the old vault of the heavens, and in this old worn earth, which is under the bondage of corruption, groaning and travelling in pain, and shooting out the head, looking, and waiting, and longing for the redemption of the sons of God—what is there, I say, that should make me desire to remain here? I expect that new heaven, and that new earth, wherein righteousness dwelleth—wherein I shall rest for evermore. When shall I be filled with His love? Surely if a man knew how precious it were, he would count all things but dung and dross to gain it. Truly I would long for that scaffold, or that axe, or that cord, that might be to me that last step of this my wearisome journey, to go to thee, my Lord. Thou knowest the meaning of the Spirit; give answer to the speaking, sighing, and groaning of the Spirit. There are two points: first, That Christ is Head of his Church; second, That she is free in her government from all other jurisdiction except Christ's: these two points, I say, are the special cause of our imprisonment, being now convicted as traitors for the maintaining thereof. We have been ever waiting with joyfulness to give the last testimony of our blood in confirmation thereof, if it should please our God to be so favourable as to honour us with that dignity. Yea, I do affirm, that these two points above written, and all other things that belong to Christ's crown, sceptre, and kingdom, are not subject, nor can be, to any other authority, but to his own altogether; so that I would be most glad to be offered up as a sacrifice for so glorious a truth."

But to multiply instances of the goodness of the Lord to his servants in prison, in bonds, and in death, would occupy far more space than can be afforded. Liberty of access to the throne of grace, the passage of prayer from earth to heaven, the communion of saints with their divine Master, no violence of man can interfere with. They are independent of the oppression of tyrants and persecutors. They take their laws from another source. They are not earthly things. Men cannot, with their unholy laws and enactments, bind or loose, make or mar them—as well think to stop the flowing of the tides or the motions of the heavens. The following beautiful lines, by Madame Guison, will form a suitable conclusion to these remarks. They were written by her in the Bastille of France, where, and in other prisons of France, she was confined for ten years:—

"A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases thee!

"Nought had I else to do—
I sing the whole day long;
And He whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song:

He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

"Thou hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless;
And though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou would'st not hear the less,
Because thou knowest, as they fall,
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

"My cage confines me round—
Abroad I cannot fly;
But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty.
My prison walls cannot control
The fight, the freedom of my soul.

"O it is good to soar
These bars and bolts above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love;
And in his mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of my mind "

F.

OLNEY.

(From "*First Impressions of England and its People.*")

OLNEY! Weston-Underwood! Yardley-Chase! the banks of the Ouse! and the park of the Throckmorton! Classic ground once more—the home and much-loved haunts of a sweet and gentle, yet sublimely heroic nature, that had to struggle on in great unhappiness with the most terrible of all enemies—the obstinate unreasoning despair of a broken mind. Poor Cowper! There are few things more affecting in the history of the species than the heaven-inspired magnanimity of this man. Believing himself doomed to perish everlastingly—for such was the leading delusion of his unhappy malady—he yet made it the grand aim of his enduring labours to show forth the mercy and goodness of a God who, he believed, had no mercy for him, and to indicate to others the true way of salvation—deeming it all the while a way closed against himself. Such, surely, is not the character or disposition of the men destined to perish. We are told by his biographers, that the well-known hymn, in which he celebrates the "mysterious way" in which "God works" to "perform his wonders," was written at the close of the happy period which intervened between the first and second attacks of his cruel malady; and that what suggested its composition were the too truly interpreted indications of a relapse. His mind had been wholly restored to him; he had been singularly happy in his religion; and he had striven earnestly, as in the case of his dying brother, to bring others under its influence. And now, too surely feeling that his intellect was again on the eve of being darkened, he deemed the providence a frowning one, but believed in faith that there was a "smiling face" behind it. In his second recovery, though his intellectual stature was found to have greatly increased—as in some racking maladies the person of the patient becomes taller—he never enjoyed his whole mind. There was a missing faculty, in

faculty I may term it: his well-grounded hope of salvation never returned. It were presumptuous to attempt interpreting the real scope and object of the afflictive dispensation which Cowper could contemplate with such awe; and yet there does seem a key to it. There is surely a wondrous sublimity in the lesson which it reads. The assertors of the selfish theory have dared to regard Christianity itself, in its relation to the human mind, as but one of the higher modifications of the self-aggrandizing sentiment. May we not venture to refer them to the grief-worn hero of Olney—the sweet poet who first poured the stream of divine truth into the channels of our literature, after they had been shut against it for more than a hundred years—and ask them whether it be in the power of sophistry to square *his* motives with the ignoble conclusion of their philosophy?

Olney stands upon the Oolite, on the northern side of the valley of the Ouse, and I approached it this morning from the south, across the valley. Let the reader imagine a long green ribbon of flat meadow, laid down in the middle of the landscape like a web on a bleaching green, only not quite so straightly drawn out. It is a ribbon about half a mile in breadth, and it stretches away lengthwise above and below, far as the eye can reach. There rises over it on each side a gentle line of acclivity, that here advances upon it in flat promontories, there recedes into shallow bays, and very much resembles the line of a low-lying but exceedingly rich coast; for on both sides, field and wood, cottage and hedge-row, lie thick as the variously thick tinted worsteds in a piece of German needlework; the flat ribbon in the midst is bare and open, and through it there winds, from side to side, in many a convolution, as its appropriate pattern, a blue sluggish stream, deeply fringed on both banks by an edging of tall bulrushes. The pleasantly grouped village directly opposite, with the long narrow bridge in front, and the old handsome church and tall spire rising in the midst, is Olney; and that other village on the same side, about two miles farther up the stream, with the exceedingly lofty trees rising over it—trees so lofty that they overhang the square tower of its church, as a churchyard cypress overhangs a sepulchral monument—is *Weston-Underwood*. In the one village Cowper produced “*The Task*,” in the other he translated “*Homer*.”

I crossed the bridge, destined, like the “*Brigs of Ayr*,” and the “*Bridge of Sighs*,” long to outlive its stone and lime existence; passed the church—John Newton’s; saw John Newton’s house, a snug building, much garnished with greenery; and then entered Olney proper—the village that was Olney a hundred years ago. Unlike most of the villages of central England, it is built, not of brick, but chiefly at least of a calcareous yellow stone from the Oolite, which, as it gathers scarce any lichen or

moss, looks clean and fresh after the lapse of centuries; and it is not until the eye catches the dates on the peaked gable points; 1682, 1611, 1590, that one can regard the place as no hastily run up town of yesterday, but as a place that had a living in other times. The main street, which was also the Bedford road, broadens towards the middle of the village into a roomy angle, in shape not very unlike the capacious pocket of a Scotch housewife of the old school: one large elm tree rises in the centre; and just opposite the elm, among the houses which skirt the base of the angle—that is, the bottom of the pocket—we see an old-fashioned house, considerably taller than the others, and differently tinted; for it is built of red brick, somewhat ornately bordered with stone. And this tall brick house was Cowper’s home for nineteen years. It contains the parlour which has become such a standard paragon of snugness and comfort, that it will need no repairs in all the future; and the garden behind is that in which the poet reared his cucumbers and his Ribston pippins, and in which he plied hammer and saw to such excellent purpose, in converting his small greenhouse into a summer sitting-room, and in making lodging-houses for his hares. He dated from that tall house not a few of the most graceful letters in the English language; and matured, from the first crude conceptions to the last finished touches, “*Truth*,” “*Hope*,” “*Progress of Error*,” “*Retirement*,” and “*The Task*.” I found the famed parlour vocal with the gabble of an infant-school: carpet and curtains were gone, sofa and bubbling urn; and I saw, instead, but a few deal forms, and about two dozen chubby children, whom all the authority of the thin old woman, their teacher, could not recall to diligence in the presence of the stranger. The walls were sorely soiled, and the plaster somewhat broken; there was evidence, too, that a partition had been removed, and that the place was roomier by one-half than when Cowper and Mrs. Unwin used to sit down in it to their evening tea. But at least one interesting feature had remained unchanged. There is a small port-hole in the plaster, framed by a narrow facing of board, and through this port-hole, cut in the partition for the express purpose, Cowper’s hares used to come leaping out to their evening gambols on the carpet. I found the garden, like the house, much changed. It had been broken up into two separate properties; and the proprietors having run a wall through the middle of it, one must now seek the pippin tree which the poet planted, in one little detached bit of garden, and the lath-and-plaster summer-house, which, when the weather was fine, used to form his writing-room, in another. The Ribston pippin looks an older-like tree, and has more lichen about it, though far from tall for its age, than might be expected of a tree of Cowper’s planting; but it is now seventy-nine years since

the poet came to Olney, and in less than seventy-nine years young fruit-trees become old ones. The little summer-house, mauge the fragility of its materials, is in a wonderfully good state of keeping: the old lath still retains the old lime; and all the square inches and finger-breadths of the plaster, inside and out, we find as thickly covered with names as the space in our ancient Scotch copies of the "Solemn League and Covenant." Cowper would have marvelled to have seen his little summer-house—for little it is—scarce larger than a four-posted bed-stead—written like the roll described in sacred vision, "within and without." It has still around it, in its green old age, as when it was younger and less visited, a great profusion of flowering shrubs and holly-hocks; we see from its window the back of honest John Newton's house, much enveloped in wood, with the spire of the church rising over; and on either side there are luxuriant orchards, in which the stiffer forms of the fruit-trees are relieved by lines of graceful poplars.

A TRADITION OF THE TIMES OF THE MARTYRS.

(Concluded from page 190.)

HER father, seeing the hopes of his family centred in his only daughter, naturally longed to see her united to some honourable and worthy man; which, above all things, she feared and sought to prevent, well knowing that the man to whom she had betrothed herself could not be he. Her father's official rank and good estate made her hand to be sought by young men of high family, with whom he would have been glad to see her united; but her own disinclination, to the cause of which he must remain a stranger, continually stood in the way, until at length what at the first he respected as a woman's right, he came at length to treat as a child's perverseness; and being accustomed to obedience, as the companion and colleague of arbitrary men, leagued in the bad resolution of bowing a nation's will from the service of God, he was tender upon the point of his authority, especially over a child whom he had so cherished in his bosom. At length, when his patience was well-nigh worn out, the eldest son of a noble family paid his court to the betrothed maiden, and her father resolved that he should not beguinsayed. When she saw that there was no escape from her father's stern and obstinate purpose, she resolved to lay before him the secret of her heart. Terrible was the struggle, for she dreaded her father's wrath; and yet at times she would hope from a father's kindness. But when he heard that she had given her affections to the man who had defied his authority and set at nought the proclamation of the State, his wrath knew no bounds. His dignity as chief magistrate, which had been braved by that young man; his religion, which had been contended against by him and his fathers; his prospect of allying his family to the nobles of the land; and, above all, the joy of heart which he had set upon his beautiful, his obedient, and his only child, arose to-

gether in his mind, and made him sternly resolve that she should not have for a husband the man of her own choice. It was in vain she pleaded a woman's right to remain unmarried if she pleased; it was in vain she pleaded a Christian woman's duty, not to violate her faith, nor yet to give her hand to one, while her will remained another's. When she found her father unrelenting, and that he would oblige her, upon her obedience, to marry the man of his choice, she felt that she had a duty to perform likewise unto him whom he would make her husband. But whether God would, in her case, teach unto all young maidens a lesson how they betrothed themselves without their fathers' consent, or whether he would show to betrothed maidens an example of true-heartedness and faithfulness to their plighted troth, it was so ordered that this pious and dutiful child should find both a hard-hearted father and a hard-hearted husband, who vainly thought that their after kindness would atone for their present cruelty. But, alas! it fared to her and them as she had told them beforehand, that they were mingling poison in their cup, and together, a father and a husband, compassing her death. O that this tale of sorrow might prevent such deeds of stern authority and unrelenting wilfulness! This young woman, who had borne a lover's peril of death, and a lover's exile from his land, and hidden her sorrows in her breast, without a witness, through the strength of her faith, could not bear the unnatural state in which she now found herself placed, but pined away, without an earthly comfort, and without an earthly friend. Resignation to the will of God, and a conscience void of offence, bore her spirits up, and supported her constitution for the space of twelve months only, when she died, without a disease, of a blighted and withered heart; yet not until she had brought into this world of sorrow an infant daughter, to whom she left this legacy, written with her dying hand:—"I bequeath my infant daughter, so long as she is spared in this world, to the care of William Guthrie, if ever he should return to his native land; and I give him a charge before God, to bring up my child in the faith of her mother, for which I die a martyr, as he lives a banished man."

This, all this misery, had passed unknown to her faithful lover, who had no means of intercourse with his own land, and least of all with that house in it from which his death-warrant had issued, and vigilant search gone out against him. But shortly after these were consummated, a full opportunity was given to him and every brave-hearted exile, to take share in that great demonstration which was made by William of Orange for the Protestant cause in Britain. Without delay, William Guthrie hastened to Edinburgh, where all the faithful sufferers for the truth were now overwhelmed with joy. But, for him, alas! there awaited in that place only sorrow upon sorrow. Sorrow, they say, will in a night cover the head of youth with the snows of age; sorrow, they say, will at once loose the silver cord of life, and break the golden pitcher at the fountain; and surely hardly less wonderful was the change wrought on William Guthrie's heart, which grew cold to the land of his

fathers, and indifferent to the Church for which his fathers had suffered so much. For in his absence, also, his cousin or brother, I wot not which, the persecuted minister of Fenwick, and the author of the "Trial of the Saving Interest in Christ," with other principal works of practical godliness, had been violently ejected from his parish, and died of sorrow for the suffering Church: Wherefore the youth said he would turn his back upon the cruel land for ever, and with his staff go forth and seek more genial havens. They sought to divert his grief, but it was in vain. They sought to stir him up to exercise his high gift and calling of a minister, but it was in vain. His faculties were all absorbed in the greatness of his grief, and the vigour of his heart was gone. One thing only bound him to that cruel city—the charge he had received of the infant child, whom God spared only for a short season after his arrival, and then removed to himself. Upon this, true to his purpose, he took his staff in his hand and turned his face towards England, which hath often yielded shelter since to many a Scotchman tossed in his own land with envious and cruel tempests, and by the way he turned into the town of Dumfries, being desirous to take solemn leave of some of his kindred before leaving his native land for ever. His friends soon saw of what disease he was pining, and being men of feeling, they gave themselves to comfort and heal him. Being also men truly devoted to the Church, they grieved that one who had proved himself so faithful and true should thus be lost from her service. They meditated, therefore, how they might win him back unto God and to his duty, from this selfish grief which had overclouded all his judgment. But wisely hiding their intent, they seemed only to protract his visit by friendly and familiar attentions, taking him from place to place, to show him the monuments of those who, in the much persecuted dale of the Nith, had sealed their testimony with their blood; skillfully seeking to awaken the devotion of the martyr, that it might contend with the sorrow of the broken-hearted lover. And from day to day, as thus they endeavoured to solace and divert his grief, they would point out to him how, now that the Church had gotten rest, she was threatened with a hardly less grievous evil, arising out of the want of well-educated and well-principled ministers, who had been mostly cut off by martyrdom, imprisonment, or exile. And as they spake to him of these things, they would gently, as he could bear, press upon him their grief and disappointment that he, who was fitted by his learning and devotedness to be an example and a help to many, should thus surrender himself to unavailing grief, and forsake the Church which his fathers had loved unto the death. And being now removed from Edinburgh, the scene of his sufferings, the seat of business, and bustle, and hard-hearted men, and dwelling amongst the quiet scenes and noble recollections of his country, he felt a calm and repose of soul which made it pleasant to abide amongst his friends.

Now, in the neighbourhood of Dumfries, there is a parish called Irongray, and in the remotest parts of this parish, is a sequestered hollow amongst the hills,

looking towards the south and west, whence least danger came, but on every other side surrounded with summits which command the whole of Nithsdale, the foot of Annandale, and a great part of Galloway. In this hollow are to be seen at this day, nearly as they were used, tables and seats cut out of stone, at which the persecuted people of the country were wont to assemble from the face of their enemies, and meet their pastors, who came forth from their caves and dens of the earth to administer to them the precious memorials of the dying love of our Lord; for which reason they are called, to this day, the communion tables of Irongray. And as they were filled by one company after another, some were stationed upon the summits round about to keep watch against the approach of their persecutors. To these communion tables of Irongray would William Guthrie wander forth and meditate upon the days of old; and then there would come over his heart a questioning of his backwardness and opposition to the work of the Lord, like the voice which spake to Elias in the cleft of the rock of Sinai, saying, "What doest thou here, Elias?" Now, it so happened at that time, that the faithful people of Irongray were without a pastor, and God was preparing to give them one according to his own mind. Little wist William Guthrie why God permitted that darkening of His glory, and hiding of His face, in his soul. Little knew he for what end God had loosened him from Edinburgh, and from Angus, the seat of his fathers, driven him from his station, and "tossed him like a ball into a wide country." Little thought he wherefore he was turned aside from his heedless course, and drawn and kept for a season at Dumfries.

The people of Irongray, as I said, were, in the south, like the people of Fenwick in the west, a home and a rallying-place unto the distressed of the Lord; and if aught under heaven, or in the providence of God, could hallow a spot, which may not be until Jerusalem be rebuilt, and his feet stand upon the Mount of Olives, then would these communion tables of stone, from which so many saints, famishing saints, were fed with heavenly food, have hallowed the parish of Irongray. But though there may not be any consecrated places under this dispensation, there is a providence, be assured, which extendeth itself even to the places where worthy and zealous acts have been done for the testimony of God and of his Christ. And in no way was this faithfulness, unto a well-deserving and much-enduring parish, shown more, than in that providence which drew this much tried and faithful youth to their borders. Happily moved thereto, and guided by the friends of the youth, who longed for his stay, the heads of the parish came and entreated him to become their pastor, offering him all affection and duty. Whereupon our worthy was much pressed in spirit, and sorely straitened how he should refuse, or how he should accept the entreaties of the people; and then it was that his heart said, "What art thou, foolish man, who settest thyself up against the providence of God? Hast thou suffered like Job, or like any of the cloud of witnesses? wilt thou leave that land unto which thou hast received thy com-

mission to preach the gospel? What would she thou mournest advise thee to do in this strait? How wouldst thou best honour and best please her whom thou believest to be a saint of God? Would it not be in caring for those with whom she preferred to cast in her lot, and unto whose society she bequeathed her child?" And thus, after sore struggles between the righteousness of duty and the inclination of grief, between the obedience of the Head of the Church, and the idolatry of a departed saint, whom he loved as his own soul, he surrendered himself to the call of the heads of the parish, and was ordained over the flock. Yet, so far as nature was concerned, there was a blank in his heart which he preferred should remain a blank, rather than seek the fellowship of any other woman. Year passed over year, and found him mourning; for thirty years he continued to deny himself the greatest comfort and joy of human life, though drawn thereto by a true and tender heart, but after this long separation unto the memory of her who proved herself so faithful unto him, he at length yielded to the affections of the living, and married a wife. "Of which marriage," said the venerable old mother who told me the history, "I am the fruit."

Such was the history of her father; after hearing which, you may well believe, my dear friend, I was little disposed to listen to anything besides. My desire for traditions was swallowed up in deep sympathy with the wonderful narrative which I had heard; and I felt disposed to withdraw to my own reflections. But the worthy and venerable woman would not suffer me to depart until she had taken me to her own little apartment and shown me a small picture, but whether of her father or of her husband, who was minister of the neighbouring parish of Kirkmahoe, I cannot now recall to my remembrance. She also showed me the Bible on which she was wont to read, and told me it had been the Bible of a queen of England. I took my leave; and not many weeks after, I followed her body to the grave: so that this story, if it contain any moral instruction, may be said to be expired by the dying lips of one of the mothers of the Kirk of Scotland. Farewell, my dear friend! May the Lord make us worthy of our sires!

THE CHURCH AND THE SABBATH.*

PROCEEDING from the inspired apostles to the apostolical fathers, we find Clement, the fellow-labourer of Paul, testifying to stated days of religious service as regularly observed.

Pliny, the governor of Bithynia, A.D. 107, tells us that the Christians were accustomed to meet on a stated day, before day-light, for the worship of Christ.

Justin Martyr, A.D. 147, gives a minute account of the Christian Sabbath and its services.

Irenæus of Lyons, A.D. 167, speaks of every one of the Christians (on the Lord's-day) keeping Sabbath.

* From "The Protestant or the Popish Sabbath?" an admirable and opportune work lately published, from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Lorimer of Glasgow.

Dionysius of Corinth, A.D. 170, speaks of the Church keeping the Lord's holy day.

Tertullian, A.D. 192, says that the Christians have nothing to do with the Sabbath, and that the Lord's-day is the Christians' solemnity.

Origen, in the third century, A.D. 240, supplies abundant evidence to the same purpose. A perfect Christian, he tells us, is one who always keeps the Lord's-day.

But perhaps the most interesting, certainly the most affecting, evidence of the observance of the Lord's-day in primitive times, indeed during the whole period of the first three centuries of trial and persecution, is to be found in the fact quoted by Bishop Andrews, from the Acts of the Martyrs, that the question put to the accused Christian was, "Hast thou kept the Lord's-day?" The answer of the faithful being, "I am a Christian, and cannot omit its observance." What can better show how thoroughly Christianity was identified with the keeping of the Lord's-day!—A keeper of the Lord's-day and a Christian were so entirely synonymous, that the one, in a question of life and death, was made a test of the other.

In the reign of Severus, the Roman persecutor, the Roman people first began to count time by weeks; a plain proof of the progress of the Christian Sabbath. Hitherto they had counted by ten days.

No doubt, along with the Lord's-day, other days were occasionally observed, for particular services, especially the Saturday, when a large body of the believers happened to be of Jewish extraction. Bingham supplies evidence of this in his Ecclesiastical Antiquities. But this was not to the neglect, far less disparagement, of the Christian Sabbath. It is expressly stated, that even in the Churches of Egypt, where there must have been an ample infusion of Jewish converts, the difference made by the Christians between the Saturday and the Lord's-day was, that secular work did not cease on the former, while it was discontinued on the latter, the non-cessation being intended to show that the worshippers were not Jewish in their inclinations.

Coming down to the age of Constantine, the first Christian emperor, A.D. 312, there was a great change in behalf of the friends of the Sabbath. Instead of being put to death for its observance, civil laws were enacted, to the effect "that those who lived within the Roman Empire should rest on the day entitled, from our Saviour, the Lord's-day." Laws against civil pleadings, shows, and games, &c., on the Christian Sabbath, were also passed. It is impossible to explain such enactments, little more than two hundred years from the death of the last of the apostles, on any other supposition, than that it was certainly known the Lord's-day was divine in its appointment.

Athanasius, A.D. 326, repeatedly and earnestly advocates the Christian Sabbath. "The Lord,"

says he, "transferred the Sabbath-day to the Lord's-day."

Hilary, A.D. 354, bears a similar attestation: "On the first day of the week, Christians rejoice with the joy of a true Sabbath."

Augustine, A.D. 430, informs us that the Christians of his day solemnly celebrated the Lord's-day and some other Christian festivals.

Were further evidence required, or were it needful to add to the force of that which has been adduced, I might refer the reader to Eusebius, the most learned ecclesiastical historian of the early Church (A.D. 340), who is strong and clear in his testimony. And I might remind him, further, that the writers who have just been quoted, not only lived at different periods, but in different countries, some of them far apart, and were, besides, most of them men of eminence; so that the witnessing to the observance of the Lord's-day which has been produced, may be justly regarded as at once enlightened, unanimous, and universal. With all this, I have no hesitation in admitting that it would not be easy to make out the Sabbath as a day of unbroken rest from the New Testament. It can be shown, conclusively, I think, that it was observed as a day of religious worship; but probably nothing more could be proved. What, however, does this show? The necessity of falling back for argument upon the un repealed law of the fourth commandment, as equally binding upon Christians as upon the Hebrews. From the nature of the case, a large body of the early Christians, consisting of the servants of heathen masters, could not have observed the Sabbath with the fulness and care with which it is observed now in Christian States. But does this show that it was less obligatory? Owing to a similar reason, the Hebrews, when slaves in Egypt, might not be permitted to observe their Sabbath; indeed, I have no doubt this was one of the main oppressions which led to the infliction of judgments on Pharaoh and his kingdom: but the divine authority and obligation of the Sabbath, as a day of rest and worship, were not thereby impaired.

I now pass from the era of the primitive Church to later times. Through the age of advancing superstition and rising Antichrist, marked among other traces by the creation of feast and festival days, we come to the period of the Waldensian Church. Friends and foes carry the history of this Church up to the earliest times. Some link it on to the apostolic age. Whether this be correct or not, there can be no reasonable question that a pure evangelical Church, which never bowed the neck to Rome, maintained its succession of doctrine and ordinances among the mountains of Italy and the south of France, including the range which separates France from Spain. How did this Church feel affected towards the Sabbath? Owing to the malignity of enemies in destroy-

ing her historical records, and the remoteness of the antiquity, it may be difficult to quote evidence in as many words; but comparative silence is no proof of the absence of Sabbaths. For two thousand five hundred years before the days of Moses, there are scarcely any traces of the ancient Sabbath, and for one thousand years after there are only *three* historical notices of it; while for eight hundred years there is no allusion whatever to circumcision. Yet we have undoubted evidence that both ordinances were fully observed during the very time that history is thus silent. And so of the earlier periods of the Waldensian Church. She must have inherited the Sabbath, as other Christian Churches did, from the apostles; and as she was throughout the unvarying foe of Rome, we cannot question that she continued to maintain its integrity when other Churches allowed their Sabbaths to be obscured by the multiplying feasts and festivals of "the Man of Sin." It is certain that, in the earliest record of the Waldenses—the "Noble Lesson" of A.D. 1100—there is a distinct recognition of the Law in two tables of stone, and the declaration, that "He [Christ] changed it not, that it should be abandoned; but renewed it, that it might be better kept." It is worthy of notice, that the very observance of the Sabbath, and the certainty of the observance, is in some respects adverse to the proof of it. What is universally observed, calls forth no remark, and is entered in no record. It becomes like one of the operations of nature—fixed and sure, so much a matter of course, that no one thinks or speaks of it. It is only when there has been some interruption creating controversy, that the institution is marked, and becomes a part of history. Apart from the records of civil law, it might be more difficult to *prove* the observance of the Lord's-day in Britain a few generations past than many imagine; and yet there can be no question that during the deepest silence the sacred day was invariably honoured. But to return.

In a catechism of the same period, doubtless used, says Mr. Blair, in the north of Italy, the south of France, and in Catalonia, in Spain, there is a distinct recognition of the obligation of the ten commandments; while there is a testimony not less clear against Antichrist in general, and saints' days, invocations, and pilgrimages in particular. Twenty years later, in the Confession of Faith, the feasts and vigils of saints, which, it is well known, war against the Sabbath, are pronounced "an unspeakable abomination;" and in a work "Concerning Antichrist," a testimony is lifted up *against* him, for fulness and clearness worthy of modern times. In an "Exposition of the Commandments," again, of the same early date, we have such a statement as: "They that will keep and observe the Sabbath of Christians—that is to say, to sanctify the day of the Lord—must be careful of four things: the 1st is, to cease from

all earthly and worldly labours; the 2d, not to sin; the 3d, not to be idle in regard to good works; the 4th, to do those things that are for the benefit of the soul;" and then follows a more expanded exposition, such as intelligent Christians of the present day would give.

Testimonies to the same purpose might be quoted from the subsequent history of the same Church, as in 1532, 1541, 1655—the last immediately after an awful massacre for their fidelity to the truth of God; but it is unnecessary to enlarge the proof.

It may merely be mentioned, that when the commissioners of Louis XII. returned from their inquiry into the character of the Waldenses, in 1505, they expressly reported, among other admirable features, "that they lived like honest men, without injuring any one, and that they observed their Sabbath with punctuality."

Returning to earlier times in another quarter, what is the testimony of Wickliffe, the morning star of the Reformation, born A.D. 1324? He expounds the decalogue, and, among many excellent views on the fourth commandment, states, under the occupations of the Sabbath, that the Christian should be careful to attend public worship, and when it is over, visit the poor and afflicted, to minister relief; adding, "And so men should not be idle, but busy on the Sabbath-day about the soul, as men are on the week-days about the body."

Descending the stream of time, we come to the Bohemian Church. There are various Confessions of Faith of this body, some of them very ancient, but all substantially harmonious. From one published A.D. 1508, it appears that, in addition to the Lord's-day, a variety of days were held "of the apostles, and also of others, and especially of those whom the Scripture mentions;" but that these observances were matter of indifference. In one of the editions it is said: "Most Churches not being compelled by any such necessity (deference to others), have, without the offence of other Churches, utterly abolished even these things also, not only as unprofitable, but as hurtful." The plain meaning of the above is, that the Church of Bohemia, which occupies a middle place in time between Wickliffe and the Reformation popularly so called, honoured the Lord's-day like other Protestant Churches, but bore with many of the Popish festivals, until the people generally were ready for a more complete change.

(To be continued.)

PHARAOH'S HARDNESS OF HEART.

God sometimes delivers up sinners (as he did Pharaoh) to "hardness of heart," not by any positive infusion of such an evil habit into the conscience, but by subtracting his grace; as also administering occasions in his providence by which the sinner, thus deprived of grace, is more and more hardened: and further than this, I see not how any evil or sinful disposition in the creature can be said to be from

God. It is sufficient that God effectually works his end upon sinners this way. As the sun is the cause of night and darkness, not by any operative influence producing them, but only by withdrawing his light, the corruption of a man's heart, unrenewed by grace, is the cause of its own hardness; or as when you melt wax, remove but the fire, and the wax will harden of itself; but there is no way so sure and dreadful by which God binds over a sinner to death as this. For thus he dealt with the Jews: "He gave them eyes, that seeing, they might not perceive; and ears, that hearing, they might not understand; but made the heart of that people gross, that they might not be converted and healed;" that is, that they might be hardened and ruined, as it is in Isa. vi. 9, 10.—*South.*

DEATH IN A BALL ROOM.

ONE beautiful, but keenly cold evening in January, a young gentleman entered Dr. C——'s office (where I was spending a vacation), and hurriedly inquired where he should find the Doctor.

Not being able to inform him, he requested me to accompany him down street to H——'s hotel, as there was a young lady in the ball room very ill.

Supposing her in a fainting fit, I put a bottle of hartshorn, together with a lancet, into my pocket, and accompanied him.

On the way he told me, as I already knew, that a ball was in progress at the hall, and had been interrupted by the unfortunate illness of one of the belles of the evening.

Arriving at the hotel, we were somewhat surprised by the rapid filling and driving away of the carriages at the door.

We caught now and then an exclamation which betokened extreme horror, but heard nothing sufficiently distinct to admit of forming a conclusion as to the cause of the apparent confusion.

Passing up the stairs, we encountered numbers of young ladies, with their mantles thrown carelessly about them, with cheeks as pale, and lips as bloodless, as though themselves were the subjects for whom aid was summoned.

They were hurrying away as if from contamination, the hilarity of the occasion having suddenly been exchanged for mute terror.

Hurrying through the crowd, we entered the ball room. It was very spacious, and brilliantly lighted, but deserted of its occupants, save a group in the centre who seemed horror-stricken by the sight humanity compelled them to remain to witness.

On a sofa, which had been drawn from the side of the room, sat a young lady, in a stooping posture, as though in the act of rising, with one hand stretched out to take that of the partner who was to have led her to the dance.

With the smile upon her lip, and eyes beaming with excitement, death had seized her. The

smile of joy was transformed to a hideous grin; the beaming eye, now seemed but a glazed mass protruding from the socket.

The carmine, added to give brilliancy to her complexion, now contrasted strangely with the sallow hue her skin had assumed; while the gorgeous trappings in which fashion had decked her, seemed but a mocking of the habiliments of the grave.

Death under such circumstances was horrible. No wonder the pale mother, as she knelt beside her child, groaned out, "Not here! not here! Let her die at home!"

We had arrived too late to render aid. The spirit had fled, and all that could be done was to remove the body, and strip it of its senseless paraphernalia. This horrible catastrophe was one of those striking acts of Providence, by which we are forewarned that death claims all seasons for his own. When the young and beautiful, surrounded by the consolations of religion, departs in triumph of a Christian faith, we bow ourselves to the stroke, and believe that a seraph has passed from among us, to mingle with the pure above.

But a sudden dispensation, like the one above, leaves a shadow upon the hearts of survivors, no after scene can describe. Do they mingle with the merry dancers? In the midst of their festivity comes the awful phantom of the past.

In the silence of their own chambers, they weep for the departed, and seek in vain, in memory's store-house, for some fond message, whispered from the bloodless lips, as the spirit sighed itself away.

"Not here! not here!—let her die at home!" would be the exclamation of any mother, were she to stand thus by her only child; while the only response vouchsafed, would be found in the soul-harrowing exclamation of those around, "Dead! dead! dead! and in a ball room!"

THE EMPEROR AND THE BISHOP.

THE Emperor of Constantinople was greatly incensed against John Chrysostom. One day, inflamed with anger, he exclaimed in presence of his court, "Would that I could avenge myself of that priest." Four, or five of his courtiers assembled around him, ventured their opinion as to the manner in which his vengeance could be most effectually gratified. The first said, "Exile him;" the second, "Confiscate all that he possesses;" the third, "Throw him into prison, and load him with chains;" the fourth, "Are you not all-powerful?—is not his life at your command? Give instant orders for his death." A fifth, possessed of more penetration than the others, and not fearing his master's displeasure, boldly said, "You are all mistaken; if you exile him, what do you gain? Is not the whole world his country? Confiscate his possessions, you but deprive the poor of them, not himself. Throw him in

prison, he will bless his chains, and esteem it a privilege to suffer. 'Blessed are they that suffer persecution, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' If you condemn him to death, you unclothe the gates of heaven to him. Prince, would you know the only sure means of revenge? Force him to commit a crime. I know him well; 'that man fears nothing except to sin.' No; he fears neither exile, nor the loss of property; neither chains nor torture of any kind. He fears but sin."

PERSECUTION.

Is it humanity to stand on the shore, and seeing men in a storm at sea, wherein they are ready every moment to be cast away and perish, to storm at them ourselves, or to shoot them to death, or to cast fire into their vessel, because they are in danger of being drowned? Yet no otherwise do we deal with those whom we persecute because they miss the knowledge of the truth; and, it may be, we raise a worse storm in ourselves, as to our own morals, than they suffer under, as to their intellectuals.—*Owen*.

PIETY THE ALLEVIATION OF POVERTY.

A good fire-side and a well-spread table are but very indifferent substitutes for the better gifts of divine grace; so very indifferent, that I would gladly exchange them both for the rags and the unsatisfied hunger of the poorest creature that looks forward with hope to a better world, and weeps tears of joy in the midst of penury and distress. What a world is this! how mysteriously governed, and, in appearance, left to itself! One man, having squandered thousands at a gaming-table, finds it convenient to travel—gives his estate to somebody to manage for him—amuses himself a few years in France and Italy—returns, perhaps, wiser than he went, having acquired knowledge which, but for his follies, he would never have acquired—again makes a splendid figure at home—shines in the senate—governs his country as its minister—is admired for his abilities—and, if successful, adored, at least by a party. When he dies, he is praised as a demi-god, and his monument records every thing but his vices. The exact contrast of such a picture is to be found in many cottages at Olney. I have no need to describe them; you know the characters I mean. They love God—they trust him—they pray to him in secret; and though he means to reward them openly, the day of recompense is delayed. In the meantime, they suffer everything that infirmity and poverty can inflict upon them. Who would suspect, that has not a spiritual eye to discern it, that the fine gentleman was one whom his Maker had in abhorrence; and the wretch last mentioned dear to him as the apple of His eye? It is no wonder that the world, who are not in the secret, find themselves obliged, some of them, to doubt a Providence, and others absolutely to deny it, when almost all the real virtue there is in it, is to be found living and dying in a state of neglected obscurity, and all the vices of others cannot exclude them from the privilege of worship and honour! But, behind the curtain, the matter is explained; very little, however, to the satisfaction of the great.—*Cowper*.

THE DAY OF VISITATION.

ADDRESSED TO THE YOUNG.

You are now in the dawn of your existence. It is the morning time with you. The years of youth are called "the morning of life." It is a beautiful expression. The morning is the time of dew and fragrance, and of the early, pure, unpolluted sunlight. It is a time that all enjoy, young and old. In his morning walk, the old man feels as if the vigour of youth had returned to him, and, though bent with years, he could dance and sing. So refreshing is the breath of the morning, so cheering its sights and its sounds in the air, in the valleys, among the woods, and on the hills and mountain-tops. All is gladness and exuberant joy. Because they are the first and the best of your years, the years of your youth are called "the morning of life."

One thing that youth is expert in, is in shaping dreams of future happiness. Old men, and men in middle life, do the same; but youth excels them in this work. Old men have had trial of the realities of life that clips the wings of their aspirations. Youth has had little experience of these realities; hope is its companion, and hope is generous and ardent, bold and adventurous. Of all the dreams of youth, the dream of long and happy years is among the most pleasing. How delightful to you are the ideas you form of this life upon earth! What a long period a single year appears! Your few weeks' vacation from school, or relaxation from business, appears long—they bulk large. What an amount of joy they yield! How much delight you will be able to crowd into them!

You can scarcely believe that time is short—you will not be convinced of it. You cannot understand old men, when they tell you that all the years they have lived seem to them as short as a span, or like a dream of the night, or like a morning cloud that hastens to pass away, and fade out of the sky. They tell you this in all truth and sincerity. You do not doubt their word; but you cannot comprehend how it should be so. You will understand it by-and-by. It shall soon be your own experience. In your turn, you will be moralizing to young people upon the shortness of time.

What would you think of the whole of a man's life being compared to "a day?" It is

often compared to a day, for the brevity and shortness of it. Compare it with eternity, and a day is a figure too great to denote the longest period of life given to any one below. But the object I have in view in writing this paper for your use, is not to show you that life may, with great propriety and with little exaggeration, be likened to a day; it is to call your attention to this point—that your life below, beginning from youth and terminating with your death, is a "day of visitation." If you ask what that means, the answer is, that your life is the opportunity that God is giving you of attending to the things that concern your peace. There is a very affecting portion of Scripture that speaks on this subject. If you turn to the Gospel by Luke, you will find it in chapter xix., verses 41–44.

During his stay upon earth, our Lord Jesus Christ was often at Jerusalem. He might often be seen in its streets, or in the temple—multitudes of the people collected around him, and he busily engaged in teaching the doctrines of the kingdom of heaven. Sometimes he was engaged in disputing with leading men, sometimes in opening the eyes of the blind, or in making the lame to walk. Now he is engaged in one thing, now in another. But all he did or said had reference to the temporal and eternal welfare of the people. In the passage of the Gospel to which you have been invited to turn, our Lord was on his way to Jerusalem, it would seem, for the last time. On his journey, he came to a place where a full view of Jerusalem opened upon the sight. It would be a grand and imposing sight, as a great city always is, seen from a distance neither too near nor too remote, and from a point where the whole can be taken in at once. An ordinary traveller would have lifted up his hands in admiration. But Jesus, when he beheld the city, wept over it. He wept over its inhabitants, on whom he had bestowed such pains to instruct and guide them, but who had grown harder and harder in their sin. He also made lamentation over them, as the tears of tenderest compassion dimmed his eyes: "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace; but now they are hid from

thine eyes." "In this thy day," he means the day of their visitation—the time when God gave them opportunity to hear the Gospel, to repent and believe the Gospel—the time when the things that belonged to their peace were still before them. That is the time and opportunity which our Lord had in view in the words, "In this thy day." Jerusalem had such a time—such an opportunity. She neglected it. It was her neglect of it that filled Christ's eyes with tears, and his heart with grief; for such an opportunity Jerusalem was not to have again. The things that belonged to her peace were now beyond reach: "Now," says Christ, "they are hid from thine eyes."

This, to be sure, is a very affecting Scripture narrative. You may read it with deep interest. Perhaps it may move you to tears, as it has done to many. If that is all, you receive not much benefit from it. This passage has been recorded in Scripture for a further use than merely affecting you with a passing sentiment of mournful sympathy. Consider if it has any application to yourselves.

Jerusalem, you observe, had a day of visitation—a day of great privilege—one of great opportunity. It might have been turned to great account—it ought to have been; but it was not. You, also, have a day of visitation—each of you has. It can be proved and made plain to you that you have. Your day of visitation or of opportunity is the present time. It is now that you are entering upon life. It may be it will continue so long as God keeps you alive in this world. It is elsewhere called the "accepted time"—"the day of salvation"—because in it God is making you offers of salvation, which, if refused, shall never again be made to you. Jerusalem had her day—you have your day.

The opportunity is given of knowing the things that belong to your peace. As it was with Jerusalem in this respect, so it is with you—"The things that belong to your peace." These are important things—so important, that they should never be lost sight of till attained, laid hold of, got into possession—the things that belong to your peace, that make for your peace, that secure your peace, that are the foundation and the substance of it, and without which you never can have peace. And what is life without quietness and peace—peace of mind—peace with God? Without peace with God, life were a burden here—it shall be a curse in the world to come. On earth man may make shift to live without peace with God.

It will be but a wretched and troubled life. But in the future world life is a curse to the wicked. There are none there who would not greatly prefer death to the miserable life they lead without peace with God. They would rejoice could they cease to exist.

You will have remarked, from reading the passage in the Gospel, that we have not that peace spoken of when we come into the world. It does not grow up spontaneously in the mind—we are not possessed of it. Our day of visitation is the opportunity afforded you of knowing, or becoming acquainted with the things that belong to your peace. If you had this peace already, there would not be any necessity, nor indeed any reason, that you should be allowed an opportunity of seeking after it. You have it not. None have it in their natural state. Instead of this peace, or any seeds that will produce it, being in your minds naturally, there is in your mind a very different matter. This is peace with God. But in your minds there is enmity against God. Unless two be agreed, they cannot walk together. Unless God be reconciled to you, and you to God, you cannot enjoy peace with God. God cannot be at peace with those whose hearts are full of hostility against him. The state in which you are, until you obtain peace with God, is a very dreadful state. It is a dreadful and shocking state of things for a creature that God made, and supports, and daily loads with his goodness, to have a heart full of enmity against God. It is also a very dangerous state. It can yield no true peace—the very opposite of that. Such a state is a being under the condemnation of God, out of whose hand there is none to deliver. These things, and much to the same purpose that might have been said but for wearying you, may teach you how precious a time the day of your visitation is, because in it God gives you opportunity of attending to the things that belong to your peace.

You ask, What are the things that belong to our peace—that make for it—that secure it—that are the foundation and the substance of it? I shall try to name some of them, for they are many, and cannot all be mentioned now. The first to be mentioned now is, that you are lost and perishing sinners; that you are, by nature, so sinful, that if things are allowed to take their natural course with you, you must inevitably perish; so disabled by sin, that you have no power to help yourselves, or to turn from you the destruction that threatens you. That is one thing that it concerns you to know,

and to be convinced of most assuredly in your minds. Another thing that belongs to your peace is to know and to be convinced, as assuredly of this, that God, in his great mercy and compassion for you, has interposed, of his free, undeserved grace, between you and this destruction. He has so arranged, that the natural course of things shall be arrested on your behalf, if you accept of his offer, and receive deliverance in the way he appoints and proposes. It also belongs to your peace to know that the ground or foundation on which God can accept and pardon your sins, is the work of Christ Jesus, and that that work is the only and exclusive ground; also, that in pardoning sin, and receiving sinners into favour with himself on that ground, God acts in strict consistency with all his glorious attributes. But not only must you know and understand these things—you must believe them. As lost sinners—each of you, as a lost sinner, must accept of Christ as all your hope and all your salvation. Farther, that as you cannot, even in your own strength, come to true convictions of your lost estate, or to true acceptance of Christ, in whom alone salvation is to be found, that God is most mercifully and most fully making you the offer of all grace necessary to lead you to repentance, and to faith unfeigned. These are some of the things that belong to your peace. To know, to accept of, to believe, to act upon, to live by these things, does most nearly concern your peace. There are other things, and very important things too, that belong to your peace. They cannot be mentioned now. Ask your parents, your teachers, what they are. Above all, carefully read the Word of God, and pray to God to teach you his Word, for in it all things that belong to your peace are contained.

You should think how exceedingly anxious God is that you should attend to the things that belong to your peace. He is very anxious about this. Many things show that he is anxious about it. The fact that God gives you a season, an opportunity of knowing the things that belong to your peace, shows that he is anxious you should know these things. If God were not concerned about this, would he have given such opportunity? That he has given you his holy Word, which contains the things that belong to your peace, shows it. Many, many statements in the Word of God show it. The Lord swears by himself that he has no pleasure in the death of sinners. That very affecting and solemnly shows how heartily he

is anxious about it. He has done more. You may see how anxious he is about your peace, when he gave up his beloved Son to the suffering of death for it; also, in the very earnest entreaties and appeals he makes to you in the Gospel to be reconciled to him.

Christ's mourning over sinners, shows how anxious he is about the same matter. Surely this weeping and lamentation of our blessed Lord over Jerusalem, shows how he was grieved that they despised the things that belonged to their peace: "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace!" It is as if he had said: "O that thou hadst known them!"—"Would to God that thou hadst attended to them!" He watches over you with as full and anxious a heart as he did over Jerusalem. How he will rejoice if you attend to the things that belong to your peace! He waits for the smallest melting of your hearts.

Your opportunity is but as a day—not a year—not an age—it is a day. How soon is a day spent! O! if ye spend your day of grace without improving it! The present hour is the time for accepting of the Gospel—for knowing the things that belong to your peace. Not to-morrow. No; it is to-day. How many have perished who thought, Well, to-morrow I shall repent and believe! They were not sincere in their resolvé. They actually did think to repent and believe at some future time; but they have perished—thousands! "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

THE CHURCH AND THE SABBATH.

(Continued from page 203.)

THE Reformation of the sixteenth century was an eminent witness for the Sabbath. For such reasons as swayed the Bohemian Churches of an earlier day, all the Churches of the Reformation may not have come out at once so clearly on the side of a scriptural Sabbath as could have been desired. The Lutheran Church may even have kept by the old Popish division of the decalogue; and expressions on the Sabbath it may be possible to quote from the writings of eminent Reformers, which are scarcely in harmony with other statements by the same parties. Great allowance must be made for men fresh from the Church of Rome, and soon beset by superstitious or fanatical opinions. The wonder is infinitely greater that they saw so clearly over the immense system of revealed truth, than that on some points and interpretations of texts a degree of obscurity and mistake should have rested upon their views. With all this—and the truly candid mind will be the first to acknowledge the force of the concession—

there can be no question that both the Reformers and the Churches which they planted were clear and decided friends of the scriptural Sabbath, and that no injustice to the memory of the one and the character of the other can be greater than to insinuate the reverse. To imagine that such men as Luther, or Calvin, or Melancthon, would have approved of Sabbath railway trains, and smiled with favour on the wholesale desecration of the Lord's-day, is utterly monstrous.

It would weary the reader to quote their sentiments, and those of their brother Reformers. To clear them from obscurity, where there is obscurity, to vindicate them from the ignorant and unscrupulous perversion of modern enemies, who would fain shelter themselves under venerable names, would be easy, but irksome. I adopt the conclusion of a learned friend, who has fully and accurately explored the whole subject: "It appears, then," says the Rev. P. Fairbairn, "upon a full and careful examination of the whole matter, that the Reformers and the most eminent divines, for about a century after the Reformation, were substantially sound upon the question of the Sabbath, in so far as concerns the obligation and practice of Christians. A very large proportion of them held that the fourth commandment *strictly and morally binds men in every age to set apart one whole day in seven for the immediate worship and service of God.* They all held the institution of the Sabbath at the creation of the world, and as a primeval ordinance, carrying with it, through all coming ages of the world, an obligation to cease every seventh day from the works proper to the other six days of the week, and to hallow it as a portion of time peculiarly connected with the glory of God. Finally, they held it to be the duty of all sound Christians to use the Lord's-day as a Sabbath of rest to him, withdrawing themselves not only from sin and vanity, but also from those worldly employments and recreations which belong only to a present life, and yielding themselves wholly to the public exercises of God's worship, and to the private duties of devotion, excepting only in so far as any urgent call of necessity or mercy might come in the way to interrupt them. We avow this to be a fair and faithful representation of the sentiments of those men on the subject, after a patient consideration of what they have written concerning it."

The men whose opinions Mr. Fairbairn examines and ascertains, are Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, Beza, Bucer, Bullinger, Zuingle, Peter Martyr, Viret, Ursinus, &c. If any farther proof were necessary, in addition to the statement which has just been adduced, of the sentiments of the Continental Churches and Reformers, it would be found in the Heidelberg Catechism, brought forth by Frederick III., Palgrave on the Rhine, surnamed the "Godly Elector." The work was prepared in Germany, at least two

years before the death of Calvin. In the provinces of the Rhine, it was substituted for the Lutheran Catechism, which had formerly been taught. It was ere long adopted by the Churches of Holland and the Netherlands. The Synod of Dort, in 1618, declared that, in the judgment of foreign as well as domestic divines (Dutch), it was received as according in all things with the Word of God; and that it was a "well composed epitome of the orthodox Christian doctrine." So high was its reputation, that, though written in Germany, it was introduced into the Churches of the Netherlands by authority, and, during the last century, was regularly expounded in the churches, as the leading part of the afternoon service of the Lord's-day. Perhaps no work, not even a professed Confession of Faith, could furnish better evidence of what were the real sentiments of the Reformers, and the Reformed Churches of the Continent generally, on the subject on hand. And what, then, says the Heidelberg Catechism on the Sabbath? Its views are as full, clear, distinct, and not less strict, than those of the Larger and Shorter Catechisms of the Westminster Divines! In short, it is quite a counterpart to the catechisms of Scottish Presbyterianism. Take one or two sentences as a specimen: "What is the sum of the fourth commandment?" Answer: "That we must separate a *whole day* in the week to the service of God; that we, with our resting from all works which might hinder it, may attend upon the same, in soul and body, in public and private. For so it pleaseth our God, who with his example is gone before us." Again, it is asked, "Is the strict observation of the first day of the week not Jewish?" Answer: "No; for herein is nothing ceremonial—the keeping of a day is *moral*. If, now, the apostles had fixed no certain day, the conscience would always waver, be driven to and fro, and one would desire this day, and another that."

Nor does the Heidelberg Catechism stand alone. Similar is the testimony of the Swiss Church. Ostervald, in his "Catechetical Discourse for the Instruction of Young People," published in 1702—a discourse officially recommended by the ministers of Neuchâtel and the neighbourhood, as contributing, among other things, to the more clear understanding "of the catechism which is publicly explained in our churches"—brings out such views as these on the fourth commandment: "The sanctification of Sunday does not consist simply in resting. No; but we rest on this day that we may all of us employ it in the service of God, and attend upon the holy congregation. It must also be sanctified by private devotions—by reading the Holy Scriptures, by holy meditation, by praising God, and by godly discourses." Such is the testimony of Switzerland, even down to a comparatively recent date.

Turning for a moment to the British Reformers and their immediate successors, it is

scarcely necessary to say that they were warm friends of the scriptural Sabbath, and embodied their views in the standards of the Churches which they planted. Not only is the decalogue, with the fourth commandment, of everlasting obligation, recorded and made matter of prayer in the Liturgy of the Church of England from Sabbath to Sabbath, but in many, if not in most of the churches, the Sabbath law is set up, visibly painted in her places of worship. I intended to have quoted various testimonies of distinguished divines of the Church of England, but space forbids me even to enumerate their names. I may merely mention, that Becon, the chaplain of Cranmer, and Hooper the martyr, the latter one of the noblest sons of the English Church, were decided in their reverence for the scriptural Sabbath. The civil law, again, is clear and strong. Even in Popish times—those of Athelstane (A.D. 950), and Henry VI. (A.D. 1460)—there were civil enactments in behalf of the Sabbath. The latter, indeed, providing, at the same time, for holidays, and allowing four Sabbaths to be employed in secular work in the months of harvest. But in Protestant times—in the reigns of Elizabeth, Charles I., Charles II., William, Anne, and George III.—there were repeated recognitions of the Lord's-day alone, and protection to various classes in the sacred use of it. Some of the sovereigns may have cared little for the Sabbath themselves, but the Sabbath law, civilly ratified, is a testimony from the Nation as well as the Church, in behalf of the day of God.

Of Scotland it is unnecessary to say anything in this connection. It has been always noted for its high Sabbath observance; and, at the same moment, its hatred of Popery—these going together. The standards of its Churches, the civil laws of its nation, alike attest the sacredness of the Scottish Sabbath. Long may it retain its high distinction, or rather, soon may it lose the honour, not by sinking its standard to the level of others, but by others coming up and adopting, in common with Scotland, the Sabbathical standard of the Word of God. The Westminster Confession, embracing its exposition of the fourth commandment, is part of Scotland's civil law. I may merely introduce a sentence from the well-known Commentaries of Baron Hume on the law of Scotland: "To secure the due observance of the Lord's-day," says he, "we have a long succession of statutes, most of them passed after the Reformation, which prohibit all holding of fairs, markets, all buying and selling, working, &c.; and in general, all use of ordinary labour, employment, or sport, on that day." The connection between the Scottish Sabbath law and the Reformation from Popery, as noted in the sentence, is worthy of attention.

In closing the proof of the Evangelical Church's testimony to the day of God, I must not omit to mention the Puritans and Noncon-

formists of England. In their best days, they were the devoted friends of the Sabbath. The Westminster Confession of Faith will ever remain a monument of their enlightened views; as also of the Churches which they planted in the American wilderness—Churches which, over extensive provinces, have established and maintained the nearest approximation to the Scottish Sabbath. One of the ablest books written on the Sabbath, if not the ablest, was the production of a Nonconformist pen—that of the great Dr. Owen. And Richard Baxter should not be forgotten.

As was the mother of these days, so was the daughter. The Church of America resembled the Church of Britain. For nothing were the noble men who planted true Christianity and an Evangelical Church in the wilderness, now constituting the United States, more distinguished than for their reverence for the Sabbath. It was quite a prominent feature in their character—a sign between them and the heathen world around—and, to a large extent, it has continued to be a mark of American religion to the present day. There, as elsewhere, there may have been, in recent generations, an unfavourable change, and one State may be far inferior in its best attainments to another; still there has been a very general acknowledgment throughout Protestant America of the truth embodied in the resolutions of the "American and Foreign Sabbath Union," 1844: "That as the purity and permanence of free institutions cannot be maintained without knowledge and virtue among the people, and as these cannot be secured without the Sabbath, no enlightened consistent patriot, or friend of the people, will fail conscientiously and habitually to observe it." Exactly as Evangelical religion, in any particular quarter, is revived, and becomes powerful, it is noticed that, in the same proportion, quickened interest and affection for the holy Sabbath of the Lord springs up.—*Rev. J. G. Lorimer.*

BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THOMAS SCOTT, THE COMMENTATOR.

(Annexed by him to his Narrative of his own Life.)

It is a former part of my narrative, I just mentioned the death of my eldest daughter, aged four years and a half, and I shall here subjoin a few more particulars respecting her. At the age of three years and a half she had a most extraordinary and distressing illness, so that for several weeks she could not be induced to take either medicine or nutriment of any kind, but what was poured down her throat almost by main force. I had little expectation of her recovery; but I was under a full and deep conviction that all the human race are born to sin, and are utterly incapable of happiness here—

after, without regeneration and renovation by the Holy Spirit. This, if actually wrought in childhood, I was satisfied would begin to show itself about the time when children become actual sinners by personal and wilful transgression; and I was fully assured that she had become an actual sinner. Seeing, therefore, no ground to believe that any gracious change had taken place in her, I was greatly distressed about her eternal state; and I repeatedly and most earnestly besought the Lord that he would not take her from me, without affording me some evidence of her repentance, and faith in his mercy through Jesus Christ.

To the surprise of all she recovered, and lived just another year. Half of this year was remarkable for nothing, except the proofs which she gave of a very good understanding, and the readiness with which she learned whatever was taught her. Indeed, she almost taught herself to read; and was so much the astonishment of our neighbours, that they expressed a persuasion that she would not live long—which I treated with contempt. But about the middle of the year, on my return home one evening, my wife told me that her daughter had behaved very ill, and been so rebellious and obstinate, that she had been constrained to correct her. In consequence, I took her between my knees, and began to talk to her. I told her she had often heard that she was a sinner against God: that sin was breaking the commandments of God: that he had commanded her to honour and obey her father and mother; but that she had disobeyed her mother, and thus sinned against God and made him angry at her—far more angry than her mother had been: that she must have a new heart or disposition; that, if her heart or disposition were not wicked, she would not thus want a new one; but that her obstinate rebellious conduct to her mother (with some other instances which I mentioned), showed that her heart was wicked: that she, therefore, wanted both forgiveness of sins and a new heart, without which she could not be happy in another world, after death. I then spoke, in language suited to her age, concerning the love, and mercy, and grace of Christ, in a manner which I cannot now particularly describe; but my heart was much engaged, and out of the abundance of my heart my mouth spoke: and I concluded with pressing it upon her constantly to pray to Jesus to forgive her sins; to give her a new heart; and not to let her die till he had indeed done so.

I have good ground to believe that, from that time to her death, no day passed in which she did not, alone, more than once, and with apparent earnestness, pray to Jesus Christ to this effect; adding petitions for her father, mother, and brothers, and for her nurse—to whom she was much attached. At times we overheard her in a little room to which she used to retire; and, on some occasions, her prayers were accompanied with sobs and tears. Once she was

guilty of an untruth, and I reasoned and expostulated with her on the wickedness of lying. I almost seem now to hear her subsequent confessions in her retirement; her cries for forgiveness; her prayers for a new and better heart; and that she might not die "before her new heart came." She could scarcely proceed for sobs and tears. In short, there was everything in miniature, which I ever witnessed or read of in an adult penitent; and certainly there were fruits meet for repentance, for nothing reprehensible afterwards occurred in her conduct.

Just at this time the Olney Hymns were published; and, without any one putting her upon it, she got many of them by heart; and for some months, the first voice which I heard in the morning was hers, repeating these hymns, and those of Dr. Watts; and frequently she would come to me to tell me what a beautiful hymn she had found, and then repeat it without the book.

I might recite many of her sayings, which, parental partiality apart, I must think surpassed what I have heard from one so young. The favourite servant, who has been mentioned, sometimes used the name of God or Lord in an improper manner, and the child would affectionately remonstrate with her, and say, "Do not use such words, Kitty; you will certainly go to hell if you say such naughty words." She evidently understood the great outlines of the plan of salvation. "Papa," she said, "you preached to-day concerning the Lamb's blood." I answered, "What does that mean?" She replied, "The blood of Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God, which taketh away the burden of sin out of our hearts." The day preceding her death, she read to me a chapter in St. John, in which the Jews charged Jesus with breaking the Sabbath. On this she paused and said, "Papa, did Jesus Christ ever break the Sabbath?" I answered, "No; but he did good on the Sabbath-day, and his enemies called that breaking the Sabbath." "I thought so," she said; "Jesus was always good, but we are all naughty till he makes us good. Peter was a good man; but Peter was naughty till Jesus Christ made him good!"

When any minister or pious friend came to see me, no play or amusement would draw her away from us when our conversation was on religious topics. She would stand fixed in attention, and evidently interested in what was said. She seldom spoke on these occasions; but she would sometimes ask me questions afterwards on what she had heard.

The day before she died, the Rev. Mr. Powley, of Dewsbury, in Yorkshire (who had married Mrs. Unwin's daughter), had engaged to come to see me, and to preach in the evening. After dinner I employed myself, as I frequently did, in sawing wood for fuel. She came and prattled with me, and several times by degrees got so near me, that I feared the large pieces of

wood would fall on her. I sent her farther off; yet still, intent on our talk, she crept near again, till at length a very large log, which could scarcely have failed to kill her, had it fallen upon her, rolled down and only just missed her. While very thankful for her preservation, little did I think that a very few hours would deprive me of my darling child.

I had scarcely got into the house to prepare for my visitant, when she came to me and said, "I am very sick; what must I do?" I said, "You must pray for patience." She asked, "What is patience?" and before I could answer, she was so ill that she only got into the next room to the servant, where the most violent symptoms followed. As I was engaged with my friend, and with the preaching, having ordered her some medicines, I did not see her for several hours; but, when I did, I was fully convinced that her sickness was fatal. Some further means were used, but wholly without effect; and she expired at ten o'clock the next morning, while repeating the Lord's Prayer, the concluding words of which were the last she spoke.

Her disorder was an attack of scarlet fever, which Dr. Kerr stated to be of a very peculiar kind, and that the case was hopeless from the first. I had attended fifty or sixty persons in that disease, and all recovered except my own child.

She died on Thursday morning, and on the next evening at my lecture at Ravenstone, where I had undertaken to preach through part of the book of Job, the text which came in course was Job i. 21: "*The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: Blessed be the name of the Lord.*" and on this I preached, notwithstanding the death of my child. It would be in vain to attempt to describe either my anguish or my exultation on this trying, yet animating occasion. Sorrow and joy succeeded each other in the highest degree, and often in the most rapid manner, that I ever experienced; and sometimes they were pathetically, dolefully, yet sweetly intermingled. Prayer and thanksgiving seemed my main employment. I never obtained such a victory over the fear of death as by looking, for a long time together, on her corpse. Gradually sorrow abated, and joy prevailed, and I often said, I would not exchange my dead child for any living child in the world of the same age. Some have told me that her religious turn was only the effect of her hearing so much on the subject, and had nothing so extraordinary in it; but I never could see anything of the same kind in my other children at so early an age, nor till they were much older, though they had at least the same advantage.

THE LENT HALF-CROWN.

"WHAT are you crying for?" said Arthur to a little ragged boy that he overtook on his way home from the village school. There was some-

thing in the kind of crying that led Arthur to think there was some serious cause for it.

"I am hungry," said the boy, "and can get nothing to eat."

"He don't go to our school, or he would have said *Get any thing* to eat." But Arthur did not stop to criticise his language.

"Why don't your mother give you something to eat?"

"She hasn't any thing for herself, and she is sick, and can't get up."

"Where is your father?"

"I haven't any—he was drowned at sea."

"Where do you live?"

"Down there," pointing to a miserable hut in a distant lane.

"Come with me, and I'll get you something."

—Arthur turned back, and the boy followed him. He had a few half-pence in his pocket—just enough, as it proved, to buy a loaf of bread. He gave it to the boy, and told him he would go home with him. The boy took the loaf, and though he did not break it, he looked so wishfully, that Arthur took his knife and cut off a piece and gave it to him to eat; he ate it in a manner that showed that he had not deceived Arthur when he told him he was hungry. The tears came into Arthur's eyes as he saw him swallow the dry bread with such eagerness. He remembered with some self-reproach, that he had sometimes complained when he had nothing but bread and butter for tea. On their way to the boy's home, Arthur learned that the family had removed to the place about a week before; that his mother was taken sick the day after they came, and was unable to leave her bed; that there were two children younger than himself; that their last food was eaten the day before; that his mother had sent him out to beg for the first time in his life; that the first man he asked told him that beggars would be put in jail, so he was afraid to ask anybody else, but was returning home when Arthur overtook him, and asked him what he was crying for.

Arthur went in and saw a good-looking woman on the bed, with two small children crying by her side. As he opened the door, he heard the eldest say, "Do, mama, give me something to eat." They stopped crying when Arthur and the boy came in. The boy ran to the bed and gave his mother the loaf, and pointing to Arthur, said,

"He bought it for me."

"Thank you," said the woman; "may God bless you, and give you the bread of eternal life!"

The oldest girl jumped up and down in her joy, and the youngest tried to seize the loaf. Seeing that the widow's hands were weak, Arthur took the loaf and cut off a piece for the youngest first, and then for the girl and the boy. He gave the loaf to the widow. She ate a small piece, and then closed her eyes and seemed to be in silent prayer.

"She must be one of the Lord's poor," thought Arthur. "I'll go and get something for you as quick as I can," said Arthur, and he departed.

He went to Mrs. Berton's, who lived near, and told her the story; and she immediately sent some milk and bread, and tea and sugar and butter, and sent word that she would come herself as soon as she could get the baby to sleep.

Arthur had a half-crown at home, which he wished to give the poor woman. His father gave it to him for watching sheep, and told him that he must not spend it, but put it out at interest, or trade with it so as to make something by it. He knew his father would not let him give it away; for he was not a true Christian, and thought of little else than of making and saving money.—Arthur's mother died when he was an infant, but with her last breath she gave him to God.

When Arthur was five years old, he was sent to school to a pious teacher who cared for his soul, and knowing that he had no teacher at home, she took unusual pains to instruct him in the principles of religious truth. The Holy Spirit blessed her efforts, and before he was eight years of age, there was reason to hope that he had been born again inwardly.

Arthur was now in his tenth year. He considered how he should help the poor widow, and at length hit upon the plan which proved successful.

His father was very desirous that he should begin to act for himself in business matters, such as making bargains. He did not wish him to ask his advice in so doing, but to go by his own judgment. After the business was done he would show whether it was wise or not; but never censured him, lest he should discourage him from acting on his own responsibility.

In view of these facts Arthur formed his plan.

"Father, may I lend my half-crown?"

"To some spendthrift boy?"

"I won't lend it without good security."

The father was pleased that his son had the idea of good security in his head; he would not inquire what it was for—he wished Arthur to decide for himself. He told him to lend it, but be careful not to lose it.

"I'll be sure about that," said Arthur.

Arthur took his half-crown, and ran to the poor widow, and gave it to her, and came away before she had time to thank him.

At night his father asked him if he had put out his money.

"Yes, sir," said Arthur.

"Whom did you lend it to?"

"I gave it to a poor starving widow in Mr. Harvey's house."

There was a frown gathering on his father's brow as he said, "Do you call that lending? Did you not ask my permission to lend it? Have I a son that will deceive me?"

"No, sir," said Arthur; "I did lend it." He

opened his Bible that he had ready, with his finger on the place, "*He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth to the Lord.*" "I lent it to the Lord, and I call that written promise good security."

"Lent it to the Lord! Will he ever pay you?"

"Yes, father, he will—it says that he will pay again."

"I thought you had more sense," said his father; but this was not said in an angry tone. The truth was, the old man was pleased with the ingenuity, as he called it, of his boy. He did not wish to discourage that. So he took out his purse, and handed Arthur half-a-crown. "Here; the Lord will never pay you?—I must, or you will never see your money again."

"Thank you, sir," said Arthur. "In my way of thinking," said he to himself, "the Lord has paid me much sooner than I expected, too; I hardly expected he would pay me in money. The hearts of all men are in his hand, and the gold and silver are his; he has disposed my father to pay it to me. I'll lend it again."

Arthur kept the habit of lending his spare money to the Lord all his days, and he was always satisfied that he was paid four-fold, and often several times over.

LETTERS TO A ROMISH BISHOP.

(Continued from page 186.)

In my two last letters I have stated to you some of the causes of my early misgivings as to yours being a true Church, and as to its holding the true faith. These causes I might multiply indefinitely; for you well know it to be a law of the human mind, that when its confidence is once shaken, it sees causes of suspicion even in things true and honest. In my first letter I stated to you that when I deliberately rejected the authority and teachings of your Church, I became an infidel. And my object in the present letter is to reveal to you the process through which my mind passed, in its transition from Popery to infidelity. I believe that your Reverence will pronounce it a very natural one.

On reaching the years of maturity, my mind was a perfect blank as to all religious instruction. And if such instruction is ever given by your Church or priests, my advantages were peculiarly good for receiving it. Indeed, I was even talked of as a candidate for Maynooth. Whilst my mind was filled with superstitious notions concerning meats and penances, and external observances, and legends, it was utterly ignorant of the Bible. With my missal I was somewhat familiar; I said the catechism when I was confirmed, at the age of nine or ten; and that was the amount of my religious education. At the age of eighteen years the catechism was forgotten, and the missal was neglected; and as my conscience was uneducated, and my mind unfurnished with religious principles, the only test of truth left me was my common sense. I then became the associate of companions of Protestant education, who would some-

times ask me my reason for this and that observance; and not being able to give any, as none was ever given me, I was frequently put to the blush. I candidly state to you that it was in this way I was first led to bring to the test of my common sense, then my only standard, some of the doctrines and rites of your Church. And this reveals the reason why your priesthood is so intensely concerned that Catholic children should be guarded from all contact with those of Protestant education. The spirit of inquiry is contagious; and pope, bishops, and priests, fear it as worse than the plague. Its indulgence, you know, either is, or leads to, mortal sin. Let me briefly state to you some of the effects of this spirit of inquiry upon me.

From my youth up I was taught to abstain from all meats on Fridays and Saturdays. Why on these days more than on any other, I was never told. And if, by mistake I was involved in the violation of this law, I felt a burden upon my conscience of which confession could only relieve me. Circumstances led me to inquire into this matter. I saw good Papists eating eggs, and fish, and getting drunk on these days; but this was no violation of the law of the Church! Yet if these persons should eat meat of any kind; or use gravy in any way, their consciences were troubled, and they must perform penance! This led me to ask, Is this reasonable? If I may eat meat on a Thursday, why not on a Friday? Can God make that to be a sin at one time which is not at another? I saw, also, persons for whose moral worth I had the highest regard, eating meats on those days, and without any injury! And I came to the conclusion that your regulations upon this matter were unreasonable, and rejected them. And, as far as I now remember, this was my first step towards light and freedom.

Whether our course is upwards, towards the region of light, or downwards, towards that of darkness, one step always prepares for another. Devoted to reading at this period of my life, I perused without discrimination every thing that came in my way. Some book or tract, now forgotten, gave rise to some inquiries as to the mass. I asked, What does it mean? I could not tell, though for years a regular attendant upon it. Why does the priest dress so? What book does he read from, when carried now to his right, and now to his left? What mean those candles burning at noon-day? Why do I see prayers in Latin, which I understand not? Why bow down and strike my breast when the little bell rings? What does it all mean? The darkness of Egypt rested upon these questions. I thus reasoned with myself: God is a spiritual and intelligent being, and he requires an intelligent worship. What worship I render him in the mass, I know not. My intelligent worship only is acceptable to him, and is beneficial to me. I am a rational being, and I degrade my nature, and insult my Maker, by offering to Him a worship in which neither my reason nor His intelligence is consulted. Having come to this conclusion, I gave up the mass as a form of worship well enough fitted for an idol, but unfitted to be rendered by a rational being to the infinitely intelligent Jehovah. I have

never been to mass since, save out of curiosity, to see how an ignorant people can be edified, by what seems to me the most unmeaning and farcical of all the rites that ever man has devised. And you know, sir, that with all devotion and honesty a Catholic may wait on your masses until his locks are as white as your surplice, and then pass into eternity without one single spiritual idea upon the subject of religion; resolving it all into external observances.

When I came to the above conclusion on the subject of the mass, I experienced no great difficulty as to other matters which passed rapidly in review before me. Must I go to confession? My prejudices said Yes. My reason said No. And my logic was simply as follows:—If I truly repent of my sins, God will forgive me; if I do not, the priest cannot absolve me. And I spurned as unreasonable, and as an insult to my common sense, your terrible doctrine that "Every Christian is bound, *under pain of damnation*, to confess to a priest all his mortal sins, which, after diligent examination, he can possibly remember; yea, even his most secret sins—his very thoughts; yea, and all the circumstances of them which are of any moment." I ask you, sir, if this dogma of the Council of Trent is not a horrible dogma? It suspends upon confessing to a priest, what the Bible suspends on believing in Christ? Do you, sir, believe it? Can you believe it?

With yet greater abhorrence, I gave up the doctrine of transubstantiation. As explained by Dr. Challoner, in his "Catholic Christian Instructed," chap. 5, it means, "that the bread and wine are changed, by the consecration, into the body and blood of Christ; and are so changed that Christ himself, true God and true man, is truly, really, and substantially present in the sacrament." With this doctrine in view, I went to witness the administration of the eucharist, as you call it. The communicants drew around the altar upon their knees. With a little box in his hand the priest passed from one to the other, taking a wafer, smaller than that used in sealing a letter, from the box, and placing it upon the extended tongue of the communicant. I was always taught that the teeth must not touch the wafer—that it must melt upon the tongue. I witnessed the ceremony, as I had often done before. I retired from the scene asking these questions: Is that little wafer the real body and blood of Christ? Does the priest, in that little box, not as large as a snuff-box, carry two or three hundred real bodies of Christ? Do these communicants, each in turn, eat the real body and blood of Christ? My dear sir, I cannot express to you the violence with which my mind rejected the absurdity. Look at it in what light you may, it is abhorrent to our common reason—it gives the lie to every sense with which God has endowed us.

Having gone through this process, not with a light and trifling, but with a serious mind, my prejudice rising in stormy rebellion against my convictions, I raised up my eyes and beheld my religion! The priest was a juggler, and his religion a fable! Every thing I had ever learned from parent and priest to esteem as religion, was now rejected as false; and

not knowing but that this was all of religion that was in the world, I had no alternative but infidelity. I had no test of truth but my reason; and when I brought your system to that, I was compelled to reject it as false; and with it, all religion.

Nor have I, dear sir, any hesitation in saying that the process of my own mind from Popery to infidelity, is that through which multitudes of minds have passed, and are now passing. To an inquiring mind, which knows nothing of the Bible, infidelity is the fruit of Popery. Hence, in Papal countries, whilst the masses are superstitious, the intelligent and educated are infidel. If they sustain the vulgar religion, it is for reasons of State. Hence the infidelity of France, of Spain, and Italy. At the present hour, the mind of these countries is more infidel than Papal. And this is true of every country on the globe where your religion prevails. It makes the masses superstitious, and the intelligent, infidel.

And permit me to say, dear sir, in reference to yourself, that I have far too high a regard for your intelligence, to admit for a moment that you believe in the absurd doctrines which your Church teaches. Like the ancient priests of Egypt, you must have one class of opinions for the people, and another for yourself. Will you say that this is harsh and uncharitable? None knows better than yourself that history affirms it of popes, cardinals, and bishops that have lived before you.

SHALL CHRISTIANS DANCE?

Why not *Christians*, if anybody? We would not advise a *sinner* to dance. A sinner is an enemy to God—and shall he dance? A sinner must repent or perish—and shall he dance? A sinner is on the way to hell, and may be there in an hour—shall he dance? There is something supremely shocking in the idea of a dancing sinner. What fearful declarations are those of Job! "They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance. They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down to the grave." (Job xxi. 11, 13.)

But a Christian is a redeemed sinner. "He is bought with a price"—"He is washed, he is sanctified, he is justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." "He is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." The Christian is the image of Christ, and is to show to the world that he has been with Jesus, and has learned of him, "who was meek and lowly in heart, and went about doing good." The Christian is "crucified to the world, and the world unto him:" so that "he rolls round his dying eyes upon a dying world." The Christian is, in a little while, to be in heaven, beholding and enjoying, and for ever to enjoy, the glory of God. Let him sing for joy, and dance too before the Lord, as David did, if such an exercise be suited to his present condition, and adapted to promote the glory of God and the salvation of men. For this is the apostolic ex-

hortation: "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." (1 Cor. x. 31.)

Shall Christians dance? Then they must have a time to dance! At what point of time between one communion season and another shall it be? just before, or just after, they sit down at the table of the Lord? Is it the kind of preparation which fits them for that scene which Calvary beheld? Will the dance help them to "examine themselves?" Will it enable them to deny themselves as they should, after they have been anew to see Christ crucified? Or will they fix the time at a point equally distant from the celebration past and the celebration to come, so that they may *forget, or almost forget*, the command, "This do in remembrance of me!" Can they, at the dance, think intensely upon the scenes in the garden; in the palace of the high priest; in the hall of Pilate; on the way to Calvary; at the nailing of the victim; and at the innocent Sufferer's cry of agony, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" This cry, under Almighty wrath, crushing him to death for our sins, makes the ears of Christians tingle. How can they forget it, so as to find a time to dance between one communion season and another?

Shall Christians dance? Then they must have leisure to dance? "Wot ye not," said Jesus, "that I must be about my Father's business?" He began early, and continued to the end to be about his Father's business; so that in the end he could say to his Father, "I have glorified thee upon earth; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." Then he was ready to depart, and with his last breath cried, "It is finished." Duty and suffering were completed. Are Christians, the followers of such a Saviour, at leisure, so that their work is done long before their sun is set? Do they understand God's Word so well, that they need study it no more? Are all their duties to God, in the closet, in the family, and in his house, diligently and faithfully performed? Do they perform all that is needful for the young, for the aged, for the Church, for the world, and then find leisure to unite with gay companions in moving to the sound of the viol, amid the mazes of pleasurable dissipation? Is the soul duly cared for? And from the dance can they return home to commune with God? to pray for all saints, and the ministers of Christ, with all prayer, and without ceasing? Can they visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keep themselves unspotted from the world?

Shall Christians dance? Then they must be imitated by others. Allowing that Christians have time, leisure, and money, for the dance, and that it may be proper for them to dance, still a question remains—Is it expedient? If it be lawful in the sight of God, does it tend to edification? Is it attended with no danger to

others? Will the gay and the thoughtless be likely to derive benefit from such examples of Christians? Did the Apostle Paul say, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend?" Should not we also look to the welfare of others? If it be not perilous to ourselves, yet if it be so to others, charity requires us to abstain. If we would not advise sinners to dance, we certainly should not set the example. If but one member of a Church be found in the ball-room, who will not know it? Will not every eye be fixed on that individual? Will not some be ready to say in heart, "Did not I see thee at the Lord's table?"

Will it not be reported the next day? And will not the echo fly among the circles of the lovers of pleasure? Will not the thoughtless urge this example, as a plea for the indulgence which conscience forbids? And will not many be emboldened, not only near by, but far off, to do what no sinner should venture to do, as it must be at the peril of his soul? And will not these gay companions of yours despise you for your vain indulgence?

Dear Christian friend, how can you have any delight in this amusement, or in any other pastime in which they delight who are strangers to holy and refined enjoyments? When all the sweets of paradise are before us, need we covet the forbidden tree? Can you recommend Christ and him crucified to your jovial companions? Can you converse seriously on the salvation of the soul, while on the way with them either to or from the merry meeting? Allowing that it is no worse than other vain amusements, is this the criterion of your duty? Dear friend, how came you to be in this vacillating state of mind? You did not feel as you do now, when you first hoped in Christ, when you joined yourself to the Lord and his people. Did you not then find your happiness in God, choose his people for your people, his law for your rule, his heaven for your home? Are you become, or are you about to become, one of those who draw back to perdition?

SINNER, THINK!

"Who can understand his errors?" (Ps. xix. 12.) Methinks there is no sad sight in the world but the sinner in his sins.

Suppose you had seen Herod covered with worms; alas! what is this to one worm of conscience?

Suppose you had seen every member in the senate run upon Caesar to give him a stab; would not you have given him over for dead a thousand times? Brethren, every sin you commit is an envenomed knife to stab you at your very heart.

Suppose, again, you should see a malefactor at the bar for a capital crime, the evidence clear; "O," you will say, "it will go hard with him!" But when you see another, and another, and many other indictments sworn home against him, and every one touching his

life, will you not say,—"There is no hope; he is a dead man; and all the world cannot save him?" Remember, this is thy case, and it will be certainly called over.

If one poison be enough to despatch a man, without an antidote, what doth that man mean that drinks off a thousand poisons, and refuses the antidote of the blood of Christ?

If one sin be as a thousand millstones to sink all the world into the bottom of hell, what dost thou mean to tie so many thousand millstones about thy own neck?—*Pledger*.

ALWAYS WELCOME.

SEE how welcome a sinner is to Christ. The prodigal—he runs his course, spends all in riot and luxury, and is reduced to utter extremity; and then he bethinks himself of coming home: "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!" There be 'many mansions in my father's house.' 'I will arise and go to my father,' &c. (Luke xv. 17, 18.) Being, upon this knowledge of his father's fulness, drawn, and upon sense of his own lostness, driven, he comes; and what salutation do you think his father might give him? "What! are you come indeed? In good time! You, that have all this while taken your swing in all wickedness, as long as you could live, my house was not good enough for you; and now, that you have laid me under the reproach of your lewdness and fulfilling your lusts, as long as you had a penny in your purse, or a rag to your back! do you now come to me? There is no duty or affection to me that sways you hither; but you are compelled by the extremity you have brought yourself to! Get you gone with a sorrow, and never look me in the face more!" Thus we would have thought; but it is quite otherwise: his father, when he did but say he would come, meets him afar off, falls on his neck, kisses him, brings him home, provides the best room, the best robe, the best kith, all the best, and there is great joy. His father doth not question what draws, or what drives—whether he comes out of compelling necessity, or out of ingenuity and dutiful affection: but he is come—that is enough. "This my son was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found;" and there is all done that possibly may make him welcome.—*Ibid*.

FAITH OBEDIENT.

THEY that expect to enjoy what God promises, will be sure to perform what God enjoins. Holy trust takes it for a maxim, that he that contemns the commands of a God as his Sovereign, has no share in the promises of a God as all-sufficient. If we trust in the Son with a faith of confidence, we shall be sure to honour the Son with a kiss of obedience. (Ps. ii. 12.) Thus David: "I have hoped for thy salvation, and done thy commandments."—*Lye*.

THE DECEITFULNESS OF RICHES.

No man was ever made good, merely by riches and worldly wealth. These, indeed, have found some really good, and made them less good than they were; and have found many seemingly good, whom they have made stark naught. How often hath a fat preferment spoiled a good preacher, and caused him

when the fish is caught, to lay aside his net! Usually the more we have of this world, the less we mind the world to come. Our place in Paris makes us forget our portion in paradise. That earth which we tread under our feet, gets up into our hearts, and makes them more earthly than the earth we tread on.

Riches at once sink the mind downward in covetous cares, and lift it upward in proud conceits. To see a man rich in purse, and poor in spirit, is a great rarity.

When we flourish in the flesh, we are apt to wither in the spirit. The scorching sunbeams of prosperity too often cause a drought, and then a dearth, a famine in the soul, and make us throw off those robes of righteousness which the wind of affliction makes us to gird on the faster. The world is of an encroaching nature; hard it is to enjoy it, and not come into bondage to it. Let Abraham cast but a little more than ordinary respect on Hagar, and it will not be long ere she begin to contest with, yea, crowd over, her mistress.

Faith knows what a task, what a Herculean labour, it is, after it hath passed a day amidst worldly profit, and been entertained with the delights and pleasures which a full estate affords, now to bring a whole heart to God, when at night it returns into his presence. The world in this case doeth by the saint, as the little child by the mother: if it cannot keep the mother from going out, it will cry after to go with her. If the world cannot keep us from going to religious duties, it will cry to be taken along with us; and much ado there is to part it and our affections.—*Ibid.*

SEEK THE THINGS THAT ARE ABOVE.

How secure is that soul that lives under the deep, and warm, and constant sense of God's being its "all in all!" What a munition of rocks is this against all assaults and incursions of the tempter! They are our tame and common poultry, whose wings sweep the ground as they fly, and raise a dust; but the generous eagle soon mounts above this smoky lower region of the air, till she makes the clouds a pillow for her head. Put on, Christian, thy eagles' wings (which are the same with those doves' wings which David prays for), "and flee away, that thou mayest be at rest." (Ps. lv. 6.) "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings as eagles," &c. (Isa. xl. 31.) When the soul is once but upon the wing heaven-ward, O how easily then doth it soar away above this region of smoke and dust, above this atmosphere of carnality and fleshly lustings, into the pure and free ethereal air, the blessed serenity and rest of God's life and kingdom, "which is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost!" (Rom. xiv. 17.)

TWO THINGS CLEAR.

METHINKS the Divine perfection, and our own imperfection, are the two greatest sensibles in the world, both of them equally—that is, immensely—clear, and discernible. For the former is no less illustriously undeniable than is the being, light, and beauty of the sun in the firmament at noon-day; and the latter is no less evident and conspicuous than the obscurity and horror of midnight darkness. Not to see the one, is to be "without God in the world;" and not to feel the other (for it is like the Egyptian darkness, Exod. x. 21, that may be felt by all that are

not past feeling), is to be without or beside one's self.

The Socinians here, and others, will have us believe that we are all born as innocent as Adam in Paradise; that is, say they, in an *equilibrium* and perfect indifferency to good and evil; assigning no other cause of the general corruption of men's lives and manners, but the infection of example, and evil custom: which is, methinks, as wise a guess as to affirm the wolf and vulture to be bred and hatched with as sweet and harmless a nature as the innocent lamb or loving turtle, but only the naughty behaviour and ill example of their ancestors and companions have debauched them into ravenousness and ill manners.—*Gibbon.*

CONSIDER WHAT THOU DOEST.

If thou fulfillst the lusts of the flesh, thou provokest thy heavenly Father, rebellest against him (and "rebellion is as witchcraft, and stubbornness as idolatry"), thou "crucifiest Jesus Christ afresh, and puttest him to an open shame." Is this thy love and thanks to thy Lord, to whom thou art so infinitely beholden? Canst thou find in thy heart to put thy spear again in his side? Hath he not suffered yet enough? Is his bloody passion nothing? Must he bleed again? Ah, monster of ingratitude! Ah, perfidious traitor as thou art, thus to requite thy Master! Again: thou grieveest thy Comforter; and is that wisely done? Who shall comfort thee, if He depart from thee grieved? Or is it ingenuous, thus unworthily to treat that noble guest, to affront God's sacred Spirit to his very face; and, in despite and mockery of him, to side with his enemy, the flesh? Is this thy kindness to thy best Friend, thy faithful Counsellor, thy infallible Guide, thy Minister and Oracle, thy sweet and only Comforter? What need I add—that thou breakest thy peace, woundest thy conscience, forfeitest the light of God's countenance, and makest a gap in the divine protection for all evil to rush in at?—*Ibid.*

SABBATH SINS.

IT is an ungodly wicked custom, to leave many children and servants at home needlessly upon the Lord's day. Indeed, in great and numerous families, where there are many small children that might disturb the congregation, and where much provision is necessary for such as attend upon God in the duties of worship, there the case is somewhat altered; for such works of mercy are dispensed with by God himself. But labour to contract the number of absents to the smallest quantity possible; and let servants take their turns, that none may be always at home: leave none behind thee without necessary and urgent cause. As for such as can be present at ordinances, remember to examine them of what they heard; as our blessed Lord, the grand pattern of our imitation, dealt by his beloved disciples, when he had preached that famous sermon by the sea-side: Jesus asks them, "Have ye understood all these things?" (Matt. xiii. 51.) And when they were alone, and apart from the multitude, then he expounded and explained all things that he taught more fully to them. (Mark iv. 34, ix.)—*Lee.*

"THE HOPE OF GLORY."—(Col. i. 27.)

BY NICHOLAS LOCKYER.

'Tis hard to open this term, yet it will be meet to make at it a little. If one can but get a glimpse of glory by humble industry, it will be worth the while; a little of heaven, and for but a little while, as Paul had when on earth, 'tis very sweet in our sad and forlorn state.

Glory is absolute perfection; as things come short of this they are defective. All defect destroys glory, as glory is strictly and properly taken; so it is here. There be several glories—the utmost of every such a being is its glory. That may be called glory in order to a plant, or a brute, which may not be so called in order to man, his being is so vast, and so receiving. Unless this vast being be filled up, and every vein and rivulet run as many fathoms deep as they should, and as they did when first made out from the fountain, man cannot be said to be in glory. And, therefore, to speak properly, glory is a garment which God only wears, and such as sit in his bosom—who have there that which is nowhere else—the utmost of such vast beings. This is general.

We must, by the command of our text, speak of glory precisely in order to man. And what that is you shall see in Christ, who brought man's glory from heaven for him, and in the person and nature of man wore it here, though the world could not see it, a curtain of flesh being drawn before it. But the saints then living saw a glimpse of it in him: "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us, and we beheld his glory as the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." (John i. 14.) The first Adam lost his glory; Christ held it, though the world fared otherwise, and fared worse than when Adam lived in it. What was Adam's glory? The image of God. What was Christ's glory? The same—full of grace and truth. Were we but "full of grace and truth," we should be in glory—in heaven here, as Christ was. What was Christ's glory is our glory: his fulness was in way of unction and office, and so shows and assures what is and what shall be our glory.

Glory is holiness and joy, in fulness: therefore is heaven called a holy heaven (Ps. xx. 6): Christ's fulness fully imparted—grace for grace—the soul come to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. The glory of the eyes is

to see, and to see perfectly; and so of the ear, and so of every other organ. Sin hath racked the soul, and pulled every limb out of joint; but they are set again by Christ here for a little use; but not so as they shall be. We go lame, and go in pain: our very holiness is halting and afflicting, there is no glory in that. So far as we come short of the will of God, habitually or actually, we come short of glory. "We all sin, and come short of the glory of God." The expression notes what is glory; to wit, full congruity to the will of God—such a congruity as excludes all sin. Our inheritance is undefiled (1 Pet. i. 4); it is unspotted, and cannot be defiled. The word used in the original is the name of a precious stone, too, which, do what you will to it, you cannot blemish it; throw it into the fire, 'tis taken out still more bright and clear. Such is our inheritance and state above—a glory that hath no inglorious or disglory, which nothing can make disglorious. Can any spot the sun, though they should throw dirt at it? There is not the shadow of sin above, or imperfection, nor can it by any diabolical art be made. There be "that set their mouths against heaven" (Ps. lxxiii. 9); "that blaspheme the tabernacle of heaven," and yet cannot spot grace and truth here. Much less can it be spotted above. Every one goes all clean above, inside, outside; and nothing can defile either, they are of such a nature. There is no having and then losing above.

Fulness of joy. This necessarily springs out of the other; for as holiness is, so is joy—'tis the flower that holiness bears, the green leaves and fruit of the tree of life. If we could attain a fulness of holiness here, we should have a fulness of joy, they are so co-natural; if we were in the condition of Christ for the one, we should necessarily be for the other. Our Saviour is expressly clear in this, "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love, even as I have kept my Father's commandment, and abide in his love; these things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full." Could we walk in Christ's commandments as he did in his Father's, we should live in his bosom here, and be embraced with such embracements and raptures as he was. If we had Christ's holiness, we should have Christ's joy remain

in us, and then our joy would be full. These things have I spoken to you, that "my joy might remain in you;" that is, such a joy as I have, that hath no want, nor no expression, 'tis so full of glory and so full of sweetness (for that is the reason Christ gives it such a name, "my joy," because the nature of it is unexpressible in our terms, or in any language amongst the sons of men). In a suffering condition, when the soul holds tight in obedience, through the power of Christ, it comes then mighty near heaven. And then observe what it hath. It hath Christ's joy full and beyond expression—"joy unspeakable and full of glory." Full joy is full of glory. 'Tis the spring of the year—all things green and flourishing, smiling and singing. These things hint their state above and what glory is—" 'tis fullness of holiness and joy." As the one is proportioned to Christ, so is the other; we have his stature and his measure in both, brimful. Our state here is a state of reception, and therefore asking and praying continual work; their state above is a state of plenitude, and therefore praying and asking work is quite over: "Ask, and you shall receive," saith Christ; ask, that your joy may be full. (John xvi. 24.) Ask, that asking work and begging work may be over. There be no beggars in heaven; no, not for joy, though that be a top mercy. Defect in joy is from the distance of something that the soul reaches at. There is no longing in heaven; that which we account a mercy here, is an affliction there. To thirst and pant after such and such divine things, such and such heights and depths of grace, we account it a great mercy to find our souls in such a frame here; and yet this would be misery above. There is no panting nor thirsting after anything, because no distance of anything that is blessed; there is no darkness, no twilight, no cloud of a hand-breadth all that heaven over, to hide anything from any soul to sad him. All there have all plain and open to them—"abundance of revelations, a hyperbole of revelations." It is the expression of him that was there a little while. "Lest I should be exalted above measure, through the abundance of the revelations." (2 Cor. xii. 7.) 'Tis abundance of revelations indeed, for 'tis a personal beholding of God; and that is a hyperbole of revelations, you will all grant, and yet 'tis very true, and methinks very plainly set out. (Exod. xxxiii. 17-20.) At the 18th verse this is Moses' request: "I beseech thee show me thy glory." Observe how God answers to this at the 20th verse: "Thou canst not see my face;" by which is interpreted what is meant

by God's glory, that God himself, when he comes to English it to us, calls his face. But what, then, is meant by God's face? Why, this also, in the next words God himself interprets: "There shall no man see me, and live," expressing his person; so that the glory of God, according to God's own interpretation, is a personal beholding of God: and this is a hyperbole of revelations indeed, and that which makes a hyperbole of joys indeed. "Thou shalt make me full of joy with thy countenance" (Acts ii. 28); which is a place parallel with the former, and points at the personal vision of God, which, and which only, makes full joy to the soul of man.

INVERNESS.

BY THE REV. DAVID LANDBOROUGH, SALTCOATS.

THOUGH this paper is entitled "Inverness," I do not mean to say a great deal respecting it; for though I had the pleasure of spending about a week in this capital of the Highlands in August 1845, I was so much occupied with other interesting matters, that I had not so much leisure as I expected to explore that beautiful town and the charming neighbourhood. Nor shall I attempt to give any lengthened account of the pleasure I enjoyed on the way to the "North Country." We sailed, however, from Greenock, on the 19th August, in a more than usually crowded steamer. The day was charming. How delightful the sail through the well-known Kyles of Bute on such a day!

We soon reached Lochfene, and Lochgilp, and Ardrishaig; and after that, all that I saw was new to me. We here passed from the steamer into the track-boats of the Crinan Canal; and when we came to the locks, many of us, instead of waiting, had the additional variety of a walk of a few miles, before the boats overtook us. Among those who chose to walk, was a foreigner, with whom I had had some agreeable conversation, and whom I found to be a very intelligent geologist. When we began to walk, he scampered up among the hills, and we thought we had lost him; but he returned to us just in time for the boat, and showed me some post-tertiary marine shells, which he had had the pleasure of finding high up on the hill-side—thus showing that the tract which we were crossing had once been under the dominion of the sea. I found afterwards that he was Baron Walterhausen, a Hanoverian, who had resided for years in Sicily, and had expended no small sum of money in making a map, and, I think, a model of Mount Etna.

Having gone aboard a splendid steamer awaiting us at Crinan, we were soon moving with great celerity through the island-sprinkled sea, getting a glance of Isla and Jura, and passing Scurba and Mull. Corrievrekan, instead of uttering either roar, or groan, or growl, was placidly sleeping under the golden beams of a sunset of peculiar loveliness.

Soon we reached Oban, a tempting place, where one would love to linger. At Oban we parted with several of our fellow-passengers. Some left us for Skye, and others for Staffa and Iona.

As we were involved in darkness soon after we left Oban, not having been long enough in the Highlands to have acquired anything resembling the second sight, I shall not attempt to describe Fort-William, which we passed; nor Corpach, where we landed in safety; nor the dark walk to Bennavie, an inn with above forty bed-rooms, which could scarcely accommodate the party, though a detachment had gone to Fort-William. This was the 19th of August 1845. It was not without thankfulness for our present days of peace, that we remembered that on the 19th August 1745, a few miles from the place where we then were, Prince Charles Stuart had raised his standard, and that instead of assembling for peaceful purposes, the clans a hundred years ago were assembling for bloody intestine war.

Though next morning was grey and lowering, we had the pleasure of having from our *hospellerie* a near view of Ben-Nevis, the king of British mountains, being 4,300 feet above the level of the adjoining sea. Where is the botanist that can pass Ben-Nevis without the wish of being on its summit, to revel for a little amidst rare alpine plants? But though Ben-Nevis is exalted as king, it must yield the palm for graceful symmetry to Ben-Cruachan, which we had contemplated with delight the evening before. Though lofty mountains are the scene of elemental storms, far more desolating storms—storms of war—are at times experienced on the plains. Behold that extensive plain which lies betwixt Bennavie and the base of Ben-Nevis, and stretches away on the right to Fort-William. It is quite peaceful. With the exception of some cattle, one sees in it nothing that lives and moves. That old ruined castle tells that it has not always been so. It is Inverlochy, and the surrounding plain is one of Scotland's battle-fields, in which the blood of many of her sons was shed. Look back, not one century—to Prince Charles' year, 1745—but two centuries, to 1645. In the winter of that year, Montrose fell suddenly on Argyle's army, and let loose on it all the rage of war, carrying off the cattle, burning the houses, and putting the inhabitants to the sword. This severity was, in a considerable degree, owing to private animosity against the chieftain. Argyle having collected his troops, went in pursuit of the enemy, who had retired with their plunder, and had reached Inverlochy, supposing himself still at a considerable distance from them, when Montrose, by a quick and unexpected march, presented himself in order of battle, as Hume tells us, before the surprised, but not affrightened Covenanters. Argyle alone, seized with a panic, fled to his galley, deserting his army, who still maintained ground, and gave battle to the Royalists. After a vigorous resistance, they were defeated, and pursued with great slaughter; and that plain, now peaceful and blooming with purple heather, was then empurpled with carnage, and filled with the shouts of the victors, and the groans of the wounded and dying.

But we had to leave Bennavie, and to proceed along the great glen of Scotland chiefly by steamers; but where there were breaks in the conveyance by water, in carriages, and some of the less fortunate a-foot. It would be doing injustice to the magnificent panoramic scenery of this great glen to attempt the description of it in the circumstances in which we saw it; for the day became dark, and wet, and windy, and it was with difficulty that we could keep even a short time on deck when we were passing anything more than usually striking. But though the day was gloomy, it was far from being joyless. Early in the forenoon there was the worship of God in a crowded cabin, and throughout the day there was much agreeable and friendly conversation. Before the evening we were landed a few miles from Inverness. A sufficient number of carriages awaited us, and as it had cleared up, we had a pleasant drive to the northern metropolis. The entrance to it gave us a very favourable impression of the town, as it presented a view of some of the finest buildings, and of the deep-rolling Ness, which, though only about eight miles from its parent lake, is there a great river hastening to plunge itself into the Moray Frith.

On the forenoon of the first day I was in Inverness, while taking a walk with a friend in the suburbs of the town, we came to an elevated mound, which, though overgrown with grass, bore evident marks of being artificial, as remains of massive buildings here and there cropped out. It was of considerable extent; and there were remains of a surrounding ditch; but what the buildings had been we could not conjecture. We afterwards learned, however, that it was the remains of a citadel and fort erected by Oliver Cromwell about the year 1652. It cost £80,000, was of a pentagonal form, surrounded by ramparts, and a ditch, still remaining, in some degree, but which at first, at full tide, with which it communicated, was capable of floating a small bark. It could accommodate a thousand men; but though very strong, it was abandoned and destroyed after the Restoration, under the feeble sway of Charles II., to propitiate the Highland chiefs, who liked not a place of such strength in their neighbourhood. In standing on this grassy mound, then, we were standing, it might be said, on the ruins not of one great building, but of many; for Cromwell had thrown down ecclesiastical buildings at Inverness, at Beaulieu, at Kinloss, and at Fortrose, and had employed the materials in erecting this great citadel;* this great man, who has been so maligned, doing similar work to what has often been reproachfully ascribed to a still greater man—John Knox, who has been even more maligned by ungrateful posterity; though from the good name of both the clouds have nearly passed away.

Inverness is a place of great antiquity. It was the seat of the Pictish monarchy, and was a place of importance in the sixth century, when it was visited by St. Columba, the first great Christian missionary to the Highlands. There were many things that struck me in it, and in the neighbourhood, a few of which I shall briefly mention. In approaching it

* *Vide New Stat. Account, art. Inverness.*

the first evening, I could not help observing, notwithstanding the rapid rate at which we were moving on, the singular appearance of many large stones at the road-side; and I afterwards found that they were gneiss, a rock in a great measure new to me, but which is exceedingly common in Inverness-shire and Ross-shire.

But if the aspect of the rocks struck me, the appearance of a great part of the audience at a public meeting which I attended struck me much more. There were many females present, all decently attired; but there was a peculiarity in their head-dress. By far the greater part, instead of having silken bonnets as in the south of Scotland, had caps of fine muslin, white as snow, and very elevated in the crown, with often a lively-coloured silk handkerchief underneath. There was something pleasing and primitive in this coiffure, fitted to carry the mind back to olden times. This peculiarity, however, is passing away. About a century ago, it is said that only four bonnets were to be seen in Inverness in church on Sabbath.

At another public meeting of a religious nature, when the Highlanders engaged in praise, I was exceedingly struck with their mode of singing. The music was exceedingly sweet, and quite unlike anything I had ever heard before. The clerk or precentor had a sweet, and clear, and powerful voice, so that when he read each line, before it was sung, he was distinctly heard by the assembled multitude. His reading was in the finest *recitativo* style I had ever heard; and this, followed immediately by the full swell of thousands of voices, like the sound of many waters, had so powerful an effect, that some of those present to whom, like myself, it was new, were melted into tears. So long time was occupied in singing the single line, which the fine solo voice had read, that, not understanding the Gaelic language, I thought that there must be many repetitions. I learned that this was not the case, but that every syllable was dwelt on, and long-drawn out, in many linked notes of sweet melodious warbling. It was at once solemn, delightful, and affecting. Yet when the novelty is over, I question whether, on the whole, it would be thought preferable to the solemn simplicity of our old sacred airs, such as the Old Hundred Psalm, and French, and Dundee, and Martyrs, and Walsal. We are very differently constituted. For my own part, my thoughts amidst such intricate warblings would be more apt to wander than if the worship were conducted in simpler strains.

Another thing that struck me, and which I learn was observed by others, was the stature of the females—a more than usual number seeming to be above the middle size. This, with the fine elastic step of the Highlanders, gives them a graceful and dignified appearance.

The last thing I shall mention is the great propriety with which the inhabitants of Inverness speak the English language. Many have attempted to account for this by the long residence of Cromwell's soldiers in Inverness. Others, again, more truly we think, account for this by saying that English was learned by books and by conversation, as in other High-

land districts; but the number of genteel persons from whom by conversation it was acquired, being much more numerous in this Highland metropolis than in any other part of the north, this circumstance gave a permanently-favourable stamp to their pronunciation, and to their tone of accent in conversation. Whatever may have been the cause, the effect is evident; and it gives you the idea that you are among a genteel, well-educated people.

ETERNITY AN INTERPRETER.*

THE Bible contains undoubtedly many passages of which we perceive neither the utility nor the beauty; but the light of the last day will at once unveil their splendour, and like the effect of light borne into the recesses of a crystalline cavern, the glory of the day of Jesus will spread refulgence over all, penetrating the entire Scriptures, disclosing to us the yet hidden treasures, and causing them to shine with dimless and resplendent lustre. Then will the beauty, wisdom, adaptation, and harmony of all their revelations be manifested; and the sight will fill the elect of God with rapturous admiration, with ever-increasing emotions of love, and joy unspeakable.

The history of the past, in connection with this subject, ought to lead us even now to anticipate that of the future; and we may judge by what has been accomplished, of the glory of the light which will be shed on the Scriptures at the second coming of Jesus Christ.

Observe already what vivid brightness was cast upon all parts of the Old Testament, at the first appearing of the Son of God; and learn from this, what will be the radiance of the Scriptures at his second advent. Then the plan of God will be consummated; then will our Lord and King, the "fairer than the children of men, borne on the word of truth, and meekness, and righteousness," be revealed from heaven; then will his light fill the hearts of his ransomed ones, and the imposing grandeur of the work of redemption will be exhibited in all its glory to the gaze of the children of God.

Observe already how many chapters of Scripture, at the time of Jeremiah—or later, in the long line of the Maccabees, and during the existence of the second temple, from Malachi to John the Baptist—observe, we say, how many chapters of Scripture, which are now sparkling before our eyes with most divine radiance, must in those days have appeared dim and insignificant to the eyes of the Rationalists of the ancient synagogue. How vulgar, puerile, and devoid of learning and utility, must have appeared to them many chapters and verses which at this day feed our faith, fill us with admiration at the majestic unity of the Scriptures, cause our tears to flow, and which have brought so many weary and heavy laden souls to the feet of Jesus! What said they as to understanding Isa. liii.?—in response, doubtless, with the Ethiopian, under Queen Candace: "How can I, except some one explain it to me?—of whom speaketh the prophet, of himself, or some other man?"

* From Gausson on Inspiration.

What end must have appeared to be served in the mysterious history of Melchizedek? Why those long details respecting the tabernacle, Aaron's garments, things clean and unclean, worship, and the sacrifices? What was the meaning of the words, "The legs thereof shall not be broken?" In what sense could they have regarded Ps. xxii., lxi., and other psalms? "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—"They pierced my hands and my feet." Why (must they have thought) does David in his Psalms occupy us at such length with the common details of his adventurous life? When, moreover, did they divide his garments, and cast lots for his vesture? What mean the words, "All they that see me wag their heads, saying, He trusted in the Lord that he would deliver him, seeing he delighted in him?" What is signified by the vinegar and the gall?—"They gave me gall to eat, and when I was thirsty, they gave me vinegar to drink." What is the sense of this exaggerated and inexplicable expression, "I bid not my face from shame and spitting. They smote me on the cheeks, and the ploughers ploughed upon my back?" And what could the prophet mean by saying "A virgin shall conceive?" What, again, is this lowly King seated on an ass?—"Zion, behold thy King cometh to deliver thee, lowly and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass!" And whose grave is alluded to in the sentence, "His grave was ordained with the wicked; but he was with the rich in his death?"

How strange and little worthy of the Lord must all these expressions, and so many others, have appeared to the presumptuous scribes of bygone days! "What humanity, what individuality, what adaptation to passing scenes!" they would exclaim, if we may put into their mouths the current terms of our own day. No doubt, very learned systems and abundant conjecture about the intention of the prophets who wrote these details were professed in the academies of that period; nought, however, could be discerned in their language, but the vulgar stamp of the exclusively personal circumstances by which they supposed them to be affected.

But what were the true disciples of the word of life then doing?—Hezekiah, Daniel, Josiah, Nehemiah, and Ezra—our brethren in the same hope and faith, with the holy women who hoped in God and looked for the Consolation of Israel? Oh! like angels of light, they were reverently contemplating the depths of these truths, and awaiting their development.—Yes, they waited! They knew that the most insignificant passage in their eyes, might be pregnant (as one of the fathers of the Church has observed) with "mountains of doctrine." On this account "searching to discover," as St. Peter says, "what the Spirit of Christ, which was in the prophets, had caused them to write concerning the time and circumstances of the sufferings of the Messiah, and the glory which should follow," they did not doubt that, at a later period, when time and events should have unveiled these mysteries, they would be found marvelously glorious in the light of the Divine Mind, and rich in all the consolations of the gospel. The day was coming on when, after the Messiah's first ap-

pearing, the least in the kingdom of God would be greater than the greatest of the prophets. That day has dawned. But we ourselves also know that, after the second appearance of Jesus, the day will come when the least of the redeemed shall be greater in knowledge than were such as Augustine, Calvin, Jonathan Edwards, Pascal, and Leighton; for then the ears of babes will hear, and their eyes will see things which even the apostles desired to see and have not seen, and to hear, and have not heard.

Well! what prophets and saints did concerning passages then obscure to them, but now made manifest to us, we will do with regard to passages which as yet we cannot comprehend, but which will soon be clearly revealed to the heirs of eternal life, when all prophecy shall be accomplished, and when Jesus shall appear in the clouds in the last manifestation of his glorious coming.

With what splendour have many passages, psalms, prophecies, types, and descriptions presented themselves to our view as soon as we have discovered the beauty which had previously been veiled! What gospel truth has come forth from them! What unfolding of redeeming love! Let us, therefore, await similar but more glorious revelations, on the day when our Master will again descend from heaven; "for," says Irenæus, "there are in the Scriptures difficulties which, through the grace of God, we are now able to resolve; but there are others which we leave to him, not only as respects this generation, but those to come, in order that it may be God perpetually teaching, and man perpetually learning from God the things that are of God."

If the light of grace has cast a shade over that of nature, what will it be when the light of glory in its turn shall cast a shade upon that of grace? What stars of the first magnitude now unseen will light up at the approach of that great day, in the firmament of the Scriptures? and when at last it shall burst unveiled upon the redeemed, what harmonies, what heavenly tints, what new glories, what unknown splendours, will be revealed to the heirs of eternal life!

Then shall we see the full meaning of many prophecies, facts, and instructions, whose divine character is now only seen in detached features, but whose evangelical beauty will at that day be fully displayed. Then will be known the import of those parables, even now so impressive, of the fig tree—of the master returning from the far country—of the bridegroom and bride—of the net drawn to the shore of eternity—of Lazarus—of the guests—of the talents—of the husbandmen—of the virgins—and of the marriage-feast. Then will be known all the glory of such expressions as these:—"The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand until thine enemies be made thy footstool."—"Thy people, Lord, shall be willing in the day when thou shalt assemble thine army in holy pomp."—"The dew of thy youth shall be to thee from the dawn of the day."—"He shall strike through kings in the day of his wrath."—"He shall wound the head of him who rules over a great country."—"He shall drink of the brook in the way, therefore shall he lift up the head."

Then also thou wilt reveal thyself to us in all thy glory. Lord Jesus, Saviour, Comforter, Friend of the desolate, our Lord and our God! Thou who hast seen death; but who art "He that is alive for evermore!" Then will all the knowledge of heaven be centred in thyself. This was ever the wisdom of the Holy Ghost which came down from heaven; and always that of Scripture, for "the testimony of Jesus is the Spirit of prophecy." It is already the entire life of the saints: "Their eternal life is to know thee." Oh! thanks be to God for his gift of the Scriptures—for his unspeakable gift!

The traveller who planted the first chesnut in this our western soil, little knew, as he committed the solitary kernel which he had brought with him to the earth, how innumerable and mighty would be the forests one day covering the land, and charming its inhabitants with their beauteous foliage; our people under their shelter celebrating their national festivals; kings reviewing armies beneath their bowery growth; our children playing around their trunks; every tree itself producing from year to year millions of kernels similar to that from which they sprang, bearing also within them the embryo germs of thousands of forests in thousands of generations!

Thus the Christian traveller arriving from the Church militant, at his heavenly country, at the city of his God, the house of his Father, with one of the thousands of passages of the Holy Bible in his hand, knows that he is the bearer of the infinite in the finite, a germ from God of which he may doubtless already see the partial development and glory, but of which he cannot yet tell all the grandeur. It may be the least of all seeds; but he knows that out of it will come forth a tree, an everlasting tree, under whose branches the inhabitants of heaven will come and take shelter. In many of the passages about his Saviour, he has hitherto seen the germ alone, enclosed, as it were, in a coarser rind; but he also knows that once admitted into Jerusalem above, and brought under the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, he will find these expressions of Eternal Wisdom radiant with a brightness of which the Lamb is the glorious light, and vivid with splendour which is now latent and still enveloped in their outer shell. Then, with ineffable emotions of gratitude and bliss, he will discover adaptations, harmony, and glory, of which he had only a glimpse or reverent hope while here below. Prepared before the foundation of the world, in the eternal counsels of God, and in germ deposited in his book of life, their full lustre will shine forth under that new heaven, and for that new earth, where righteousness shall dwell.

LEVITICAL TYPES.

ISRAEL, in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learned the gospel too:
The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw a Saviour's face.

The Paschal sacrifice,
And blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlightened eyes,
And once applied with power,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile the world to God.

The lamb, the dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence;
For He who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.

The scape-goat on his head
The people's trespass bore,
And, to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more—
In him our Surety seemed to say,
Behold, I bear your sins away!

Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free;
The type, well understood,
Expressed the sinner's plea;
Described a guilty soul enlarg'd,
And by a Saviour's death discharged.

Jesus, I love to trace,
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in every age:
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me!

COWPER.

THE NAZARITE AND HIS OFFERINGS.

The institution of the Nazarite vow is introduced without any explanation (Numb. vi.), either as to the manner or the reason of its original appointment; and some have hence inferred that its origin is to be sought in Egypt, and only its proper regulation to be ascribed to Moses. But nothing resembling it can be produced from that quarter. The case of the person under such a vow presented in its leading features a contrast to that of the leper. The latter, while under the visitation of leprosy, was a living type or image of sin; the man under the vow of a Nazarite was a living type or image of holiness. While the one bore the mark of alienation and banishment from the Lord, the other was in a state of peculiar nearness, being given up and consecrated to the Lord. And the whole in this case, as well as in the other, was entirely symbolical. It was no mere ascetical institution, as if the outward bonds and restraints, the self-denials in meat and drink, were in themselves well-pleasing to the Lord. Such a spirit was as foreign to Judaism as it is to Christianity. The Nazarite was a visible symbolical lesson in a religious and moral respect; and the outward observances to which he was bound, were merely intended to

exhibit to the eye the perpetual distinctions between holiness and sin.

The import of the name Nazarite, is simply *the separate one*, and the vow he took—in all ordinary cases, voluntarily took—upon him, is said to have been (verse 2) “for separating to the Lord.” What was implied in this separation? There must have been, unquestionably, a withdrawing from one class of things as unbefitting, that there might be the more free and devoted application to another class, as proper, and becoming. And we shall best understand what both were by glancing at the requirements of the vow.

The first was an entire abstinence from all strong drink—from whatever was made of grapes—from grapes themselves, whether moist or dried—from every thing belonging to the vine. There can be no doubt that it was the intoxicating property of the fruit of the vine which formed the ground of this prohibition; for special stress is laid upon the strength of the drink; and as the vine in Eastern countries was the chief source of such drink (although other ingredients, it would seem, were sometimes added to increase the strength) not only wine itself, but the fruit of the vine in every shape, even in forms without any intoxicating tendency, was interdicted—that the separation might be the more marked and complete. The same abstinence substantially was imposed upon the priests when engaged in sacred ministrations. (Lev. x. 8.) Like the ministering priest, the Nazarite was peculiarly separated to the Lord, and in his drink, as well as other respects, was to be an embodied lesson regarding the manner in which the divine service was to be performed. This service—such was the import of this part of the Nazarite institution—requires a withdrawal and separation from whatever unfits for active spiritual employment—from everything which stupifies and benumbs the powers of a divine life, and disposes the heart for carnal pleasure and excitement, rather than for sacred duty. There must, indeed, be a careful and becoming reserve in regard to the means and occasions of a literal intoxication; but not in respect to these alone. The more inward and engrossing love of money—the eager pursuit after worldly aggrandizement—or the delights of a soft and luxurious ease, may as thoroughly intoxicate the brain, and incapacitate the soul for spiritual employment, as the more grovelling vice of indulgence to excess in liquor. From all such, therefore, the true servant of God is here warned to abstain, and admonished to keep his vessel, in soul and body, as holiness to the Lord.

The next thing exacted of the Nazarite was to leave his hair unshorn. And this was so different from the prevailing custom, yet so strictly enjoined upon him, that it might be regarded as the peculiar badge of his condition. Hence, if by accidentally coming into contact with any unclean object, his vow was

broken, he had to shave his head and enter anew on his course of service. So also, when the period of the vow was expired, his hair was cropped and burned as a sacred thing upon the altar. Thus he was said to bear “the consecration (literally the separation, the distinctive mark, the crown) of his God upon his head.” The words readily suggest to us those of the Apostle Paul in 1 Cor. xi. 10, and the appointment itself is best illustrated by a reference to the idea there expressed. Speaking of the propriety of the woman wearing long hair, as given to her by nature for a modest covering, and a token of subjection to her husband, the apostle adds, that “for this reason she must have power upon her head;” *i. e.* (taking the sign for the thing signified, as circumcision for the covenant, Gen. xvii. 10), she must wear long hair, covering her head, as a symbol of the power under which she stands, as being under the higher authority of the man. For the same reason, because the hair did not cover the face, a veil was added, to complete the sign of subjection. But the man, on the other hand, having no earthly superior, and being, in his manly freedom and dignity, the image of the glory of God, should have his face unveiled, and his hair cropped; hence, it was counted even a shame, a renouncing of the proper standing of a man, a mark of effeminate weakness and degeneracy for men, like Absalom, to cultivate long tresses. But the Nazarite, who gave himself up by a solemn vow of consecration to God, and who should therefore ever feel the authority and the power of his God upon him, most fitly wore his hair long, as the badge of his entire and willing subjection to the law of his God. By the wearing of this badge he taught the Church then, and the Church, indeed, of all times, that the natural power and authority of man, which in nature is so apt to run out into self-will, stubbornness, and pride, must in grace yield itself up to the direction and supremacy of Jehovah. The true child of God has renounced all claim to the control and mastery of his own condition. He feels he is not his own, but bought with a price, and therefore, bound to glorify God with his body and spirit, which are his.*

* We deem this, by much the most natural and appropriate view of the Nazarite's long hair. It is not a new one, but may be found (there, indeed, only as one among many other reasons) in Ainsworth, and various others of later date; last and best in Baumgarten, Comm. on Numb. vi. It also renders the best explanation of the loss of power in Samson; flowing from his allowing his hair to be shorn: for this, viewed in the light presented above, betokened the breaking of his allegiance to his God, ceasing to make God's arm his dependence, and God's will his rule.—The idea of Hengstenberg (Egypt and Rooks of Moses, p. 190), that the long hair was a sign of the Nazarite's withdrawing himself from the world to give himself to the Lord, separating from the world's habits and business, is not sufficiently grounded; more especially, as it does not appear that the Nazarite vow bound men actually to cease from worldly employments. The idea of Bahr, that the hair of men corresponds to the grass of the earth, the blossoms and leaves of trees, and thus imaged the spiritual blossoms and productions of men, the fruits of holiness—is too fanciful and far-fetched to commend itself to any one.

The only other restriction laid upon the Nazarite, of a special kind, was in regard to contracting defilement from the dead; for, like the priest, he was discharged from entering into the chamber of death and mourning for his nearest relatives. Separated for God, in whose presence death and corruption can have no place, the Nazarite must ever be found occupying the region of pure and blessed life; and must have no fellowship with what bore so visibly upon it the curse and wages of sin. But this sin itself is, in the sphere of the spiritual life, what death is in the natural. It is the corruption and death of the soul. And as the Nazarite was here also an embodied lesson regarding things spiritual and divine, he was a living epistle, that might be known and read of all men, warning them to resist temptation, and flee from sin—teaching them that, if they would live to God, they must walk circumspectly, and strive to keep themselves unspotted from the world.

Such persons in Israel must have been eminently useful, if raised up in sufficient number, and going with fidelity and zeal through the fulfilment of their vow, in keeping alive upon men's consciences the nature of God's service, and stirring them up to attend to it. The Nazarites are hence mentioned by Amos along with prophets, as among the chosen instruments whom God provided for the good of his people, in proof of his covenant-faithfulness and love: "And I raised up of your sons for prophets, and of your young men for Nazarites" (ii. 11). They were a kind of inferior priesthood in the land, by their manner of life, as the priests, by the duties of their office, acting the part of symbolical lights and teachers to Israel. And the institution was farther honoured by being connected with three of the most eminent servants of God—Samson, Samuel, and John the Baptist—on whom the vow was imposed from their very birth, to show that they were destined to some special and important work of God. This destination to a high and peculiar service, in connection with the Nazarite vow, still more clearly indicated its symbolical character; the more so, as the end of the institution appears to be always the more fully realized, the higher the individual's calling, and the more entirely he consecrated himself to its fulfilment. Of the three Nazarites referred to, Samson was unquestionably the least, because in him the spiritual separation and surrender to the Lord was most imperfect; he did not resist the temptation, to which his singular gift of corporeal strength exposed him, of trusting too much to self; and the gift, when exercised, led him to act chiefly on the lower and merely physical territory. Though in one respect a remarkable witness of the wonderful things which God could do even on that territory by a single instrument of working, he yet proved in another, a sad monument of the in-

efficacy of such instruments to regenerate and save Israel. A far higher manifestation of divine power and goodness developed itself in Samuel, by whom, more than all the other judges, the cause of God was revived; and a higher again in John the Baptist. But highest and greatest of all in Jesus of Nazareth, in whom the idea of the Nazarite rises to its grand and consummate realization—although in this, as in other things, the outward symbol was dropt, as no longer needed—for in him alone has one been found who was "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners," light of light, perfect even as the Father is perfect, and without the least flaw of sin or failing of weakness, executing immeasurably the mightiest undertaking that ever was committed to the charge of a messenger of Heaven.

The offerings prescribed for the Nazarite, refer to two points in his history—to his contracting defilement, so that the vow was broken, and to the period of its fulfilment. In the first case he had to bring a lamb for a trespass-offering, having, like the leper, contracted a debt in the reckoning of God, by which he became liable to judgment, and so requiring to be discharged from this bond, before anything could be accepted at his hands. One pigeon, or turtle dove for a sin-offering, and another for a burnt-offering, had also to be brought, that he might enter anew on his vow, as from the starting-point of full peace and fellowship with God; and the time past being all lost, his hair had to be cut or shaved, to mark the entirely new commencement. Then, when his period of consecration was finished, he had to bring a whole round of offerings; a sin-offering, in token that, however carefully he might have kept himself for the Lord, sin had still mingled itself with his service, and that he was far from having anything to boast of before him; a burnt-offering, to indicate his desire that not only the sins of the past might be blotted out, but that the imperfection of his obedience to the will of God might be supplemented by a more full, an entire surrender; lastly, a peace-offering, with various kinds of bread and drink-offerings (including wine, of which he also now partook), to manifest that he ceased from his peculiar state of consecration, and entered upon the more ordinary path of dutiful obedience, in settled friendship and near communion with God.—*Fairbairn.*

ADVICE TO FEMALE SERVANTS.*

THE CHOICE OF A SITUATION, AND DUTY TO EMPLOYERS.

If, in the order of Providence, it should be your duty to seek a home in the house of a stranger, be very cautious in your choice of a situation. Endeavour, first, to secure one in a family that resides

* From "Parting Precepts to a Female Sunday Scholar, on her Advantages and Responsibilities," by Mrs. J. Bakewell.

sufficiently near to the place of worship you have been accustomed to attend, so that your teachers and pastor may not entirely lose the oversight of you. If this be not practicable, try to obtain one near another place belonging to the same religious denomination as that with which you have been connected. Again, stipulate that you shall be permitted to attend public worship at least once on the Sabbath, stating that you shall be willing to make such extra exertions on the Saturday as will enable you to enjoy that privilege without seriously inconveniencing your employers. No Christian and well-ordered family will object to such an arrangement as this, if they have reason to believe that the applicant is sincere in her wish to spend the Sabbath in a proper manner.

In order to accomplish these objects, you must be prepared to make some sacrifices. It may be that two places are mentioned to you, one of which is, on many accounts, more eligible than the other. In one you may have a fellow-servant, and on that account the situation may be considered more *respectable*; or the washing may be put out, and you may therefore conclude that it will be easier; or the wages may be higher, and you think it will be more profitable; but in that family there is no altar for the daily worship of God, and the servants are allowed to go out only every other Sabbath. In the other, you may be the only domestic kept, or you may have to take the whole of the work, or the wages may be lower than you hoped to obtain; but in that household God is daily worshipped, and the Sabbath is sacredly kept holy. Under such circumstances, which situation ought you to choose? Remember the solemn admonition, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall he give in exchange for his soul?"

A few weeks since, I called on a pious woman who had lately been left a widow with a large family. After conversing some time, I inquired about her eldest daughter, and asked if she were in place now? "Not exactly, ma'am," was the reply; "she is stopping with a lady whose servant is gone home ill. If she do not recover, Elizabeth will take her place; and if she do, the lady will look out for a situation for her." "I can tell you of a good one," observed I, and named the neighbourhood in which my friend lived. "A lady from that neighbourhood called a few days since," replied the mother; "but when my daughter said she should like to attend her own place of worship once every Sabbath, the lady only laughed at her, and said the thing was out of all reason. And so Elizabeth declined the offer, though the wages were very tempting; they were much higher than where she is gone to." I told the good woman that if her daughter did not stay where she was, she must come to me for my friend's address; but she did not need it, and is now comfortably settled in a family who like her the better for wishing to "keep holy the Sabbath day." This young person did not forget the exhortation of our Saviour, in his sermon on the mount, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Let me advise you to follow her example.

Another incident of a contrary kind, I may mention as a warning. A young woman who had been for some years a zealous and active member of a Christian Church, and who had been allowed, when living with a religious family, to attend public worship at least once each Sabbath, was so inconsistent as to take a situation in a decidedly worldly family. Here she never heard the Bible read nor a prayer offered from week to week; at first this was a painful trial to her, but she soon became indifferent to it. She had been

promised a "Sunday out," and she thought it would be very pleasant to take tea with a friend, and then go to chapel in the evening. But she found that, work as hard as she could all Sunday morning, it was very late before she could get out in the afternoon; so that, by the time she had taken tea, it was quite service-time. Still she went, though late, for a few weeks; but as winter advanced, she felt so tired with her work and her walk, that she preferred sitting and talking with her friend at the fireside, to waiting with the worshippers of God in the appointed place. When I saw her first, she had not been in any place of worship during several months! When I talked to her seriously on the subject, she said that she felt quite indifferent about religion now, and had no comfort or pleasure either in reading the Scriptures or in private prayer. By repeated conversations, she was brought not only to confess but to feel that she had acted a very wicked part, in thus forsaking and in effect denying Him who had bought her with His precious blood. We very soon found her another situation, where she had again an opportunity of observing the Sabbath; but it is much to be feared that she has never regained the ground she lost whilst she so entirely neglected all religious ordinances. In this instance, as in many others, one false step led to others; and, but for the watchful care of a kind Providence, there is no knowing how low she might have fallen. This is a solemn warning to those who may be inclined to look upon religious privileges as a secondary consideration in the choice of a situation.

As far as possible, you should keep the same object in view if you be going to learn a business. It is very difficult for dressmakers to avoid working very late during particular seasons of the year; but a woman who values her own soul, and who feels that she is responsible for the spiritual welfare of those she employs, will never send home work on a Sabbath morning. If the work must be sent off on Saturday night, it stands to reason that there can be nothing gained by keeping the young people employed after eleven o'clock; so that, though they may retire to rest overfatigued with an unreasonable long day's work, the Sabbath at least is a day of rest.

It is, therefore, your duty, as you have been taught in a Sabbath school, to make particular inquiries, when seeking a situation, as to whether work is ever sent home on the Sabbath morning; if it be, you ought to decline making an engagement. You may be assured that you will not be required to take it home; you may even be promised that you shall not be required to work after twelve on Saturday night; still you will be treading on forbidding ground by uniting yourself so closely with voluntary Sabbath-breakers. You may find it difficult to meet with a conscientious employer in the particular business you wish to learn; you may have to pay a larger premium, or give your work for a longer time, or even to engage with a less fashionable house; but the path of duty is the path of safety, and they who walk in it will be preserved from the destroyer.

It stands to reason that if all young people refused to work on the Sabbath, employers would be obliged to refuse to send home their work on that day, and thus a stop would soon be put to this flagrant violation of the Lord's-day. It would be a happy thing for work-people generally if all families, ay, even all religious professors, would refuse to take in work after six o'clock on Saturday evening.

I was once present when the sister of a pious clergyman asked her dressmaker when her dress would be sent home. "On Saturday," was the reply. "If it cannot be ready to send before six in the evening," quietly observed the lady, "please not to send it till Monday, as my brother does not like anything to be

sent in on Saturday night; it interferes with our preparation for the Sabbath," added she, turning towards me; "and it keeps work-people employed too late for either their temporal or spiritual welfare." Should you, my young friends, ever be placed at the head of a family, remember this incident, and "go and do likewise."

By learning your business with a person who obeys the fourth commandment, you may hope to escape one of the great evils connected with sempstresses—the introduction of improper books to be read aloud by one, in order to keep the rest more closely at work. That this is customary in some places, I was told by a young person, who said that, during her apprenticeship, she heard nearly all the novels of the circulating library read aloud. You may also hope, in a well-regulated establishment, that a proper restraint will be put upon the conversation of the young people; so that, if frivolity cannot be excluded, scandal and indelicacy of speech may not be tolerated.

I once asked a worthy and pious man what had become of his daughter, as I had not seen her lately. With a smile of self-complacency he replied that she had gone to learn dressmaking with Miss M—, of N—. I looked grave, I suppose, for he added, "You need not be uneasy about her, ma'am; she is in good hands, I assure you; Miss M— is so particular with her apprentices, and takes such pains to improve their minds and teach them good behaviour, that it is thought as good as sending a girl to a boarding-school to send her there. And," added the pious father, "she takes such care of them on the Sabbath; she takes them with her to chapel, and sometimes to the Sabbath-school; and when they are at home, she supplies them with suitable books and magazines." That lady afterwards married a minister of the gospel, and adorned her new sphere with as much grace as she had done the one which she had left. Again, my readers, apply the moral to yourselves. If you should ever be at the head of such an establishment, endeavour faithfully to perform your duty as a Christian to those who are placed under your care.

But you must not only strive to avoid evil and to get good in your new situation, but you must endeavour to benefit others, and to show how much you have gained of what is most valuable by being educated in a Sunday-school. If you be in domestic service, show the superiority of your early training by your prompt and cheerful performances of the duties which devolve upon you. Be respectful in your deportment and mode of speaking to those whom Providence has placed over you; if they be members of the same Church as yourself, don't forget that the distinctions of rank are not necessarily destroyed between you and your employers.

On the contrary, be doubly watchful over your conduct, so that religion may not be evil spoken of on your account. Show that you really value family worship by so planning your work as to be at liberty at the appointed time; and show your estimate of Sabbath privileges by being so diligent during the week, as to enable you to go to worship with as little inconvenience to the family as possible.

If you be learning a business, you cannot choose your companions at work, but you may avoid intimately associating with them during your hours of leisure, or on the Sabbath, should you find that their habits and principles are the opposite of those inculcated by a Christian teacher. While with them in the work-room, you may show your regard for Christian consistency by firmly and kindly discountenancing all improper conversation, and by evincing a willingness to render them all the assistance in your power. An amiable and obliging disposition, and a

cheerful temper, will, in time, secure you not only the respect but the good will of your companions, and will induce them to listen, with civility at least, when you introduce useful subjects of conversation. You need not expect to escape some degree of ridicule, if you oppose the worldly views of those with whom you associate; and in some instances, perhaps, you may have to suffer persecution; but you have learned, in the words of Him who spake as never man spake, that "blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my name's sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

Observe, the Saviour says you will be "blessed" when persons speak evil of you "falsely," not if you, by the indulgence of a captious temper, or a morose spirit, make religion disagreeable in their eyes. It is your duty to show to all you come into company with, that your religion is not mere profession—that it does not consist in grave looks, Scripture quotations, and a stern condemnation of all who differ from you. Let them see, on the contrary, that it makes you humble, meek, forgiving, and courteous; not willing to displease others, or needlessly or hastily to take offence. Often repeat to yourself those admirable lines of Watts:—

"I would not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended;
What is wrong I'll strive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended."

In short, conduct yourself in such a manner that if your employer should want another apprentice, she may kindly inquire of you, whether you know of another girl who has been taught at the same Sunday-school as yourself, who wants a situation; as she would be glad to engage one who has, like you, been blessed with a pious and judicious teacher.

SPIRITUAL POSSESSION.

"So the devils besought him, saying, If thou cast us out, suffer us to go away into the herd of swine. And he said unto them, Go. And when they were come out, they went into the herd of swine: and, behold, the whole herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters." (Matt. viii. 31, 32.) After the same form, does the devil drive men headlong into the gulf of perdition, when he gets the direction of them. He was permitted to possess this unclean herd, that we may thence learn how an unclean life will prepare us to be driven into hell itself by the destroyer. Temperance, sobriety, and devotion, prepare our bodies to be the temples of the Holy Ghost; but impure manners prepare the heart for unclean spirits, and give them the opportunity they desire. We have heard of certain arts to call up the devil, but a man need only live like a devil, since he will be sure to have his company.—
Jones.

HOW TO DO GOOD.

HINTS FOR THE YOUNG.

WHEN our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ came from heaven to save sinners, he went

about doing good. All that love him wish to be like him, and to do good.

Perhaps you will say, "I hope to do good when I grow up; but what can I do now, when I am but a little child?"

If I tell you, will you try? If not, I would advise you to pass over this article for the present, and to keep it quite safe until you can make up your mind; for the Bible says, "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." You will try? Then I will tell you how a child may do good.

Do you not know some poor man living near you who cannot read? He sits all day by the fireside; for he is infirm, and not able to work. Poor man, the hours pass away heavily; for his wife has enough to do to mind the house, and his children are at work, so that he has no one to be with him, or talk to him, or to comfort him.

When you are at home, after school, say, "Please, dear mother, may I go and see the poor man at —, or the sick child at —, or the woman that keeps her bed at —?" Then, if you have leave, go and take your Bible, and ask if you may read to them. Be careful to read very slowly and distinctly. O how glad it would make many a heavy heart, if once or twice in the week you would try to do good in this way!

But I will tell you another way in which you may do good. Most likely you know some children in your street who do not go to Sabbath-school; say to them, "We are so happy at our Sabbath-school, I wish you would come with me. Our minister comes to see us, and our teacher is very kind. Shall I go in and ask at your house whether you may come to school with me, and then I can call for you in the morning, as I go by?"

Perhaps in this way you might bring some children to school, who, if left to themselves, would grow up ignorant, and idle, and wicked.

Trying to do good to others is the right way to make one's self happy; for it is very sad to idle away the hours which will never return again. Your teacher will tell you how you may do good at school; but, after all, home is the place where most good may be done. To obey a parent, is to do good; to be kind to a brother or a sister, is to do good; even to play kindly, and at the proper time, is to do good. So you see it is quite in the power of a very little child to do good. In short, if the matter be ever so small, "to do the right thing in the right way" is to do good.

I have said a few words about the right thing, now a few words concerning the right way. By the right way I do not mean the "best method," though this is important, but that a "new heart and a right spirit" are most needful of all; for the "Lord looketh on the heart." Pray then earnestly that the Holy Spirit of God may dwell in you, for without him you can do nothing that is good. Give yourselves up to God as his, purchased by the blood of Jesus, and strive every day to live for him.

THE STUDENTS FORGOTTEN IN PRAYER.

AMONG the many anxious desires and vigorous efforts in behalf of our cherished schools of the prophets, is there not one sad omission? Are not the *students forgotten in prayer*?

Christians meet to pray and praise in the more private social prayer-meeting. The student is often there, and joins in the sweet and holy exercise: the solemn hymns of praise, the devout and earnest prayers, the precious words of Holy Writ—all bespeak the promised

Spirit's presence. The student retires wondering why he was forgotten in almost every prayer.

The weekly Church prayer-meeting assemblies. The pastor is there; the student is also there: the solemn exercises progress, devout petitions arise to God from many hearts, imploring Heaven's richest blessings on the shepherd and on the flock—on the true Israel everywhere, and on a world lying in sin. But the students are forgotten in every petition.

The holy Sabbath appears, and the sanctuary is thronged with worshippers: the man of God stretches forth his hands: and whilst the people bow in prayer, he, as their mouth unto God, acknowledges the Keeper of Israel, and implores the forgiveness of sins, the consolations of the gospel, and all the benefits of Christ's purchase upon that particular Church—upon the Church universal—for Jew and Gentile—for Christian and Pagan: but amidst the crowds who ask and obtain an interest in his prayers, the student is forgotten.

Why pray for the acting ministry—or the prosperity of the Church, and yet forget the student of theology? Surely he is neither so holy, so happy, nor so wise, that "his full soul can hold no more;" nor yet is he so profligate and worthless that divine grace cannot benefit him.

Why should his heart be chilled by the thought that he is such an outcast creature, cloistered in his study, that he is even forgotten in prayer?

Why should the Church thus injure or destroy herself, by never sending up a petition to the Lord for the furnishing or strengthening of those who will in time be her pastors and her watchmen?

FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT.

TAKE advantage by every thing that befalls thee in this spiritual warfare. Eye thy reserves. The Captain of thy salvation is both thy vanguard and thy rear-guard, and will be thy reward. Thou gainest thy husband, as David did his wife, by conquering these Philistines: and while thou art fighting for him, he is weaving thy crown. (2 Tim. iv. 7, 8.) Eye thy fellow-soldiers, those worthies of the heavenly David, that are both militant and triumphant. (Heb. xii. 1.) Example is very forcible. Yea, take advantage by thy very foils, to be more humble, charitable, dependent, watchful, and courageous. Let not the enemy gain the field, after conquest, by a back-blow of pride. This Antiochus gains often more by flattery than by force. (Dan. xi. 21, 22.) It is honourable for Christ to say, "Well done," &c., but dangerous for Satan to say, "Well done!" and safe for thee to say, "Poorly done," when thou hast done thy best. Despise thyself when others admire thee; and be assured, that self-admiration is the most dangerous devil in the world. Especially improve advantages prudently: when thou hast thy enemy on the ground, fall with all thy weight upon him, give him no quarter, lest thou meet with the doom of Abab (1 Kings xx. 42), and of the Israelites. (Numb. xxxiii. 55, 56.) Here, as one notes well, learn wisdom of the serpent's brood, who never thought they had Christ sure enough, though they had him in the grave. (Matt. xxvii. 64.) Remember, it is thy highest wisdom, first to discern, next to improve, the spiritual contrarieties that act in thy own bosom. He is the wisest man that knows himself, and he the strongest man that conquers

himself. This alone is the true Israelite, who by conquering himself, doth in a pious sense overcome both heaven, earth, and hell. (Gen. xxxii. 28.)—*Drake.*

TWICE DEAD.

"They are spots in your feasts of charity, when they feast with you; feeding themselves without fear; clouds they are without water, carried about of winds; trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots."—*JUDS.*

When is a Church twice dead and plucked up by the roots?

They are once dead when there is no spiritual life in the members—when their services are merely formal—when one attends social or public meetings because another does, or because their pastor or their brethren will notice their absence—where no personal effort is made for the salvation of the impenitent, and no interest is felt in their own sanctification. Where their zeal, so far as they have any, is for their own Church, as their own, rather than as Christ's Church; when their interest in a sermon is that it may please men, not that it may please and glorify God. Such a Church is dead, and its fruit, if ever it bore any, is withering.

When, in addition to this, its members are not only dead so far as spirituality is considered, but when they dislike to hear their own condition portrayed, or urged on their attention. When they are restive under appeals to wakeful devotion and self-denying labour. When such truth as Jesus preached in relation to cherished sin—"If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off; because it is better to enter into life maimed than to be cast into hell fire." When in order to please them, the sins of life must not be noticed at all, or noticed in such a form that there is a graceful slide to a lower note, this kind of antipathy of heart to plain gospel truth denotes that they are twice dead.

If a Church in such a state does not repent and do its first works, there is danger that the candlestick will be removed out of its place, or that the Spirit will entirely withdraw and leave the Church with the mere selfish and worldly form, instead of the power and purity of the gospel.

"Brethren, it is high time to wake out of sleep."
—*Western Herald.*

BAD TIMES WE LIVE IN.

BLAME thyself that the times are so bad. There is a general complaint about the badness of the times; but every one shifts the blame off himself, and instead of accusing himself, accuses others. Ahab said to Elijah, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" Adam said to the Lord God, "The woman that thou gavest me, did give to me, and I did eat." The woman said, "The serpent beguiled me." Thus do we put it off from ourselves to others, and rather will lay evil to God than see ourselves as helping to bring it. No man says with Jonah, "For my sake is this come upon you;" no man saith, What have I done? do not my iniquities help to hide God's face, and to bring judgments on the earth? O then condemn

yourselves, and amend your ways. The times would not be so bad if we were not so bad. Pray not so much for better times as for better hearts. Were there more of the presence and the blessing of God, thus sought and obtained, the times would soon grow better.

EPITAPH ON THE TOMB OF TWO INFANTS.

BOLD infidelity, turn pale and die!

Beneath this stone two infants' ashes lie;

Say—are they lost or saved?

If death's by sin—they sinned, because they're here;

If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear;

Ah! Reason, how depraved!

Revere the sacred page, the knot's untied;

They died, for Adam sinned; they live, for Jesus died.

WHO IS SUFFICIENT FOR THESE THINGS?

How many knots must the minister be able speedily to untie! How many cases must he be able to give speedy solution to! And he must be supposed to have laid up with great industry, because he must "bring forth out of his treasure things both new and old." O the difficulty! It is a sad thing to consider, that many souls do perish, not only "by the force of their disease," but also "by the error of their physician," by the mistakes of their ministers: and, as Galen speaks of physic for the body, it is also true of the physic of the soul: "In physic nothing is little." A small error there, may occasion fearful mischiefs; so a small mistake in souls' concerns may occasion a soul's everlasting ruin.—*Pool.*

PRESUMPTION.

A RELIGIOUS professor of Antinomian sentiments, boasting to Rowland Hill that he had not felt a doubt of his safety for many years, was answered by Mr. Hill—"Then, sir, give me leave to doubt for you."

SECRET OF LIVING ALWAYS EASY.

AN Italian bishop having struggled through great difficulties without complaining, and met with much opposition in the discharge of his functions, without ever betraying the least impatience, an intimate friend of his, who highly admired those virtues, which he conceived it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate if he could tell him the secret of being always easy. "Yes," replied the old man; "I can teach you my secret, and will do so very readily. It consists in nothing more than in making great use of my eyes." His friend begged him to explain. "Most willingly," said the bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get there: I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind the space I shall shortly occupy in it: I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are who in all respects have more cause to be unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, and how very little reason I have to repine or complain."

THE NEW HEAVENS AND THE NEW EARTH:

A Discourse,

BY THE LATE REV. DR. CHALMERS.*

"Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."—2 PETER iii. 13.

THERE is a limit to the revelations of the Bible about futurity, and it were a mental or spiritual trespass to go beyond it. The reserve which it maintains in its informations, we also ought to maintain in our inquiries—satisfied to know little on every subject where it has communicated little, and feeling our way into regions which are at present unseen no farther than the light of Scripture will carry us.

But while we attempt not to be "wise above that which is written," we should attempt, and that most studiously, to be wise up to that which is written. The disclosures are very few and very partial, which are given to us of that bright and beautiful economy which is to survive the ruins of our present one. But still there are such disclosures; and on the principle of the things that are revealed belonging unto us, we have a right to walk up and down, for the purpose of observation, over the whole actual extent of them. What is made known of the details of immortality, is but small in the amount, nor are we furnished with the materials of anything like a graphical or picturesque exhibition of its abodes of blessedness. But still somewhat is made known, and which, too, may be addressed to a higher principle than curiosity, being, like every other Scripture, "profitable both for doctrine and for instruction in righteousness."

In the text before us, there are two leading points of information, which we should like successively to remark upon. The first is, that in the new economy which is to be reared for the accommodation of the blessed, there will be materialism—not merely new heavens, but also a new earth. The second is, that as distinguished from the present, which is an abode of rebellion, it will be an abode of righteousness.

I. We know historically that earth, that a solid material earth, may form the dwelling of sinless creatures, in full converse and friend-

ship with the Being who made them—that, instead of a place of exile for outcasts, it may have a broad avenue of communication with the spiritual world, for the descent of ethereal beings from on high—that, like the member of an extended family, it may share in the regard and attention of the other members, and along with them be gladdened by the presence of Him who is the Father of them all. To inquire how this can be, were to attempt a wisdom beyond Scripture: but to assert that this has been, and therefore may be, is to keep most strictly and modestly within the limits of the record. For we there read, that God framed an apparatus of materialism, which, on His own surveying, He pronounced to be all very good; and the leading features of which may still be recognised among the things and the substances that are around us; and that He created man with the bodily organs and senses which we now wear, and placed him under the very canopy that is over our heads, and spread around him a scenery, perhaps lovelier in its tints, and more smiling and serene in the whole aspect of it, but certainly made up, in the main, of the same objects that still compose the prospect of our visible contemplations; and there, working with his hands in a garden, and with trees on every side of him, and even with animals sporting at his feet, was this inhabitant of earth, in the midst of all those earthly and familiar accompaniments, in full possession of the best immunities of a citizen of heaven—sharing in the delight of angels, and while he gazed on the very beauties which we ourselves gaze upon, rejoicing in them most as the tokens of a present and presiding Deity. It were venturing on the region of conjecture to affirm, whether, if Adam had not fallen, the earth that we now tread upon would have been the everlasting abode of him and his posterity. But certain it is, that man, at the first, had for his place this world, and at the same time, for his privilege, an unclouded fellowship with God, and for his prospect, an immortality, which death was neither to intercept nor put an end

* From Dr. Chalmers' published Works.

to. He was terrestrial in respect of condition, and yet celestial in respect both of character and enjoyment. His eye looked outwardly on a landscape of earth, while his heart breathed upwardly in the love of heaven. And though he trode the solid platform of our world, and was compassed about with its horizon, still was he within the circle of God's favoured creation, and took his place among the freemen and the denizens of the great spiritual commonwealth.

This may serve to rectify an imagination, of which we think that all must be conscious, as if the grossness of materialism was only for those who had degenerated into the grossness of sin; and that, when a spiritualizing process had purged away all our corruption, then, by the stepping-stones of a death and a resurrection, we should be borne away to some ethereal region, where sense, and body, and all in the shape either of audible sound, or of tangible substance, were unknown. And hence that strangeness of impression which is felt by you, should the supposition be offered, that in the place of eternal blessedness there will be ground to walk upon; or scenes of luxuriance to delight the corporeal senses; or the kindly intercourse of friends talking familiarly, and by articulate converse, together; or, in short, anything that has the least resemblance to a local territory, filled with various accommodations, and peopled over its whole extent by creatures formed like ourselves; having bodies such as we now wear, and faculties of perception, and thought, and mutual communication, such as we now exercise. The common imagination that we have of paradise on the other side of death, is, that of a lofty aerial region, where the inmates float in ether, or are mysteriously suspended upon nothing; where all the warm and sensible accompaniments which give such an expression of strength, and life, and colouring, to our present habitation, are attenuated into a sort of spiritual element, that is meagre, and imperceptible, and utterly uninviting to the eye of mortals here below; where every vestige of materialism is done away, and nothing left but certain unearthly scenes that have no power of allurements, and certain unearthly ecstasies, with which it is felt impossible to sympathize. The holders of this imagination forget all the while that really there is no essential connection between materialism and sin; that the world which we now inhabit had all the amplitude and solidity of its present materialism before sin entered into it; that God so far, on that

account, from looking slightly upon it, after it had received the last touch of His creating hand, reviewed the earth, and the waters, and the firmament, and all the green herbage, with the living creatures, and the man whom He had raised in dominion over them, and He saw every thing that he had made, and behold it was all very good. They forget that on the birth of materialism, when it stood out in the freshness of those glories which the great Architect of nature had impressed upon it, that then "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." They forget the appeals that are made everywhere in the Bible to this material workmanship; and how, from the face of these visible heavens, and the garniture of this earth that we tread upon, the greatness and the goodness of God are reflected on the view of His worshippers. No, my brethren, the object of the administration we sit under, is to extirpate sin, but it is not to sweep away materialism. By the convulsions of the last day, it may be shaken, and broken down from its present arrangements; and thrown into such fitful agitations, as that the whole of its existing framework shall fall to pieces; and with a heat so fervent as to melt its most solid elements, may it be utterly dissolved. And thus may the earth again become without form, and void, but without one particle of its substance going into annihilation. Out of the ruins of this second chaos may another heaven and another earth be made to arise; and a new materialism, with other aspects of magnificence and beauty, emerge from the wreck of this mighty transformation; and the world be peopled as before, with the varieties of material loveliness, and space be again lighted up into a firmament of material splendour.

Were our place of everlasting blessedness so purely spiritual as it is commonly imagined. then the soul of man, after, at death, having quitted his body, would quit it conclusively. That mass of materialism with which it is associated upon earth, and which many regard as a load and an incumbrance, would have leave to putrefy in the grave, without being revisited by supernatural power, or raised again out of the inanimate dust into which it had resolved. If the body be indeed a clog and a confinement to the spirit, instead of its commodious tenement, then would the spirit feel lightened by the departure it had made, and expatiate in all the buoyancy of its emancipated powers, over a scene of enlargement. And this is, doubtless.

the prevailing imagination. But why then, after having made its escape from such a thralldom, should it ever recur to the prison-house of its old materialism, if a prison-house it really be? Why should the disengaged spirit again be fastened to the drag of that grosser and heavier substance, which many think has only the effect of weighing down its activity, and infusing into the pure element of mind an ingredient which serves to cloud and to enfeeble it? In other words, what is the use of a day of resurrection, if the union which then takes place is to deaden or to reduce all those energies which are commonly ascribed to the living principle in a state of separation? But, as a proof of some metaphysical delusion upon this subject, the product, perhaps, of a wrong though fashionable philosophy, it would appear that to embody the spirit is not the stepping-stone to its degradation, but to its preferment. The last day will be a day of triumph to the righteous, because the day of the re-entrance of the spirit to its much-loved abode, where its faculties, so far from being shut up into captivity, will find their free and kindred development in such material organs as are suited to them. The fact of the resurrection proves that, with man at least, the state of a disembodied spirit is a state of unnatural violence; and that the resurrection of his body is an essential step to the highest perfection of which he is susceptible. And it is indeed an homage to that materialism which many are for expunging from the future state of the universe altogether—that ere the immaterial soul of man has reached the ultimate glory and blessedness which are designed for it, it must return and knock at that very grave where lie the mouldered remains of the body which it wore; and there inquisition must be made for the flesh, and the sinews, and the bones, which the power of corruption has, perhaps for centuries before, assimilated to the earth that is around them; and there, the minute atoms must be re-assembled into a structure that bears upon it the form, and the lineaments, and the general aspect of a man. And the soul passes into this material framework, which is hereafter to be its lodging-place for ever; and that, not as its prison, but as its pleasant and befitting habitation; not to be trammelled, as some would have it, in a hold of materialism, but to be therein equipped for the purposes of eternity; to walk embodied among the bowers of our second paradise—to stand embodied in the presence of our God.

There will, it is true, be a change of personal constitution between a good man before his death, and a good man after his resurrection; not, however, that he will be set free from his body, but that he will be set free from the corrupt principle which is in his body; not that the materialism by which he is now surrounded will be done away, but that the taint of evil by which this materialism is now pervaded will be done away. Could this be effected without dying, then death would be no longer an essential stepping-stone to paradise. But it would appear of the moral virus which has been transmitted downwards from Adam, and is now spread abroad over the whole human family; it would appear, that to get rid of this the old fabric must be taken down, and reared anew; and that, not of other materials, but of its own materials, only delivered of all impurity, as if by a refining process in the sepulchre. It is thus that what is "sown in weakness, is raised in power;" and for this purpose it is not necessary to get quit of materialism, but to get quit of sin, and so to purge materialism of its malady. It is thus that the dead shall come forth incorruptible; and those, we are told, who are alive at this great catastrophe, shall suddenly and mysteriously be changed. While we are compassed about with these vile bodies, as the apostle emphatically terms them, evil is present, and it is well if, through the working of the Spirit of grace, evil does not prevail. To keep this besetting enemy in check, is the task and the trial of our Christianity on earth; and it is the detaching of this poisonous ingredient which constitutes that for which the believer is represented as groaning earnestly, even the redemption of the body that he now wears, and which will then be transformed into the likeness of Christ's glorified body. And this will be his heaven, that he will serve God without a struggle, and in a full gale of spiritual delight; because with the full concurrence of all the feelings and all the faculties of his regenerated nature. Before death, sin is only repressed; after the resurrection, sin will be exterminated. Here he has to maintain the combat, with a tendency to evil still lodging in his heart, and working a perverse movement among his inclinations; but after his warfare in this world is accomplished, he will no longer be so thwarted; and he will set him down in another world, with the repose and the triumph of victory for his everlasting reward. The great constitutional plague of his nature will no longer trouble

him; and there will be the charm of a general affinity between the purity of his heart and the purity of the element he breathes in. Still it will not be the purity of spirit escaped from materialism, but of spirit translated into a materialism that has been clarified of evil. It will not be the purity of souls unclothed as at death, but the purity of souls that have again been clothed upon at the resurrection.

But the highest homage that we know of to materialism, is that which God manifest in the flesh has rendered to it. That He, the Divinity, should have wrapt His unfathomable essence in one of its coverings, and expatiated amongst us in the palpable form and structure of a man; and that He should have chosen such a tenement, not as a temporary abode, but should have borne it with Him to the place which He now occupies, and where He is now employed in preparing the mansions of His followers; that He should have entered within the veil, and be now seated at the right hand of the Father, with the very body which was marked by the nails upon His cross, and where-with He ate and drank after His resurrection; that He who repelled the imagination of His disciples as if they had seen a spirit, by bidding them handle Him and see, and subjecting to their familiar touch the flesh and the bones that encompassed Him; that He should now be throned in universal supremacy, and wielding the whole power of heaven and earth, have every knee to bow at His name, and every tongue to confess, and yet all to the glory of God the Father—that humanity, that substantial and embodied humanity, should thus be exalted, and a voice of adoration from every creature be lifted up to the Lamb for ever and ever;—does this look like the abolition of materialism, after the present system of it is destroyed; or does it not rather prove, that transplanted into another system, it will be preferred to celestial honours, and prolonged in immortality throughout all ages?

It has been our careful endeavour, in all that we have said, to keep within the limits of the record, and to offer no other remarks than those which may fitly be suggested by the circumstance, that a new earth is to be created as well as a new heavens, for the future accommodation of the righteous. We have no desire to push the speculation beyond what is written; but it were, at the same time, well, that in all our representations of the immortal state, there was just the same force of colouring, and the same vivacity of scenic exhibition, that there is

in the New Testament. The imagination of a total and diametric opposition between the region of sense and the region of spirituality, certainly tends to abate the interest with which we might otherwise look to the perspective that is on the other side of the grave; and to deaden all those sympathies that we else might have with the joys and the exercises of the blest in paradise. To rectify this, it is not necessary to enter on the particularities of heaven; a topic on which the Bible is certainly most sparing and reserved in its communications. But a great step is gained, simply by dissolving the alliance that exists in the minds of many between the two ideas of sin and materialism; or proving, that when once sin is done away, it consists with all we know of God's administration, that materialism shall be perpetuated in the full bloom and vigour of immortality. It altogether holds out a warmer and more alluring picture of the elysium that awaits us, when told that there will be beauty to delight the eye, and music to regale the ear; and the comfort that springs from all the charities of intercourse between man and man, holding converse as they do on earth, and gladdening each other with the benignant smiles that play on the human countenance, or the accents of kindness that fall in soft and soothing melody from the human voice. There is much of the innocent, and much of the inspiring, and much to affect and elevate the heart, in the scenes and the contemplations of materialism; and we do hail the information of our text, that after the dissolution of its present frame-work, it will again be varied and decked out anew in all the graces of its unfading verdure, and of its unbounded variety; that in addition to our direct and personal view of the Deity, when He comes down to tabernacle with men, we shall also have the reflection of Him in a lovely mirror of His own workmanship; and that instead of being transported to some abode of dimness and of mystery, so remote from human experience as to be beyond all comprehension, we shall walk for ever in a land replenished with those sensible delights and those sensible glories, which, we doubt not, will lie most profusely scattered over the "new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

II. But though a paradise of sense, it will not be a paradise of sensuality. Though not so unlike the present world as many apprehend it, there will be one point of total dissimilarity betwixt them. It is not the entire substitution of spirit for matter, that will distinguish the

future economy from the present. But it will be the entire substitution of righteousness for sin. It is this which signalizes the Christian from the Mahometan paradise; not that sense, and substance, and splendid imagery, and the glories of a visible creation seen with bodily eyes, are excluded from it, but that all which is vile in principle, or voluptuous in impurity, will be utterly excluded from it. There will be a firm earth, as we have at present, and a heaven stretched over it, as we have at present; and it is not by the absence of these, but by the absence of sin, that the abodes of immortality will be characterized. There will both be heavens and earth, it would appear, in the next great administration; and with this specialty to mark it from the present one, that it will be a heavens and an earth "wherein dwelleth righteousness."

Now, though the first topic of information that we educed from the text may be regarded as not very practical, yet the second topic on which we now insist is most eminently so. Were it the great characteristic of that spirituality which is to obtain in a future heaven, that it was a spirituality of essence, then occupying and pervading the place from which materialism had been swept away, we could not, by any possible method, approximate the condition we are in at present, to the condition we are to hold everlastingly. We cannot etherealize the matter that is around us; neither can we attenuate our own bodies, nor bring down the slightest degree of such a heaven to the earth that we now inhabit. But when we are told that materialism is to be kept up, and that the spirituality of our future state lies not in the kind of substance which is to compose its framework, but in the character of those who people it—this puts, if not the fulness of heaven, at least a foretaste of heaven, within our reach. We have not to strain at a thing so impracticable, as that of diluting the material economy which is without us—we have only to reform the moral economy that is within us. We are now walking on a terrestrial surface, not more compact, perhaps, than the one we shall hereafter walk upon; and are now wearing terrestrial bodies, not firmer and more solid, perhaps, than those we shall hereafter wear. It is not by working any change upon them that we could realize, to any extent, our future heaven. And this is simply done by opening the door of our heart for the influx of heaven's affections; by bringing the whole man, as made up of soul, and spirit, and body,

under the presiding authority of heaven's principles.

This will make plain to you how it is that it could be said in the New Testament that the "kingdom of heaven was at hand;" and how, in that book, its place is marked out, not by locally pointing to any quarter, and saying, Lo, here, or lo there, but by the simple affirmation that the kingdom of heaven is within you; and how, in defining what it was that constituted the kingdom of heaven, there is an enumeration, not of such circumstances as make up an outward condition, but of such feelings and qualities as make up a character, even righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost; and how the ushering in of the new dispensation is held equivalent to the introduction of this kingdom into the world; all making it evident, that if the purity and the principles of heaven begin to take effect upon our heart, what is essentially heaven begins with us even in this world; that instead of ascending to some upper region, for the purpose of entering it, it may descend upon us, and make an actual entrance of itself into our bosoms; and that so far, therefore, from that remote and inaccessible thing which many do regard it, it may, through the influence of the word which is nigh unto you, and of the spirit that is given to prayer, be lighted up in the inner man of an individual upon earth, whose person may even here exemplify its graces, and whose soul may even here realize a measure of its enjoyments.

And hence one great purpose of the incarnation of our Saviour. He came down amongst us in the full perfection of heaven's character, and has made us see that it is a character which may be embodied. All its virtues were, in his case, infused into a corporeal framework, and the substance of these lower regions was taken into intimate and abiding association with the spirit of the higher. The ingredient which is heavenly admits of being united with the ingredient which is earthly; so that we who, by nature, are of the earth, and earthly, could we catch of that pure and celestial element which made the man Christ Jesus to differ from all other men, then might we too be formed into that character, by which it is that the members of the family above differ from those of the outcast family beneath. Now, it is expressly said of Him, that He is set before us as an example; and we are required to look to that living exhibition of Him, where all the graces of the upper sanctuary are beheld as in a picture; and instead of an abstract, we have in

His history a familiar representation of such worth, and piety, and excellence, as, could they only be stamped upon our own persons, and borne alone with us to the place where He now dwelleth, instead of being shunned as aliens, we should be welcomed and recognised as seemly companions for the inmates of that place of holiness. And, in truth, the great work of Christ's disciples upon earth, is a constant and busy process of assimilation to their Master who is in heaven. And we live under a special economy, that has been set up for the express purpose of helping it forward. It is for this, in particular, that the Spirit is provided. We are changed into the image of the Lord, even by the Spirit of the Lord. Nursed out of this fullness, we grow up unto the stature of perfect men in Christ Jesus; and instead of heaven being a remote and mysterious unknown, heaven is brought near to us by the simple expedient of inspiring us where we now stand, with its love, and its purity, and its sacredness. We learn from Christ, that the heavenly graces are all of them compatible with the wear of an earthly body, and the circumstances of an earthly habitation. It is not said in how many of its features the new earth will differ from, or be like unto the present one; but we, by turning from our iniquities unto Christ, push forward the resemblance of the one to the other, in the only feature that is specified, even that "therein dwelleth righteousness."

And had we only the character of heaven, we should not be long of feeling what that is which essentially makes the comfort of heaven. "Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest iniquity; therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness, above thy fellows." Let us but love the righteousness which He loves, and hate the iniquity which He hateth; and this of itself would so soften and attune the mechanism of our moral nature, that in all the movements of it there should be joy. It is not sufficiently adverted to, that the happiness of heaven lies simply and essentially in the well-going machinery of a well-conditioned soul; and that according to its measure, it is the same in kind with the happiness of God, who liveth for ever in bliss ineffable, because He is unchangeable in being good, and upright, and holy. There may be audible music in heaven, but its chief delight will be in the music of well-poised affections, and of principles in full and consenting harmony with the laws of eternal rectitude. There may be visions of loveliness there; but it will be the loveliness of

virtue, as seen directly in God, and as reflected back again in family likeness from all His children—it will be this that shall give its parent and sweetest transports to the soul. In a word, the main reward of paradise is spiritual joy; and that, springing at once from the love and the possession of spiritual excellence. It is such a joy as sin extinguishes on the moment of its entering the soul; and such a joy as is again restored to the soul, and that immediately on its being restored to righteousness.

It is thus that heaven may be established upon earth, and the petition of our Lord's prayer be fulfilled, "Thy kingdom come." This petition receives its best explanation from the one which follows: "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven." It just requires a similarity of habit and character in the two places, to make out a similarity of enjoyment. Let us attend then to the way in which the services of the upper sanctuary are rendered—not in the spirit of legality, for this gendereth to bondage; but in the spirit of love, which gendereth to the beatitude of the affections rejoicing in their best and most favourite indulgence. They do not work there for the purpose of making out the conditions of a bargain. They do not act agreeably to the pleasure of God, in order to obtain the gratification of any distinct will or distinct pleasure of their own, in return for it. Their will is, in fact, identical with the will of God. There is a perfect unison of taste and of inclination between the creature and the Creator. They are in their element when they are feeling righteously and doing righteously. Obedience is not drudgery, but delight to them; and as much as there is of the congenial between animal nature and the food that is suitable to it, so much is there of the congenial between the moral nature of heaven and its sacred employments and services. Let the will of God, then, be done here as it is done there, and not only will character and conduct be the same here as there, but they will also resemble each other in the style, though not in the degree, of their blessedness. The happiness of heaven will be exemplified upon earth, along with the virtue of heaven; for, in truth, the main ingredient of that happiness is not given them in payment for work, but it lies in the love they bear to the work itself. A man is never happier than when employed in that which he likes best. This is all a question of taste; but should such a taste be given as to make it a man's meat and drink to do the will of his Father, then is he in perfect readiness for

being carried upwards to heaven, and placed beside the pure river of water of life, that proceedeth out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. This is the way in which you may make a heaven upon earth, not by heaping your reluctant offers at the shrine of legality, but by serving God because you love him; and doing his will because you delight to do him honour.

And here we may remark, that the only possible conveyance for this new principle into the heart is the Gospel of Jesus Christ; that in no other way than through the acceptance of its free pardon, sealed by the blood of an atonement, which exalts the Lawgiver, can the soul of man be both emancipated from the fear of terror, and solemnized into the fear of humble and holy reverence; that it is only in conjunction with the faith that justifies, that the love of gratitude and the love of moral esteem are made to arise in the bosom of regenerated man; and, therefore, to bring down the virtues of heaven, as well as the peace of heaven, into this lower world, we know not what else can be done than to urge upon you the great propitiation of the New Testament; nor are we aware of any expedient by which all the cold and freezing sensations of legality can be done away, but by your thankful and unconditional acceptance of Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

"WHEN IS THE TIME TO DIE?"

I ASKED the glad and happy child,
Whose hands were filled with flowers,
Whose silvery laugh rang free and wild
Among the vine-wreath'd flowers;
I crossed her sunny path, and cried,
"When is the time to die!"
"Not yet! not yet!" the child replied,
And swiftly bounded by.

I asked a maiden; back she threw
The tresses of her hair;
Grief's traces o'er her cheeks I knew—
Like pearls they glistened there;
A flush passed o'er her lily brow,
I heard her spirit sigh;
"Not now," she cried, "O no! not now;
Youth is no time to die!"

I asked a mother, as she pressed
Her first-born in her arms,
As gently on her tender breast
She hushed her babe's alarms,
In quivering tones her accents came—
Her eyes were dim with tears;
"My boy his mother's life must claim
For many, many years."

I questioned one in manhood's prime,
Of proud and fearless air;
His brow was furrowed not by time,
Or dimmed by woe or care.
In angry accents he replied,
And flashed with scorn his eye—
"Talk not to ME of death," he cried,
"For only age should die."

I questioned age; for him the tomb
Had long been all prepared;
But death, who withers youth and bloom,
This man of years had spared.
Once more his nature's dying fire
Flashed high, and thus he cried—
"Life! only life is my desire!"
Then gasped, and groaned, and died.

I asked a Christian—"Answer thou,
When is the hour of death?"
A holy calm was on his brow,
And peaceful was his breath;
And sweetly o'er his features stole
A smile, a light divine;
He spake the language of his soul—
"My Master's time is mine!"

DEATH'S VISIT TO THE VILLAGE.

THEY say that the people live longer in the country than in town, and, perhaps they may a few short years; but be not deceived by the saying, my country friends, for the word of the Eternal is gone forth: "The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." (Ps. xc. 10.) Neither town nor country can prevent the visits of Death.

Death came up the village. It was in the spring; the fresh leaves were budding forth, and the snow-drops were peeping out of the ground. He went into the thatched cottage by the ash-tree, where sat old Roger Gough in his arm-chair, with his brow wrinkled and his hair white as flax. Roger was taken with the cramp in the stomach, and soon ceased to breathe. "What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death! shall he deliver his soul from the hand of the grave?" (Ps. lxxxix. 48.)

The wheel-wright's wife sat, with her baby, her first-born, in her lap. It smiled as if it lay asleep, and breathed softly. The mother went on mending stockings, every now and then casting a fond look at her little treasure. That day-week its gentle spirit departed, leaving the fond parents half heart-broken. How uncertain is human life! "It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." (James iv. 14.)

Death went down the village in summer. The heavens were bright with sunbeams, and the earth seemed to smile; the gardens were

in their glory, and the merry hay-makers were busy in the fields. The sexton's son had long been ailing, and all agreed that he could never struggle through the winter. The red tinge on his cheek was not a healthy hue; consumption had marked him for the grave. He had taken to his bed for a fortnight, when his head fell back gently on his pillow, and he went off like an infant going to sleep. "As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more." (Ps. cii. 15, 16.)

Butcher Hancock was the strongest man in the parish; but he was no match for Death! His chest was broad, his arms were sinewy and strong, and his frame bulky and well knit together. "As hearty as Hancock," was a common adage. No matter; sickness soon robs the stoutest of his strength, and pulls down the tallest man to the ground. The fever fastened upon him, so that one hour he raged with heat and thirst, and the next his teeth chattered with the cold. His neighbours carried him to the grave. "Lord, make me know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am. Behold, thou hast made my days as a hand-breadth; and mine age is as nothing before thee; verily, man at his best state is altogether vanity." (Ps. xxxix. 4, 5.)

Death crossed the village in autumn. The orchard trees were bending beneath their load, the sickle was at work among the wheat, and the scythe was sweeping down the barley. Never was known a more abundant year. The loaded teams were seen in all directions, and the gleaners were picking up the scattered ears from the stubble. Farmer Blunt was a wealthy man. He was in the field with the reapers, when he suddenly fell to the ground. Some said he was suddenly struck by the sun, and others that it was a fit of apoplexy; but whatever it was, farmer Blunt never spoke after. You may, perhaps, have seen his tomb by the stone-wall of the church-yard, with the iron palisades round it. Truly may each of us say, "There is but a step between me and death." (1 Sam. xxi. 3.)

Widow Edwards lived in the shed at the back of the pond. It was a wretched habitation; but the poor cannot choose their dwelling places. The aged widow had wrestled hard with poverty; her bits and crops were few and far between. Her son, who ought to have been a staff for her old age to rest on, was at sea. He was roving and thoughtless; but there is a heart-ache in store for him on account of his aged mother. Death found the widow alone lying on her straw. No one was at hand to comfort her, or to close her eyes. "Watch, therefore; for you know not what hour your Lord doth come." (Matt. xxiv. 42.)

Death went round the village in the winter.

The icicles were a foot long, hanging from the pent-house in the carpenter's yard; and the snow lay here and there in heaps, for it had been shoveled away from in front of the cottages. Not a stone's throw from the finger-post at the end of the village, dwelt Able Froome, the clerk's father. For years he had been afflicted, but his mind was stayed upon Christ, the Rock of ages, and he loved to think of eternal things. He had lived to a goodly old age; and as a shock of corn fully ripe for the harvest, he was ready to be gathered into the garner of God. While his days were numbering, his heart had applied unto wisdom; and he knew Him whom to know is eternal life. Death found him sitting up in his bed, with the Bible in his aged hands, and the last words that fell from his lips were, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." (Luke ii. 29, 30.) Thus died Able Froome. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." (Ps. xxxvii. 37.)

The habitation of Harry Tonks was in a wretched plight when death crossed the threshold. Harry was an infidel, and scoffed at holy things. His days were mostly spent in idleness, and his nights in poaching, and in tipping at the "Fighting Cocks."

Often had Harry defied death at a distance, as a bugbear; but when he came in reality, he trembled like a child. Pain racked him, and poverty distressed him; but that was not all, for his conscience was at work within him, and his mind was disturbed. "The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear?" (Prov. xviii. 11.) It was a horrid sight to see Harry clenching his hands, tearing his clothes, and gnashing his teeth in anguish, and quite as bad to hear the curses he uttered in his despair. He died as the wicked die—without joy, without hope,— "Driven from the light into darkness, and chased out of the world." (Job xviii. 18.) "Render your heart and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God: for he is merciful and slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil." (Joel ii. 13.)

If death thus goes up and down, and across and around the village, at all seasons of the year; and if he takes away the old and the young, the feeble and the strong, the rich and the poor, the righteous and the wicked, how long will he pass by THEE? It is thy prayer—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." (Numb. xviii. 10.) Is Christ thy hope thy trust, thy salvation? If so, thou mayst indeed rejoice, and say with exultation, "Yea, though I walk through the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." (Ps. xxiii. 4.)—*Old Humphrey's Thoughts for the Thoughtful.*

"KIRWAN'S LETTERS TO A ROMISH BISHOP."

(Continued from page 214.)

WHEN, in the kind providence of God, my mind became interested to know what God would have me to do, I cast around for a true guide to the solution of the question. Where could I find such an one? Books are written by fallible men—priests had already imposed on my understanding—fond parents, deceived themselves, taught me superstition for religion—all men are liable to err. I felt there was a God, and that I was bound to obey him; but where is the rule of my obedience? This was the question. I was told of the Bible, but of that I knew nothing; and then I knew the Bible to be, by your Church, a prohibited book, or to be read only by priestly permission. I sought the Bible and read it. I found it to be the true and only guide to the right solution of the question as to what God would have me to do. And without the fear of the pope, or the anathemas of the Council of Trent, and without a line of license from prelate or priest, I have continued to read it for years. And the virtual prohibition of the unfettered reading of the Bible by your Church, is one of the main reasons why I cannot return to it. That your restrictions amount to a virtual prohibition, your candour will not for a moment deny.

And let me ask you, dear sir, why is this virtual prohibition? Who has given you authority to say that I must not read what God has given to direct me into all the ways of faith and obedience? God has commanded me to "Search the Scriptures;" who has given you authority to forbid me? Produce your credentials. Where does God place his revealed Will in the keeping of the pope, prelate, or priest, to be doled out to his erring children in such ways and parcels as they may deem best? He has no more placed the Bible under your control, or that of your Church, than he has the sun in heaven, or the vital air. Nor can I conceive of any principle that can possibly induce you to withhold it from the people without gloss or comment, save one. "Every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved." It is said that Herod, when convinced that he was not of the royal line of the Jews, burned their genealogies and records, that his false pretences might not be confuted by them. Is it for a similar reason that your Church withholds the Bible from the people? The Bible lays the axe at the root of the upas tree of Popery. Is this the reason why it is withheld?

Another of the reasons which prevent me from returning to your Church, is the way and the manner of your public worship of God. On reading the New Testament, I find Jesus Christ embraced every opportunity of declaring the will of God. After his ascension, and the descent of the Spirit, the apostles went everywhere preaching the gospel of the kingdom. The worship of God, as taught us in the New Testament, consists in prayer, praise, and the preaching of his Word, for the instruction and edification of his people. To the instruction and edification of

the saints, everything in the Church is made subservient. Is it so with the Church of Rome? Do your masses convey any instruction to the common or the uncommon mind? Do they ever give, have they ever given, one true idea of God or of religion, to a human soul? If so, I should like to know it. May not individuals attend upon them from green youth to grey hairs, and yet know not the first principles of the doctrines of Christ? I have attended recently, sir, a high mass at one of your cathedrals. It was on last Christmas day. I bore the unmeaning pageant for three hours together. There was the bishop in his robes, with his cap, his crook and his crozier—there were priests, in numbers, moving about making their crosses, obeisances and genuflections; when the bishop rose, the cross and crozier went before him, and the priests, as waiters, went behind him—the book was shifted from side to side, and was read and chanted in ways that no mortal hearer could comprehend; there was the raising of the host and the bowing down of the people—the incense and all the other accompaniments of such a service; and it struck me as one of the most farcical pantomimes that I ever witnessed. I left the house without receiving a solitary religious suggestion, and puzzled and confounded for a solution to the question, how intelligent men could possibly submit to act such a farce, and to pass it off upon a crowd of poor-looking people for the solemn worship of God? And if your mass, when thus performed with all the splendour and pomp of your ritual, is thus unmeaning, how insipid must it be when performed in your country chapels by ignorant priests who hunt up the sheep only to shear their wool! God, my dear sir, is an intelligent God; he has given me intelligence with which to worship him. For the intelligence within me, either as to its increase or exercise, your Church makes no provision in its public worship. I must not, then, return to your Church, and seek to have my soul made for the inhabitation of the Spirit, satisfied with the mumery of your muttered masses, in the public worship of my God.

Another of the reasons which prevent me from returning to your Church is, the burdens which it places on my conscience, which crush without correcting it. It institutes a kind of a ceremonial law, which restricts where God has given liberty, and which licenses where God has prohibited indulgence. With your fast and feast days who can keep up, without an almanac in his hand? And how many of your people can read it? Should I blunder in counting the days of the week, and, mistaking Friday for Thursday, eat meat, my conscience is wounded. If, in performing penance, I miscount my beads, and say a less number of paternosters than required, my conscience again suffers. If, ignorant of the "Laws of Lent," which have been just published by you, I should eat three meals on a day between "Ash Wednesday and Easter Sunday," or should eat meat on the "Thursday next after Ash Wednesday," or on "any day in the Holy Week," my conscience would be again burdened. And these are but specimens of the thousand and one ceremonial regulations of your Church, as burdensome as they are unmeaning, which

fret and crush the conscience, without directing or strengthening it. And whilst thus restricted in things indifferent, I am freely indulged in things which the divine law prohibits.

Now, sir, who has given you authority to make laws where God has made none? Who has given you authority to say what I shall eat, or how often, in any one day of the year? What unutterable arrogance to tell me I cannot eat fish and flesh at the same meal! what priestly intolerance, to tell me, with my Bible open before me, that if I transgress these laws I sin against my God! You know that the Gospel is a law of liberty; you know that if a man eat meat he is not the worse, and that if he refrain he is not the better; you know that the Bible teaches that man is defiled not by that which entereth into him, but by that which cometh out of him; and why burden souls and fetter consciences by silly enactments about things in themselves indifferent, and about which God has made no regulations? O sir, like the Scribes and the Pharisees of old, you are busied about the mint, the annis, and the cumin, forgetful of the weightier matters of the law. And I deeply regret that a man who has forced himself up to station and influence against so many adverse circumstances, had not force enough left to break the chains of early religious prejudice, to rise up to the region of intellectual, and moral, and religious freedom! You are too much of a man to stoop to such nonsense.

On these subjects, dear sir, your Church must return to the standard of the Bible, and of common sense, before I can return to it.

Another of the reasons which prevent my return is, the obstructions which your Church raises between me and my God. My Bible—that hated book by pope, prelate, priest, and Papal peasant—teaches me that if any man sin, he has an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ. It every where teaches me that I may have free access to God through Jesus Christ; that if I sin, I may go for pardon directly to the throne of God, through the mediation of his Son. And this is a precious privilege—a privilege which may be enjoyed by all, “*without money and without price.*” Now what do you ask of me to do, in order to receive the forgiveness of sin, and to be restored to the favour of God? You send me to Peter or Paul, or some other saint on the catalogue, who may have never known me, and who may never hear me, if I pray unto them. Or you send me to Mary, whom you blasphemously call the mother of God, to ask her to intercede for me. Nor will this suffice. I must go to your confessional, and tell you *all* my sins; incurring the fearful penalty of refusal of pardon if I withhold one. Thus you take from me the privilege of going to God for myself—a privilege purchased for me by the death of Christ. You tell me to go to the priest; and from the priest to the saint, or to the virgin; and the saint or virgin will go for me to the Saviour; and he will go for me to the Father! And then, when pardon is granted, it goes from the Father to the Son, from him to the saint or virgin—from him or her to the priest; and when in the hands of the priest, he will give me absolution, *if I pay for it!* Will you say, dare you say, that this is a caricature

of your teachings on this matter? Would to God you could, with truth! Why send me to the saints to ask them to intercede for me, if this is untrue? That I am a sinner I know and feel. That there is pardon for me through the atonement of Jesus Christ on my repentance and faith, is a precious doctrine of the Bible and of my creed. That pardon I receive the moment I sincerely exercise the graces of repentance and faith—yes, not a whit the less freely, if all of you were with Pharaoh and his chariots.

And why turn me away from the door of mercy, and compel me to speak to my heavenly Father by proxy? Why call me away from the cross, and send me to a priest, or saint, or a virgin, to ask them to do for me what I can better do for myself? Where has my Saviour taught me that I can only address him through a priestly attorney that I must fee, however poor, for his services? Oh, ask me to do anything—to pale the ocean—to tame the hurricane—to arrest the sun—rather than ask me to return to your Church, until everything is removed which forbids the free access of my soul to God, which suspends my salvation in anything else than repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. You must pull down your toll gates on the way to life, before you see me back.

THE IMPENITENT DEATH-BED.

THE subject of this sketch was the son of parents who were reputed religious, and he had received what is generally termed a *religious education*. I was not acquainted with his parents, they having died before I became acquainted with the congregation to which he belonged, and of which I was pastor at the time of his death. I could only ascertain, respecting them, that, though their character stood fair in the Church of which they were regular members, their religion was not of a high standard. They were considered penurious and close in their worldly dealings, and always contributed sparingly to benevolent objects, alleging that they “*had a family to provide for,*” which seemed to them a valid excuse. When I became acquainted with the congregation, the family were all dead but two sons; both entirely men of the world. The younger of the two, the subject of this sketch, when he arrived at manhood, was considered a young man of bright promise. With a mind of superior cast, and an education somewhat above what generally falls to the lot of sons of a plain farmer, he seemed calculated to be useful. Whilst under his father’s roof, he was regular in his attendance at church; his external deportment was moral, and, no doubt, like most young persons under similar circumstances, he *calculated certainly* on attending to the concerns of religion at some future time.

His parents, in their anxiety to provide for the temporal welfare of their children, had raised a sum of money sufficient to procure for

him a partnership in a mercantile house in a neighbouring town. Here he became acquainted with gay and dissolute young men, and having no fixed principles, he soon became fond of their society, learned to sneer at religion, and preferred pleasure parties, and excursions on the Sabbath, to attending church. He became somewhat intemperate, and consequently failed in business. His parents being now dead, and having spent all his part of their hard earnings, he returned to the house of his brother, who was now a thriving farmer. Here he had much leisure for reflection; but if he reflected at all on his past life, it was not with that spirit of repentance which his former course called for. He never attended church, but spent his Sabbaths in reading newspapers and novels.

But, "though a man may live a fool, he cannot die one." A few months after I had settled in the congregation, he was taken very ill; and his brother, with whom I had formed a slight acquaintance, requested me to visit him. I was struck with the coldness with which he received my visit, and all my inquiries after his feelings, both bodily and mental. He seemed evidently near his end, yet not conscious that death was soon to bring him to experience all the realities of what an impenitent soul must feel when brought to the bar of God. He was not aware that I had been invited to see him, and when I was introduced by his brother, he turned away his head with a look that plainly told me, he did not wish either to think or hear of death or eternity. The scene was one of deep but melancholy interest. The window behind his bed had been raised, to admit the air of an evening in the latter part of summer. The straggling branches of a peach-tree, which grew on the outside, had protruded through the open window, and with their pale yellow leaves sadly accorded with the sunken and pallid features on which the stamp of death was plainly visible. A mild beam of the evening sun was peering through the variegated foliage of the tree, and resting upon his pale brow, almost seeming a messenger from heaven, calling the sinner to repentance. But he who had so long ungratefully enjoyed the smiles of heaven, seemed now more heedless than ever of their presence. On the window, immediately behind him, lay the last number of the *Saturday Courier*, in which he had been reading some trifling tale, when the paroxysms of pain would allow him a few moments of ease. Sad food for the soul of a man! He feigned sleep, in order to avoid conversation on a subject about which he seemed determined not to think. A wretched quack of a physician had persuaded him he might recover, and in hopes of longer life, he would not think of God and eternity. His raging thirst, however, compelled him to break his feigned sleep, and I approached him with all the kindness I

could assume, to try to find some access to his hard heart. Alas! what are human efforts to a man forsaken by the Spirit of God. When I proposed prayer, he answered in rather a surly manner, that he "had no objections." How could I pray even with hope, under such circumstances! After prayer and a word of exhortation, for which he evidently did not thank me, I left with feelings that may be imagined.

Hopeless as the case was, I felt it to be my duty to see him again the next day. But now, what a change! He had become convinced of the dreadful truth that he must die; but fear and agony now rendered him as incapable of preparation for his awful change, as his hardened stubbornness had done the day before. He rolled in agony from side to side, and his wildly glaring eyes seemed ready to start from their sockets. When I proposed prayer, he replied, in seemingly agonizing despair, "O yes! O, yes!" I read a portion of Scripture, exhibiting Christ as the all-sufficient Saviour. He listened with an eager stare, and when I closed, he cried with agony, "Too late for me! too late for me!" When I kneeled in prayer, he seemed incapable of fixing his attention, but rolled in agony from side to side, groaning in the deepest anguish. All my efforts to bring him to calm reflection were in vain.

The next day I determined to see him again, if alive. But when I went out in the morning to get my horse, the first person I met was his brother, who told me he had died about midnight.

Reader, are you at peace with God? Remember the wickedness, and presumption, and danger of depending on "a more convenient season." If you ask what effect this had upon his brother, I can only answer, that when I left that congregation, several years afterwards, he was still a man of the world, looking for "a more convenient season." I ask in turn, what effect should this sketch have upon you, if you are yet out of Christ? Will you wait too! In a matter which concerns your eternity, are you to consult only your momentary "convenience?"

OUR WORLD.

WE are surrounded with a universe of wonders; and yet how little dream the busy multitude, amid the business and pleasures of life, of the mighty movements of the universe all around us! The following, from a work just published, affords a glimpse of these mighty wonders of the Creator:—

How vast is this creation, and how wonderful in all its parts! How many suns! how many worlds! how many systems! How great their magnitude! and how immense the space in which they move! Light, we are told, moves at the rate of one hundred and eighty thousand miles in a second of time; and yet it will take five years for a ray of light to pass

from our sun to the nearest star. But such facts immediately confound and overwhelm us. Let us take another view. The globe which we inhabit is really a great globe, being nearly eight thousand miles in diameter, and twenty-five thousand in circumference. What towering mountains does it contain! what broad rivers! what vast oceans! what numerous islands! what extended continents! and what a vast population! If this world of ours is deemed large, what shall we say of yonder sun, nearly thirteen hundred thousand times larger still? If a globe of fire, as some suppose, what an immense fiery globe, which, if hollow, could with ease receive into its bosom more than a million of such worlds as ours is!—and if habitable, like our earth, as others think, then, what mountains, what rivers, what oceans, what islands and continents, and what a population! And, after all, what is this earth, and yonder sun and planets, to all the other suns, and worlds, and systems, which telescope glasses have spread out before the eye of man? Only as the fringe upon the garment of creation, or as a small village in some vast empire; for astronomers tell us that there are eighty millions of suns discovered, around which roll, by estimation, two billions four hundred millions of worlds; and all these may be only as the outskirts of some still mightier creation—and God made them all! Not only so, he made them without materials, and with infinite ease—"He spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast." Another idea is this: this immense universe is all in motion! each sun, and world, and system, rolling in its appointed orbit with a velocity most astonishing, swifter than the whirlwind passing over the bosom of the deep, of the meteor streaming along the archway of heaven, or the ball thrown from the mouth of the thundering cannon. And God bears up all, as in the hollow of his hand!

A giant would stagger under the weight of a small rock, and an army of giants could not roll one mountain, or heave one ocean; but God Almighty with infinite ease bears up all worlds, and with infinite ease can heave and roll swiftly the whole creation.

GOLDEN APPLES AND SILVER BELLS.

In Eastern poetry they tell of a wondrous tree, on which grew golden apples and silver bells; and every time the breeze went by, and tossed the fragrant branches, a shower of these golden apples fell; and the living bells—they chimed and tinkled forth their airy ravishment. On the gospel-tree there grow melodious blossoms—sweeter bells than those that are mingled with pomegranates on Aaron's vest—holy feelings, heaven-taught joys; and when the wind blowing where it listeth, the south wind waking, when the wind breathes upon that soul—there is the shaking down of mellow fruits, and the flow of healthy odours all around, and the gush of sweetest music, whose gentle tones and joyful echoes are wafted through all the recesses of the soul. Difficult to name, and too ethereal to define, these joys are on that account but the more delightful. The sweet sense of forgiveness; the conscious exercise of all the devout affections, and grateful and adoring emotions Godward; the lull of sinful passions, itself security of the well-ordered covenant; and the kind spirit of adoption encouraging you to say, "Abba, Father;"—all the happy feelings which the Spirit of

God increases or creates, and which are summed up in that comprehensive word, "Joy in the Holy Ghost."

"EVEN SO, COME, LORD JESUS."

Oh, how sweet to be wholly Christ's, and wholly in Christ! to be out of the creature's owing, and made complete in Christ; to live by faith in Christ, and to be once for all clothed with the created majesty and glory of the Son of God, wherein he maketh all his friends and followers sharers; to dwell in Immanuel's high and blessed land, and live in that sweetest air, where no wind bloweth but the breathings of the Holy Ghost; no seas nor floods flow, but the pure waters of life that proceed from under the throne, and from the Lamb; no planting but the tree of life, that yieldeth twelve manner of fruits every month! What do we here but sin and suffer? Oh, when shall the nights be gone, the shadows flee away, and the morning of that long, long day, without cloud or night, dawn! The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come." Oh when shall the Lamb's wife be ready, and the Bridegroom say, "Come!"—*Samuel Rutherford.*

PRAYER AND HOLINESS.

PRAYER is that by which a man engages all the auxiliaries of Omnipotence itself against his sin, and is so utterly contrary to, and inconsistent with it, that the same heart cannot hold them both, but one must soon quit possession of it to the other; and either praying must make a man leave off sinning, or sinning force him to give over praying.—*South.*

THE FULNESS THAT IS IN CHRIST.

Oh, sirs! there is, in a crucified Jesus, something proportionable to all the straits, wants, necessities, and desires of his poor saints. He is bread to nourish them, a garment to cover them, a physician to heal them, a counsellor to advise them, a captain to defend them, a prince to rule them, a prophet to teach, and a priest to make atonement for them, a husband to protect, a father to provide, a brother to relieve, a foundation to support, a root to quicken, a head to guide, a treasure to enrich, a sun to enlighten, and a fountain to cleanse them.—*Brooks.*

TRUE PERFECTION.

NAAMAN was a mighty man, but he was a leper. Every man has some but or other in his character; something that blemishes and diminishes him—some alloy in his grandeur—some damp to his joy. He may be very happy, very good; yet, in something or other, not so good as he should be, nor so happy as he would be. Naaman was as great as the world could make him; and yet, as Bishop Hall remarks, the basest slave in Syria would not have changed skins with him.—*Henry.*

ETERNITY.

A GULF whose large extent no bounds engage, A still beginning, never-ending age: Which, when ten thousand thousand years are run, Is still the same, and still to be begun.

THE ANGELS' CHARGE OVER THE LITTLE ONES.

"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."—
MATT. XVIII. 10.

It is evident that our Lord threw out this declaration regarding the angels, with the immediate view of disclosing the sacred character of those with whom they are connected on earth, and so of deterring others from acting toward them in a manner unsuited to their place in the kingdom of God. But the precise meaning of the passage, with the mingled consolation and warning it is so fitted to impart, is too often missed from confused or mistaken notions, both regarding the class of persons referred to, and also as to what is intimated respecting their connection with the heavenly hosts. And to bring out distinctly the meaning of the passage, it is necessary to inquire, Who are intended by the little ones? in what sense could it be said, that *their* angels are in heaven? and what it imports to *them*, that these angels always behold there the face of God?

1. In regard to the first of these questions, the kind of persons meant by the little ones, are not simply children, but children of God, genuine disciples of Christ. The reason of their being here designated by such a name, had its ground in the occasion out of which our Lord's discourse in the earlier part of this chapter took its rise, and the matter-of-fact instruction which he applied to it. The disciples, still to a great extent carnal in their views, had been contending about the highest place in the kingdom—who was the greatest. And the more impressively to convince them of the entire misdirection of their minds in this respect, he took a little child, and set him in the midst and said, "Verily I said unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven." And when Jesus goes on to speak of receiving "one such little child in his name," and other things of a like nature, he is not to be understood as pointing to children in the natural sense, but in that higher and spiritual sense, which he had just expressed to the children who bore

"his name," "the little ones (as he calls them in the next verse) that believe in him." It was to exhibit a specimen in *nature* of what his people must be in *grace*, that he had set the little child before them; to show, that in reference to the honours and possessions of God's kingdom, *his* conscious littleness and feeling of dependence for all good on the hand of another, must be their prime and most distinguished characteristic. And to deepen yet more the impression of this lesson on their minds, he keeps them in his eye throughout the ensuing discourse, as "these little ones," and will not permit himself to view them otherwise, or present them under any other designation. They are not his disciples unless they be such; the more they are such, the higher is their standing in his kingdom.

There is a great practical lesson even here, in the very name by which our Lord thus characterizes the true members of his kingdom, as it teaches the necessity of a very deep and lowly abasement for all who would share in its blessings. This necessity arises out of what men naturally are, compared with what the divine kingdom purposes to make them. They are in themselves lost and undone by reason of sin; and require, not simply to have their state improved and bettered, but to be saved from perdition, and regenerated after the image of God. The work, therefore, to be done upon them, is not properly of man, but peculiarly and essentially of God; they can bring to it nothing of their own, but, as poor and helpless babes, must receive all from the free and sovereign goodness of God. And if the *condition* of a child in this respect be theirs, is it not fitting that the *heart* also of a child should be theirs? If they must be *dealt* with as little ones, how can they but *feel* as such? On no other footing can the God of truth visit them with his manifestations of love; he can give the blessings of his grace only to the humble. Nor this merely at the threshold of a divine life, but throughout all its future stages. If a man loses, in regard to his spiritual condition, the feeling of a little one, he quits the standing of grace; he grows out of his own root, and looks to his own arm for support. And as he who is the greatest debtor, should always carry himself in the lowliest frame; so the most highly gifted with

the riches of the kingdom, should possess most of the temper of a little child—must do so indeed; for he would otherwise be unfitted to hold such precious gifts, and would turn them to his own selfish purposes, instead of laying them out for the glory of God; so that as it is according to each man's ability, that the glorious Head of the kingdom distributes its spiritual talents (Matt. xxv. 15), this ability must ever consist in nothing more than a spirit of child-like humility.

But not to enlarge farther on the truth involved here, it is clear, from the whole tenor of the discourse, that the persons spoken of are called "little ones" only in this spiritual respect. Children simply as such have no peculiar relation to the kingdom of God on earth, or to the angels of God above; nor does our Lord either here or elsewhere affirm anything on the subject. He merely points to them as in their very littleness examples in nature of that spirit which he peculiarly seeks in his followers, and on that account, so far from being beneath his notice, deserving of his special regard. All that are his, must in spirit be like them; the more they are so, the higher they stand in his account; therefore, "the little ones" are just the disciples—not the base and meanest in the kingdom, as is often supposed—if least, in any respect, only in their own esteem as to excellence or power in the things of God—but then, so far from the least, rather among the greatest in the kingdom.

2. Now, a certain relation is here indicated by our Lord between such and the angels in heaven, when he calls the latter *their* angels. What is the nature of this relation? There can be no doubt, that many of the earlier Christian writers supposed it to be the doctrine of this text, that each believer had his separate guardian angel, who is charged with certain ministrations of good to him in particular. This doctrine, however, would not so readily have commended itself to them, or have appeared so obviously to be taught in this passage of Scripture, if they had not been familiarized to something of a similar kind in the notions of Heathenism, on account of which the Apostle Paul already thought it needful to caution converts, in heathen countries, against "the worshipping of angels." Scripture, certainly, gives us no ground for imagining that a special relation subsists between individual believers and particular angels, nor any other relation, indeed, than the general one, that through the angels, as God's ministers above, services of good are

rendered to the saints on earth, in connection with the trials and dangers of life. This is distinctly affirmed in many passages of Scripture, both in the Old and the New Testaments; as, besides the passage before us, in Heb. i. 14, where the angels are called "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation;" or, Ps. xxxiv. 7: "The angel of the Lord encamps round about them that fear him, and delivereth them;" or, again, Ps. xci. 11, 12: "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways; they shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

The particular kind of ministration or service which the people of God derive from these heavenly messengers, is nowhere expressly specified; but it may, without difficulty, be gathered from the nature of the agency itself, and from the particular actions at different times ascribed to it. It has not to do directly with the soul, with the maintenance or growth of a divine life within, or, what may generally be called the personal application of Christ's redemption. This, in all its departments, is the work of the Holy Spirit, which he can no more delegate to an angel, than the Son could devolve on such any portion of the work which was given *Him* to do. The work in each case alike is properly and essentially divine; and as none could provide the blessings of redemption for us, but He who could say, "All things that the Father hath are mine;" so he alone, who is one with the Father and the Son in power and glory, could so take of these things and show them to the hearts of men, as to make them thereby partakers of a divine nature, and create them anew after the image of God. The spiritual building of a redeemed Church, is one not made with hands, but is throughout wrought and fashioned by the immediate operation of the living God.

Bearing this in mind, we shall easily understand that the ministrations of kindness left for angels to perform are of a more outward kind, and can only have respect to the evil and the good continually unfolding themselves in connection with the divine government of the world. The disciples of Christ, and the people of God, indeed, in every age, have much to meet with of an adverse nature; and their life on earth too often has the appearance of a conflict, in which the powers of evil, from their number and their ferocity, seem able to carry all before them. But the kingdom is the Lord's; and as he will certainly direct its affairs so as

to secure for his cause an effectual progress, and a final triumph, so he has ever at his command a glorious ministry, "angels that excel in strength," who are far more than a counterpoise to all the enemies and adverse influences, of whatever kind, with which his "little ones" have meanwhile to contend. These heavenly agents "speed at his bidding," and "post o'er sea and land," to give such turns to events in providence as are needed to insure the safety, or accomplish the deliverance of his faithful people. Thus, by their instrumentality, he smote the first-born in Egypt, and opened for Israel a way of escape from the land of bondage; he ministered supplies of food to Elijah first, and again to our Lord in the wilderness; he breathed upon the host of Sennacherib the blast of destruction, and saved the believing remnant in Jerusalem; he laid Herod in the dust when boasting himself against the Church and glory of God, and restored to liberty the apostles from their first imprisonment, by opening the doors of the prison. These, and such like services, are what God accomplishes for his people by the instrumentality of angelic hosts, who are, therefore, the efficient, though unseen, forces by which he restrains or punishes the enemies of his cause, shields and protects his people from such evils as it would not be good for them to suffer, and directs the course and issue of events into the channels most for their advantage. Hence, standing in so gracious a relation, and having under God such offices of kindness to discharge to Christ's believing little ones, they may fitly be called *their* angels.

3. But our Lord does not simply call these heavenly messengers *their* angels; he further assures us, and in a manner that plainly indicates something of importance to be involved in the statement, that "these angels do always behold the face of his Father in heaven." The language here, as of all that is used concerning the heavenly world, must of course be understood as spoken in accommodation to our imperfect apprehensions, and under images derived from earthly things. The persons who stand around the throne of an earthly monarch, who have at all times access to his presence, and can look upon his face unabashed, are the highest in office and dignity in his kingdom, and are consequently understood to possess the fullest acquaintance with the mind of its Head, as well as the largest influence in the management of its affairs. It is through them, as the immediate representatives and agents of roy-

alty, that its will is expressed, and its purposes carried into execution. Such substantially, we are here assured, is the relation of the angels of heaven to the supreme Lord of the universe. They do not stand, like erring and impotent men, at an immense distance from him, so that they might possibly enter upon undertakings which he does not warrant, or be left to prosecute them with their own inadequate resources. On the contrary, they have free access to his presence, and dwell so near his throne, that they must be in immediate communication both with the will and with the power of the Almighty. And being by him charged concerning these little ones of Christ, to see that no unnecessary evil befall them, and that whatever good they require shall be brought to their hand, it is impossible but that their desire shall prevail, and their embassy of love be fulfilled.

Well, therefore, does it become children of the dust to beware how they despise any of these little ones, who have such overseers and guardians in the realms above. However little or unworthy in themselves, they are linked in close and endearing connection with the mightiest beings in creation. And can it be wise to despise those whom Heaven so peculiarly delights to honour, or safe to contend where its awful artillery is brought into the conflict? "Let the potsherd strive with the potsherd of the earth; but woe unto him that striveth with his Maker."

But while in this thought there is a solemn warning and admonition to the ungodly in regard to their treatment of Christ's faithful disciples, what a ground of encouragement and support does it administer to these disciples themselves! The great reformer, Calvin, in his times of sore conflict and hard travail in the service of God against the powers of this world, often speaks of it, and felt it refreshing his spirit, that he knew the angels were looking down upon him with satisfaction, and were no inactive spectators of the struggle. But for every genuine disciple there is the same consolation; and, looking in faith to this word of Christ, they not only may, but ought, to comfort themselves with the assurance, We, then, can never be alone. Not only is the God of heaven on our side, but, spanning the immense gulf between us and him, his nearest attendants are ever doing the part of our watchful guardians and friends. If assailed with evil, we have the noblest protectors; if wronged, we have the most powerful avengers: and though we should be treated as the offscouring of the

world, and many an instrument of Satan be setting on us to do us hurt, yet the blessed ministry of light, ever on the wing to do us good, are more than sufficient to counteract the mischief, and accomplish every thing in our behalf that may secure a happy result.

Salton.

P. F.

"KIRWAN'S LETTERS TO A ROMISH BISHOP."

(Continued from p. 238.)

I CANNOT return to your Church, until you cease teaching for doctrines the commandments of men. Permit me here to say, dear sir, that, without a solitary exception, the things which are peculiar to your Church—the things which make it distinctively what it is—are the commandments of men, either in direct opposition to the teachings of the Bible, or based upon the most gross perversion as to its meaning. In as brief a manner as possible, permit me to illustrate this position.

Your Church teaches and enjoins the celibacy of its clergy, in language the most pointed and positive; and the Council of Trent hurls its anathemas against all who would assert the contrary doctrine, or who would admit the lawfulness of the marriage of a priest. Thus you forbid the priest to marry—you damn him if he does marry—and you anathematize all who think or say that in marrying he sinned not against God or man. All this, you admit, is so. Now, then, I ask you your authority for so teaching. I ask not your ecclesiastical, but your scriptural authority. Did not the Jewish priests marry? Was not Peter your first pope? This you assert. And was not Peter's wife's mother sick of a fever? (Matt. viii. 14.) Pope Peter, then, had a wife. Why should it be a mortal sin in Pope Pius IX. to have one also? Would he be the less pious or moral on that account? You, sir, are a bishop. How far you are a scriptural bishop, is not now the inquiry. But Paul, in writing to Timothy, says, "a bishop *must* be the husband of one wife having his children in subjection with all gravity." And even poor "deacons," the lowest order of your ministry, are thus instructed by Paul: "Let the deacons be the husband of one wife, ruling their children and their own houses well." (1 Tim. iii. 12.)

Now, dear sir, put these things together, and see in what a position they place you! Peter, your first pope, had a wife; and you damn to the depths of perdition any pope that would, in this respect, follow his example! Challoner says that he did not live with his wife after he was made an apostle! Will you tell me how Challoner found that out? Deacons and bishops are *commanded*, or at least permitted, to have wives, and you would empty the seven vials of your wrath, and pour all the anathemas of Trent upon the head of the priest or bishop that, in obeying God, would disobey your Church! Is it possible for you and the Bible to be in more direct opposition? Is it wrong to conclude that, in thus forbidding to marry, your Church gives at least one evidence that

it is the Antichrist? Will you favour me, sir, with a common sense exposition of the meaning of Paul, 1 Tim. iv. 3, where he brands "forbidding to marry" a doctrine of "devils?" If half as literal in the exposition of Paul, as in your exposition of "this is my body," "this is my blood," how will you avoid the inference that you are a devil?

Again, your Church enjoins confession, under the most stringent rules. To this I have already adverted in former letters. I advert to it again, to illustrate how you teach for doctrines the commandments of men. The Council of Trent teaches that "it is the duty of every man who hath fallen after baptism, to confess his sins at least once a year to a priest." It teaches that "this confession of sins is to be secret, for public confession is neither commanded nor expedient." It teaches that "this confession of sin must be very exact and particular, together with all circumstances, and that it extends to the most secret sins, even of thought, or against the ninth or tenth commandment." You know you omit the second commandment, which forbids your bowing to pictures and images, and divide the tenth into two, so as to make up the ninth and tenth, and thus complete the number. On receiving confession, as thus ordained, the priest pronounces absolution upon the penitent, "not conditional or declarative only, but absolute and judicial." When I remember the use which your Church has made of this doctrine, and the fearful power which it gives the priest over the people, my heart swells with emotion as I pen these lines; and, like the angel of Manoa's sacrifice, my thanksgivings ascend to heaven that I have escaped the snare of the fowler.

Now, sir, let me again turn querist, and ask you where, in the Bible, do you find your doctrine of confession taught? With me the teachings of all your councils weighs not a feather; give me, if you can, Bible authority. Is there one text, from Genesis to Revelation, which you, as a scholar, will say teaches it? I put this question to you, not as a bishop, but as a scholar. A priest from Maynooth, taught there only to mumble the Missal, or a poor unlettered peasant from Mayo or Galway, into whose lips words are put, as into the mouth of a parrot, might quote to me James v. 16, which says: "Confess your faults one to another;" but will *you* do it? They might tell me that the Pharisees were baptized of John Baptist, confessing their sins that at Ephesus, "many that believed came and confessed, and showed their deeds;" but will *you* do it? If James is your authority, are not you bound to confess to me, if I am to you? "Confess your faults *one to another*;" if this text teaches auricular confession, I hold you to it. When did you put the poor Irishman who whispered his sins into your ears in your seat in the confessional, and, kneeling down outside, whisper, through the little square hole cut in its side, your sins into his ear? This would be *confessing your sins one to another*. Did you ever do this, sir? Never, never. I ask you again, not as a bishop, but as a scholar, whether a single text quoted by Challoner, or Butler, or Hay, gives a shadow of

scountenance to your doctrine of confession? Lay aside your mitre, your crozier, your crook, and your canonicals, and look at those texts as simple John Hughes, and then answer my question. How can you account to man or God for the erection of such an awful institution as auricular confession, upon the merest perversion of Scripture—a perversion which has neither sense nor wit to excuse it, and without a solitary text or example in the Bible to sustain it?

And then, what aggravates the whole matter is, that every man who is made a priest, no matter how ignorant or wicked, feels himself divinely appointed of Heaven to confess sinners, and to absolve them from their sins! No matter if he is a Judas, he has the same authority to confess and absolve as Peter!

I would implore you, my dear sir, to review this doctrine of your Church. As to the Word of God, it is baseless as the fabric of a vision. It was unknown in the Jewish Church; it is untaught in the Christian Scripture. It crept into your Church during the dark ages. It was nailed upon it at Trent. It is clearly a device of man, and in terrible opposition to some of the plainest precepts of God's Word. It gives power to the priest, and enslaves the people. It has been to your Church, in every land, a fearful source of corruption. Everything is beneath you but the truth. Reject the lie, however long it may have been told, and however it may increase your income and influence. No longer prostitute your fine talents and education in maintaining this religious juggle, but send the sinner to the cross, telling him that whosoever shall there confess and forsake his sins shall find mercy. In this thing show yourself a man.

And could I address myself to every Papist upon whom the sun shines, I would say to them all, and especially to those of your country and mine, *the doctrine of confession is a priestly device to gain an absolute authority over your consciences.* You are no more bound to confess to a priest, than he is to confess to you. And as to the doctrine of absolution connected with confession, it is simply blasphemy. God only can forgive sin. And were it not for the fees connected with your confession and absolution, there is not a priest upon the face of the earth that would care a straw about your confession, or that would commit the blasphemy of forgiving your sins. If bishops or priests will not, in this day of light, cut in pieces the net wove in dark ages, to confine and trammel you, it is in your power to rise and tear it to pieces. Irish Roman Catholics! our fathers fought and bled and died, to obtain for themselves and for us civil liberty. Their blood, shed by British bayonets in these struggles for their civil rights, has crimsoned every stream, and fattened every field of Ireland. And will you, their sons, bow your necks to a priestly tyranny, which debases you mentally and morally? Will you give yourself to be led, and rode, and robbed, by priests who come to you pretending that the keys of heaven hang by their girdle, and that it is with them to let you in, or shut you out, at pleasure? No man can be a slave whilst

his soul is free, nor can any man be free whilst his soul is in bondage.

There is, reverend sir, one confession which I freely make to you. My spirit waxes warm when I think or write upon the absurdities of your Church—upon its flagrant perversions of the Scriptures—upon its shameful impositions upon the ignorant and credulous—upon the unblushing effrontery with which it teaches for divine doctrines the commandments of men. And I assure you that my warmth of feeling is not diminished when I consider that a man of your character and country would consent to be a chief workman in this bad business. Irishmen have their faults; but they are not usually those of duplicity, or perversion of the truth. And hence, whilst they may make good Papists, they make bad Jesuits.

I regret to find that I must end this letter without ending my illustrations of the way and manner to which you teach for doctrines the commandments of men. This I hope to do in my next.

DISTINCTIONS OF CLEAN AND UNCLEAN IN FOOD.*

In thinking of what was prohibited and allowed by the Mosaic law in respect to food, we can see at a glance, that the restrictions could not have been issued for the purpose properly of forming a check upon the gratification of the palate. The articles permitted, include, with very few exceptions, all that the most refined and civilized nations still choose for their food. And whether from a certain natural correspondence between the bodily taste and the kinds of meat in question, or from these possessing the qualities best adapted for food and nourishment, or perhaps from both together, it is at least manifest, that the restrictions under which the Israelites were here laid, imposed upon them no heavy burden, and that practically they were allowed to eat nearly all that it was desirable or proper for them to consume.†

Some commentators have rested the whole matter upon this ground; and have thought that the prohibition to use other kinds of flesh was sufficiently accounted for by those allowed being the most easy of digestion, the fullest of nourishment, the best adapted to prevent disease, and promote a healthful state of body.

* From "Typology of Scripture—Mosaic Period."—Edinburgh: T. T. Clark.

† The only sort of flesh that seems to form an exception is pork, which is now in common use, and yet was forbidden food to the Israelites. Indeed, it was regarded as so peculiarly forbidden, that it was sometimes put as the representative of whatever is most foul and unclean (Isa. lxxv. 4, lxxvi. 3, 17.) But though in common use now, it is still esteemed an inferior sort of butcher meat, and chiefly consumed by persons in humble life. And the special dislike to it among the Israelites probably arose in part from their connection with Egypt, where, though once a year every house sacrificed a pig to Osiris, yet the animal itself was accounted unclean, and the swineherds formed an inferior race, with whom the other tribes would not intermarry, and who were not permitted even to enter the temples of the gods. (See Heeren, Afr. ii p 148, Wilkinson, i. 239, iii. 34, iv. 46.)

In these respects the kinds permitted were certainly of the highest order; but this is the whole that can be said, as some of those prohibited were not absolutely either distasteful or unhealthy. And it was a proof of the divine wisdom and goodness in this part of the legal arrangements, that the articles appointed for food were among the best which the earth affords. But higher grounds than this must have entered into the distinction; otherwise, the line of demarcation would not have been drawn as between clean and unclean, but rather as between wholesome and unwholesome. That the different species permitted were pronounced clean, this evidently brought them within the territory of religion—defilement, excision, death, was the consequence of trespassing the appointed landmarks. (Lev. xi. 43-47.) The law respecting the two classes is made to rest, in the passage referred to, upon the same footing with all the rites and institutions of Judaism, viz., the holiness of God, demanding a corresponding holiness on the part of his people. So that the outward distinctions could only have been intended to be observed as symbolical of something inward and spiritual. Of what, then, symbolical?

If we look to the Jewish doctors for the answer, we shall certainly find, that they understood by the unclean animals different sorts of people, with whom the Jews were to have no communion, as between brethren—such as the Babylonians, Medes, Persians, Romans, &c. And we can readily perceive how the restrictions in question would, in point of fact, operate to prevent any free and friendly intercourse at meals; for at the table of a heathen, not only might the eye of a Jew be offended by seeing articles served up for food which his law taught him to regard as abominations, but he would scarcely feel at liberty to taste of others, lest in the preparation the flesh had not been carefully separated from the blood and fat. Practically, there can be no doubt the distinctions as to clean and unclean, lawful and unlawful in food, did, to a great degree, cut off the Jews from social intercourse in meat and drink from the rest of the world. But if we ask, why the forbidden articles of diet should have represented idolatrous nations, rather than any other sources of defilement within the land of Israel itself; or what fitness there was in the particular things prohibited for food to stand as images of the persons or things to be shunned in the daily intercourse of life; we shall look in vain for any satisfaction to the Jewish doctors, nor is it possible to find this by treading in their footsteps.

We must look somewhat deeper; and if we do, the leading principles, at least, of the distinction, will be found intelligible enough, and in perfect accordance with the general spirit of the Mosaic economy. The body requires food; and as in all its relations, the body was made

to image relations of a higher and more important nature, so in particular, the manner it was dealt with in respect to food, must be of a kind fitted to represent what concerned the proper sustenance and enjoyment of the soul. The food, therefore, could not be everything that might come in the way capable of being turned into an article of diet; for, in a fallen world the soul that would be in health and prosper, must continually exercise itself to a choosing between the evil and the good. Hence, to present a shadow of this in the lower province of the bodily life, there must here also be an evil and a good—a permitted and a forbidden—a class of things to be taken as lawful and proper, and another class to be rejected as abominable. It must also be God's own Word which should regulate the distinction, which should single out and sanctify certain kinds of food from the animal creation (within which alone the distinction could properly be drawn), for the comfortable support of the body. But in doing this, the Word of God did not act capriciously, or without regard to the natural constitution or fitting order of things; and while it prescribed with an absolute authority what should or should not be eaten, it selected in each department for man's use the highest of its kind—whatever it was best and most agreeable to his nature to partake of. But in choosing out such things, in the sphere of bodily life, putting on them a stamp of sacredness, that they might be adapted to the use of a consecrated people, and commanding them to look upon all that lay beyond as common and unclean, what was it but to make the things of that lower sphere speak as a faithful elbow monitor to the higher? to bring perpetually to the remembrance of the covenant people, that they must restrain and regulate the dispositions of their nature, and that, surrounded as they were on every hand with the means and occasions of evil, they must be ever directed by a spiritual taste, formed after the pattern of the law of God? It said—it says still, for though the outward ordinance is gone, its spiritual meaning remains—Child of God, thou must put a bridle in thy mouth, and a rein upon the neck of thy lust; thy path must be chosen with the most careful discrimination, and a holy reserve maintained in thy intercourse with the objects and beings around thee. For the world has a thousand channels through which to pour in upon thee its pollution, and separate between thy soul and God. Let his word, therefore, in all things be thy directory; make the precepts of his mouth thy choice; and since "evil communications corrupt good manners," set a watch upon thy companionships as well as thy doings. Go not in the way of sinners, nor be desirous to eat of their dainties; for righteousness has no part with unrighteousness, and the companion of fools shall be destroyed. *Witness a wolf driv*

Taking this view of the ordinance, we get at once to the root of the matter, and have no need to search for recondite and fanciful reasons in the scales and fins, or the chewing of the cud, and the dividing of the hoof. Neither do we need to stop at the merely external, and, in part, arbitrary distinction between one nation and another; for we have here a principle which comprehends that and much more within its bosom. We see also how completely the Jews of our Lord's time erred regarding this ordinance, from their low sense and want of spiritual insight. They erred here as in other things, by resting in the mere outward distinction—as if God cared with what sort of flesh the body was sustained! or as if the holiness he was mainly in quest of depended upon the things which ministered to men's corporeal necessities! Carnal and blind, they knew not that God is a spirit, who, in all his ordinances, deals with men as spiritual beings, and seeks to form them to the love and practice of what is morally good. Christ, therefore, sharply rebuked their folly, and declared with all plainness, that defilement in the eye of God is a disease and corruption of the heart, and that not the kind of food which enters into the body, but the kind of thoughts and affections which come out of the soul, is what properly renders men clean or unclean. This obviously implied that the outward distinction was from the first appointed only for the sake of the spiritual instruction it was fitted to convey; it implied, further, that the outward, as no longer needed, as now rather tending to mislead, was about to vanish away, that the spiritual and eternal alone might remain; and the vision shortly after unfolded to Peter, with the direction immediately following, to go and open the door of faith to the Gentiles, as in God's sight on a footing with those who had eaten nothing common or unclean, made it manifest to all, that as at first the outward symbol had been established for the sake of the spiritual reality, so again, for the sake of that reality, which could now be better secured otherwise, the symbol was finally and for ever abolished.

By looking back upon this ancient ordinance, the follower of Christ may be taught to remember:—1. That he is constantly in danger of contracting spiritual defilement, through the love of improper objects, or entering into unhallowed alliances. 2. That he is therefore bound to exercise himself to watchfulness, and to practise self-denial, apart from which the graces of religion can never grow and flourish in the world. 3. But that still, so far from losing by this restraint and discipline of his nature, he is a gainer in everything essential to his real happiness and well-being. The Lord withholds nothing that is good; and the enjoyments he does interdict are only such dangerous and hurtful gratifications as never fail to bring with them a painful recompense of evil.

A REMINISCENCE.

(From the *Presbyterian Herald*.)

Nor long after the close of the late war with Great Britain, a young clergyman commenced labouring in B——, a delightful valley in the county of——, New York. The church had for some time been without a preacher, and the hearts of many of the old and devoted members were pained at the declensions of some of the younger members, and at the growing wickedness that was evident in the community. The presence of the young minister was accordingly regarded by the pious with lively satisfaction and hope. For some weeks he had little time for other employment than visiting the families of the members, and hearing the story of their anxieties and fears, and their present hopes for a blessing upon their Zion.

Among those visited on these occasions, was Mr. W——, a very aged and feeble man, and one of the oldest members of the Church. He had long been afflicted with dropsy, and was then incapable of walking or of lying on a bed. Seated in a large arm-chair, which could, by means of rollers, be moved about, he spent his days in reading or conversing with friends, and his night in interchanges of prayer and sleep. His cares and attention to worldly objects seemed to be forgotten. God, eternity, and the latter-day glory of the Church, were topics most interesting to his heart. On these his heart and tongue dwelt with fervour. While conversing on them, or on religious experience, he would forget his pains and privations, and exhibit a feeling of fervid delight and joy.

On his way to a prayer-meeting, a few months after his arrival, the preacher called to visit his aged friend, and informed the old gentleman that he thought there were grounds of hope for a revival of religion. Religious meetings were full and solemn; Christians were prayerful, and some sinners exhibited evidence of thoughtfulness and deep feeling. "O, how I should love to meet with the Church once more!" cried the old gentleman; "but I cannot meet them again in this world. I do trust to meet them in glory." "But," said the preacher, "they will come here to meet you." "No," answered the aged man, "I am going too soon. I have had within a day or two, two ill turns, that nearly took me away. Another such will be sufficient, and before next Sabbath I shall be at home."

The preacher expressed a hope that he would be spared to pray for and witness a blessed revival of religion. "No," again said the parting Christian, "I shall not see it. I have long prayed for the privilege to see another season of grace among this people, and see my children brought into the kingdom. God saith otherwise. I am but a minute-man, and must go at a moment's warning. Probably before another day my course will be run. Still, thank God, I can pray for a revival just as well as if I were

to live to see it. I trust to rejoice in it, even more than those who remain. I do feel so anxious for my children; but I have given them to God, and I have no doubt he will save them."

The preacher attended the prayer-meeting, told the story of the old man's prayer, and urged upon Christians the necessity of laying aside all dependence on aught except the Divine Spirit; and upon sinners the depth of condemnation which awaited them, if they should perish, spite of the prayers of Christians, as well as the love of Christ.

Returning from the meeting, Mr. W— was found in one of his ill turns, as he called them, and thought himself dying. He did not seem to notice any thing about him. He was praying aloud. After committing his soul into the hands of Jesus, he pleaded earnestly for the fulfilment of the covenant of God to his children. It is difficult to describe the fervour and energy of that part of his prayer. It seemed to be a specimen of importunity that knew not how to take a denial. Next he remembered Zion. On this subject his petitions were for the most part in the language of Scripture. He thus continued to pray till his speech failed, and he sunk in a kind of lethargy. He revived a little, and rested through the night nearly as usual. The next morning he attended family worship, as had been his custom, and in his chair was drawn up to the table. He bent forward to ask a blessing. After a few words, his voice ceased. The family waited a moment, and spoke to him. He did not answer. His son rose up and lifted his father's head, but the spirit had departed. Without a sigh or apparent pang, in the act of prayer, he passed to his—we doubt not—blessed home.

The next communion saw his children weeping with joy and tenderness at the Lord's table. Was it not in fulfilment of the covenant to be the God of his seed?

COMMUNIONS AT CAMBUSLANG.

THE following account of the two communions which were celebrated at Cambuslang shortly after the commencement of the revival there, we extract from an intensely interesting and most refreshing volume just issued, in connection with the Cheap Publication Scheme of the Free Church of Scotland:—

Some accounts of the first communion cannot perhaps be better introduced than in the unstudied notice which Whitefield gives of what he himself observed on that occasion. The communion was fixed for Sabbath, the 11th of July; and he is, in the extract to be made, speaking of the preceding Tuesday: "Yesterday morning, I preached at Glasgow, to a very large congregation. At noon, I came to Cambuslang, the place which God hath so much honoured. I preached at two, to a vast body of people; again at six in the evening; and afterwards at nine. Such a commotion was surely never heard of, especially about eleven o'clock at night. It far outdid all that ever I saw in America. For about an hour and a half there was such weeping, so many

falling into deep distress, and manifesting it in various ways, that description is impossible. The people seemed to be smitten by scores. They were carried off and brought into the house like wounded soldiers taken from a field of battle. Their agonies and cries were deeply affecting. Mr. McCulloch preached after I had done, till past one o'clock in the morning, and even then the people could scarcely be got to retire. Throughout the whole of the night might the voice of prayer and praise be still heard in the fields."

On Friday night, Mr. Whitefield returned again to Cambuslang, and remained till Monday. And writing on the Thursday following, he says: "On Friday night I came to Cambuslang, to assist at the blessed sacrament. On Saturday, I preached to above twenty thousand people. Two tents were set up (for the Sabbath), and the sacrament was administered in the fields. When I began to serve a table, the power of God was felt by numbers; but the people so crowded upon me that I was obliged to leave the tables to be served by some of the other ministers, and to go myself to preach at one of the tents. God was also with them and with his people. There was sermon all day by one or another; and when the table services were over, I preached to the whole congregation, this being at the request of the brethren. I preached about an hour and a half. Surely it was a time much to be remembered. On Monday morning, I preached to nearly as many, but so general a stir I never saw before. The motion passed swift as lightning from one end of the audience to the other. You might have seen thousands bathed in tears; some wringing their hands, some almost swooning, and others crying out and mourning over a pierced Saviour. In the afternoon the concern was also very great. Much prayer had been previously offered up, and, during the whole night, you might have heard the different companies praying and giving praise to God."

This account is very striking, but it is mainly confined to what concerned Mr. Whitefield's own labours. It will, therefore, be gratifying to see what Mr. McCulloch himself says. His letter, detailing what took place, was written on the Wednesday following this communion, and therefore, at a time when everything must have been fresh upon his mind. It is as follows: "Our glorious Immanuel is still going on to make numerous conquests in this place. It is not quite five months since the work began, and, during that time, I have reason to believe that upwards of five hundred souls have been awakened, brought under deep convictions of sin, and a feeling sense of their lost condition. Most of these have also, I trust, been savingly brought home to God. I do not include in this number such as have been found to be mere pretenders, nor such as have had nothing in their exercise beyond a dread of hell, which, as you know, may never issue in any saving change. There have been some of both classes, but, blessed be God, the number has not been great, so far as I have been able to ascertain. I do not include in this number, either, such as have been awakened by Mr. Whitefield's sermons; because I cannot pretend to compute them. He has been much here. He has preached not fewer than seventeen times during this, his last visit to Scotland. He and Mr. Webster of Edinburgh, as well as others from the neighbourhood, assisted at the dispensation of the Lord's supper here last Lord's-day, and they were also with me on the Saturday and the Monday. Both were much assisted and countenanced in their Master's work. There was also a more than ordinary concern among the people throughout all the services, but especially under Mr. Whitefield's sermon,

which was preached on the Monday. Under it there was great weeping and mourning. The meetings also were very great. On Sabbath, it was reckoned that there could not be fewer than thirty thousand present; but Mr. Whitefield, who has been accustomed to large meetings, estimated them at twenty thousand. The tables were placed below the brae. The whole work was conducted in the open air. There were two tents, and two ministers employed in these all day, except in the evening, when Mr. Whitefield preached to the vast multitude who remained. The number of services was seventeen, and each table, except the last, contained about a hundred, or rather more; and the issue of tokens shows that upwards of seventeen hundred must have communicated. It was, I am persuaded, a blessed time to many; and yet I am hopeful that we shall see and hear of far greater things than these. May the Lord send a plentiful rain to Glasgow, his ancient heritage, whereby multitudes in it may be made to look to Him whom they have pierced, and mourn!

It will be observed, that in none of these accounts is there any notice of the texts from which so many impressive discourses were delivered. We have not the means of supplying any regular list of these. But we have observed, from references in some of the manuscript cases, that the action sermon, preached by Mr. McCulloch, was from the Song of Solomon, v. 16: "His mouth is most sweet; yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem." And that the sermon preached by Mr. Whitefield on Sabbath evening, was from Isa. lv. 5: "Thy Maker is thy husband; the Lord of hosts is his name." The sermon preached from this text has more references to it, as having been blessed to individuals, than any other of all that great man's addresses. It is printed in the first edition of his works, and in the more recent collections of his sermons. But no one can obtain from these publications a correct impression of the sermon as delivered. We have been able to trace the same discourse as delivered in four or five places of the west, not very distant from one another, during the same season, and have seen reason to believe, that his ordinary practice was to adhere to a common outline which had been prepared, but to fill it up variously in different places, as his own feelings and a sense of duty prompted. It was in this way that he secured regularity in his general method and trains of reasoning, and yet gave all the freshness of originality, and all the directness of an immediate appeal to his addresses. Different men have different methods, as they ought, and different circumstances lead to changes even in these, which would not otherwise be advisable; but it is instructive to observe how a man of so much labour, so much eloquence, and who was so much blessed, conducted his discourses.

Some of the details occurring in this and other parts of the narrative may require explanation. These outcries and faintings, it is said, do not look well. Revivals, accompanied with exhibitions such as these, are not desirable. They ought not to be encouraged. Well, even if it should turn out so, let us first see how the matter stands. It is not alleged, then, be it observed, that there is any virtue in such bodily manifestations. It is not wished that anything should be done for the purpose of promoting these. It is admitted that the demand put forth in the Gospel is not, My son, give me thy tears, or thy groaning, or thy fainting, or thy bodily suffering of whatever kind; but, "My son, give me thy heart." These are regarded merely as effects; and it is alleged that, as such, there is not in them anything contrary either to reason or Scripture. The mother

weeps, and, it may be, faints over the loss of a beloved child; the mercantile adventurer is distracted on hearing of some heavy and overwhelming loss; and the condemned criminal is removed from the bar agitated and convulsed; and is there anything unnatural in the tears, or even in strong bodily agitation on his part, who has just been brought to see that his soul, as well as his body, is in a lost, and, as appears to him, a hopeless condition? Then, every one conversant with the common sympathies of our nature must be aware how much our feelings, whether of joy or of sorrow, are heightened by the sight and the hearing of others in like circumstances; and it will from this be seen how much of the things observed at Cambuslang must have been owing to the vast concourse of people assembled, and to the intensity of the impressions produced. And if we now turn to Scripture, there must surely be something of this kind conveyed in such a passage as the following: "They shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him as one that is in bitterness for his first-born." (Zech. xii. 10.) And it is difficult to conceive of the multitude who heard Peter on the day of Pentecost, otherwise than as resembling the meeting at Cambuslang. Peter's audience, as well as Whitefield's, must have consisted of many thousands. This vast assembly were pricked in their hearts, and cried out, as men who saw themselves lost, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" and not fewer than three thousand found peace under that sermon, and were saved. It is true we are not told of bodily agitations; but this was not to be expected in so brief a history, nor was it necessary, as these are merely the natural effects of such feelings as are here expressed.

But why, say some, have so many sermons and so many preachers, as if to awaken and keep up such excited feelings? Simply because they were found necessary. Men's minds are usually so thoroughly engaged with the things of this world, as to require all that can be done to bring them into a state even of proper concern about their eternal well-being. The common feeling is, that men require only to be informed on the subjects brought before them. But why, then, was it that, "in the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink?" (John vii. 37.) Was it not just because of the little interest which they had been taking in his previous teaching, and because of the sense which he had of their condition? And the same thing is true in such circumstances as these under consideration. The saying of our Lord has need to be often repeated and considered: "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful."

But it is the opinion, we know, of some who sympathize with all this, that such gatherings on sacramental occasions are not advisable. Without offering any thing controversially on this subject, it is well that we do not shut our eyes on purposes actually served by such meetings. It is of itself an important fact, that most of the remarkable revivals which have occurred in Scotland have been more or less in connection with these—have been eminently forwarded by them. They have also served the important purpose of extended fellowship among God's people connected with different congregations, and even different parts of the country. In consequence of this intercourse, these were often the means of opening communications between different places, and of promoting the work of God in these. Refreshed by what they heard, and saw, and felt, each

little company returned to their own locality; and, in very many cases, their knowledge of each other, their intercourse when brought together in such solemn circumstances, and their opportunities of meeting afterwards, led to the employment of means which would not otherwise have been thought of, and, through these, to the revival of God's work in their own neighbourhood.

It is also to be observed, as regards the number of ministers brought together on such occasions, that the various gifts thus employed, no doubt, contributed to the effects produced. Different men, all excellent in their own way, are nevertheless very differently endowed. Some are fitted to awaken, some to melt, some to comfort, some to lay open the deceitfulness of the heart, some to solve difficult questions, and some to unfold the mysteries of the gospel. These and other gifts are really wanted, and hence another reason why greater effects have been experienced on such occasions than under the ordinary ministrations of some one instructor. And perhaps we should add, that there is really a blessing in Christian fellowship, which comes to be greatly more felt when its feelings traverse their usual limits, and bring together, as of one family, many otherwise strangers, or known only by report.

The excitement produced by the first communion was very great. Some had been disappointed at not being able to attend the former; some who were present had been so distracted with a sense of their condition, that they dared not to venture; and such as had been forward, and found Him whom they so much loved, eagerly panted for a renewed opportunity of the same enjoyment. But besides these personal feelings, there were extraordinary reports carried into all parts of the country. The meetings had been large, and many of those present were from a distance, and had never seen anything of the kind before. They went, therefore, to their own places, proclaiming to all the things which they had seen and heard; and the effect was, an extraordinary desire that a renewed opportunity of witnessing something similar should be afforded; many who had not been present on the former occasion, resolving that in these circumstances they also would attend.

(To be continued.)

"NOT UNPROTECTED."

We met the following singular narrative, the other day, in the volume of a Canadian missionary who has recently published certain reminiscences of his life and labours:—

About this period I went to attend the sale of the effects of Mr. M—, a respectable farmer, who had died at one of my out-settlements a few months before. He had left a widow, a very amiable and pious woman, and three children, to mourn his loss. The lone widow thought herself unequal to the management of the large farm which her husband had occupied. She therefore took a cottage in the village where I lived, and was now selling everything off, except a little furniture.

After the sale was over I went into the house to see her. I congratulated her upon the plan she had adopted, and remarked that she would be much more comfortable, not only in being relieved from the cares of a business she could

not be supposed to understand, but in a feeling of security, which in her unprotected state, in that lonely house, she could hardly enjoy.

"Oh! no," she said, "not unprotected; far from it. You forget," she continued, with a mournful smile, "that I am now under the special protection of Him 'who careth for the fatherless and the widow,' and I feel quite confident that He will protect us."

And He did protect them, and that very night, too, in a most extraordinary and wonderful, and, I may add, miraculous manner. The farm-house was a solitary one; there was not another within half a mile of it. That night there was a good deal of money in the house, the proceeds of the sale. The mother and her three young children, and a maid servant, were the sole inmates. They had retired to rest some time. The wind was howling fearfully, and shook the wooden house at every blast.

This kept the poor mother awake; and she thought she heard, in the pauses of the tempest, some strange and unusual noise, seemingly at the back of the house. While eagerly listening to catch the sound again, she was startled by the violent barking of a dog, apparently in a room in the front of the house immediately beneath the bed-chamber. This alarmed her still more, as they had no dog of their own.

She immediately rose, and going to her maid's room, awoke her, and they went down together. They first peeped into the room where they had heard the dog. It was moonlight, at least partially so, for the night was cloudy; still it was light enough to distinguish objects, although but faintly. They saw an immense black dog scratching and gnawing furiously at the door leading into the kitchen whence she thought the noise she first heard had proceeded.

She requested the servant to open the door which the dog was attacking so violently. The girl was a determined and resolute creature, devoid of fear, and she did so without hesitation; when the dog rushed out, and the widow saw through the open door two men at the kitchen window, which was open. The men instantly retreated, and the dog leaped through the window after them. A violent scuffle ensued, and it was evident, from the occasional yelping of the noble animal, that he sometimes had the worst of it.

The noise of the contest, however, gradually receded, till Mrs. M— could hear only now and then a faint and distant bark. The robbers, or perhaps murderers, had taken out a pane of glass, which had enabled them to undo the fastening of the window, when, but for the dog, they would doubtless have accomplished their purpose. The mistress and maid got a light, and secured the window as well as they could.

They then dressed themselves, for to think of sleeping any more that night was out of the

question. They had not, however, got down stairs the second time before they heard their protector scratching at the outer door for admittance. They immediately opened it, when he came in wagging his bushy tail, and fawning upon each of them in turn, to be patted and praised for his prowess. He then stretched his huge bulk, at full length, beside the warm stove, closed his eyes, and went to sleep.

The next morning they gave him a breakfast any dog might have envied; after which nothing could induce him to prolong his visit. He stood whining impatiently at the door till it was opened, when he galloped off in a great hurry, and they never saw him afterward.

They had never seen the dog before, nor did they ever know to whom he belonged. It was a very singular circumstance, and they could only suppose that he came with some stranger to the sale. The family moved the following day to their new cottage in the village; and when my wife and I called upon them, Mrs. M—— reminded me that, when I last saw her, she had told me that they were not unprotected.

A CHAIN PARABLE.

One day preached on the general corruption of mankind (says the Rev. Mr. Leopold of India), and the impossibility of being saved by our own works. A person present expressed his surprise at my assertions, and thought it strange that I should enforce the necessity of our keeping the whole law, if we desired not to be saved by our own merits. It was unjust, he urged, to consider a man cursed who continueth not in all the words of the law to do them; and cried out, "How can this be true, that whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all? How can this be? If I keep six of the commandments, and break four, have I not kept the majority? And is not God in justice bound to give me heaven, because I have kept two more than I have broken?"

In explaining these truths, we can easily make ourselves understood to cultivated minds; but I could never make the common people understand me without a parable. Instead of entering into an argument, I have often replied by describing a scene on the Ganges:—"The day was dismal, the wind roared, the thunder pealed, the lightning was vivid, the waves of the Ganges raged, the stream was swollen, and the current rapid; the infuriated elements threatened destruction to every vessel on its waters; no boat could outlive the storm for any length of time. But see, what is that? It is a boat in distress, filled with people, rapidly hurried along by the waves. Between the peals of thunder the shrieks of the people are heard; they fear the rocks on the shore to which the current is driving them. What can be done for them? Could they but be drawn into this creek, they would be safe. Those on the shore look anxiously around, and discover a chain near them. A man instantly fastens a stone to a rope binds the other

end to the chain, and flings the stone into the boat. The rope is caught; the people eagerly lay hold on the chain; while those on shore begin to draw them, amid the raging elements, towards the creek. They already rejoice at the prospect of deliverance;—but when they are within a few yards of the land, one link of the chain breaks! I do not say ten links, but one link in the middle of the chain. What shall these distressed people do now?—shall they still cling to the unbroken links?" "No! no," exclaimed one of my hearers; "overboard with the chain, or it will sink them sooner." "What, then, shall they do?" "Cast themselves upon the mercy of God," exclaimed another. "True," I replied; "if one commandment be broken, it is as though all of them were broken. We cannot be saved by them; we must trust in the mercy of God, and lay hold on the almighty hand of Christ, which is stretched out to save us." I have frequently used this parable, and always found it to answer.

THE ONLY THING NEGLECTED.

LET opportunity be presently improved for the soul. It is embraced, by all, in lowest concerns for the body. The husbandman, the merchant, the lawyer, the seaman—they all mind their opportunity, their season. Yea, for the very cutting of trees we observe our times. Yea, the fittest seasons are embraced for sinful undertakings: the thief observeth the removal of the watch, the sleepiness of the inhabitant; yea, the devil makes use of the shortness of his time to increase his rage. And shall opportunities for our salvation be only neglected? What, Christians! only fools for our souls? I have read a story in an old author concerning a devout man, who, after the sun was some hours up, went to the chamber-door of an old bishop, and the bishop being asleep in his bed, the good man knocked at his door, using these words, "The sparrows are awaked and a-chirping; and is it fit for bishops to be sleeping?" And may not I rather say, The men of the world, persons of all employments and trades, yea, the sons of violence—they embrace their season, they are up betimes; and shall the people of God, shall professors, then be asleep when these are awake and active? . . .

How great is the woe of those whose day is done, and yet their work is not done, but still to do! You have seen their end upon earth, but you have not heard their cries and their self-bewailings in hell. How many have been cut off before your eyes, who ceased to be before they began to live! Improve examples, lest you become examples. Your schooling is cheap, when it is at the cost of another. Let the lashes of divine severity that have fallen upon others quicken thee in thy spiritual pace and travelling towards heaven. Why should God stay for you rather than for them? Thou canst not mis-spend thy time at so cheap a rate, as they did by whom God hath warned thee. Hell is not so full of souls as it is of delayed purposes. What would not lost souls give for a crumb of that time of which now in this world they make refuse? If the foresight of their tears for neglecting the day of grace fetched tears from Christ (Luke xix. 41, 42), how great shall the feeling be of the eternal effects of their inexcusable folly! How exuberant, but unfruitful, shall be the flood of their own tears for their former slothfulness, never enough to be bewailed, because never at all to be re-

paired! Surely a small loss could not draw tears from so great a person as the Son of God!

How great a scorn do we then put upon the Lord Jesus, the purchaser of free grace! It was Christ's payment that made all free to us. Who can excuse the contempt both of such love and cost at once! There is no liquor that scalds so tormentingly in hell as the oil of mercy. Grace turned into fury is the most killing enemy. Freeness invites all worldly customers. Who loveth not costly things that cost him nothing? Who shunneth an interest in a thousand pounds a year, to be had for taking up at the court? And why alone, my brethren, should Jesus Christ want customers? Are there any commodities so rich as his? Are there any commodities to us so cheap as his? Why should they alone be slow that go to take the favour and love of God through him? especially considering that they have paid so dear for "that which is not bread," yea, for that which is their bane. Free grace tendered and neglected is condemnation heightened. You cannot have the favour of God by doing; what! will you not have it for receiving neither? You will not then have it at all. It is that hell of hells, that free grace is despised, hath been neglected. . . .

Though nothing can recompense for the neglect of salvation; yet salvation can recompense for the neglecting of all other things. Nor only doth it recompense for our neglecting of all things, but for our being neglected of all persons, and for all our reproaches for our early pursuing it: all which will easily be confuted with this answer: It is better to be reproached and derided for being too speedy, than damned for being too slow, in entering into heaven's way. It is more easy to bear the scorn of the world, than the scourges of conscience. We can never regard salvation too soon; for we can never either enjoy it, or think we can enjoy it, too long.—*Jenkin.*

EXPECT TRIALS.

If a stranger come unexpected into our house, grim, and armed with instruments of mischief, we know not whence he is, nor what he comes for; it will startle and appal us: but if we be acquainted with him and his design, and expect him, we are quiet, and composed to entertain him. So when affliction comes, we can say, "This is the cup my Father gives me, who, I am sure, means me no hurt: this is but what I looked for every day," &c. Inure we, therefore, ourselves to the cross, and make it familiar, conversing with it in our meditation and expectation.—*Pledger.*

Mercies are drawing-cords, afflictions are whip-cords to drive us; by both we are brought nearer to God: thank him. If the chief Shepherd hunt us together, and keep us from straggling, and bring us under command—this is a mercy to Christ's sheep. If the Lord "hedge up our way with thorns," that we cannot find our lovers—this is a mercy. And if the Lord recover his mercies from us, that in the want of them we may know he was the Founder and Fountain of them—this is a mercy. (Hosea ii. 6-9.) When Absalom burnt Joab's corn, it was to make Joab (who before that kept off) come to him: so all the angry dispensations of God towards his children are, that they may return to him. (Amos iv. 6-12.)

That storm that sinks and splits some ships, drives others faster into the haven: so do the troubles of this world make a true Christian's voyage toward heaven the speedier.—*Cooper.*

CONVERSATION IN HEAVEN.

"Our conversation is in heaven." (Phil. iii. 20.) The Greek word for "conversation," signifies "commerce and traffic:" "Our merchandise is in heaven." A man may live in one place, and drive his trade in another: a saint, though he lives in the world, yet he trades above the moon; he is a merchant for the pearl of great price. When we keep a holy intercourse with God, there is a trade driven between us and heaven: "Our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." (1 John i. 3.) God comes down to us upon the wing of his Spirit, and we go up to him upon the wing of prayer.—*Watson.*

BE EARNEST.

We must not only pray, but pray fervently (James v. 16); we must not only repent, but "be zealous and repent" (Rev. iii. 19); we must not only love, but be "sick of love." (Cant. ii. 5.)

This is to be a Christian to purpose, when we put forth all our vigour and fervour in religion, and take the kingdom of God as it were by storm. (Matt. xi. 12.) It is not a saint willing that will bring us to heaven: there must not only be wishing, but working; and we must so work, as being damned if we come short.—*Ibid.*

NOTHING NEW.

A MAN pays for the newspaper, in order that he may ascertain, with certainty, that there is nothing new. He cannot acquiesce in his fate, however repeatedly deceived before, until he has satisfied himself afresh that "there is nothing new under the sun." Inquire of any man, or ask yourself, after reading the daily paper, whether this is not the universal experience.

MYSTERIES.

"THE secret things belong unto the Lord our God: but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children for ever, that we may do all the words of this law." (Deut. xxix. 29.)

As there is a foolish wisdom, so there is a wise ignorance in not prying into God's ark, not inquiring into things not revealed. I would fain know all that I need, and all that I may. I leave God's secrets to himself. It is happy for me that God makes me of his court, not of his council.—*Hall.*

Unbelievers complain of the mysteries of Revelation; but we have the best authority for saying, that, in general, the only mystery which prevents them from receiving it is, "The mystery of iniquity."—*Couch.*

“THE CHILD SHALL DIE AN HUNDRED YEARS OLD.”—ISA. LXV. 20.

[A KIND reader has transmitted to us the following remarkable narrative. It was written by the Rev. Mr. Deans, minister of the gospel at Bowden—bears date “June 17, 1704”—and is entitled, “Account of the Last Words of Christian Kerr, who died at Edinburgh, the 4th of February 1702; showing how she was ravished with the assurance of the love of Christ, and the hope of heaven.”]

Christian Kerr was under a disease of body from the sixth year of her age, which gradually consumed her strength, till, in the sovereign pleasure of God, it put a period to her life in this present world. She was of a wise and acute natural judgment, which on occasions she gave evidence of by her wise and pertinent sayings; but most memorable in her piety towards God, which, though at some times it suffered decays and abatement, through the prevalency of the old man, or prevailing of corruption; yet at other times, when the spirit of life returned again, appeared in her in as remarkable and signal a manner as a person of that age can be conceived capable of. A great mean of her blessed temper in subordination to the eternal purpose of free grace, we may warrantably judge, was her education by religious example and counsel, whereby she was made more and more to see the vanity of the world, and abandon the love of it.

About fourteen months before her death, she was under great fear and dread of the wrath of God, and continued five or six weeks in that case, till one night about eleven o'clock she called on a person that was beside her in the room, and asked, “Who was there?” The person answered, “There is none but me.” “If none else be there,” said she again, “I must tell you this has been a strange day to me.” “Why so?” said the other. She answered, “It has been a day of many doubts and fears; but I tell you good news—the Lord hath delivered me out of them all, and I know he will make me happy.” At which words the person was much surprised, knowing she had been under trouble of mind for some time past. “O,” said the person, “how have you come to that comfortable outgate? Tell me what way have you done it. You ought to be wary; for oftentimes Satan strives to make persons sit down in a

false hope, where there is no true ground of peace. Are you comforted because God is merciful, and do you trust in that? Or do you believe that Christ died, and trust in that? Or is there any promise in the Scriptures that you are made to lay hold on?” Upon this she interrupted the person that spoke, and cried, “It is Christ that said, ‘Whosoever cometh to me I will in no ways cast out.’ I am sure I have done that, and I will trust in him.” After which time she was never known to be under terror.

Two of her near relations being present with her, on Tuesday the 27th of January, 1702, she cried out to one of them, “Oh! if it were not for the hope of heaven, I could not bear this my trouble.” The person to whom she spoke answered, “Yea, my dear; heaven will make amends for all.” To which she replied, “Yes, yes; there are no sores there! It may be at death there will be some pain, but that will soon be over. There are two places of Scripture very comfortable to me—the one is, ‘Suffer little children to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven;’ the other is, ‘In the volume of thy book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God!’” After which words she presently cried out, “O to think how willing Christ was to die for me!”

On Saturday thereafter, being the 31st of the month, she was seized with sickness, and perceived that the instant of her departure was drawing near. From that day forward the Lord, in a further measure, manifested himself to her, and gave others to know that she was passed from death into life—a vessel of mercy designed for glory. How much was she enamoured with Jesus Christ! Did not a world, ay, ten thousand worlds, seem to her as nothing in comparison to him! Was not her heart lifted up with the contemplation of paradise! How affectionate was she in commending Christ to others, for the sensible experience she had of him herself! Upon the day above mentioned, at night, seeing her mother looking to her, she cried out, “O mother, mother, I am going to Christ. I now hope in him. He will not leave me. O rejoice, and be glad with me. I have given myself to him; he will not forsake me. I am going to get a glo-

rious crown—a crown of many pardons.” Her father coming to her, she entreated him also to rejoice, and said, “You would rejoice if I were healed of my bodily trouble, and would certainly have loved that person that would heal me; but should you not love Christ more, that will heal my soul, and take me to himself, and make me ever happy? I do not desire to live in the world. Father, if you would give me the whole universe, I would rather die. Christ hath died for me. Christ is better to me than all the world. I trust to the salvation of Christ. Upon the cross he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost, having said, ‘It is finished.’” At the repetition of which words she seemed to exult and triumph.

Mr. George Andrew, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, having come to visit her on the Lord’s-day, the 1st of February, and asking her how she was, she answered, “I am not well; but I *will* be well?” Being asked if she was content to die? she answered, “Yes.” “Where is your hope, then?” said he. She replied, “In the worth of Christ. He has died for me.” When he inquired, “What hast thou done that makes thee believe that Christ died for thee?” “I know,” said she, “I deserve damnation instead of salvation; but he is a good and gracious God. I have given myself away to him that hath said, whosoever cometh to him he will in no ways cast out; and he will keep his word.” The same day, at night, holding her brother Robert by the hand, she exclaimed to him, “My dear Robby, seek the Lord—love Christ. Give yourself away to him, and he will keep you. Although you should have many enemies against you, the Lord will preserve you; and even as sure as your hand is in mine you will find him if you seek him. I am going to get a crown of glory on my head, and a song of praise in my mouth.” To her sister Margaret also she said, “My dear sister Meg, seek you the Lord; give yourself away to him, and he will be found of you. Give yourself away once, twice, ay thrice, unto him, and as sure as you see your mother’s hand in mine (she then had her mother by the hand), you will get him. It is true, if you will try this way, Satan will be your enemy, as he hath been mine for some time. When I had words in my mouth to pray, that thought has been taken out of my heart.” Then looking to her mother, she said, “Ay, mother, and when the thought has been brought back to me again, I have blessed God for it. But that is nothing.” Said she to her sisters again: “Seek God. He will defeat Satan.

Dear Meg, see you pray yourself, and that you cause Katy (another sister), to pray; for she is young, and I need not speak to her. Oh! Johnny, Johnny (this was the youngest of the family), what shall I say of Johnny? I even leave him upon God. Read much thy book. My long trouble hath made me not get so much read as I would, but I bless God I have found much good of the book.”

On Monday the 2d of February, at night, her mother and a gentlewoman of the city, and two servants sitting by her, she took her mother by the hand, and said, “Dear mother, do not grieve for me, but rejoice with me in my joy. Although I have trouble in my body, yet it is not so great as you think. It is from the Lord, and I bear it. He will support me, his everlasting arms will bear me up. Perhaps, mother, you see a tear sometimes in my eye, but do not think it is either fear or pain; for it is not so, it is rather joy. Dear mother, remember I was but lent to you. I know when you borrow any thing, you are as willing to give it back again as you were to borrow it; and will you be unwilling to give me back to God, who lent me to you? If the Lord should take all the rest of your children from you, would you grudge, if he make a good account of them, as he is now doing of me? Do not grieve or weep, then. As for me, I will not weep one tear; for I can part with father or mother, and all the world, for Christ.” After this, she earnestly desired of her mother that she would not look much upon her when she was dying, lest she should be troubled thereat. “The Lord,” said she, “will be with me; his rod and staff will comfort me.” And hearing her mother say to some that were in the room beside her, “Oh! such a child and comrade she has been,” she replied, “Oh! mother, God will make up the want of me to you. Take him for your comrade. Oftentimes I have spoken of worldly things to divert you. Our God will converse of things concerning your soul. I hope to meet with you in heaven. For I hope he is your God, and my father’s God; and I hope he will be my brethren and sisters’ God. Be not concerned for parting a little now; for I hope we shall all meet again. Oh! what a glorious meeting will it be, when we shall all meet in heaven.” When she had spoken these words, her mother said to her, “My dear child, you have spoken much, and have exhausted much of your spirits; remember your body is very weak; lie still a while and rest.” To which she answered, “It does

me no hurt; it is the Spirit of God that supports my weak spirits to speak." She cried out oftentimes under ravishment of joy and love, "I see Him coming leaping over the mountains, and skipping over the hills of my sins; He is breaking down the partition walls my sins have raised."

Mr. John Law, another of the ministers of the city, came to her on Tuesday, the 3d of the said month, and, asking her how she was, she answered, "I hope I am going to Christ; he will not leave me; I trust in him; he is on his coming now." Being inquired if she was willing to die, "Yes," said she, "I am willing that in life or death the Lord do with me what he pleases. If he make me his, which I hope he will do, for he is a good God, he will bear me up. I hope Christ is pleading for me with his Father; he will be with me when I go through the dark valley and shadow of death, and his rod and staff will comfort me; and I will get a glorious crown—a crown of many pardons." "You must have sins," said the minister, "seeing you have so many pardons." "Yes," said she again, "I have had many sins, many black scores; but there's a pardon at every score. I will hope in Him—he will not leave me." When she was asked if she used to pray, she replied, "Yes, I have had many sweet returns of prayer." "That is strange," said Mr. Law, "to hear thee speak of returns of prayer; what call you returns of prayer?" She answered, "That which I prayed unto God for, is now all returned." Being asked afterwards by one with whom she had often used much freedom, if she would tell particularly what some of these returns of prayer were that she had got, she said, "I know that I sought of God that he would give me the saving knowledge of him, and I hope that he hath done it. I know also it was sought of God for me that whatsoever he did with me, he would work a saving change upon me, and that if it was his will, he would grant I might be made to declare that he had done great things for my soul; and hath he not done it? hath he not done it?"

In the afternoon of the same day Mr. James Webster, another minister of the city, coming to visit her, asked her how she was, and what she was doing? She answered, "I am going to Christ; I will meet him. This is but a troublesome world; and, for my part, I have had little or nothing but trouble in it." He asked her what she thought of sin. She replied, "I know sin is an evil thing, and I deserve damnation; but he is God, and I will trust in him.

I have neglected prayer when I might have performed it." "What more particular sins do you think on?" said he. "That," said she, "is the particular sin." "Did you never play on the Sabbath-day?" "Yes," said she, "and I have been very grieved for that sin." "And you are content to die?" "Oh, yes." "Then tell me," said he, and he pressed her to be ingenuous with him, "if you could have life for a wish, whether you would choose to live or die?" "I would choose to die. What is the world? Christ is better than a thousand worlds." "Had you ever any terror of God?" "Yes," she replied. "What made that?" "I wanted God then," she said, "but I have got him now." Thereafter she lay quiet more than an hour, as if she had been fast asleep, and then in a transport of wonder and delight, she cried out, "O, I think I see heaven! I think I see heaven!" "That is glorious news, indeed," said a person that was beside her at the time. "Oh," said she, again, "if I could tell you what it was like! Saw you ever burning gold?" said she to another person that was also in the room. "The walls and streets of the city are like burning gold. I think I see the saints arrayed in white there." Having spoken these words, she was interrupted by a person entering the room whom she did not well know.

About eight o'clock at night, seeing her brother Robert in the chamber, she said, "Robby, kiss me;" and then added, "this may be the last kiss you'll ever get from me. I ever loved Robby well—love you Christ. I cannot speak much to you now; mind what I have said to you before. Seek the Lord; they that seek him early shall find him. 'Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' For I have sought, and I have found; I have knocked, and it was opened unto me." Then, turning and looking to her father, who was at her other hand, she cried, "Oh, shall I not love Christ? Shall I not love him who hath taken away my hard heart, and given me a heart of flesh to tremble at his word?" To her mother also she said, "Oh, mother, I will get Christ—I will get him—I will get him." Her mother answered, "You will not miss your brother then." "No," said she; "I will not miss you, far less him;" and she desired that all should joy with her. Being desired of her mother to go to bed, and a servant being desired to lift her softly, "Yes, lift me," said she; "within a little Christ will come and lift my soul to glory."

On Wednesday, being the 4th of the

month, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, this bird of paradise finished her course. She was not afraid of the king of terrors. Her Redeemer being stung on the cross, took away from her the sting of death, and changed the king of terrors into the king of desires. Upon the wings of joy and delight did she fly unto the kingdom of God; there she beholds the orient beams of the Sun of Righteousness, drinks of the wine of the heavenly Canaan, feeds on the eternal fruits of the tree of life, hears the music of the angels, and rests on the bed of glory, which is perfumed with love. If the joy of faith was so sweet, how ravishing must the joy of fruition be! If she exulted, and adored Christ so much at a distance, with what wonder and delight is she now transported within the chamber of his presence! We are yet in the sea of trouble, but she has got into the harbour, where she will not sin, nor suffer any more, but exalt the praise of the grace which in her has been made glorious.

Learn from this experience—

1. The excellency of Christ. Since the saints, or all such as have opened eyes, do, in life and death, so much admire him, love him, flee to him, depend on him, long for him, rejoice in him, magnify him, he must be the fountain of blessedness, a wonder of delights, and a constellation of glories. Who can set a value upon Christ? He delights the Father with his loveliness, enriches the elect with his words, and enlightens heaven with his brightness. In Scripture he is called the Elect, in whom the Father's soul delighteth; the image of God; the invisible God; the messenger of the covenant; the first and the last; the prince of the kings of the earth; the mediator betwixt God and man; our passover sacrificed for us; the Lord our Righteousness; the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world; the hope of glory; the truth, and the life. He is the way. As a priest, he has made a way; as a prophet, he shows us the way; as a king, he enables us to walk in that way, at the end of which is heaven and glory.

2. How mighty and powerful the Spirit of the Lord is. He perfects strength in weakness; by him the heart is enlarged with joy, and the mouth opened into gracious speeches and high praises; a very child is made to speak wisely, boldly, sweetly, fruitfully, and triumphantly, through his operation and virtue. A person is not straitened that has the fellowship of the Spirit, he hath both raised affections and affluent lan-

guage. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." (2 Cor. iii. 17.) "I am full of matter, and the Spirit within me constraineth me." (Job xxxii. 18.) "They were filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." (Acts ii. 4.)

3. That religion and godliness is no vain and fanciful thing, but a thing most real, substantial, and useful. It has truth for the ground of it, joy for the companion of it, and heaven for the reward of it. If God be true, then godliness is true. At death, the wilful neglect of godliness confounds a man, and makes him ready to tear himself with his own hands; but the conscientious practice thereof being holy triumph in God, and how sweet is that! The unspeakable gain of godliness should entice us to begin and procure the study thereof with all speed and diligence. "The work of righteousness is quietness and assurance for ever." (Isa. xxxii. 17.) "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness, but the righteous hath hope in his death." (Prov. xiv. 32.) "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." (Ps. xxxviii. 37.) "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart." (Ps. xcvi. 1.) "To him that soweth righteousness, shall be a reward." (Prov. xi. 18.) "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." (1 Tim. iv. 8.)

Children! seek the Lord, and follow on to know him. A happy life, a happy death, a happy eternity, are the portion of the believer, whether man or child. The Lord himself is the portion of his people, and how exhaltless in his fullness!

THE FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.*

1. WHEREVER there is union to Christ there is love. This, as we have said, is the essential principle. Whatever else there be, if there be not love, it profits nothing, it proves nothing. Love to God and our neighbour is the essence of piety. It is the body, the basis, the staple element; and if the great commandment, and the next greatest be absent, whatever else there be, there is not Christianity. Brethren, have you got it? To Christ's question, "Lovest thou me?" is it your answer, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee?" Then, if you love Jesus, you will love him whose express image Jesus is. To God in Christ, your soul will be attached in gratitude, submission, and complacency. You will not wish him less holy.

* From "The Vine"—a tract of singular beauty, published by Mr. Nisbet of London.

less righteous, less true. Awed by his glorious majesty, and melted by his ineffable mercy, all that is dust and ashes in you will be humbled, and all that is filial will be inflamed. If nothingness and sin bid you be silent, the sight of your Saviour gone back to the bosom of his God and your God, awakens a cry of relenting tenderness and adoring astonishment. Boldest where you are most abased, from the foot of the cross, the view of a reconciled God elicits the cry, Abba, Father. You love Him who first loved you, and "feeling it sweet to be accepted of God on any grounds, to be accepted in his own beloved Son you feel is sweeter far."

2. And joy. The essence of love is attachment. Joy is the happiness of love. It is love exulting. It is love aware of its own felicity, and rioting in riches which it has no fear of exhausting. It is love taking a look of its treasure, and surrendering itself to bliss without foreboding. "God's promises appear so strong, so solid, so substantial, more so than the rocks and everlasting hills; and his perfections, what shall I say of them? When I think of one, I wish to dwell upon it for ever; but another, and another equally glorious, claims a share of admiration; and when I begin to praise, I wish never to cease, but to find it the commencement of that song which will never end. Very often have I felt as if I could that moment throw off the body, without first going to bid them farewell that are at home in my house. Let who will be rich, or admired, or prosperous, it is enough for me that there is such a God as Jehovah, such a Saviour as Jesus, and that they are infinitely and unchangeably glorious and happy!" And in a similar frame another felt, "Were the universe destroyed, and I the only being in it besides God, He is fully adequate to my complete happiness; and had I been in an African wood, surrounded by venomous serpents, and devouring beasts, and savage men, in such a frame I should be the subject of perfect peace and exalted joy."

3. Peace. If joy be love exulting, peace is love reposing. It is love on the green pastures—it is love beside the still waters. It is that great calm which comes over the conscience, when it sees the atonement sufficient, and the Saviour willing. It is unclouded azure in a lake of glass. It is the soul, which Christ has pacified, spread out in serenity and simple faith, and the Lord God, merciful and gracious, smiling over it.

4. Long-suffering. This is love enduring. If the trial come direct from God, it is enough. It is correction. It is his heavenly Father's hand, and with Luther, the disciple cries, "Strike, Lord, strike. But, oh! do not forsake me." If the trial come from Christian brethren, till it be seven-fold seventy times repeated, love to Jesus demands forgiveness. If it come from worldly men, it is the occasion for that magnanimity which recompenses evil with good. And in every case, it is an opportunity for following a Saviour, whom sufferings made perfect. That Saviour never loved the Father more intensely than when his Father's face was hid, and when the bitter cup proclaimed his justice terrible and his truth severe. One apostle denied him, and all the

disciples forsook him; but Jesus prayed for Peter whilst Peter was cursing, and his love followed the rest even when they were running away. Jerusalem killed him; but in foresight of the guilty deed, it was over Jerusalem that Jesus wept; and when the deed was done, in publishing pardon and the peace of God, it was at Jerusalem that evangelists were directed to begin.

5. Gentleness, or affectionateness. This is love in society. It is love holding intercourse with those around it. It is that cordiality of aspect, and that soul of speech, which assure us that kind and earnest hearts may still be met with here below. It is that quiet influence which, like the scented flame of an alabaster lamp, fills many a home with light and warmth and fragrance all together. It is the carpet, soft and deep, which, whilst it diffuses a look of ample comfort, deadens many a creaking sound. It is the curtain which from many a beloved form wards off at once the summer's glow and the winter's wind. It is the pillow on which sickness lays its head and forgets half its misery, and to which death comes in a balmy dream. It is consideration. It is tenderness of feeling. It is warmth of affection. It is promptitude of sympathy. It is love in all its depth, and all its delicacy. It is every melting thing included in that matchless grace, "the GENTLENESS of Christ." (2 Cor. x. 1.)

6. Goodness or beneficence. Love in action, love with its hand at the plough, love with the burden on its back. It is love carrying medicine to the sick, and food to the famished. It is love reading the Bible to the blind, and explaining the Gospel to the felon in his cell. It is love at the Sunday class, or in the Ragged-school. It is love at the hovel-door or sailing far away in the missionary ship. But whatever task it undertakes, it is still the same—Love following His footsteps, "who went about continually DOING GOOD."

7. Faith. Whether it means trust in God, or fidelity to principle and duty, faith is love in the battle-field. It is constancy following hard after God, when the world drags downward, and the flesh cries, "Halt." It is zeal holding fast sound words when fervour is costly and sound words are obnoxious. It is firmness marching through fire and through water to the post where duty calls and the captain waits. It is Elijah before Ahab. It is Stephen before the Sanhedrim. It is Luther at Worms. It is the martyr in the flames. Oh, no! It is Jesus in the desert. (Matt. iv. 1-11.) It is Jesus in Gethsemane. It is Jesus on the cross. And it is whosoever, pursuing the path or finishing the work which God has given him, like the great forerunner, does not fear to die.

8. Meekness is love at school—love at the Saviour's school. It is Christian lowliness. It is the disciple learning to know himself—learning to fear, and distrust, and abhor himself. It is the disciple practising the sweet but self-emptying lesson of putting on the Lord Jesus, and finding all his righteousness in that righteous other. It is the disciple learning the defects of his own character, and taking hints from hostile as well as friendly monitors. It is the disciple praying and watching for the improvement of his talents, the

mellowing of his temper, and the amelioration of his character. It is the loving Christian at the Saviour's feet, learning of him who is meek and lowly, and finding rest for his own soul.

9. Temperance—love taking exercise, love enduring hardness, love seeking to become healthful and athletic, love striving for the mastery in all things, and bringing the body under. It is superiority to sensual delights, and it is the power of applying resolutely to irksome duties for the Master's sake. It is self-denial and self-control. Fearful lest it should subside to gross carnality, or waste away into shadow and hectic sentiment, temperance is love alert and timeously astir; sometimes rising before day for prayer—sometimes spending that day on tasks which laziness or daintiness declines. It is love with girt loins, and dusty feet, and blistered hands. It is love with the empty scrip but the glowing cheek—love subsisting on pulse and water, but grown so healthful and so hardy, that it "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

Reader, if you abide in Jesus—if His words abide in you, you will be neither barren nor unfruitful. Graces such as these will be in you, and abound. Is it so? The great vine-principle, the main element of the Christian character, holy love, does it abound in you? And blending with it, colouring it and sweetened by it, can you detect, from time to time, joy in God, peace of conscience, patience in suffering and forgiveness of injury, affectionateness, beneficence, trust in God, and trust-worthiness in your place and calling, a lowly willingness to learn, and readiness to take up the cross and deny yourself? When Christians live close to Christ his mind is transfused into theirs.

NOW SHE IS GONE.

Now she is gone; and thus a long and weary strife is o'er:

She suffer'd pain and sickness long—she suffers now no more;

From her still lips proceeds no more the feeble stifled moan,

And weeping friends have left her now, in her dark room, alone.

Now she is gone from fever'd dreams, and waking thoughts as wild,

In which a mother's voice itself could scarcely soothe her child;

No nervous shudd'rings shake her limbs—her features now express

No inward tortures of the mind, nor body's sore distress.

No more will any need to watch beside the couch of pain—

And loving friends will weep for her, but long and weep in vain;

She can no more in mirthful scenes be found amidst the crowd,

Who heed not yet the warning of her sick-bed and her shroud.

Now she is gone—for ever gone—from trial and from care;

No more will she be tempted now in sinful joys to share—

No more be scorn'd for godliness, discourag'd, and distress'd;

"The wicked there from troubling cease, the weary are at rest."

And in the house of prayer now no more shall we behold

That look of hopeful eagerness in which her heart was told;

No more—but why thus think of earth, when thought should higher rise

To her new home of happiness, her mansion in the skies.

She joins to-day in songs more sweet than mortal ears may hear—

Too bright for mortal eyes the sights which now to hers appear;

She hears the pleasant harmony of many a harp and voice—

She walks with holy multitudes who worship and rejoice.

A little while, and the last tears that mourn her shall be dry,

And her more seldom mention'd name shall but call forth a sigh;

A little while—the world still busy as before—

And also they who mourn her now, themselves shall be no more.

But still her spirit shall rejoice, with still increasing joy,

And more to learn and more to praise shall all her powers employ;

O to be with her, and with those like her redeem'd and bless'd,

From trials and from toils escap'd to glory and to rest!

THE POOR WIDOW.

THE subject of this sketch was a poor widow, who, like many others, had been brought to abject poverty by an intemperate husband. Her history, too, was that of many others: once in comfortable circumstances, with a kind husband, and a prospect of worldly abundance; but the curse of intoxicating drink changed all into wretchedness and gloom. The furnace of affliction, however, proved to her a refiner indeed. As their circumstances grew more hopeless every year, she seemed to become more happy in the enjoyment of those blessings which "the world cannot give, nor ever take away." There was one source of affliction, however, which occasioned her many tears: the guilt and awful prospects of her husband in view of eternity. Entreaties, tears, and

prayers, were all she had to give, and these were not spared. She never reproached him with bitter words. Even when, under the influence of the poisonous curse, he would return home a reeling drunkard, she never changed her kind and affectionate manner. When he was sober, she entreated him, for the sake of his own soul, to think where he was going, and almost hourly wrestled with God in prayer for his salvation.

The temperance reformation began to roll its influence over the land, and he was induced to try total abstinence. It came in time to save him from a drunkard's grave, but not to restore competence to the family he had beggared. By a long course of dissipation, he had undermined his constitution, and now became a helpless charge to his family. This, however, instead of being a source of grief to his wife, was one of gratitude. She rejoiced that he had been spared, and allowed time for repentance. With cheerfulness and affection she laboured for his support and that of her family. But her labours were not confined to his temporal support. Poor as she was, she found means to procure him some good books, which, with the Bible and her prayers, were blessed of God in his hopeful conversion. His repentance was deep and sincere; and he was now brought, for the first time, to see what a treasure he had in his wife. His obligations to her and to God were now his constant theme; and his gratitude often found vent in tears.

About a year afterwards she closed his eyes in death, and was left a poor widow, with a constitution broken by labour and care, and with a family mainly dependent upon her for support. The neighbours were kind, and one especially, an elder in the church, was particularly attentive. He procured good places for her two boys, who were put to trades. Her two daughters remained with her, and were soon able to assist in supporting themselves. But her own health grew worse, and her eldest daughter fell into a decline, which threatened to terminate in consumption; and the main support of the family devolved upon the youngest daughter, who made something by weaving domestic flannels, linens, carpets, &c., for the neighbours. The kind neighbour had given her the privilege of building a small cabin on one corner of his farm; and the neighbours collected together, put up her little habitation, and finished it so as to be comfortable.

It was here, and in these circumstances, that I first became acquainted with them. The little cabin stood solitary in the woods, surrounded by a low fence of poles, which enclosed a small patch of ground cultivated as a garden. Silence reigned without, and the richest peace within. Two low beds occupied one end, the loom another corner, and a few shelves, containing their little stock of cupboard and kitchen furniture, another. There was no

family in the congregation that I visited more frequently, and none in which I could spend an hour more pleasantly and profitably. The mother was always happy. I never knew any one who seemed to come so near fulfilling the command, "Rejoice in the Lord *always*." The eldest daughter, owing to the nature of her disease, was predisposed to melancholy; but the cheerful calm contentment of the mother seemed as a constant balm for every sorrowful foreboding. That which seemed always to swell uppermost in her heart, was the love of God through Christ. Her unwavering confidence in his mercy and goodness was such as I have seldom witnessed. When her daughter would speak forebodingly of their worldly prospects, she would reply, that all the wealth in the world belonged to her Father; that they were heirs, and would receive just as much as He saw was for their good, and more than that she hoped He would never give; that much she was sure of, and more she did not want.

Her faith, however, was to receive a new trial. The youngest daughter, the main support of the family, was taken very ill, and for some time her life was despaired of. I had not visited them for some weeks; but when I heard of the illness of the daughter, I went immediately. As I rode along, I was reflecting what I should say to comfort the other members of the family in their affliction. Seldom had I realized so forcibly the importance of the duty enjoined upon God's ministers: "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people." But I found they had a much better Comforter than man. True to his blessed promise, the great Comforter was with them himself "in six troubles and in seven." As the mother pressed my hand, on entering the house, a tear of affection for her child, which she could not suppress, was the only change discoverable on her countenance. A more solemn and thoughtful demeanour, added more than usual interest to her calm and happy expression of unshaken confidence in the love and goodness of God; yet there was that indefinable shadowing cast over her whole deportment, which plainly told of a deeper current of thought within, and that the storm by which her faith was assailed only caused it to strike its roots deeper, and fix with a firmer hold on the rock upon which it was founded. There was only one thing that caused any painful distress: her daughter was not so resigned and happy under her affliction as she wished to see her.

Whilst she experienced a short interval of ease, and had sunk into a calm slumber, the mother beckoned me to the door, and we seated ourselves on a log that had been laid for a step. It was one of those balmy days in the beginning of March, when early spring puts on her most engaging aspect. The sun shone as brightly as if neither sorrow nor affliction had

found a place on the earth. A few light, fleecy clouds hung, apparently stationary, "high in the blue welkin's vault," like guardian angels, pausing in their errands of mercy to contemplate a scene which reflected so brightly the goodness and beneficence of God. And the earth, though stripped of verdure, seemed to clothe herself with a happy yet somewhat melancholy smile, like that which lights up the countenance of bereaved piety, when memory calls up friends and blessings once enjoyed; and hope, at the same time, points to those scenes, in bright and glorious prospect, in which all shall be again enjoyed, under happier circumstances and in richer fruition. We both sat for some time in silence, contemplating the calm stillness that reigned in the woods around, which was scarcely broken, but rather seemingly deepened, by the plaintive notes of the earliest bird of spring. I was, indeed, at a loss what to say, and she was the first to speak.

"What a beautiful day," said she. "It was on just such a day that I was married; and how many scenes and vicissitudes have I passed through since then!" "Can you thank God for all your afflictions?" I asked. "All, all," she replied with emphasis. "I owe everything to my afflictions, and the blessing of God upon them. He called me by his word, and by his blessings, which he gave me in abundance; but I slighted them all. And O, I cannot be thankful enough to him for not cutting me off in my sinful carelessness, as I deserved. He seemed determined on my salvation; and when blessings failed, he sent affliction. And I must still thank him that he continues them, for I feel that I need them. No one but God and myself knows my sinful heart. I do not yet know it as I should, but he is showing me more of it every day. I am prone to forget him; and like a watchful parent, who has only my good in view, when my heart grows cold, he sends his rod. And my experience has always been, that in my heaviest afflictions I have felt his love and his presence the most sensibly. He has always given me work to do, and my deepest grief arises from the fact, that I perform it so poorly." This last sentence I was at a loss to understand; but supposing she alluded to the work of bringing up her family, I replied, that her efforts in that respect had not been unsuccessful. "That," she replied, "was, I know, a work of great responsibility; but that was not altogether what I meant. He knows I can do nothing for him in the great work of sending his Bible and missionaries to the world, supporting the Gospel, or any work of that kind. All I can do is to recommend his religion by my daily walk and conversation; to let every one see how well it is adapted to man in this world of sin and sorrow; how it can support in affliction, and lead its possessor to rejoice in the Lord, though the fig tree should

not blossom, and the fields should yield no meat. I cannot but thank him that he has pointed out any way in which I can serve him; and my greatest desire is for grace to do it acceptably and usefully; and the deeper the affliction, the more important and difficult is the matter. My present affliction is of a new kind. I have never been called to part with a child by death, and I feel it will be the severest trial I have yet experienced. But my prayer is, that if he sees fit to take my dear child to himself, I may still be enabled by grace to show that religion is what it professes to be, and what I have always felt it to be, 'a balm for every wound.' It is because my dying child has not felt that it is so in all respects to her, that I feel so much anxiety." Her sorrowful feelings now, for the first time, seemed to gain the ascendancy, and she wept more profusely than I had ever known before. But she recovered her wonted serenity, and requested me to have some conversation with her daughter. I accordingly endeavoured to place God before her in the character of an affectionate parent, who does not afflict willingly; who loves us better than we can love ourselves; and if we had the whole management and choosing of our own lots in the world, and could see things as he sees them, we would choose for ourselves the very same things which he chooses for us.

When we knelt in prayer, and I, as speaking for the family, commended the case of its sick member to God, who alone knew what was best for all, a deep-drawn sigh from the subject of our prayers plainly indicated that she had experienced relief from an inward burden. When we arose, she stretched out her hand to me, and said with emphasis, "That's it, that's it. I am in the hands of God, and can joyfully leave mother and Eliza in his hands too. He will always do what is best for us all." Stretching out her other hand to her mother, who was again weeping, she said, "Mother, I am now happy, and will be happy, whether I die or live." We all wept, of course, but there was not a tear of sorrow in all.

As I rode home, I could not but feel that I had seen in that poor cabin more of the real value of the "pearl of great price," than I had ever seen before.

I saw them again the next day. The disease had taken a favourable turn; the sick daughter was pronounced out of danger, and we had now only to pour out our hearts in gratitude to God for his goodness.

If the reader is anxious to know anything of the subsequent history of this interesting family, it is soon told. The mother and eldest daughter have gone to reap the full fruition of that which it was their happiness to anticipate on earth. The youngest daughter has been married to a son of the kind neighbour, and is a bright ornament to the Church.

"KIRWAN'S LETTERS TO A ROMISH BISHOP."

(Continued from page 245.)

THE forms and method of your public worship are obviously not those taught us in the Bible. I enter your church (St. Patrick's) to worship God. I am required to sprinkle myself with holy water, and to make on myself the sign of the cross. And why, and for what purpose? That I may be defended from unclean spirits! I look around me, and I see a forest of candles burning upon the altar. And for what purpose? where is this commanded? I see people counting their beads, and praying before pictures. Where is this taught? Now comes out a priest in his robes embroidered with crosses. Did Peter or Paul wear such things, when teaching Jews and Gentiles the faith of Christ? He says nothing to the people, but goes through the mass in Latin, of which I may know nothing. Was this the way Peter and Paul did? Then come out boys in white frocks, with their censers, offering incense to the priest, and filling the church with the odour. Were Peter and Paul thus incensed? The priest goes through the service, bowing and kissing the altar, now lifting up his hands, now his eyes; now speaking in a whisper, now in full voice, according to the rules laid down. Now, sir, where did you get these things? And after the ceremony is over, I again cross myself with holy water, and retire. This is your public worship of God every where, and from age to age; save that in this country there is a sermon, on sticking to Mother Church, sometimes added. Have you the most distant idea that it was in this way the first Christians worshipped God? The manner of your public worship is not scriptural or Christian; it is heathen, and was originally adopted for the seducing of the heathen to Christianity. If Peter or Paul could be introduced to St. Patrick's when you were going through high mass, and should be told that you were one of their successors, what would be their astonishment! What! you a successor of the men who lived by catching fish, and mending nets, and making tents! And that farce in which you are chief actor every Sabbath, the exact counterpart of the worship instituted by the apostles! Your manner of public worship is not only unscriptural, but in direct opposition to Scripture—it wants nothing of heathenism but the name. And how far all this bears upon the question, whether yours is a Church of Christ, I submit to your candid decision.

The Bible is God's revealed will, to teach us what we should believe and do. This Bible your Church has corrupted, and labours to suppress. You mix up with the pure Word of God the Apocrypha, which lays no claim to inspiration, and whose internal evidences are fatal to such a claim. I need here only mention the recommendation of the angel, in Tobit, *to make smoke out of the heart and liver of a fish, to scare devils out of men.* And yet this Apocrypha is of more use to you than all the Bible besides! You mutilate the Ten Commandments, written on stone by the finger of God! You mistranslate the

Scriptures in passages innumerable, to bring out your peculiar doctrines, or to conceal its testimony against them. And where the point of Scripture cannot be broken or blunted, you put a note at the bottom in explanation. And what notes! Take the following, as an illustration, appended to Rom. iv. 7: "Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered."—"That is, Blessed are those who, by doing penance, have obtained pardon and remission of their sins, and also are covered; that is, newly covered with the habit of grace, and vested with the stole of charity." Nor is the work of conception yet done. You superadd to all this your traditions, which, like a piece of indiarubber, you can stretch or contract to suit your purpose. Nor can the Bible, when all this is done, be put into promiscuous circulation, lest, with all these additions and corruptions, some might understand it as teaching some things in opposition to Popery! You tell the poor Irishman that his spade and hod are better suited to him than the Bible; and the poor Irishwoman that she had better keep at her broom and wash tub, than trouble herself about the Gospels! When you corrupt the Bible to the extent of your ability—when you add to it every thing you can or dare—even then you keep it from the people! Why thus fearful of the Bible?

Now, sir, how far all this bears upon the question whether yours is a Church of Christ, I submit to your own decision. As far as you can, you try to supplant the Bible as the only rule of faith; and as far as I am concerned, I would as soon strive to grope my way to heaven by the Koran, as by that which you give me as a substitute for the Bible. But I wish not to forestall your decision.

The sacraments, instituted in condescension to our weakness, are outward and sensible signs of inward and spiritual grace. These, like the Bible, you have enlarged and corrupted. Christ and his apostles left but two—you multiply them by three and carry one. I only wonder how your ingenuity permitted you to stop at seven. Here you have allowed a Dr. Deacon, a dull Englishman, and, I believe, a Protestant into the bargain, to surpass you! He adds, *exorcism, the white garment, a taste of milk and honey, &c.* How easily you might have gone on to seven, or even seventy times seven! But, in addition to multiplying, you must have grievously corrupted the two that are taught us in the New Testament. In baptism you dip or pour three times. Where is this taught? Ordinarily, you permit it only to be administered in churches that have fonts, the water of which is to be blessed every year, on the vigils of Easter and Whit Sunday. Where did you get this? The priest blows three times upon the face of the person to be baptized, saying, "Depart out of him, or her, O unclean spirit, and give place to the Holy Ghost." Where did you get this? He then puts a grain of blessed salt into the mouth—then he exorcises the unclean spirit, because the devil must go out before the person is introduced into the Church! Then he wets his finger with his spittle, and touches, first, the ears, saying, "Ephphatha"—then his nostrils, saying "unto the odour of sweetness," "Be thou put to flight, O devil!" And when baptized, a white cloth

is put on his head, and a candle in his hand. Now whence all these things? Is this a heathen ceremony, or Christian baptism?

Bad as all this is, it is strong common sense, when compared with your corruption of the Lord's supper. The bread and wine are rejected for a wafer—that wafer is converted into God—the wafer God is first worshipped, and then eaten! And to believe all this, shows great exaltation of faith and piety! Some things would appear very pious, were they not so absurd and ludicrous.

Now, sir, how far this multiplication and corruption of the sacraments of the Christian religion enters into the question, whether or not yours is a Church of Christ, I submit again to your own decision.

Nor have you permitted a single leading doctrine of the Bible to escape your efforts to pervert them.

The Bible holds up one God as the sole object of religious worship. You teach us to worship the Virgin, the host, the cross: and to adore angels, departed saints, relics, and even pictures.

The Bible teaches that our only access to God is through a Redeemer, Jesus Christ, who is made unto us of God, wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption; and that through faith in his name we are made partakers of the blessings of his work of redemption. You teach that there are other intercessors, to whom we must apply—that our own works are efficacious to save us—that the sacraments have inherent power to save—that faith in Christ is not the true method of justification.

The Bible teaches that we must be born again—created anew by the Holy Ghost. This you denounce as a false and accursed doctrine, and teach us that we are regenerated by baptism, and kept in a state of salvation by confirmation, confession, penance, fasts, and alms.

The Bible plainly teaches that when we die, we go to heaven or to hell, like Lazarus and the rich man; that our probation is confined to the present state. You teach us there is a third state (purgatory), where souls are purified from the stains of venial sins, and thus prepared for heaven. And so on to the end of the chapter.

Such, reverend sir, is the way in which some things strike me, bearing on the question whether yours is, or is not, a Church of Christ. That there are many Papists truly pious, I believe. But whether a Church fashioned as is yours, as to its external organization after the Roman state when governed by military despots—departing, in its public worship, in every essential particular, from that taught in the Scriptures; whether a Church which corrupts and suppresses the Bible—which corrupts its sacraments and its doctrines, is a Church of Christ; this, is the grave question, which I now submit to your decision.

It is said that a question involving a vast amount of property was once submitted to Sir Matthew Hale. Before giving his opinion, he was approached by the lordly defendant in the case with a bribe. He repulsed him with great indignation. His lordship complained of him to the king; and the reply of his majesty was: "Sir Matthew makes his decisions with-

out fear or favour; he would treat me in the same way." All I ask of you is to decide the above question with the honesty of Sir Matthew.

THE THEOLOGIAN OF THE REFORMATION.

(From the "Biblical Repository.")

THERE was a man whom God had prepared for the emergency, whose opportune labours in the sixteenth century have exerted a wider influence upon the intellect, and liberties, and advancement of the Church, than any uninspired man that ever lived. Visiting the city of Geneva, the Christian traveller early inquires for the grave of John Calvin. With surprise he learns that the spot cannot be designated. Not a monument of any description marks the place in the cemetery where repose the ashes of the great theologian of the Reformation. Though no sculptured stone bears his eulogy, such has been, and such is, the influence of his life, that we may take our stand in the centre of the civilized world, and say of him, as it is written of Sir Christopher Wren, in the cathedral of St. Paul, in London: "*Si monumentum requiris circumspecte.*"

The name of Calvin has been eulogized and defamed by many who have no just conception of his mission. He was the *theologian* of the Protestant Reformation. That appellation belongs to no other. The wonderful life of Martin Luther, the Reformer, was like an epic poem—a magnificent drama, in which kings and armies, cabinets and councils, marches and revolutions, make up the shifting scenes of the splendid pageant. Too much cannot be said in praise of some of his theological theses; but it is no derogation from his just and lofty fame to affirm, that his theology was not distinguished by completeness, by system. Finding in the Word of God the great doctrine of *justification by faith*, it was to him like the discovery of a new continent, or the mariner's compass. Enamoured with the life and glory of this one truth, he believes nothing else. He did not learn how to frame all of Scripture into one compact and symmetrical system. The Epistle of James upon good works he never could speak of with any patience.

When the basis of the old Jewish economy was to be broken up by the introduction of a better hope, the bold and impetuous Peter, and the other fishermen and tax-gatherers in his company, were sufficient to arouse attention to the new opinions; but when the storm was raised, and inquiry was active, and the new faith was to be carried into schools and councils—when it was to be vindicated before the Areopagites of Athens, and the philosophy of Rome, then did God appoint that young man who had been educated at the feet of Gamaliel, an adept in canon-law, a proficient in tongues, and skilled in logic and rhetoric. Analogous to this, in many respects, was the mission of the French Reformer. Luther and Zwingle had gone before, and the whole mass of European mind was in a state of perilous agitation. Possessed of a strong and healthy intellect, acute in discrimination, patient of research, addicted to study as the great pleasure of life, his attenuated frame and pallid face betraying a

life purely intellectual and spiritual, pronounced by cautious men as the greatest scholar of his age, John Calvin exhibited, in admirable combination, those mental and moral qualities which marked him as one destined to guide the opinions of inquiring and agitated empires. In that perilous crisis, when the intellect of the world was roused, without instruction, and without a guide, save the Spirit and the Word of God, did this great Reformer arise to separate the chaff from the wheat, disengaging the truth from the follies, superstitions, and impieties of the dark ages, to demonstrate its harmonies and relations; giving form, stability, unity, and consistency to opinions then floating about in atomic confusion; forming a Christian theology worthy of the name, which, as a system, was destined to stand and develop its power in all future time, on the intellect and heart of the world.

MORE WONDERFUL THAN THE TELEGRAPH.

GEORGE and Thomas Bates had often expressed a desire to visit the Telegraph Office. One day, after school, these boys went into their father's store, which was just opposite the Telegraph Office, and asked him if he would be so kind as to take them to see this wonderful invention. Their father was not so occupied as to prevent his granting their request; and the next moment they were by the side of the agent, looking at the performance of the little instrument that noted down intelligence like a living thing.

The boys entreated their father to send a message to their uncle in Washington. This he consented to do, but the little machine was so busy that the agent had no opportunity to gratify them.

Tic, tic, tic, dot, dot, click, click, click, went the little pointer. By-and-by it ceased for an instant, but just as the agent was going to put in his claim it began again. After a while their turn came. The agent hurried to put in a W for Washington, and "Ay," "ay," was the reply, to let him know that his wish was attended to, and the message was sent.

In the evening the boys could talk of nothing but the wonders of the Magnetic Telegraph. "Is it not the most wonderful thing you ever heard of, father?" said Thomas.

"No," replied his father; "I have heard of things more wonderful."

"But, father," said George, "you never heard of any message being sent so quickly as by this means, have you?"

"Yes I have, my son."

"And you receiving an answer as quickly?" added George.

"Yes, much sooner," replied his father.

"Are you in earnest, father?" said Thomas, drawing his chair close to his father, and looking eagerly in his face. "Is it possible you know of a more wonderful way of communication than by telegraph?"

"I never was more in earnest, my son, than I am when I say 'Yes' to your question."

"Well, father," said George, "do tell me what it is, and in what respect it is better than the telegraph."

"In the first place," said his father, "you do not have to wait to send your message while others are attended to; for your message can go with thousands of others, without any interruption or hindrance."

"So that is an improvement," said George; "for we had to wait a long time, you know."

"And in the next place," continued his father, "there is no need of wires, or electricity, or any machinery, to aid the mode of communication of which I speak; and what is more wonderful than all, is the fact that you need not even express the nature of your communication, as, before you do so, your answer may be returned, though it is necessary that you truly and sincerely desire a favourable reception for your request."

Besides all this, the plan of communication of which I speak is superior to all others, from the fact that you need not resort to any particular place to send your request. In the lonely desert—on the tractless ocean—in the crowded city—on the mountain top—by night or by day—in sickness and health, and especially in trouble and affliction, the way of communication is open to all. And the applicants can never be so numerous that the simplest desire of the feeblest child, properly presented, shall not meet with immediate attention."

"Is there any account published of this wonderful manner of communicating your wishes?" inquired Thomas.

"Yes, there is, my son; and I hope your interest will not be diminished when I tell you it is to be found in the Bible."

"In the Bible, father?" exclaimed both boys.

"Certainly, my sons; and if you will both get your Bibles, I will tell you where to find the passages confirming what I have said."

The children opened their Bibles, and found, as their father directed them, the 24th verse of the 65th chapter of Isaiah, which Thomas read as follows: "And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I WILL ANSWER; and while they are yet speaking, I WILL HEAR."

Next, George found and read the 9th verse of the 58th chapter of Isaiah: "Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am."

"Now turn," said their father, "to Daniel, 9th chapter, 20th, 21st, 22d, and 23d verses."

"And while I was speaking, and praying, and confessing my sin, and the sin of my people Israel, and presenting my supplication before the Lord my God; yea, *while I was speaking in prayer, even the man Gabriel,*" "being caused to fly swiftly, touched me about the time of the evening oblation. And he informed me, and talked with me, and said, O Daniel, I am now

come forth to give thee skill and understanding. At the *beginning of thy supplication* the commandment came forth, and *I am come* to show thee," &c.

"I see, father, from these passages," said Thomas, "as that you refer to prayer."

"And I am sure you will both agree with me that this mode of communication with heaven is more wonderful than any other, for by this means our desires can be immediately known to our heavenly Father, and we receive an answer."—*American Messenger*.

SABBATH SCENES.

WHAT message borne from house to house calls forth the swelling throng?

Why, through each glen, o'er each hillside, still hasten they along?

'Tis not the fiery sign of war that blazes o'er the land;

The purpose is of love and peace, that brings each willing band.

They come with Bibles—not with swords, like warrior men of old;

They come in silent thoughtfulness, or solemn converse hold;

They come from many a distant home, by many a rugged way,

Their purpose is of love and peace—to hear the word, and pray.

Women and children gather now, the feeble with the strong;

Now all unite with voice and heart, in David's holy song.

The mountain echoes love the sound, winds waft it through the glen,

And hill and rock, and vale and stream, respond a soft Amen.

And now a preacher's voice is heard—rever'd he is and dear;

With fixed and earnest aspect now the word of life they hear.

Tears wet the cheeks of brave strong men, for with the Word is power,

And God is there, and of his grace a sweet refreshing shower.

O bless the Lord for grace bestow'd, and cry to Him for more;

Behold the change which grace hath wrought; be thankful and adore.

And pray, O pray that ev'ry land and ev'ry tribe may share

The grace whose fruits are witnessed here, and make the scene so fair.

A WORD TO TEACHERS.

NOTHING is so important to a teacher's success, as to find the avenue to the confidence and love of his class. There is a key that will unlock this door, and there is only one. A teacher who has a

warm heart will invariably find it. He must not only love his class, but he must convince them of his love. To do so he must have much of the spirit of his Master. His soul must be warmed by the fire of the Holy Ghost. He must go from his Bethel to his class; and when he speaks, it should be evident to them that he has "been with Jesus." They should be able to see that his heart throbs with love to the Saviour, and that he has met them because he is yearning with a desire to do them good. O how worthless are the labours of a cold-hearted teacher! He will freeze up the young hearts around him, though glowing with all the ardour of childhood. Sabbath school teacher, get thee a warm heart. Thou wilt else be little better than a sinecure in God's nursery.

THE THORN IN THE FLESH.

WHY was the thorn in the flesh sent to Paul? Lest he should be exalted above measure. This is twice stated. What a singular thing is pride! Who would have thought that taking Paul into paradise for a day would have made him proud? and yet God, who knew his heart, knew it would be so, and therefore brought him down to the dust. The pride of nature is wonderful. A natural man is proud of anything. Proud of his person—although he did not make it, yet he prides himself upon his looks. Proud of his dress—although a block of wood might have the same cause for pride, if you would put the clothes on it. Proud of riches—as is if there were some merit in having more gold than others. Proud of rank—as if there were some merit in having noble blood. Alas! pride flows in the veins; yet, there is a pride more wonderful than that of nature—*pride of grace*. You would think a man never could be proud who had once seen himself lost; yet, alas! Scripture and experience show that a man may be proud of his measure of grace—proud of forgiveness—proud of humility—proud of knowing more of God than others. It was this that was springing up in Paul's heart when God sent him the thorn in the flesh.

Dear friends, some of you last Lord's-day were brought very near to God, and filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Some, I am persuaded, have since then had Paul's humbling experience. You thought that you were for ever away from sin, but a thorn in the flesh has brought you low. You have fallen into sin during the week; or something has brought you low indeed: "O wretched man!" Why do you thus fall after a communion season? 1. *To make you humble*—to teach you what a vile worm you are, when you can go to the Lord's-table, and yet fall so low; this may well teach you that you are vile. You thought, perhaps, that sin was clean away, but here you see it is again. What constant need you have of Jesus' blood! 2. *To make you long for heaven*. There we shall sin no more for ever. Nothing but holiness there. No unclean thing can enter. Oh, press forward to it! Do not sit down by the way. Look forward to glory.—*M'Cheyne*.

CANDOUR.

MUCH is said about candour. The want of it makes us harsh and severe; the excess of it makes us tame in our spirits and lax in our sentiments. Our decision ought not to be bigotry; our candour ought not to be indifference.

True candour implies the union of wisdom and charity. It is wisdom without severity, and charity without weakness.

MARKS OF TRUE REPENTANCE.

GODLY sorrow, grief or mourning, may be known by the inseparable concomitants or companions that attend it and wait on it. "For behold this self same thing, that ye sorrowed after a godly sort, what carefulness it wrought in you, yea, what clearing of yourselves, yea, what indignation, yea, what fear, yea, what vehement desire, yea, what zeal, yea, what revenge!" (2 Cor. vii. 11.)

1. "What carefulness"—or study. The word notes the serious intention of the mind, and diligence and dexterity of the soul in shunning and avoiding sin, and arming of the soul against all occasions and temptations thereunto. The great care of the repenting soul is to leave all sin, to shake off all sin, to avoid all sin, and to weaken, and subdue, and bring under all sin. O the care, the caution, the circumspection, the vigilancy, the strivings, and strugglings of the repenting soul against temptations and corruptions!

2. "Yea, what clearing of yourselves"—apology, or defence; which is not done either by denying of sin, or by excusing of sin committed, but by confession of sin, and disliking of sin, and bewailing of sin, and by walking quite cross and contrary to the sin confessed, disliked, and bewailed; as Zaccheus did (Luke xix. 8), and as the jailer did (Acts xvi. 23). The true penitent has no way to clear himself, but by arraigning, judging, and condemning of himself. "For if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged." (1 Cor. xi. 31.) When men judge themselves, and condemn themselves, God is prevented, and the devil defeated, as having nothing to say against them but what they have said before. When men acknowledge their sins, and aggravate their sins, and pass the sentence of condemnation upon themselves for their sins, they shall find their acquittance from them fairly drawn in the blood of Christ. Repentance for sin takes off the guilt of sin, and sin bewailed is as if it had never been committed. This becomes the soul's apology. (Ezek. xviii. 21, 22.)

3. "Yea, what indignation"—or wrath unto grief. It notes the very height of anger and rage. The true penitent is not so exceeding angry with himself for any thing, as he is angry with himself for his sins. Indignation here

imports the turning of all the passions of the soul wholly against sin. There are no men in the world so hot and angry against themselves for their sins, as penitents are; witness these that polluted the idols that they had perfumed (Isa. xxx. 22; witness David (Ps. lxxviii, 22); witness Ephraim (Hosea xiv. 8); and witness Paul. (Rom. vii. 22, 23.) There are none that fret, and fume, and chase at themselves for sin, as penitent souls do; there are none that loath themselves, that abhor themselves, and that are weary of themselves, upon the account of their sins, like penitent souls. It is not this thing, nor that, nor this enemy, nor that, nor this party, nor that, nor this design, nor that, but sin that is the main, the grand object of a penitent's hatred. He that would be angry and sin not, must be angry at nothing but sin.

4. "Yea, what fear"—of God's displeasure, and of doing any more so wickedly before the Lord. Penitent souls are of all souls the most trembling souls, the most timorous souls. "Blessed is the man that feareth always." (Prov. xxviii. 14.) The penitent Christian has still a jealous eye upon his own heart, words, and ways; he is very apt to suspect a snake under every flower, and to fear a snare in every creature-comfort. The burnt child dreads the fire; he that has been once stung, hates a snake; he that has been in danger of drowning, trembles at the thought of going by water; and he that has once broken his leg, rides and walks with a fear of diligence and vigilancy all his life after. I have read of the dove, that she is afraid of every feather that hath grown upon a hawk; the very sight of any of the hawk's feathers brings as much terror upon her as if she saw the hawk herself; such a native dread is (it seems) implanted in her, that it detests and abhors the very sight of any such feather. In every penitent God implants such a holy fear, such a filial fear, such a reverential fear, such a fear of diligence and vigilancy, that the penitent Christian's heart rises, detests, and abhors not only gross sins, but the least motions, inclinations, and temptations to sin. They that have paid dear for past guilt, that have known what an aching heart, a wounded conscience, and a bleeding soul mean—that have experienced what the frowns of God, the

threatenings of God, and the wrath of God mean—will certainly beware of sin, watch and war against it, and fear to fall into it.

5. "Yea, what vehement desire." It signifies such a desire of fervency, that can admit of no delay; it notes such a desire as produces diligence, activity, and industry. The true penitent is full of fervent and vehement desires to be rid of his sins; David was never more fervent and vehement in his desires after the water of the well of Bethlehem, nor the hunted hart after the water brooks, nor the betrothed virgin for her marriage-day, nor the apprentice for his freedom, nor the captive for his ransom, nor the soldier for the conquest, nor the sick man for his cure, nor the condemned man for his pardon, than the true penitent is vehement and fervent in his desires to have his lusts subdued, mortified, and destroyed. (Rom. vii. 22-24.) "Many a day have I sought death with tears," said blessed Cowper, "not out of distrust, impatience, and perturbation; but because I am weary of sin, and fearful of falling into it." If you ask the penitent, why do you hear, pray, read, and apply yourselves so seriously, so frequently, so unweariedly, and so constantly to all sin-subduing administrations? he will tell you, it is out of a vehement and fervent desire that he has to be rid of his sins. If you ask him again, why he is so much in complaining against sin? he will tell you, out of a vehement and earnest desire that he has to be fully and finally delivered from sin.

6. "Yea, what zeal." Zeal is an extreme heat of all the affections set against sin, and working strongly towards God. David's zeal did eat up his sin as well as himself. And Paul was as zealous in propagating the gospel, as he had been furious in persecuting of it. Many men's zeal is hot and burning, when scorns and reproaches are cast upon them; but the penitent man's zeal is most hot and burning, when religion is scorned, saints persecuted, truth endangered, and the great and dreadful name of God blasphemed, &c. The zeal of a true penitent will carry him on in a course of godliness, and in a course of mortification, in spite of all the diversions and oppositions that the world, the flesh, and the devil can make. Holy zeal is a fire that will make its way through all things that stand between God and the soul. The true penitent is unchangeably resolved to be rid of his sins, whatever it costs him; who ever escapes, whoever lives, he is fully determined his lusts shall die for it. Only remember this, though zeal should eat up our sins, yet it

must not eat up our wisdom, no more than policy should eat up our zeal.

7. "Yea, what revenge." The true penitent revenges himself upon himself for his sins (1 Cor. ix. 27), not by whips and scourges, as the Papists do; but by buffeting the flesh, and bringing it into subjection by fasting and prayer, and by crossing of his lusts, and loading of them with chains, and by drawing the sword of mortification against them, and by withholding from them that fuel that might feed them, and by the use of all other holy exercises, whereby the old man, the body of sin and death, may be subdued to the obedience and discipline of the Spirit of God. Holy revenge will show itself by contradicting of corrupt self, and by a severe chastising and punishing of all those instruments that have been servants to the flesh; as you may see by the daughters of Israel in dedicating their looking glasses, by which they had offended, to the service of the sanctuary (Exod. xxxviii. 8); and as you may see by the Ephesians burning of their costly and curious books before all men (Acts xix. 19); and by Mary Magdalene's wiping of Christ's feet with her hair, wherewith formerly her fond and foolish lovers were enticed and entangled. (Luke vii.) And the same spirit you may see working in Zaccheus (Luke xix. 8, 9), and in the jailer (Acts xvi. 23, 24, 29, 30, 31, 33, 34.) And so blessed Cranmer thrust his right hand first into the fire, that being the hand by which he subscribed the Popish articles, revengefully crying out, "This unworthy right hand, this unworthy right hand," as long as he could speak. The common language of holy revenge is this: Lord, pour out all thy wrath, and all thy fierce anger, and all thy fiery indignation, upon this lust, and that lust; Lord, bend thy bow, and shoot all the arrows of thy displeasure, into the very heart of my strong corruptions; Lord, when wilt thou rain hell out of heaven upon this proud heart, this unbelieving heart, this unclean heart, this worldly heart, this froward heart, this treacherous heart of mine! &c. I have read of Hannibal, that when he saw a pit full of the blood of his enemies, he cried out with much content and delight, "O beautiful sight!" so when a penitent Christian sees his spiritual enemies, his strong corruptions, all in a gore of blood, O! how delightfully and rejoicingly does he cry out, "O beautiful sight! O blessed sight, that ever I have seen!" When the children of Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea-shore, then they sang a song of

praise. The application is easy. (Exod. xv.) O sirs! let no man deceive his own immortal soul: for it is most certain, that repentance to life hath all these lively companions attending it. Sound repentance, and the companions of it, are born together, and will live and continue together till the penitent soul changes earth for heaven, grace for glory.—*Brooks.*

JUDAS ISCARIOT—WHY ONE OF THE TWELVE?

BY THE REV. PATRICK FAIRBAIRN, SALTON.

Or the public actions of our Lord's earthly ministry, there is none that at first sight appears more strange and mysterious than his appointment of Judas Iscariot to the place and calling of an apostle. For knowing, as Christ did with infallible certainty, what was in men, and how all would conduct themselves toward him, he must have perceived from the first the unfitness of Judas for the solemn trust and labours of the apostleship; and, indeed, gave plain intimation of this, before Judas had done any thing to discover his real character to others, by declaring, that "of the twelve whom he had chosen, one was a devil." Yet not only was the appointment made, but it remained still uncancelled; and as if it was not enough to confer on this man simply the honours of the apostleship, he is the one specially distinguished by having committed to his keeping the common purse, and being charged with providing for their daily comfort. Why this apparently misplaced confidence, when the truth concerning him was so well known? And why should our Lord, with such insight as he possessed, have even admitted among his immediate followers one who was capable of acting the part of a traitor? Does it not seem to betray a defect in the wisdom of his earlier arrangements?

Such questions not unnaturally present themselves, when the conduct of our Lord in this matter is considered hastily and without respect to the bearing it was designed to have upon the history of his work and kingdom among men. Yet, if more carefully examined, it will be found there were reasons more than sufficient to justify the course of procedure adopted, and that the fundamental principle of that procedure was entirely similar to that which discovered itself in the fall and rejection of the Jewish people in general. In so far as we may say of the one, it *must* and *should* have been, it is perfectly warrantable to say this also of the other.

1. Viewed, first of all, somewhat privately, and with reference to the personal history of Judas, his case was designed to furnish a salutary warning to the disciples of Christ in every

age. In bringing it into such near connection with his own person, and allowing it to become interwoven with the events of his own ministry, our Lord gave it the character of a prophetic or teaching action, which, like all others of a like kind connected with his personal history, embodied lessons of great moment for every age of the Church. That out of the first twelve received into the divine kingdom by the immediate choice of its Founder, there should have been an apostate and a traitor, bespoke how certainly in the future history of the Church, persons should be found entering under the garb of a sacred profession into the number of its members, while still thoroughly opposed at heart to the spirit and design of Christianity. That this unhappy individual should have been an apostle, one who claved to his wickedness, though living in daily intercourse with the Lord of glory, constantly witnessing the displays of miraculous power which were proceeding from his hand, and himself taking an active part in the labours of a heaven-commissioned ministry—this, again, was intended to utter the warning, that the highest offices of the Church would not be free from such grievous wolves, and that there is no appearance of godliness, however great, and no ministrations of piety, however solemn, which a carnal and self-seeking hypocrisy would be found incapable of arrogating to itself. And then, the root of bitterness itself, which here bore such accursed fruit—the love of money—its silent growth amid the decencies of an outward profession, its tendency to make a gain of godliness, its readiness even to feed the cravings of its unhallowed appetite by dealing fraudulently with what belonged to the treasury of the Lord;—what a call should now be heard in this to watchful circumspection and inward self-examination! How earnestly is every member of the kingdom, from the least to the greatest, admonished to look to the workings of his own heart, lest the deceitfulness of riches should be stealing away his affections from the things of God, and entangling him in a net of perdition? The warning, indeed, though so loudly and impressively given on these points by the history of Judas, has, in all ages, been too little heeded; but this argues nothing against the wisdom of Christ in having ordered matters at the beginning of the Gospel, with a view to its being given in a way the most likely to be effectual and lasting. Nor is it too much, perhaps, to say, even in this point of view, that there was a necessity for all that took place, as the instruction afforded by our Lord's public ministry would not have been complete without it—the Church would have wanted something of what was necessary for her future warning and admonition.

2. But, again, the existence of Judas among the twelve, though in itself an evil, was in

perfect accordance with the highest wisdom, as supplying in the issue the strongest possible assurance of our Lord's faultless purity and rectitude. It provides in this respect the same kind of test and safeguard for his private walk and conversation, that the general character of the Jewish people did for the things belonging to his public ministry. That these were performed, not only in the broad light of day, but in the face of a people who stood towards him in a relation of hostility, and watched his every movement with jealousy and suspicion, secured that all he did and spake would undergo the most rigid examination, and that if a flaw anywhere existed, it would certainly be detected. The result showed, that if his enemies were too inveterate in their hostility to be convinced, they could yet find nothing in his career to justify it; their very silence is the clearest evidence of the reality of his miracles and the integrity of his character. But as the public and the private among men are too often in ill accordance with each other, it was manifestly of importance that a like test should be applied, and a like evidence borne from the more retired scenes of his familiar converse with his disciples. Accordingly, the world there too had its representative, and Satan his agent, in the unsuspecting form of a bosom friend—one, whose avaricious disposition drew him over at length into the camp of the enemy, and who had therefore every inducement to allege anything that his closer view of the character of Jesus might have furnished to excuse or justify his treachery. But here, again, nothing of evil could be found in Christ; and something more even than a silent testimony was borne to his innocence. He had exhibited, in his most private intercourse with his disciples, as pure and faithful an example of holiness as when appearing on the open theatre of a hostile world. And when conscience awoke from its temporary slumber in the traitor's bosom, he descried guilt, indeed, of the most appalling and aggravated kind—but guilt only in himself, inasmuch that life itself was felt as an intolerable burden, and he rushed from misery on earth, into the still worse misery of an undone eternity. Thus, as matters actually stood, a twofold security was taken for establishing the blameless integrity of Jesus. There was the contradiction of sinners without, plying every device that the bitterest malice could suggest, and yet obliged to confess, that it could find no fault in him; and there was the hollow-hearted treachery of Judas within, who, though borne headlong by the swelling tide of avarice so far as to sell his Master, yet found himself, when the deed was done, without the shadow of a pretext to palliate his crime. Blessed Jesus, how sorely wast thou beset! but how gloriously didst thou triumph! Satan sought through every avenue to find something of his own in thee, but was

foiled in all his attempts; and the very instruments of his working were constrained to own, that in thee there was no guile. Thou wert and art the Holy One of Israel.

3. But important as the reasons are we have already adduced for the admission of Judas among the twelve, there is still another that ranks considerably above them—one which brings us more directly upon the testimony of Scripture on the subject, and which rendered the appearance of a traitor within the camp not only expedient, but necessary, in the same sense in which anything might be said to be necessary, that essentially belonged to the progress and development of Christ's work on earth. So our Lord himself constantly refers to it, as a thing that somehow could not be avoided, however much to be reprobated and deplored. (See especially John vi. 7, xiii. 18, 27.) So also St. Peter in his address concerning it, in the first assembly of disciples, in the upper chamber at Jerusalem: "Men and brethren, this Scripture *must needs have been fulfilled*, which the Holy Ghost by the mouth of David spake before concerning Judas, which was guide to them that took Jesus." And as he afterwards declared publicly, that Christ "had been delivered up by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God," the treachery of Judas, which played such an important part in the delivering up, manifestly comes in for a place among the things which, as being of essential moment, are represented as having been determinately arranged in the purposes of Heaven.

Indeed Judas, as he became at last identified in his course with the Jewish people, so he was throughout their representative; he bore their name (even that is not unworthy of notice, considering the respect that is had to names in Scripture), and stood substantially in the same relation to Jesus, acted the same part, and inherited the same portion. We can conceive the possibility of another and better age having been chosen for our Lord's appearance in the flesh, when, from the ancient people of the covenant being in a different state as to religion, they might have been prepared to give to the Messiah a totally different reception. But as this did not seem meet to infinite Wisdom, as the great mass of the people, when Christ did appear, were sunk in carnality and worldliness, it was inevitable but that, as they became acquainted with his spiritual character and kingdom, they should reject his claims, and endeavour to prevent the success of his cause. He came to them as his own, laid open his undertaking to their view, and committed it, in a manner, to their charge; but prompted by a spirit of antipathy, as that of darkness to light, they betrayed the trust, and delivered him into the hands of the Gentiles to be crucified and slain. Considering the respective condition and character of the two parties, such a

result was inevitable; and the result itself, in the circumstances, was the grand demonstration and evidence of the spirituality of Christ's kingdom, which, in so carnal a soil, could not possibly meet with any better entertainment. Yet he being still the Son of God, this unworthy treatment, however certainly to have been expected, was not the less productive of the most bitter fruit to themselves; the league between them and the world, under which this foul treachery was perpetrated, could not possibly stand; and the innocent blood of which they had made themselves guilty, ere long returned with awful retribution upon their heads.

Now, this conduct on the part of the Jews at large, with its ruinous consequences, was just that which had its representation in the history of Judas; and as in his behaviour toward Jesus, they might have seen their own image, so in his unhappy end they should have desied the clear presage of their coming perdition. This man, while he wanted nothing in outward appearance of attachment to the cause of God and zeal for its interests, to justify his admission to a place among the apostles, yet carried in his bosom all the carnal elements of the age, which the wonderful manifestations of the grace and truth he was daily witnessing could do nothing to dislodge. Hence he grew, of necessity, more and more alienated from Christ, as he became acquainted with his spiritual views and objects; until, at length, finding his own views of worldly gain and advancement in that direction assuming a quite visionary aspect, and gathering from Christ's own words as well as other appearances, that things were certainly to go against him at any rate, it seemed the course of sound wisdom and good policy, to make common cause in time with the enemies of his Master by betraying him into their hands. But such a wicked betrayal of trust in one who stood so peculiarly near to Christ, and lay under obligations so sacred, could not prosper in its design, or even long escape the righteous judgment of Heaven. Indeed, he had scarcely begun to rejoice over the rewards of his iniquity, till they turned to gall and wormwood in his soul; nor could he rest till he had himself broken the infamous league he had formed with the adversaries, and laid violent hands upon his life. So that he served to the professing Church, then represented by the Jews, what the Jews served to the world, as in his treacherous conduct an affecting proof of the spirituality of Christ's character and kingdom, and in his fate, an awful monument of the inevitable destruction of those who reject his claims, and betray his cause into the hands of sinners.

Thus we see, that while Judas and the Jewish people had each their peculiar sphere, there was an essential oneness between them in reference to Christ; in both, substantially, the same

things took place, only in the one case on a more private, in the other on a more public theatre. Hence, Judas is spoken of as in a manner one with the rulers or representatives of the whole nation; as in Acts i. 15, where he is said to have "purchased a field with the reward of iniquity," while yet we know, if the parties were to be distinguished, it was rather they, than he, who made the purchase; but they are classed together as representing and prosecuting one interest in the matter. Hence, also, both by our Lord himself and by Peter, Judas is characterized as a kind of personification, in the most intense and wicked form, of all the malice and opposition which Christ was destined to meet with in his work and kingdom on earth. He is even styled, in that solemnest address to the Father (John xvii.), "The son of perdition," the very name afterwards appropriated by Paul to the Antichrist. (2 Thess. ii. 3.) And those passages in which David, speaking by the Holy Ghost of what, from his experience of evil, might assuredly be expected of a like kind respecting the Messiah—though the passages sometimes make mention of adversaries in general, yet they are represented as finding their peculiar and most exact fulfilment in Judas. (John xiii. 18; Acts i. 20.) He, in particular, was the one who had sitten at meat with the Lord's Servant as a bosom friend, and yet had lifted up the heel against him; and he stood so pre-eminent, as for the time to appear standing alone, among those whose habitation, for their causeless enmity, was to be made desolate, and whose office another was to take.*

But this appropriation of passages in the Psalms of David, in which he speaks in his own person, and as of things pertaining to himself, implies an essential connection between David and Christ; such a connection, that what befell the one in the setting up of his temporal kingdom, must in its principal features also befall the other in setting up his everlasting kingdom. The reason is, that the kingdom in each case alike was the Lord's; and though in its administration, seen and temporal in the one case, not seen and everlasting in the other, yet in both the principles of government were one and the same—the principles of God's righteousness and truth, which, however developed and brought to bear on the affairs of men, will always provoke similar feelings of dislike and enmity, and give rise to a similar course of op-

* It is quite impossible to give their proper weight to these testimonies of Scripture, and take up with the view which is now becoming somewhat current among the learned, viz., that Judas was only impatient of delay, and had no other design in betraying Jesus than to compel him, as it were, to put forth his great power, and set up his temporal kingdom, hoping himself to be restored to favour after a slight rebuke. This view, though given with some plausibility by Archbishop Whateley, and in the Biblical Cyclopædia, manifestly does not touch the deep and solemn import of the passages in question, and would make Judas differ from the other apostles rather in rashness, than in settled wickedness.

position and treachery, on the part of carnal and unsanctified minds. To prepare the faithful for expecting this in the case of the Messiah, was one of the chief reasons for ordering events as they actually took place in the personal history of David. He was called to make known to Israel his appointment to the kingdom, and the character he himself would maintain in the kingdom, in circumstances which rendered his exposure to the malice and opposition of ungodly men morally unavoidable. And what specially provoked this on their part was just the spiritual element which shone out so prominently in the case of David, and which contrasted so strongly with the carnal principles and policy of Saul and his adherents; inasmuch that David's enemies are throughout characterized as God's enemies, and his cause as the cause of righteousness, with the success and triumph of which were bound up the highest interests, both of what was human and divine. But still, the spiritual there was of an inferior and imperfect kind, as compared with what it was to be in Christ. The kingdom, though truly and properly the Lord's, was brought out on a lower stage, because shaped and adjusted to the frame-work of an earthly administration. Yet even thus it was so strongly opposed to the reigning carnality and corruption of the age, that its heaven-elected head had to make his way to the throne through the contradiction of sinners of the most painful and trying kind—acquaintances becoming estranged from him—bosom friends deserting and betraying him (as Ahithophel in after life, and probably others at an earlier period)—those who should have been the foremost, from their station or office in the land, to promote his advancement and uphold his cause, taking counsel together with the enemies and aliens against him. But if it was so in his case, how much more *must* the same have been with Christ, in whom the divine and the spiritual appeared in all their glory and magnitude! Here, as the good rose to its highest manifestation, so the antagonist evil could not fail to put forth its keenest opposition. And whatever of enmity the merely human head of the kingdom in its comparatively earthly form had to encounter, not less, at least, but possibly still more, the Church might certainly infer, as by the Holy Spirit she was plainly forewarned, to be awaiting the greater, the divine Head, when he should appear to set up the kingdom of heaven among sinful men.

Here, again, then a necessity comes out for all that is recorded of the relation and conduct of Judas towards Christ. The earthly type must have its heavenly antitype; the pattern of things presented ages before in the *lower* stage of the kingdom, must have its corresponding features in the *higher*. And if the Jews of our Lord's time had known how to read their own Scriptures, and what lessons

were contained in the history of the past for the time to come, they would have understood (as the aged Simeon at the birth, and the apostles after the ascension, of Christ understood), that so far from having reason to expect a flowing tide of prosperity and good-will for him on earth, there was a "need be" for the very worst and basest part of the treatment he experienced.

But is all this merely a matter of history? Far from it; the form only is past, the substance remains. Christ himself is no longer on earth to receive either good or evil at the hands of men; but his spiritual character, in all its essential truths and principles, has left itself impressed on his kingdom; and this is perpetually receiving the same kind of treatment he personally underwent. Instead of one, there are now thousands of Judases rejecting the Son of man in his kingdom, and betraying him to the adversaries. Only, they are less openly manifest—their conduct is comparatively veiled both to themselves and others, from the kingdom no longer standing alone in its spirituality, but carrying along with it the respectability, wealth, and glory of the world. Ah! how many follow Christ, when associated with these, or think they follow him, who, if the things of his kingdom were presented to them in their naked simplicity, would instantly turn their backs on them! It is not the gospel of the grace of God in its divine truths, its heavenly aim, its holy and blessed fruits, which they love, but rather the place it has now won for itself in connection with the esteem of men and the good things of the world. Such persons, however, are no more of Christ than Judas was; they are traitors within the camp. They are perpetually at war in heart with the spiritual things of God, and in the conflict that is going on between the power of good and evil, they substantially take the part of the adversary. This is ever and anon discovering itself in the sharper trials that occasionally arise in time, but the fearful extent to which it exists will only be seen in the judgment of the great day, when the searching fire of heaven shall try every man's state and work, of what sort they are.

I FEAR TO DIE.

I fear to die; and yet I fain
Would reach my place of rest—
Would end this weary strife and pain,
To heaven's holy joys attain,
And be with Jesus bless'd.

I seem as one who long ago
Had through the Red Sea pass'd,
Exulting when the tyrant foe
(Not by *his* arm or power laid low)
Upon its marge was cast;

But who amidst the desert drear,
Had toil'd and struggled on,
With now new signs of grace to cheer,
And now again oppress'd with fear,
His strength and spirit gone,—

A pilgrim seeking Canaan's land
With hopeful heart at first,
With joyful heart when, on the strand,
Beholding Egypt's storm-strewn band,
In song his raptures burst;—

But downcast now—as still around
The wilderness he sees,
Plods weary o'er the burning ground,
And hears no pleasant soothing sound—
Feels no refreshing breeze.

Oh! how on Canaan's hills to gaze
Would animate desire,
The downcast drooping soul would raise,
Call forth another song of praise,
And better hopes inspire!

O God of Jacob! lead the way,
Through desert though it be :
In fire by night, in cloud by day,
Thou ledest.—Oh! how I repay
Unthankfulness to thee!

Lead on! I will not murmur more,
Though worn with toil and pain;
From Pharaoh's gate to Canaan's shore
The Saviour Captain goes before,
And foes resist in vain.

Away, my fears!—the Lord is true;
At last on Jordan's strand,
The song of joy I shall renew,
No foe, no danger more in view,
Safe in the promis'd land.

THE SWISS MISSIONS OF GRANDE LIGNE —THEIR ORIGIN AND HISTORY.

In the year 1834, the Rev. H. Olivier, pastor of a Christian church at Lausanne, Switzerland, left his native country for Canada, intending to preach the gospel among the Roman Catholics. He settled at Montreal, and commenced his labours with promising indications of success. Three persons were converted, and many received the knowledge of the truth by means of conversation, preaching, and the perusal of the Scriptures and religious tracts. It pleased God, however, to prevent Mr. Olivier from realizing his wishes; the climate proved uncongenial to his constitution, and he was compelled to leave Canada in the spring of 1836.

Before his departure, two other labourers had entered into the field. Madame Feller, a member of the church over which Mr. Olivier presided, having lost her husband and her only child, had resolved to devote herself to the service of the Lord. After due consideration

and earnest prayer for guidance, she determined to follow her pastor to Canada. She was accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Roussy, a Christian minister, who had been also led to choose Canada as his sphere of labour. They sailed from Havre, September 20, 1835, and landed at New York on the 23d of the following month, and on the 31st reached Montreal. Ten days after, Mr. Roussy proceeded to Grande Ligne, in the district of L'Acadie, to take charge of a school. Madame Feller spent the winter at Montreal. In conjunction with Madame Olivier, she opened a school for the instruction of French Canadian children; much of her time was also spent in visiting the Roman Catholics in their houses, for the purpose of reading the Scriptures, and conversing with them on the truths of the gospel. By these means she obtained an accurate knowledge of the Canadian character, and was prepared for subsequent efforts.

In the latter end of May 1836, Mr. Olivier left Canada. Madame Feller went to St. Johns, hoping to find an opportunity for usefulness there; but her endeavours failed of success through the opposition of the priest, and her attention was ultimately directed to Grande Ligne.

Mr. Roussy, it has been already stated, had undertaken the charge of a school in that district. His instructions were not confined to the communication of general knowledge, but embraced in addition the truths and duties of religion; and his spare time was employed in visiting the people, and making known to them, in a familiar manner, the way of salvation.

So much attention was excited, that he was requested to preach, with which request he complied. The priest, under whose direction the school was placed, having dismissed him from his office at the end of two months, in consequence of his evangelical zeal, he was fully at liberty to give himself to the propagation of the gospel. After preaching some time at St. Johns, he removed his residence in the fall of 1836 to St. Andre, from which place he regularly visited Grande Ligne.

Madame Feller became a resident at Grande Ligne in September, 1836. In the house of one of the persons who had received the truth under Mr. Roussy's ministry, she commenced those labours on which so great a blessing has since rested.

The garret was appropriated to her accommodation. In that room, twenty-four feet long by ten broad, and only six feet high, divided into two apartments, in one of which she lived and lodged, and in the other received her pupils, Madame Feller spent the winter. It was a season of arduous, yet delightful effort. At nine in the morning the children assembled for instruction, which was continued till noon, resumed at two p.m., and closed at five. An evening school commenced at six, which was chiefly attended by adults, with whom extended

conversations were held, and whose numerous inquiries about religion often caused the meetings to be prolonged till midnight. On Lord's-days the school was opened in the morning, and public worship was celebrated at noon and in the evening, when Mr. Roussy preached. The intervals were fully occupied in conferences with inquirers.

These engagements, together with visits to those in the neighbourhood who were willing to listen to the gospel, and kind attention to the sick, severely tasked the energies of the missionaries during the winter. In the following June, the heat being insupportable in the garret, the exercises were conducted in a barn. About that time, the Rev. J. Gilmour, then pastor of the Baptist church at Montreal, visited the station, and being deeply affected by the inconveniences and privations endured by Madame Feller, undertook to provide some suitable accommodations. As a temporary measure, a small house was erected, chiefly by means of contributions from Christian friends at Montreal, Champlain, and Plattsburg, which was ready for occupation in the month of October. That building served for a dwelling, a school-house, and a place of worship, till the mission-house was commenced in the fall of 1838. The money required for the erection was liberally supplied by Christian friends of various denominations, especially in the United States. It was set apart for the cause of God, August 9, 1840, when the Rev. E. Kirk of Boston, the late Rev. Caleb Strong of Montreal, and other ministers, conducted worship both in French and English.

During this period, Mr. Roussy's labours had been extended to Champlain, Plattsburg, Henryville, and several other places.

In the accession of the Rev. L. Normandeau to the mission in the autumn of 1840, the good providence of God was strikingly manifested. Mr. Normandeau was a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, and had been engaged as Professor in the Seminary at Quebec for five years. After a long season of doubt and anxiety on the subject of religion, being then in the neighbourhood of Grande Ligne, he sought the aid of the missionaries, and by their instrumentality was led to receive the truth as it is in Jesus. He engaged immediately in the good work, and was received as a fellow-labourer with much joy and gratitude. Referring to this event, Madame Feller observed, in a letter to a friend at New York: "Often we spread before the Lord our solicitude, entreating him to send prompt relief, and in our little faith we thought he could only answer us by sending out some one from Switzerland; and behold our God, so full of goodness, in order to encourage our faith, has given us what we dared not even ask for—a priest, converted under our own roof, as a brother, friend, and fellow-labourer."

The gospel was introduced to St. Pie in the

spring of 1841. The gift of a New Testament to an inhabitant of that place who was on a visit to Grande Ligne, produced, by the blessing of God, most encouraging and remarkable results. During the summer of the above mentioned year, a school was opened at St. Pie; another was established in the year following at Beree. Meanwhile, these new stations were visited as often as possible, numerous copies of the Scriptures were distributed; and the gospel was preached to large and attentive congregations.

A mission-house was erected in 1842, which was devoted to the service of God by appropriate exercises on Christmas-day of that year.

It became evident that St. Pie would become an important station, and it was extremely desirable that it should be occupied by a suitable agent; here again the providence and grace of God were remarkably displayed. Dr. Cote, a gentleman of the medical profession, a native of Canada, and held in high esteem among his countrymen, having been driven by Popery into Deism, had been convinced of the truth of Christianity in the year 1841, and led to yield himself in the cause of Christ. A residence of two years at Chazy had prepared him for more extensive engagements. He removed to St. Pie in October 1843, and entered upon a course of diligent and disinterested labour, which has been abundantly blessed. On the 30th August 1844, he was ordained pastor of the church. The Rev. Dr. Baird of New York, the Rev. Messrs. Wilkes and Tanner of Montreal, and other ministers, engaged in the exercises of the day.

Salem, in the district of St. Pie, and Serrington, in the Grande Ligne district, were added to the list of stations in the year 1844.

It was not to be expected that efforts of this kind would be employed without exciting opposition. From the very first the endeavours of the missionaries were resisted, and fierce persecutions awaited those who received and obeyed the truth. They were seriously maltreated, in person and in property, held up to public scorn, and threatened with the loss of all things. On one occasion, during the insurrection of 1837, the missionaries at Grande Ligne, with the converts and their families, were compelled to leave their homes and retire for a time to the United States. At a later period, in the autumn of 1843, serious riots occurred at St. Pie. Infuriated mobs were gathered and provoked to deeds of violence and blood, by persons whose education and standing in society ought to have induced a different line of conduct. The house of one of the converts was burnt to the ground, and other outrages committed, the suppression of which was at length procured by an appeal to the protection of the law. Other measures have been adopted, such as the circulation of foul calumnies, threats of divine judgments, the

burning of Bibles, &c. Nevertheless amidst all, the grace of God has sustained his servants, and his cause has gloriously triumphed.

The policy of the missionaries has been exclusively evangelical; they have aimed to do good from the beginning till now (and they see no reason to change their course), not by provoking controversy, or employing means adapted to irritate or annoy, but by freely and affectionately proclaiming the love of God in Christ, and exhorting men to read and examine for themselves that blessed volume which contains the news of salvation. Extensive usefulness has rewarded their endeavours. The Church at Grande Ligne was formed in June 1837, consisting then of only six members, the two missionaries, Madame Feller and Mr. Roussy, included. Reviewing the history of the first five years of the mission, in a letter dated November 1, 1841, Mr. Roussy observed, "What a difference in our present position, in our prosperity, in our hopes: in fine, in every thing! Then (1836) we were but two poor, feeble, weary beings; our dwelling was a miserable cabin, where, with our first converts, we worshipped God. We held a school in a barn; and the enemy, in order to destroy this feeble commencement at a blow, drove us all out together. But now, behold us in a good and commodious stone house, founded by faith, and built by the gold and silver of the children of the Lord; in which are a beautiful chapel, two school rooms, an educational institution, where are instructed and supported eleven pupils, all converted and preparing for the work of God, and with the prospect of having a greater number soon; sixty Canadians, who have given their hearts to Jesus, and a goodly number of others rescued from the Papacy. Oh, what favours, what abundance of grace!"

The retrospect of the second five years is still more encouraging and delightful. During that period between forty and fifty persons were brought to the knowledge of the Saviour under Dr. Cote's ministrations at Chazy. By the blessing of God on his labours at St. Pie, very many more were converted, so that upwards of one hundred persons, affording satisfactory proof of repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, have been received into Church fellowship in that place; and these numbers, added to the converts at Grande Ligne and its neighbourhood, present a total of about three hundred souls rescued from ignorance and sin, and introduced into that kingdom which is "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

"KIRWAN'S LETTERS TO A ROMISH BISHOP."

(Continued from page 260.)

I WILL proceed with the statement of the reasons which prevent me from returning to the pale of your

Church. I have reached my fifth reason—your teaching for doctrines of divine authority the commandments of men. I entered upon the illustration of the way in which you do this in my last, and, without ending my illustrations, ended my letter. Permit me to state a few more, for your candid consideration.

The doctrine of purgatory is one of the peculiar doctrines of your Church. You teach that nearly all Christians, when they die, are "neither so perfectly pure and clean as to exempt them from the least spot or stain; nor yet so unhappy as to die under the guilt of unrepented deadly sin." It is for these *middling* Christians that you make a purgatory, where they remain until they make full satisfaction for sin; and then they go to heaven. And the "Profession of Faith" of Pius IV., tells us "that the souls therein detained are helped by the suffrages of the faithful; that is, by the prayers and the alms offered for them, and principally by the sacrifice of the mass." And the doctrine of your Church is so expounded upon this matter that but few if any die, however good, without needing purgatorial purification; and that but few are so bad but that they may be there fitted for heaven. This you will admit is a fair statement. The more you get into purgatory, the more you will receive of the "suffrages of the faithful;" that is, of their money.

I have already told you my estimate of this doctrine. It is that by which your Church traffics in the souls of men; and a profitable traffic it makes of it. It has placed in your possession riches far exceeding in value the mines of Peru. And because of the *value* of this doctrine, you seek in all possible way to sustain it. With me, the authority of your popes and councils is not worth a penny. I would rather have one text of Scripture bearing upon the point, than the teachings of as many such as you could string between here and Jupiter. Let us then look at the chief texts adduced to sustain a purgatory.

One of these texts is Matt. xii. 32: "Whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come." Matt. v. 26, is another: "Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing."—Both these, you say, refer to purgatory. From the one you conclude that sins may be forgiven in the next world—from the other, that none can get out of purgatory till the last farthing is paid. Now, dear sir, let me ask you how you put these texts together? If sins are forgiven, how, or why, is payment also required to the last farthing? Can I forgive a debt, and yet require its payment? Look at the first text again; you find purgatory in it, but how? In this way: because there is a sin which will not be forgiven in this nor in the world to come, *therefore* there is a sin that will be forgiven in the world to come! Such is the logic of infallible Rome! Because a certain sin is not to be forgiven here or hereafter, *therefore* many sins will be forgiven hereafter! And because "this world" and the "world

to come" is inclusive of all time and place, Popery builds up a place which belongs neither to this world nor the world to come, and fills it with fire, and calls it purgatory! Like Mahomet's coffin, it floats somewhere between heaven and hell. Into this world of fire you drive the souls of men, as they leave the body, and let them out only on the reception of "the suffrages of the faithful"—that is, their money! Now, sir, what do you say to all this?

But, you ask, are there not other texts quoted by our writers to sustain purgatory as a scriptural institution? O yes, but they are as far from the point as the most vivid imagination can well conceive. They are by the diameter of the heavens farther from the point than those just quoted. Let any intelligent man read chapter xiv. of Challoner's "Catholic Christian," and he will rise from it with amazement that God could ever leave men to the folly of so perverting Scripture; or that even the devil could permit them so absurdly to misapply it. Permit me to quote an instance, by way of illustration. We are taught in Matt. xii. 36, that we must give an account for *every idle word* in the day of judgment. Now how does this text prove a purgatory? In this wise: "No one can think that God will condemn a soul to hell for every idle word; therefore there must be a purgatory to punish those guilty of these little transgressions." If you, or any mortal man think I am joking, let him turn to the chapter. Let me quote the answer in full to the question, "Are not souls in purgatory capable of relief in that state?" "Yes, they are, but not for any thing that they can do for themselves, but from the prayers, *alms, and other suffrages offered to God* for them by the faithful upon earth, which God, in his mercy, is pleased to accept of, by reason of that communion which we have with them by being fellow-members of the same body of the Church, under the same head, which is Christ Jesus." Now, sir, if in this answer you substitute the word "priest" for "God," then we come to the facts in the case. The "alms" and the other "suffrages of the faithful," are pocketed by the priest; and purgatory was invented for the special purpose of the faithful, to pope, prelates, and priests.

Now, sir, let me ask you a few questions. Perhaps I have asked you too many already; but you will bear with a fellow-countryman, anxious, not so much to embarrass you, as to bring out the truth. What has the blood of Christ, which cleanses *from all sin*, to do with the venial sins of those middling Christians who die, not good enough to go to heaven, nor bad enough to go to hell? What has the blood of Christ, his atonement, his finished work, at all to do, on your plan, with the saving of the sinner? If my child should die and go to purgatory, would a thousand dollars given to you at once have the same effect as a hundred dollars a year for ten years? How can you tell when enough is given to get the soul out; or has your purse no bottom? As souls are spirits without bodies, how can you tell one soul from another, as they issue from the gates of purgatory? In the prayer "Hail Mary," we are made to

utter, at its conclusion, the following petition: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now, and at the hour of our death." Why not solicit her to pray for us *after our death*, to get us out of purgatory? Is it because you are afraid the good woman would get us out before the priests had gotten enough of the "alms and the suffrages of the faithful?"

My dear sir, the absurdities connected with your doctrine of purgatory are sickening: it is based on the love of money. The Bishop of Aix candidly confesses, that it is not revealed in the Scriptures. It came into the Church in the seventh century; it was affirmed in the twelfth; it was stereotyped at Trent; and fearful anathemas are hurled at all who deny it. It puts away the work of Jesus Christ, and sends the sinner, not to "the blood of sprinkling," but to the fire of purgatory, in order to secure a meetness for heaven. And why this parody—this caricature of the religion of God? Simply to put "the alms and suffrages of the faithful" in the pockets of priests! What an outrage upon the common sense of the world, to have men dressed up in canonicals, teaching things as true, of which Balaam's ass might well be ashamed!

I entreat you, my dear sir, to review this doctrine of your Church. You, surely, must see its absurdity. Neither in the Word of God, nor in the common reason of man, is there the shadow of an argument to sustain it. Nor is there a class of men upon the face of the earth who deserve a purgatory, from which the "alms and other suffrages of the faithful" would never release them, so much as do those who preach up a purgatory and its fearful torments, for the sake of filthy lucre.

Transubstantiation is another of the peculiar doctrines of your Church. By this you teach, that, in the Lord's supper, the bread and the wine is converted into the real body and blood of Christ, by the consecration of the priest. The thing is so absurd as to confute itself; and as, therefore, to require from me but a brief statement. "Challoner," chap. v., thus states the doctrine: "The bread and wine are changed, by the consecration, into the body and blood of Christ." "Is it, then, the belief of the Church, that Jesus Christ himself, true God and true man, is truly, really, and substantially, present in the blessed sacrament? It is: for where the body and blood of Christ are, there his soul also, and his divinity, needs be. And consequently, there must be a whole Christ, God and man; there is no taking him to pieces." And all this is proven to demonstration, by the quoting of the words of Christ at the institution of the supper: "This is my body," "this is my blood."

Now, sir, if you and your Church had only the common sense to look for the true meaning of the two little words "is" and "this," in the above sentences of the Saviour, it would have saved you a world of trouble. Look at one or two similar passages: "The seven good kine are seven years; and the seven good ears are seven years" (Gen. xli. 26); "The seven stars are the angels of the seven Churches"

(Rev. i. 20); "The seven heads are the seven mountains" (Rev. xvii. 9). The sense is plain here. They *signify* those things. So the word "is" may mean to *signify*. Now for the word "this." It obviously refers to the bread. I will have none of your non-sense about "the substance contained under the species." It is darkening counsel by words without knowledge. So that the simple, natural, reasonable, scriptural sense is, "This bread signifies, or represents, my body;" "This wine signifies, or represents, my blood." Just see how a little common sense simplifies every thing!

Now, turning back to your interpretation, permit me, in view of it, to ask you a few questions. Did the apostles, at the first institution of the Supper, eat the real body and blood of Christ? So your Church must and does teach! What power have you, more than I have, to work such a miracle as to change a little wafer into the real body and blood of Christ? If you stickle so much for the letter in your interpretation of "this is my body," "this is my blood," why withhold the wine from all but the priests? Why give up the bread for a wafer? If some wag should mix arsenic with the wafer, before consecration, would you be willing to take it after you changed it into the real body and blood of Christ? You place great dependence on John vi. 56. You take it literally. Will you take the whole connection literally? Then he that eateth this bread *shall live for ever*. He that eats this bread *will never hunger*. All that you have to do, if your principle is true, is to give your wafer to the poor famishing Irish, and they hunger no more!

But the thing is too outrageously absurd to dwell upon! Nothing equals it in absurdity in all Paganism. If a man should mumble a few words over a stone, and tell you it was converted by these words into bread, what would you say to him? If, against all the evidences of your senses, he should seriously assert that it was bread; and if, in addition, he should seriously assert, that unless you believed that stone to be bread, you must be damned, would you not be for putting him in a strait jacket?

THE MOUNTAIN IN THE PLAIN.

WE want our young friends to search out the meaning of the following allegory, written by the Rev. James Hamilton. To those who find it too difficult, we will cheerfully explain it:—

There was once a mountain in the midst of an extensive plain. The plain was a wild common, on which lived many people, some of them very hard wrought, some of them wicked, and most of them very wretched. They busied themselves rooting out the furze, the thistles and briers, that grew in plenty on the plain. But it was amazing how fast these weeds grew up again, and what scanty crops repaid their toil. And besides all this, hardly a day went by, but some one was torn by wild beasts, which infested the neigh-

bouring forest, or plundered and beaten, and possibly murdered, by robbers who haunted there. Yet they took little notice of the mountain. Its sides were rugged. None of the people in the plain had ever been on the top of it. But a few of the more noticing had made some observations on it. They remarked that a perpetual sunshine settled on its summit, and they inferred that it must be a very genial clime; for, by the help of their prospect-glasses, they could make out golden fields and gardens bright with blossoms, and over the mountain's edge folded thick bunches of verdure, heavy with purple fruit. Still nobody had been on the top, and few paid much attention to the mountain in the plain. One day, as a man was musing on the common near its foot, and was grudging to think what a perilous, toilsome life he was leading, he heard a solemn whisper in his ear. It was such a startling whisper that it raised him to his feet. It said, "Tarry not in the plain." And he felt an instant force upon him. He began to move before he had time to deliberate. He cast an eye at the mountain, and as he saw, high up and far away, some of its inhabitants walking in its light, he said to himself, "Happy people! would that I were with you." And he wandered round and round the hill, but found nowhere that he could go easily up. At last he came to a sort of gulley, or ravine, that promised to take him to the top. He went winding up some way without much difficulty, till suddenly he came out upon a ledge which overhung a dark lake far below. But still the rocky pass promised to conduct him higher, and, determined not to look down if he could help it, he began again to clamber upward, till at last he found himself in a niche of rock beyond which he could not go. He looked up, and saw cliff hanging over cliff, and not even a thread of pathway by which to scramble higher. He looked down, and the moment he did so the sweat began to ooze from his finger points, and his heart to flutter with faintness and fear, for he was clinging by a jutting crag, and he had scarcely courage to draw a single breath, lest it should loosen his slippery hold, and send him and the rotten rock a-spinning to the lake below. Just then the same voice which had startled him on the plain, whispered softly in his ear, "Cast thyself down hence." The proposal was a strange one, but the voice was so friendly and encouraging, that he almost hesitated whether he would not comply, when it spoke again in a sweet whisper, as before, but this time such a secret might went with it, that the man could not refuse, though he almost wondered at himself. "Cast thyself down." And he let go his hold, when, instead of bolting down to the abyss, a powerful arm caught hold of him; he felt himself securely borne, and, wafted upwards on viewless wings, was landed safe on the mountain's crown, and as soon as the

amazement of deliverance had somewhat subsided, he flung himself on a fragrant bank where some fruits, newly shaken from the tree, were lying. He was full of blessedness, and wept awhile. That evening one of the people of the plain, passing near the mountain, thought he heard the voice of an old neighbour singing far up on the summit. But it was a new song, not known thereaway, and except one verse, the man could remember none of it:—

“He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay,
And on a rock He set my feet,
Establishing my way.”

1. The plain denotes the sinful and miserable condition of all who seek not after God.

2. The voice whispering in the man's ear, means God's Word and the power of the Spirit.

3. The climbing the mountain denotes an effort to obtain God's favour by our own good works.

4. The fearful position of the man when he could climb no higher, and saw the gulf below, signifies the experience of the alarmed sinner, when he perceives that his imperfect obedience to God's law cannot save him, and the abyss of hell is ready to swallow him up.

5. The secret instruction to cast himself down, denotes the agency of the Holy Spirit, instructing the sinner, through the gospel, to abandon the hope of saving himself, and to depend solely on the righteousness of Christ.

6. The releasing of his grasp on the rock, in obedience to the voice, is the act of faith which the young Christian exercises, when he delivers himself up into the hands of Jesus Christ, to be saved by him only.

7. The powerful arm which caught him, and carried him up to the top of the mountain, is the arm of the Son of God, which is mighty to save to the uttermost all that come to him in this manner.

8. The top of the mount and its delights shadow forth the state of the redeemed.

SUCCESSFUL MINISTERS.

“THE old ministers,” said Mr. Williams of Wern, “were not much better preachers than we are, and in many respects they were inferior to us; but there was an unction about their ministry, and success attendant upon it, that can now be but seldom seen. And what is the cause of the difference? They prayed more than we do. If we would prevail and ‘have power with men,’ we must first prevail and ‘have power with God.’ It was on his knees that Jacob became a ‘prince;’ and if we would become

princes, we must be oftener and more importunate on our knees.” He was very fond of relating the following anecdote respecting the late Rev. J. Griffith, of Caernarvon:—“Mr. Griffith was to preach one night in a farm-house, and he desired permission to retire to a private room before the service began. He remained there a considerable time after the congregation had assembled. As there was no sign of the preacher making his appearance, the good man of the house sent the servant to request him to come, as the people had been for some time waiting. On approaching the door, she heard what she supposed to be a conversation carried on by two persons in rather a subdued tone of voice. She stood listening at the door, and heard one say to the other, ‘I will not go unless you come with me.’ The girl returned to her master, and said, ‘There is some one with Mr. Griffith, and he tells him that he will not come unless the other accompany him. I did not hear the other make any reply, so I conclude he will not come from there to-night.’ ‘Yes, yes, he will,’ said the master; ‘and I’ll warrant the other will come with him, if matters are as you represent them. We shall begin the service by singing and reading till the two come.’ At length Mr. Griffith came, and the ‘other’ with him, and they had an extraordinary meeting that night. It proved the commencement of a powerful revival in the neighbourhood, and many were converted to God. ‘Nothing, brethren,’ Mr. Williams would say, by way of the applying the anecdote, ‘is necessary to render our ministry as efficient and successful as that of our fathers, but that we should be brought to the same spirit and frame of mind.’”

TO SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

REMEMBER you are dealing with souls which are to live eternally; that they are now like the melted silver, capable of receiving impressions which will last for ever. Then stamp upon them the image of Christ; and though it may show but faintly now, God will bless your faithful, prayerful efforts, and bring out that image to shine as a star in glory. Remember that Christ, the Great Teacher, is your pattern, and that in order to be a faithful teacher, pleasing God, you must be like him.

Like him *in prayer*.—The stillness of night and early morn witnessed his earnest supplications for his disciples.

Like him *in knowledge*.—Possessing the knowledge of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

Like him *in teaching*.—The hearts of his hearers burned within them, and their souls were quickened by his words.

Like him *in spirit*.—Peaceful, meek, humble, and pure in heart.

Like him *by the way*.—Ever uttering words of comfort and kindness to all who came to him troubled.

Like him *at all times*.—Doing the will of your Father in heaven.

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

BY THE REV. PATRICK FAIRBAIRN, SALTON.

"Wherefore I say unto you, All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him; but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."—MATT. xii. 31, 32.

THESE are unquestionably very solemn, and, we may even say, astounding words to come from the lips of the merciful and compassionate Jesus, whose great design in coming into the world was to provide for the pardon of sinners, and who elsewhere represents in the most comprehensive and glowing terms his willingness and power to save. How striking to hear him speaking of a degree of guilt that lies beyond the pale of mercy!—of a sin that is actually unpardonable! That there is such a sin, however, his words here too plainly assert to leave any room for doubt; and forming, as they do, so apparently marked an exception to the general tenor of his declarations, it becomes all the more necessary that we should be careful not to mistake their meaning.

1. In endeavouring to ascertain this, we must first of all look to the occasion on which they were uttered; for that our Lord meant to characterize the sin then committed as belonging to the class here pronounced unpardonable, seems to us so obvious that no explanation of the words can be satisfactory which does not specially include it. The occasion was this: Jesus had cured a poor demoniac, who, among other evil affections, had been blind and dumb, so that he now both spake and saw. It was impossible to deny the reality or the greatness of the miracle; and the wondering multitude very naturally and properly drew the conclusion, not only that the beneficent hand of God had effected the happy change, but that he who immediately wrought it could be no other than "the Son of David," the long expected Messiah. But certain of the Pharisees, already, it would seem, fixed in their determination to reject Jesus as the Messiah, sought to undo the impression thus produced, and to dispose of the whole matter by saying, "He doth not cast out devils, but by Beelzebub the prince of the devils." It is in replying to this allegation, that our Lord

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introduces the statement regarding the unpardonable sin—in the second part of the reply; for the whole reply consists of two parts: in the first of which he exposes the flagrant absurdity of the charge; and in the second, points to the reprobate and hopeless state of mind in which the persons must have been who could seriously urge it. The absurdity lay in ascribing to Satan what manifestly overthrew Satan's dominion; for if he might do this, wherein then could possibly stand the distinction between Satan and God? What more or better thing could the blessed Jehovah do than was done by the prince of darkness? The idea could not stand a moment's consideration. It was clear as day, that when casting out devils Christ appeared as an adverse power—a power directly opposed to Satan's in its nature, and superior to it in might and authority, since the latter was compelled, as a vanquished foe, to quit the field. And what, then, could this superior, devil-exPELLING power be, but that of the Spirit of God, by whose immediate agency all the works of Godhead are performed? Nothing more was needed than such a manifest worsting of Satan, to show that the kingdom of God, which was to destroy the works of darkness by the blessed agency of the Spirit, had already begun to appear and develop itself among men.

But the more manifest this had become, through the signs and wonders proceeding from the hand of Christ, the more palpable and heinous did the blasphemy appear of ascribing to the wicked one the operations of Him who is only good—of making Satan the author of the peculiar works of the divine kingdom; and fearful must have been the malice, hopelessly inveterate the blindness and perversity, of those who could thus interchange the sources of good and evil, and outrageously confound heaven and hell. "Wherefore, I say unto you, All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men: but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men."

The *wherefore* here plainly connects the judgment now pronounced with the sin that had just been commented on; and it is not con-

ceivable that our Lord should have spoken as he did, without intending to mark the blasphemy then uttered as at least one form of the unpardonable sin. This is rendered, if possible, still more certain by the explanatory statement thrown in by the evangelist Mark, who, after the words, "he hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation," immediately adds, "because they said, he hath an unclean spirit." Because *they* said this, the persons now before him had been guilty of a specific crime; and in what he had said, he spoke of no imaginary case, or of what might possibly hereafter arise, but of what had at that moment transpired. A blasphemy of a particular kind, indicating guilt of an awful dye, has forced itself on his notice, and for a warning to others he gives solemn utterance to the dismal and doomed condition of those who were so far gone in depravity as to be capable of venting it. Such, indeed, was his general practice. It is through the present that he commonly speaks to the future; and only from what he says of the forms of evil and of good, as they came from time to time under his notice, that he gives judgment regarding particular cases.

2. But the thought may perhaps be ready here to present itself: If those perverse and infatuated Pharisees were really guilty of the unpardonable sin, wherein then lies the force of the distinction drawn in the words of Christ between blasphemy against himself and blasphemy against the Spirit? The one, he testifies, is pardonable (of course, on repentance and faith), the other unpardonable. But the particular blasphemy uttered on the present occasion, was it not uttered against a work of Christ? Was it not he simply whom the adversaries wished to bring into discredit? And if so, then must it not rather have been some future and more advanced stage of wickedness which Christ here so awfully characterized?

There is some appearance of truth in this thought, which has led many writers and commentators into a wrong track; but it proceeds on a misapprehension of the real point at issue. What was called in question, and wickedly maligned by the adversaries, was not the work itself of Christ, namely, whether this was a real miracle or not? and whether, as to its immediate operation, of hurtful or beneficent tendency? There was here absolutely no room for doubt, and no diversity of opinion. It was not this, therefore, that was in dispute;

but from what quarter it proceeded, and whether the power that breathed and wrought in it, was the spirit of apostasy and all evil, or the Spirit of the living God.

Now, it is here precisely that the connection of the Holy Spirit with Christ comes into view, and that through the one the other might be vilified and blasphemed. Of the nature of that connection it becomes us to speak with humility and caution, being, as well in itself as in its bounds and limits, a mystery. That must lie immeasurably beyond the reach of man's finite comprehension. The fact, however, is matter of undoubted certainty, and in some of its more outward bearings on the things of God is as easily apprehended as many other things of a like spiritual nature. It is not simply, we must remember, as divine, as the second person in the adorable Godhead, that we have to view Christ, when performing the work given him to do on earth; but as the God man—man as well as God—and in all the works that proceeded from his hand, operating by the human as well as the divine part of his mysterious person. Even as divine, there is an inseparable connection between the working of the Son and the energy of the Spirit; so that the same act might under one aspect be ascribed to the Son, and under another to the Spirit. For in every operation of Godhead, the whole Godhead must have a part; and "the Father as goodness, the Son as wisdom, the Holy Ghost as power, do all concur in every particular outwardly issuing from that one glorious Deity, which they all are." (*Hooker*).

But it is not this we have properly to do with, when the works of our Lord's personal ministry are concerned; for these were wrought by him as at once human and divine—the divine not destroying or suspending the human, but only sustaining it, so as to render it capable both of receiving and of doing all that belonged to his high undertaking. Outwardly and directly, we may say, it was the human that had to transact all—Christ, as the son of Mary, the elect of Jehovah, the servant of servants; and in this respect he just as much needed the indwelling power of the Holy Spirit as any other servant of God; nay, needed this so much the more, as the duty of service required at his hands surpassed in difficulty and importance every other. Hence, at the very threshold of his personal ministry, he was replenished with the gift of the Holy Spirit, even "without measure"—a gift which his divine nature alone could

have made him capable of receiving. And though, as concerned the Church at large, the Spirit was not properly given till Christ was glorified; yet, as concerned himself, the Head of the Church, the Spirit was given in undivided fulness from the moment of his baptism; and every work he thenceforth did, while it was immediately wrought by his own hand, was at the same time identified with the Spirit's power, and bore clearly impressed on it the marks of the Spirit's working.

It was perfectly possible, therefore, for persons living at that stage of the Church's history to be guilty of blasphemy against the Holy Spirit, as well as against Christ the Son. And the distinction between the two kinds of blasphemies is not very difficult to be drawn—it lies plain enough even to common apprehensions. It was a blasphemy, or false and impious accusation against the Son, if they denied his pretensions, if they gave unfounded and injurious representations of his designs and purposes; or, to come more closely to the matter before us, if they doubted the reality of his miracles, or held them insufficient by themselves to establish the truth of his Messiahship. Thoughts conceived, words uttered to this effect, though they were grounded in falsehood, and breathed a spirit of awful disrespect and impiety toward the Holy One of God, yet they bore respect simply to him as the Son, or to that kind of manifestation which he chose to give of himself, as the word and wisdom of the Godhead. A greater measure of light and further reflection might have corrected them. But when the reality of a miracle, such as that of casting out devils, was admitted; when no question was raised about its propriety as a part of those works which it became Jesus as Messiah to perform; when also its beneficent and heavenly character stood so palpably and undeniably manifest that only one opinion could be entertained of it; when, in a word, the ostensible agent was fully acquitted, but the supernatural power working in him and by him was called in question, nay, boldly identified with the dominion of hell; then a charge, and that the foulest of all charges, was directly brought against the Holy Ghost, whose power it was that enabled the man Christ Jesus to perform the mighty works that thus showed themselves forth in him. The blessed Spirit, who can work only to the production of what is pure and good, and is the direct antagonist of Satanic agency, was confounded with that very agency itself, and regarded as an emanation from the

bottomless pit. Such was the sin or blasphemy of which those persons were guilty; and it only remains to ask, why this sin, in particular, should have been esteemed so singularly heinous as to be pronounced unpardonable?

To be continued.

COMMUNIONS AT CAMBUSLANG.

(Continued from page 250.)

But long before these desires (for a second communion) could be learned, a proposal to this effect had been suggested, and was at this very time under consideration. But this cannot be better explained than in a letter written by Mr. McCulloch himself. This letter contains an account of the communion, and although it wants the date, it must have been written very soon after that solemnity. It is addressed to a brother minister, but his name is not given, and is as follows:—

“Rev. and Dear Brother,—You know that we had the sacrament of the Lord's supper dispensed here on the 11th of July last. It was such a sweet and agreeable time to many, that a motion was made by Mr. Webster, and seconded by Mr. Whitefield, that we should have another such occasion again in this place very soon. The motion was very agreeable to me, but I thought it needful to deliberate before coming to a resolution. The thing proposed was indeed extraordinary, but so had the work in this place been for several months past. Care was, therefore, taken to acquaint the several meetings for prayer with the motion. They relished it well, and prayed for direction to those concerned in determining this matter. The session met next Lord's-day, and taking into consideration the divine command to celebrate the ordinance often, joined with the extraordinary work that had been here for some time past; and understanding that many who had met with much benefit to their souls at the last solemnity, had expressed their earnest desires of seeing another in this place shortly; and hearing that there were many who intended to have joined at the last occasion, but were kept back through inward discouragements, or outward obstructions, and were wishing soon to see another opportunity of that kind here, to which they might have access; it was therefore resolved, God willing, that the sacrament of the Lord's supper should be again dispensed in this parish on the third Sabbath of August then next to come, being the 15th day of that month. And there was first one day and then another, at some distance of time from that, appointed for a general meeting of the several societies for prayer in the parish, at the manse. They accordingly met on the days appointed, with some other Christians from places in the neighbourhood. And when the manse could not conveniently hold them, they went to the church; and at one of these meetings, when light failed them in the church, a good number, of their own free motion, came again to the manse, and continued at prayers and praises together till about one o'clock next morning.

“The design of these meetings, and the business which they were accordingly employed in—besides singing of psalms and blessing the name of God together—was to ask mercy of the God of heaven to ourselves; to pray for such as unhappily opposed this work of God here and in other parts, that God would forgive their guilt in this matter, open their eyes, remove their prejudices, and convince them that it is indeed his work, and give them repentance to the acknowledgment of the truth; that the Lord would continue and increase the blessed work of

conviction and conversion here and in other places, where it has begun in a remarkable measure, and that he would extend it to all the corners of the land; and that he would eminently countenance the dispensing of the sacrament of the holy supper a second time in this place, so as make the glory of this latter solemnity to exceed that of the former. Much of the Lord's gracious presence was enjoyed at these meetings for prayer. Returns of mercy were vouchsafed in part, and are still further expected and hoped for.

"The second sacramental occasion did indeed much exceed the former, not only in the number of ministers, people, and communicants, but, which is the main thing, in a much greater measure of the power and special presence of God, in the observation and sensible experience of multitudes that were attending.

"The ministers that assisted at this solemnity were, Mr. Whitefield; Mr. Webster, from Edinburgh; Mr. M'Laurin and Mr. Gillies, from Glasgow; Mr. Robe, from Kilsyth; Mr. Currie, from Kinglassie; Mr. McKnight, from Irvine; Mr. Bonar, from Torphichen; Mr. Hamilton, from Douglas; and three of the neighbouring ministers, namely, Mr. Henderson, from Blantyre; Mr. Maxwell, from Rutherglen; and Mr. Adam, from Cathcart,—all of them appeared to be very much assisted in their work. Four of them preached on the fast-day, four on Saturday, on Sabbath I cannot tell well how many, and five on Monday; on which last day it was computed that above twenty-four ministers and preachers were present. Old Mr. Bonar, though so frail that he took three days to ride eighteen miles, the distance between Torphichen and Cambuslang, yet his heart was so set upon coming, that he would by no means stay away; and when he was helped up to the tent, he preached three times with great life, and returned with much satisfaction and joy. Mr. Whitefield's sermons on Saturday, Sabbath, and Monday, were attended with much power, particularly that on Sabbath night about ten o'clock, and that on Monday; several were crying out, and a very great but decent weeping and mourning was observable through the auditory. On Sabbath evening, while he was serving some tables, he appeared to be so filled with the love of God, as to be in a kind of ecstasy, and he communicated with much of that blessed frame. Time would fail me to speak of the evidence of the power of God coming along with the means, and I am in part prevented by what is noticed by Mr. Robe in his Narrative.

"The number of people present on Saturday and Monday was very considerable. But the number present at the three tents on the Lord's-day was so great, that, so far as I can hear, none ever saw the like in Scotland, from the Revolution down, or even anywhere else, on a sacramental occasion. Some have called it fifty thousand, some forty, and the lowest estimate I hear of, with which Mr. Whitefield agrees, who has been used to great multitudes, and accustomed to form a judgment of their number, makes them to have been upwards of thirty thousand.

"The number of communicants appears to have been about three thousand. The tables were double, and the double table was reckoned to contain from a hundred and fourteen to a hundred and twenty communicants. The number of tables I reckoned at twenty-four, but I have been since informed, that a man who sat near the tables and kept a pen in his hand, carefully marking each service, declares that there were twenty-five double tables or services, the last wanting only five or six persons to fill it up. And this account seems the most probable, as it

nearly agrees with the number of tokens distributed, which was three thousand. And some worthy of credit, and who had proper opportunities to know, gave it as their opinion, that there was such a blessed frame fell upon the people, that if there had been access to get tokens, there would have been a thousand more communicants.

"This vast concourse of people, you may easily imagine, came not only from the city of Glasgow, and other places near, but from many places at a considerable distance. It was reckoned, that there were two hundred communicants from Edinburgh, two hundred from Kilmarnock, a hundred from Irvine, a hundred from Stewarton, and some even from England and Ireland. A considerable number of Quakers were hearing, and many formerly of the Secession, some of whom communicated. A young man looking forward to the ministry, and who had been for some time under great temptation, as if the presence of God was to be no more enjoyed, either in the Church or the Secession, communicated here, and went home with great joy, and full of the love of God.

"There was a great deal of outward decency and regularity observable at the tables. Public worship began on the Lord's-day at half-past eight in the morning. My action sermon was, I think, reasonably short. The third or fourth table was a-serving at twelve o'clock, and the last was serving about sunset. When that was done, the work was closed with a few words of exhortation, prayer and praise, the preceptor having so much day-light as to let him see to read four lines of a psalm. The passages to and from the tables were kept clear for the communicants to come and go. The tables were filled so quickly, that oftentimes only four lines of a psalm could be sung between. The tables were all served in the open air, beside the tent and below the brae. The day was temperate; no wind or rain sufficient to disturb. Several persons of rank and distinction, who were elders, most cheerfully assisted in serving the tables; such as the Honourable Charles Erskine, advocate; Bruce of Kennet; Gillon of Wallhouse; Warner of Ardeer; and Mr. Wardrop, surgeon in Edinburgh.

"But the thing most remarkable, was the spiritual glory of this solemnity—I mean the gracious and sensible presence of God. Not a few were awakened to a sense of sin, and of their lost and perishing condition without a Saviour. Others had their bands loosed, and were brought into the marvellous liberty of the sons of God. Many of God's dear children have declared that it was a precious time to their souls—that they had been abundantly satisfied with the goodness of God in his ordinances, and filled with all joy and peace in believing. I have seen a letter from Edinburgh, in which the writer says, 'That having talked with many Christians in that city, who had all been here at this sacrament, they all owned that God had dealt bountifully with their souls on that occasion.' Some who attended here have declared, that they would not for all the world have been absent. Others cried out, 'Now let thy servants depart in peace, since our eyes have seen thy salvation here!' And there were who wished, had it been the will of God, to be removed while waiting on God in these ordinances, without returning again to the world or their friends, and so to be with Christ in heaven, which is far better.

"I thought it my duty to offer these few hints concerning this solemnity, and so to record the memory of God's great goodness to many souls on that occasion. And now, I suppose you will by this time find yourself disposed to sing the 98th psalm at the beginning, or the close of the 72d, or some other psalm of praise. May our exalted Redeemer still go on from

conquering to conquer, till the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen, so let it be.—In him, I am yours, &c. WILLIAM M'CULLOCH."

Writing from Cambuslang on the 27th August, Mr. Whitfield says, "This day fortnight I came to this place to assist at the sacrament, with several worthy ministers of the Church of Scotland. Such a pass-over has not been heard of. The voice of prayer and praise was heard all night. It was supposed that between thirty and forty thousand people were assembled, and three thousand communicated. The ministers were enlarged, and great grace was among the people. I preached once on Saturday, once on the Lord's-day in the morning, I served five tables, and preached about ten at night to a great number in the church-yard, though it rained much. There was a great awakening. On Monday at seven in the morning, the Rev. Mr. Webster preached, and there was a very great commotion; and also in the third sermon, when I preached. A very great and serious concern was visible throughout the whole solemnity. The Lord's people went home much refreshed."

We cannot better follow up this account of the second communion, than by extracting a few of Mr. Webster's remarks on the work at large, but written immediately on his return from Cambuslang, and pictures, no doubt, of what he had just witnessed. His letter is dated at Edinburgh, on the 30th of August 1742: "During the time of divine worship, solemn, profound reverence overspread every countenance. They hear as for eternity, and not knowing but the next moment they must account to their great Judge. Thousands are melted into tears. Many cry out in the bitterness of their soul. Some of both sexes, and all ages, from the stoutest man to the tenderest child, shake and tremble, and a few fall down as dead. Nor does this happen only when men of warm address alarm them with the terrors of the law, but when the most deliberate preacher speaks of redeeming love. Bring them to Mount Sinai, where the thunder roars and lightnings flash, and this may occasion greater outcry; but lead them to the consolations that are in Jesus, and then vastly greater numbers fall under the most kindly impressions. Talk of a precious Saviour, and all seem to breathe after him. Describe his glory, and how ravished do many appear! how captivated with his loveliness! Open the wonders of his grace, and the silent tears drop from almost every eye. Such eternal, such glorious themes, seem the delight of their souls, and reign triumphant over each power and faculty.

"These, dear sir, are the visible effects of this extraordinary work during the time of divine worship. Upon conversing with the subjects of this work, after public service was over, they gave a distinct and scriptural account of the temper of their minds, and of the various springs whence their tears of sorrow or of joy flowed. Those struck in the most awful manner, when recovered from the violence of the shock, mentioned the quick and affecting sense which they had of divine wrath, before they were so affected. They condescended on the particular part of the sermon or Scripture which occasioned such views of their guilt and misery. They described the gradual opening of their minds, till, led back to the rock whence they were hewn, they saw that they had been conceived in sin, and brought forth in iniquity, and humbly acknowledged that they had been transgressors from the womb. They spoke under a painful sense of sin, not only as the ruin of the creature, but as dishonouring to a kind and loving Saviour. Unbelief in a particular manner cuts them to the very heart. They cannot bear the thought of having so long rejected the Son of God, and despised his endearing calls, as set forth

in the Gospel. Being persuaded that he is the only Redeemer of a lost world, they breathe after him under every character and in every relation; as a king upon his throne, clothed with authority to reign, as well as a priest on the cross, endowed with ability to save. Willingly would they part with all for an interest in Jesus, and they desire nothing more than to be taught of him as their great prophet. Sensible of their utter inability to believe, how earnestly do they pray, 'Open the everlasting doors of our heart: Come in, thou blessed of the Lord: Be our God and portion!'

"Those who have attained comfort, readily give a reason of the hope and joy which are in them with meekness and fear, declaring, to the praise of divine grace, how the Holy Ghost, formerly a convincer, proved also their comforter, by discovering to them their warrant to lay hold on Jesus the Saviour, and happily determining them to embrace a whole Christ as freely offered in the Gospel: 'Whom, having not seen,' say they, 'we love; in whom though now we see him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.' Sensible of the blessed change which has passed upon their minds, they rejoice that old things are done away, and all things become new.

"It is not pretended, nor can it indeed be supposed, that all should, on being first awakened, give such distinct accounts of the working of their minds; or that all who have fled for refuge to the hope set before them, have attained to so joyful a faith; but I have honestly described the condition of the generality as I had it from themselves."

THE POOR WIDOW'S BOY.

A NUMBER of well-dressed happy-looking boys, just dismissed from school, were at play on the village green. Their joyous shouts caused other boys who did not belong to the school to join them, and they were readily allowed to take part in the sports. Pretty soon a little boy, about nine years of age, came slowly out of a neighbouring lane, and taking his station by the fence near where the play was going on, watched the proceedings with very earnest attention. He was very pale and thin, his clothes were ragged but clean, his feet were without shoes, and his hat wanted a rim. Now and then a smile would pass over his face as he witnessed some feat of the boys; but for the most part it wore a melancholy expression. He did not ask to play, and no one took any notice of him.

In about twenty minutes David Halsey joined the group. He had remained, during that time, in the school-house, with the teacher, in order to receive some explanations in regard to his lesson. He always wished to understand things thoroughly. He had recited his lesson accurately, but there were some points connected with it which he did not perfectly comprehend. He stayed, therefore, after school, to ask some questions which the teacher was happy to answer.

David was very fond of play, as well as of study. When he played, he played with all his might; and when he studied, it was after the same fashion. He had not been on the ground

long, before he saw the lone boy by the fence, and he felt sorry for him. He went up to him and said, "Do you wish to play?" The boy nodded in reply.

"Boys," said David, "let this fellow play."

"No," said one; "he don't belong to the school."

"No matter," said David; "there are several here who don't belong to the school."

"He is too ragged," said another boy. The pale boy who had come forward a little when David began to speak in his behalf, turned back as he heard this speech, and resumed his station by the fence. He looked a little sadder than before.

David was sorry that the boys would not let him play, but he concluded there was no help for it. So he joined in the play which was going forward with his usual vigour, but not with his usual pleasure. He could not help thinking of the poor boy. Whenever he looked that way, he saw that he was watching him. He made another effort to get the boys to allow him to play; but the reply he received from the most influential one of the group was, "Oh, don't make such a bother about a ragged boy."

It was now proposed by one of the boys that they should go to a neighbouring hill. This proposition was agreed to by acclamation, and all the boys except David set off on a run. David stayed behind and talked with the poor boy.

"Where do you live?" said David.

"Down there," said the boy, pointing towards a lane, where there were several small houses.

"How long have you lived in the place?"

"About two years."

"I don't remember that I have ever seen you before."

"I was always at work in the factory till I got sick, and was obliged to stop."

"Where did you live before you came here? Tell me something about it."

"We used to live in Lakeville. Father had a snug little farm there, and we used to live so nice and happy. But father was taken sick and died, and then they came and took away the farm."

"Was he in debt for it?"

"No, he had just finished paying for it; and then a man came and said the title wasn't good, and after mother had paid the lawyers a good deal, they told her she must give up the farm: so we had to move out of the house: we had to sell most all the furniture to get money to live on. Then mother took in sewing, and sat up nights till she got so weak that the doctor said she must stop, or she would die and leave her children without anybody to see to them. She then came here, that sister and I might work in the factory."

"How old is your sister?"

"She is a year older than I am. About a month ago I was taken sick, and had to stop

working; I am better now; I am going into the factory again next week."

"You don't look well enough to go to work."

"I feel better than I did; I feel pretty well, only I am not as strong as I used to be, and I have a bad pain in my side most of the time. I don't tell of that, though; for mother would not let me go to work if I did."

"I think you are rather foolish for wishing to go to work, when you are not well enough to go."

"You wouldn't think so if you knew how little mother has to eat, and how thin sister is growing."

"Hasn't your mother enough to eat?"

The boy shook his head, while the tear stood in his eye.

"Are you hungry now?"

"Not very."

"Not very! you ought not to be hungry at all, because you are willing to work. Come, go home with me."

"I had rather not."

"I'll get mother to give you something to take to your mother."

This argument could not be resisted. He followed David home. David made a statement of the facts he had learned, and Mrs. Halsey, after making a few inquiries of the boy, and addressing some kind words to him, put up quite a large basket-full of things which she thought would be useful to the afflicted family. She told David to go with him, and assist him in carrying it. David was well pleased to go, for he was quite interested in his new acquaintance, and moreover he knew something of the pleasure attending the performance of benevolent deeds.

"Our house is not much like yours," said the boy, as he turned to go into a very small house. Every thing was neat within it, though the furniture was very scanty. A Bible and a hymn-book lay on the table. A sickly-looking woman sat mending clothes. As the basket was brought in and opened, she blushed, and said, "My son, I hope you have not been begging."

"No ma'm, he has not," said David; "I got talking with him, and found out you had been sick, and I made him go home with me; and mother begs you will accept of these things."

"I cannot refuse what Providence has so clearly sent; and I have no disposition to do so. I did not see where help was coming from; for I had concluded that Mary must stop work to-night; she is killing herself, poor girl. She can now stop for a time, and we shall not suffer."

"Father says the Lord always helps those who trust in him," said David.

"I am glad you have rebuked me for my want of faith," said the woman.

"I didn't mean to rebuke you, ma'm."

"I know you did not."

"Mother will come and see you, I think;" and

turning to the boy, "you come and see me, and I will play with you." David then withdrew, because he thought they might be very hungry, and would not like to eat before him.

"Mother," said he, when he went home, "I hope you will send me to that place again, for I think Mrs. Barclay will prove to be a good customer."

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Halsey.

"You know Christ says, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"*—New York Observer.*

"OH! IF I HAD KNOWN!"

Few professed Christians will be likely to read the following, without some quickening or compunction:—

I was spending a quiet afternoon in a friend's room, when a letter was handed her. It was from her distant home, and, begging my indulgence for a few moments, she broke the seal. But as she hastily ran over the contents, I saw the flush of pleasure fade from her cheek, and the smile disappear from her countenance. "I hope you have heard no unpleasant news," said I, as she slowly folded the letter and sat gazing into the fire, as if utterly unconscious of my presence. She seemed to collect her thoughts as if roused by the sound of my voice from some painful reverie, and looking at me intently, replied, "Emma D— is dead." I still did not understand the cause of the emotion that I witnessed, as I knew that the individual mentioned was no relation of hers; and, from the disparity of their ages, not likely to be a particular friend. "Did she die suddenly?" I asked, hoping to get some clue to the mystery. "Yes, suddenly to me," was the reply. "I knew that she was sick when I left home, and that her friends were anxious for her; but I had no idea that she would die." She then relapsed into silence, and so visibly was the anguish of her soul depicted on her countenance, that I dared not again interrupt it.

At length, with a deep sigh, she murmured, "Oh! if I had known she was to die so young!" I now thought I saw a glimpse of the true state of the case, and determined to make an effort to relieve her mind from the one idea that had oppressed it ever since she received the sad intelligence. I inquired, "Was she an intimate friend of yours?" The question seemed to arouse her to a consciousness that her conduct must appear unaccountable: and, resuming something of her usual manner, she replied, "She was my daily pupil for two years, and that, too, after she had acquired considerable maturity of intellect. How many opportunities I might have had to speak to her of her soul's concerns; and now she has died, and left no sign, no evidence of preparation for eternity!" I knew that my friend was by no means careless of her influence as a Christian, and that many pious mothers considered it no small privilege to place their daughters under her care, and, hoping to comfort her, asked, "Did you then never make any effort to lead her to the Saviour?" "Oh! yes," said she, "occasionally a few general remarks to the school on the importance of religion; and I did once address to her a note on the subject, but she did not answer it; and I feared individual conversation might be irksome to her, and hoped that at some future time she would be disposed to attend to the subject.

But oh! had I thought she was to die so young." Here her feelings became too strong for control, and she hastily left the room.

Teachers, Parents, Christians, "work while it is called to-day."

THE TRIAL AND MARTYRDOM OF JEROME OF PRAGUE.

In a former Number we gave, from Bonnechese's "Reformers before the Reformation," an account of the trial and martyrdom of John Huss. The following is a sketch of the trial and martyrdom of his friend and fellow-reformer, Jerome. The Council of Constance, which condemned and burned them both, is reckoned by Romanist authorities as ecumenical and infallible:—

All the articles of accusation having been read, Jerome obtained, though not without great difficulty, the permission which he had long applied for in vain—that of speaking without constraint.

First of all, addressing his prayers to God, he conjured the Supreme Being to place in his thoughts and in his mouth only such words as should be advantageous to the well-being and safety of his soul; and then, turning towards the assembly, he said, "Reverend fathers, many excellent men have, in all ages, suffered most unworthy treatment—have been oppressed by false witnesses, and condemned by perverse judges." He then referred, in turn, to the death of Socrates, the captivity of Plato, the flight of Anaxagoras, the tortures of Zeno, and the condemnation of very many of the Gentiles, whose unmerited deaths Boëtius has narrated. Next, passing to the Hebrews, he enumerated the misfortunes of Moses, the liberator of that people, the trials of Joseph, of Isaiah, of Daniel, and of almost all the prophets—the victims of unjust resentments, and condemned as seditious persons and the enemies of God. Arriving, lastly, at the holy men of the New Testament, he showed John the Baptist, and the Saviour himself, condemned on false testimony—after them, Stephen, put to death by a college of priests—and the apostles, persecuted and punished, as the excitors of disturbance, the enemies of the gods, and the workers of iniquity. "It is," said he, "an odious thing to have a priest condemned by a priest; but the crowning point of iniquity is, when he is so by a council of priests—and yet that has been seen, that has been done."

As the whole case rested on the declarations of witnesses, Jerome gave excellent reasons why their depositions were to be considered as unworthy of confidence—their expressions have been suggested, and coloured by hatred, and not by truth. He exposed the motives of his enemies with such force, that he was on the point of persuading the assembly. In fact,

men's minds were evidently affected and inclined towards pity. Jerome added, that he had come, of his own free movement, to the council, to justify himself. He recalled to the minds of his hearers his long course of study, and his whole life consecrated to his duties and the practice of well-doing. "In the ancient Church," said he, "the most learned and most holy doctors were divided in opinion touching doctrine; and these differences did not tend to the ruin of the faith, but to its advancement. In this way, St. Augustine and St. Jerome were divided, and even opposed to each other; and yet no suspicion of heresy was ever entertained with respect to them."

Every one thought that he would clear himself of the accusation, either by a retraction or by humbly asking pardon; but nothing of the kind took place—he refused to acknowledge himself to be guilty of any error; and maintained that it was not for him to retract the accusations of his enemies. He spoke in the very highest terms of John Huss. "I knew him from his childhood," said he; "and there was never anything wrong in him. He was a most excellent man, just and holy;—he was condemned, notwithstanding his innocence;—he has ascended to heaven, like Elias, in the midst of flames; and from thence he will summon his judges to the formidable tribunal of Christ. I, also I, am ready to die; I will not recoil before the torments that are prepared for me by my enemies and false witnesses, who will one day have to render an account of their impostures before the great God, whom nothing can deceive."

The greatest agitation reigned amongst the persons present, when they heard him speak thus, many being most anxious to save the life of a man of such great merit; but he did not appear to feel any care about his life; or, rather, seemed to aspire after death. "Of all the sins," added he, "that I have committed since my youth, none weigh so heavily on my mind, and causes me such poignant remorse, as that which I committed in this fatal place, when I approved of the iniquitous sentence rendered against Wickliffe, and against the holy martyr, John Huss, my master and my friend! Yes! I confess it from my heart; and declare, with horror, that I disgracefully quailed, when, through a dread of death, I condemned their doctrines. I therefore supplicate and conjure Almighty God to deign to pardon me my sins—and this one, in particular, the most heinous of all—according to the promise which he has made us, 'I will not have the death of a sinner, but rather that he may turn from his wickedness, and live!' You condemned Wickliffe and John Huss, not for having shaken the doctrine of the Church, but simply because they branded with reprobation the scandals proceeding from the clergy—their pomp, their pride, and all the vices of the prelates and priests. The things

which they have affirmed, and which are irrefutable, I also think and declare, like them."

At these words, the assembly shook with anger. "He condemns himself!" was exclaimed from all sides. "What need is there of further proof! We behold with our own eyes the most obstinate of heretics!"

"What!" resumed Jerome. "Do you suppose that I fear to die? You have held me for a whole year in a frightful dungeon, more horrible than death itself. You have treated me more cruelly than a Turk, Jew, or Pagan, and my flesh has literally rotted off my bones alive; and yet I make no complaint, for lamentation ill becomes a man of heart and spirit; but I cannot but express my astonishment at such great barbarity towards a Christian."

A fresh burst of clamour then arose against him, and he remained without speaking until silence was again restored. He then resumed, in so firm and lofty a tone, that one might have supposed that he had nothing to apprehend for himself. "His voice," remarks the illustrious Poggio, "was touching, clear, and sonorous; his gesture full of dignity and persuasiveness, whether he expressed indignation or moved his hearers to pity, which, however, he appeared neither to ask for nor to desire. He stood there, in the midst of all, the features pale, but the heart intrepid, despising death, and advancing to meet it. Interrupted frequently, attacked and tormented by many, he replied fully to all, and took vengeance on them, forcing some to blush, and others to be silent, and towering above all their clamours. Sometimes, too, he earnestly besought, and at others forcibly claimed, to be permitted to speak freely—calling on the assembly to listen to him whose voice would soon be hushed for ever."

When he had at last concluded his address, he was carried back to his dungeon, where he was more strictly fettered than before. His hands, his arms, and his feet, were loaded with irons; and they who had heard him speak, remarked to each other, "He has pronounced his own sentence!"

* * * * *

A death voluntarily suffered for a just and holy cause, is the more worthy of admiration, as it had been previously shunned and dreaded. It is this circumstance which throws so great an interest round Jerome's last moments—an interest superior, perhaps, even to that which belongs to the death of John Huss.

The latter, endowed with an almost superhuman constancy, evinced, in the midst of his sufferings and his agony, rather a vague hope of life than an apprehension of death, and the most dreadful anguish did not draw from him the slightest mark of weakness. Jerome, on the contrary, always completely given up to the emotion of the moment, after having braved destruction from a movement more generous

than prudent, had then shrunk from the idea of confronting it.

Another cause helps to show why he manifested less constancy in his intrepidity than his master. John Huss had near him, in his difficulties, his most faithful disciples; and he himself in his letters acknowledged, with the liveliest gratitude, how greatly he was indebted to their devotedness. Jerome was alone, in the midst of his mortal enemies, without any support against them, but what he found in his own mind. How, then, was it possible for him not to give way—he who already had twice appeared to shrink back in the face of death—he who was less steeled than John Huss against its terrors? But also how truly great did he stand forth when he rose from his fall—when he triumphed over his terror, and rushed forward to martyrdom! By his final display of courage, he made up for all his weakness.

Struck by his eloquence, and astonished by his great abilities, the cardinals and bishops came in crowds to visit him in his confinement, conjuring him to save his life by subscribing to the sentence passed on John Huss, and by abjuring his doctrine. "I will abjure," said he, "if you demonstrate to me by the Holy Scriptures that it is false."

"Can you be to such an extent your own enemy?" inquired the bishops.

"What?" replied he; "do you suppose that life is so precious to me, that I fear to give it for the truth, or for Him who gave his for mine? Are you not cardinals? are you not bishops? and can you be ignorant what Christ has said: 'He that does not give up all for my sake, is not worthy of me.' . . . Behind me, tempters!"

The Cardinal of Florence presented himself last. He sent for Jerome, and said to him: "Jerome, you are a learned man, whom God has loaded with his choicest gifts—do not employ them to your own ruin, but for the advantage of the Church. The council has compassion on you, and, on account of your rare talents, would regret to behold you marching to execution. You may pretend to high honours, and be a powerful succour to the Church of Jesus Christ, if you consent to be converted, like St. Peter and St. Paul. The Church is not to such a point cruel, as to refuse a pardon, if you become worthy of it; and I promise you every kind of favour, when it shall be found that neither obstinacy nor falsehood remains in you. Reflect, whilst it is yet time: spare your own life, and open your heart to me."

Jerome replied: "The only favour that I demand—and which I have always demanded—is to be convinced by the Holy Scriptures. This body, which has suffered such frightful torments in my chains, will also know how to support death, by fire, for Jesus Christ."

"Jerome," asked the cardinal, "do you

suppose yourself to be wiser than all the council?"

"I am anxious to be instructed," rejoined Jerome; "and he who desires to be instructed, cannot be infatuated with ideas of his own wisdom."

"And in what manner do you desire to be instructed?"

"By the Holy Writings, which are our illuminating torch."

"What! is everything to be judged of by the Holy Writings? Who can perfectly comprehend them? And must not the fathers be at last appealed to, to interpret them?"

"What do I hear?" cried Jerome. "Shall the Word of God be declared fallacious? And shall it not be listened to? Are the traditions of men more worthy of faith than the Holy Gospel of our Saviour? Paul did not exhort the priests to listen to old men and traditions, but said,—'The Holy Scriptures will instruct you.' O Sacred Writings, inspired by the Holy Ghost, already men esteem you less than what they themselves forge every day! I have lived long enough. Great God! receive my life; thou who canst restore it to me!"

"Heretic!" said the cardinal, regarding him with anger. "I repent having so long pleaded with you. I see that you are urged on by the devil."

Jerome was once more taken back to his dungeon, where he remained until May 30, on which day the council held its twenty-first general session.

The report spread that day that Jerome was going to be condemned, and immediately the whole city was on the alert. The emperor was still absent, but the Elector Palatine replaced him, as protector of the council; and by his orders, the troops were called out, and placed under arms. The Bishop of Riga then had Jerome conducted into the cathedral, where he formally called on him to retract what he had lately said in public.

Jerome exclaimed: "Almighty God! and you who hear me, be witnesses. I swear that I believe all the articles of the Catholic faith, as the Church believes and observes them; but I refuse to subscribe to the condemnation of those just and holy men, whom you have unjustly condemned, because they have denounced the scandals of your life;—and it is for that that I am about to perish."

Jerome then repeated aloud the Nicene Creed and the Confession of Athanasius, and spoke for a considerable time with as much ability as eloquence.

All were lost in admiration at his knowledge and his admirable language. Several drew near to him, and presented him with a new form of retractation, exhorting him to allow himself to be prevailed upon; but he refused to listen to any exhortation on that point.

Then the Bishop of Lodi ascended the pulpit,

and chose for his text this verse: "Afterwards he appeared unto the eleven as they sat at meat, and upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart."

When the frightful severity of Jerome's captivity is borne in mind, it is difficult not to perceive in the discourse of the bishop a long and cruel irony. However, the preacher certainly meant it seriously; and to understand it, it must be remembered, that, in all religions, persecuting priests have always professed to be actuated by motives of compassion towards those whom they have overwhelmed with the greatest evils, and to pardon them torments which they did not inflict.

"Reverend Fathers," said the bishop, "and you, believing Catholic and orthodox noblemen, as it often happens that a slight correction is powerless, and that a severe chastisement produces more effect, it is necessary that they, with whom mildness can do nothing, should be treated rigorously. Isidore has declared, that with minds which cannot be cured by a gentle treatment, violent and painful means must be employed. . . . When the iron does not assume the desired shape with facility, it is submitted to the action of a hotter fire, and a more weighty hammer. It is on this account, Jerome, that, having beheld your prolonged obstinacy, and having heard your last most perverse reply, I can say of you what Isaiah declares, 'I know that thou art obstinate, and thy neck is an iron sinew, and thy brow brass.' But wait for what is to follow: 'The hardened heart shall be visited with afflictions at the end, and he who loves danger shall perish in it.'

"Be assured, nevertheless, that although my voice externally appears formidable and terrible for you, yet, in the bottom of my soul, there lies a fund of tenderness made up of kindness and charity. Do not, therefore, suppose that I wish to increase affliction in the heart of the wretched, nor to stir up fire with a sword; but, in order that you may the better understand with what charity you have been chastened—with what love—what long and pious mildness, you have been reprehended and exhorted, I have chosen for my text these words: '*He upbraided them with their unbelief and hardness of heart.*'"

The bishop then expatiated at great length on all the evils that result from a haughty presumption, which misleads the wisest; and in which it was easy, he remarked, to see the source of Jerome's errors, and the cause of his ruin.

"Jerome," continued he, "I have resolved to strike you on both cheeks; but with that charity, however, which cures, whilst it wounds. Wherefore, turn not on me a hardened visage, but rather remember the precept of the gospel, 'If any one strike thee on the one cheek, present to him the other.' I will, therefore, smite

you, Jerome; and may it be the will of God that I may thus be able to effect your cure.

"I shall commence by flinging your own filth into your face, in order that you may know how culpable you are." The bishop here gave way to the most violent invectives against John Huss and against Jerome. "What temerity!" pursued he, "what insolent presumption in these men of obscure extraction, of low birth—in these vile plebeians, to dare stir up the noble kingdom of Bohemia, to raise the barons and princes, to sap the ancient foundations of the state, to divide the population, to provoke dissensions amongst the citizens, to commit, or at least occasion, homicides, and profane the altars! Happy kingdom of Bohemia, had these men not been born there! How many evils has not the pride of these two peasants been the cause of!" The bishop had not the slightest difficulty in attributing to them all the disorders and excesses of which Bohemia had been the theatre from the period of their imprisonment, and in making Jerome responsible for them. He then added, "Jerome, I have struck you on one cheek; now, stretch forth the other, and learn to appreciate the mildness of your judges. It is well known with what severity men suspected of heresy ought to be treated. They are kept in a rigorous imprisonment, and witnesses of all kinds—even robbers, abandoned women, and infamous characters—are received against them. Should that not prove sufficient to convince them, they are subjected to the torture, and interrogated in the midst of their sufferings—they are held altogether apart, and all public audience is refused them. If they repent, they must be mercifully pardoned; but if they persist in their error, they are condemned, and delivered over to the secular arm. But with you—who are more guilty than Arius, Sabellius, and Nestorius;—with you, who have infected all Europe with the poison of heresy, grand indulgence has been practised. You have been detained in prison only from necessity; honourable witnesses alone have been listened to against you, and the torture has not been employed, which was a great fault. Would to God that you had been tortured! You would have denied your errors in your torments; and suffering would have opened your eyes, which your crime held closed. No hindrance has been made to any one that desired to console and exhort you, to visit you at all seasons;—several public audiences have been granted you, and they have turned to your ruin, from redoubling your audacity. You have shut the mouths of those who desired to save you, and who, in order to defend you, represented you as mad. One must be mad one's self to declare a man who could speak so well out of his senses; but it was necessary that your defenders should thus be reduced to silence, and convinced by your own words. We have all here felt the

utmost compassion for your fate; but you have fought against yourself—you have been your own greatest enemy. You have not blushed to praise John Huss, after having condemned and anathematized him! With what countenance have you dared exalt a malcontent, a heretic, an abettor of homicides? You have often said that John Huss was neither a man given to intemperance, nor a fornicator; but of what use is it not to get intoxicated with wine, when one is intoxicated with pride, anger, and hatred;—of what advantage is it not to commit fornication or adultery? What is the most important is not to fall into heresy; and the greatest adultery is to sin against the Catholic faith! Why did you not observe silence? What stronger testimony can there be amongst you than what you have given in declaring yourself, by your lying revocation, perjured, heretical, and relapsed into error? Wherefore, the sacred council, to which belongs judgment over the whole world, will judge you *according to your deserts.*"

After this harangue, Jerome, in order to be better heard by all, mounted on a bench, from which he addressed the assembly. He energetically repelled all the accusations of the prelate, relative to the disturbances in Bohemia. He repeated that he should die Catholic, as he had lived; but he expressed his abhorrence of the assent given by him to the sentence of John Huss, and again cursed it. "I only gave it," said he, "from a dread of being burned—from the fear of that dreadful punishment. I revoke that culpable avowal; and I declare it anew, that I lied like a wretch, in abjuring the doctrines of Wickliffe and of John Huss, and in approving of the death of so holy and just a man. As to you, you cannot cite a single point on which my doctrine has been either erroneous or heretical. You wish to see me die, because I honour upright men who have stigmatized the pride and avarice of the priests. Yet is that a sufficient cause to warrant my death? Why, before you found in me any evil whatever, you had resolved that I should die! Courage, therefore, and proceed! But believe me, that, in dying, I will leave you a sting in your hearts, and a gnawing worm in your consciences. I appeal to the sacred tribunal of Jesus Christ, and within a hundred years you shall answer there for your conduct to me."

The Patriarch of Constantinople then read Jerome's sentence, founded wholly on his retractation, and on the approbation which he had publicly given to the doctrine of Wickliffe and John Huss, with the exception of the opinion of the former on the sacrament at the altar. "He has returned like a dog to his vomit," said the sentence, "and, therefore, the sacred council orders that he shall be torn from the vine, like a barren and rotten branch." It declared him heretical, backsliding, and excommunicated; it condemned him as such, and

cursed him; and, finally, it abandoned him to the secular judge, in order to receive the just punishment due to so great a crime. However, although this punishment was capital, the council expressed its trust that it was not too great.

Then, if some historians are to be believed, the emperor's chancellor, Gaspard Schlick, advanced into the middle of the assembly, and protested, in his master's name, against the condemnation of Jerome, threatening the persons engaged in it with all the anger of Sigismund. This tardy interposition was not attended to, and the chancellor retired without having obtained any thing.

Jerome was at once handed over to the secular power. A high crown of paper, on which were painted demons in flames, was brought in. Jerome, on seeing it, threw his hat on the ground in the midst of the prelates, and taking it in his hand, placed it on his head himself, repeating the words which John Huss had pronounced—"Jesus Christ, who died for me a sinner, wore a crown of thorns. I will willingly wear this for him." The soldiers then seized on his person, and led him away to death.

During the passage from the cathedral to the place of execution, he repeated with a firm voice the Apostle's Creed, his eyes upraised to heaven, and his face radiant. He next chanted the Litanies, after that a hymn in honour of the Virgin; and when he arrived at the place where John Huss had suffered, he fell on his knees near the image of his master, carved on the stake to which he was himself about to be bound, and there he prayed to God.

The executioners raised him up whilst still praying, and having bound him to the stake with cords and chains, they heaped up around him pieces of wood and a quantity of straw. Jerome sang the hymn, *Salve, festa dies toto venerabilis, ævo, &c.*—He then repeated the creed, and, addressing the people, he exclaimed, "This creed which I have just sung is my real profession of faith; I die, therefore, only for not having consented to acknowledge that John Huss was justly condemned. I declare that I have always beheld in him a true preacher of the gospel."

Seeing a poor husbandman bringing a fagot, he smiled, and said, "O holy simplicity! a thousand times more guilty is he who abuses thee!"

When the wood was raised on a level with his head, his vestments were thrown on the pile, and, as the executioner was setting fire to the mass behind, in order not to be seen, "Come forward boldly," said Jerome; "apply the fire before my face. Had I been afraid, I should not be here." When the pile had taken fire, he said with a loud voice, "Lord, into thy hands do I commit my spirit!" Feeling already the burning heat of the flames, he was heard to cry out in the Bohemian language, "Lord,

Almighty Father, have pity on me, and pardon me my sins; for thou knowest that I have always loved thy truth!"

His voice was speedily lost; but, by the rapid movement of his lips, it was easy to see that he continued to pray.

At last, when he had ceased to exist, all that had belonged to him, his bed, cap, shoes, &c., were brought from the prison and thrown into the flames, where they were reduced to ashes with himself. These ashes were then collected and thrown into the Rhine, as had been done in the case of John Huss. It was hoped by this means to remove from the followers of these two great martyrs every article that might, by possibility, become in their hands an object of veneration; even to the last particle of their bodies and clothes, everything was made away with; but the very ground where their stake was placed was hollowed out, and the earth on which they had suffered was carried to Bohemia, and guarded with religious care, as of another Holy Land.

The sanguinary annals of the human race do not, perhaps, present any spectacle more odious than the funeral pile of Jerome. We have studiously abstained from all reflections in the course of this lamentable recital. The most eloquent commentary would say less than the simple facts, which are summed up in the following brief account of the matter:—An assembly of priests casts a man into the flames for having refused to subscribe to the condemnation of his master and friend.

NOTES ON PREACHING.

It is bad enough to talk nonsense: but what is it to preach nonsense?

A good sermon enlightens the hearers, quickens them, humbles them, elevates them, impels them.

I can preach as one who speculatively understands the Gospel: but can I preach it as one who knows it experimentally? Have I tasted that the Lord is gracious?

We may be too elaborate in our sermons; but we ought not to be slovenly in God's work. The temple was not built of gems: it was built of stones—but they were hewed stones.

In vain do we move the heart, unless we inform the mind; and in vain do we inform the mind, unless we move the heart.

Careless, cold, flat, dry, unfeeling preaching: oppose to this that which is thoughtful, warm, animated, interesting, and tender.

I must show my learning, display my eloquence, please, give no offence, captivate—Stop:—you must be plain and faithful; strive to win souls to Christ, and to build them up in Him. All besides is tremendous trifling, and solemn mockery.

Bring the lofty low: raise the low higher. Descend from the mountains of pride. Rise up and stand upon the Rock of salvation. Our sermons are

of no real worth but as this is their spirit, design, and tendency.

General truths and statements are easily advanced: but the distinct delineation of particular truths is a very different thing.

It is easy to deal with man in the lump: but to describe particular characters with exact discrimination—this is the arduous task.

You preach to me about my depravity, meanness, and misery: I see and feel them every hour. Tell me of mercy and love; of holiness, happiness, and sublimity: then I shall mourn and rejoice, aspire and act.

Preaching is a most important ordinance: it holds a place in the system of means. Some undervalue prayers; others undervalue preaching: which are most blamable?

Think much and write much; but be able to preach extemporaneously, with ease and comfort, at proper times and in proper places.

The abstract and concrete; the real and the imaginative; the past, the present, and the future; the near and the distant; the seen and the unseen; the objective and subjective:—what fields are open to the preacher! How difficult to speak wisely of all these!

The exact geographer—he speaks of mountains and forests; of plains and valleys; of deserts and marshes; of oceans, lakes, and rivers; of cataracts and fountains. The preacher is a moral geographer: and if he be well acquainted with the spiritual world, he sees the analogy between it and the physical world. With such a vast and diversified region before him, how can he be monotonous?*

KIND WORDS.

KIND words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. And we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter.

Though they do not *cost* much, yet they *accomplish* much.

1. They help one's own good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze the more fiercely.

2. Kind words make other people good natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and sarcastic words irritate them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful.

There is such a rush of all other kinds of words, in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and warlike words.

Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They soothe, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings.

* From "Aphoristical Instruction," by the Rev. Joseph Jones, M.A.

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

(Continued from Page 279.)

3. THE answer to this question must rest on two principles or positions, which are fully brought out in the Word of God. The first of these is, that no pardon can be extended by God to any sinners but in connection with repentance. There must be in the sinner a heartfelt conviction of his sin, and a sincere turning from it unto God, if not as the condition, yet as the inseparable accompaniment of pardon. For otherwise, in bestowing pardon, God would justly be regarded as the patron and indulger of sin. So that, to be impenitent, is to be in a state in which sin cannot be forgiven. The other position or principle is, that the repentance essentially connected with forgiveness is the fruit of the Spirit's grace, and can only be exercised by those who, through the blessed agency of the Spirit, have been quickened to newness of life.

Now, as this Spirit, in his operations on the souls of men, must always act in conformity with the laws of their moral nature—as he does not violently set at naught their understandings and their wills, but acts with and through these, it is clear that there must always be a certain moral foundation in individuals as a necessary ground for the Spirit's working, and that if this foundation has been destroyed, the door is in a manner shut, there is no longer any room for the development of his work of regeneration in the heart. Though, in one sense, nothing is impossible to him, and he could from the very stones raise up children unto Abraham; yet, in another sense—that is, viewed in respect to the laws of God's moral government—there are things impossible to him; there is a state and degree of depravity which, if men reach, they place themselves beyond the sphere of the Spirit's working—repentance is impracticable, forgiveness unattainable. Hence we read in Scripture of "God's Spirit not always striving with men;" there is a point at which he absolutely ceases to work, "repentance is hid from his eyes." Hence, also, such testimonies as the following: "So I gave them up unto their own hearts' lusts;" "but they rebelled and vexed his Holy Spirit, therefore he was turned to be their enemy, and fought against them"—"Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone"—"If thou

hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace; but now they are hid from thine eyes"—"God gave them over to a reprobate mind"—"And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie."

These and many similar testimonies in Scripture manifestly proceed on the supposition, that there is a depth of degeneracy and pollution at which the Spirit finally withdraws from the souls of men, beyond which God will not, because he cannot, in accordance with his righteous government, work in them unto repentance and forgiveness. And the only additional information contained in the passage before us, is the specific statement, that persons have reached that state of hopeless depravity, when they are capable of blaspheming, in the manner alluded to, the Holy Spirit of God. How could it be otherwise? They have lost in spiritual things the eternal distinctions between good and evil, and hold accursed the only power that can quicken them to life. The man who has caught the contagion of a raging pestilence, may greatly aggravate the dangers of his condition by the manner in which he exposes himself to noxious influences, or conducts himself toward those who seek his recovery; but if he obstinately shuns what is the only effectual remedy for his case, even while it is manifestly seen working to the cure of others around him, and decries it as not only ineffective, but absolutely poisonous, then obviously his case may be pronounced desperate—he is in a state of fatal mental derangement. So the blasphemers of the Spirit, who have a work before their eyes manifesting the operation of a power not less beneficent than mighty, and who yet can ascribe it to the spirit of all wickedness and malice—these are not less plainly in a state of utter moral derangement; they have come to regard as the emissary of hell the only source of life and blessing; and have proceeded to such a height of hardened impiety, that as the grace of repentance cannot be conferred, so the blessing of forgiveness cannot be received.

But might they not, after the Spirit was more fully given to the Church and wrought so wonderfully in the conversion of souls, might they

not then have come to see their error, and to regard the Spirit, which was manifested in connection with Christ as, after all, of God? Have there not been instances of persons, who at one period of their lives regarded that as a piece of priestcraft, or even a work of the devil, which at another they rejoiced to believe was a fruit of the Spirit of God? Unquestionably there have; but not in a sense that applies to the case of the unhappy individuals before us. Men may judge amiss of a good work by viewing it partially, in respect only to some of its accompaniments, or in ignorance of the good it really contains, and afterwards may come, on a more careful consideration and a fuller insight into the truth of things, to entertain a different and sounder opinion. But to see the good, as in the case now under consideration, and without questioning its reality, still to ascribe it to hellish agency, indicates a moral perversity which may justly be regarded as incurable. The more so in this case, as the work done was wrought upon the visible territory of corporeal things, where the discernment of a child may suffice; and he who sees, in a marvellous and blessed cure wrought on such a territory, the hand, not of a good, but of an evil spirit, will assuredly have no eyes to discern aright when the same hand is put forth to work a spiritual change in the hidden region of the heart. Many of the Jews, it is true, who now rejected Christ, afterwards owned and received him; but we have no reason to think that any of the Pharisees, who were guilty of the blasphemy here uttered, and which seems to have been confined to a limited number, ever became obedient to the faith. The case of Paul—the most astonishing instance of conversion on record after Christ's ascension, and itself a miracle of grace—is expressly distinguished from the case of such, by his being said to have done what he did amiss in ignorance, not knowing or believing the good that was reported of the cause of Christ; whereas *they* could not but know, and indeed plainly admitted the good wrought, and yet hated and blasphemed the blessed Power that wrought it. What clearer proof could be given of a reprobate condition? “Even their mind and conscience was defiled.”

4. In turning now, for a moment, to think of the application of the solemn truth before us to present times, it is obvious, that the act of sin here pronounced unpardonable can no longer appear in the precise form mentioned in the evangelist. There is no casting out of devils now, such as was then taking place, and there can be no confounding in that respect of the

Holy Ghost and Satan. But the same thing substantially, it is quite conceivable, may exist, only under a somewhat different form. Let us take care, however, that while we suppose a change of *form*, we do not also change the *kind* of sin, and substitute for it something essentially different. This, we venture to affirm, is done in the view most commonly taken of the matter, according to which it is regarded as a continued striving against and resisting of the Holy Spirit, notwithstanding all the signs and manifestations given of his divine working, until he finally abandons the soul to impenitence. This ultimately comes, indeed, as we shall presently state more particularly, to the same end and issue, but it is still not the sin itself of which our Lord directly speaks, and which he declares unpardonable. What he invests with this awful character is not the resisting or grieving the Spirit by a course of action, but of blaspheming, or speaking a word against him; not, of course, in a mere random or thoughtless way, but as giving utterance to the deliberate convictions of the mind, and in a manner similar to what was done by the Pharisees on the original occasion, viz., ascribing an undoubted fruit of the Spirit's grace, a work of God's kingdom, devil-opposing, beneficent and good, to the agency of the powers of darkness. In so far as this may really be done, the awful line may certainly be regarded as passed which separates those who still live within the region of converting grace, and who may therefore attain to pardon, from those who are no longer in such a state.

Men may go to the utmost lengths in speculative infidelity, denying the testimony of Scripture concerning Christ and the Spirit to be of God; or, they may proceed to the very brink of hell in practically rebelling against the convictions of the Spirit, and committing the works of the devil, and still they may not have been guilty of what is characterized as unpardonable, they may still be awakened to repentance, and brought to experience the blessings of forgiveness. But should their conscience become, through the hardening influence of sin, so far debauched and seared, that when they see a divine and blessed result of the Spirit's operation—such as the recovery of a poor infatuated sinner from profligacy and crime to the love and service of God, or the maintaining of a life of chastity and temperance, or the performance of works strikingly characterized by a spirit of active and Christian philanthropy—if on seeing such things, they should yet curse and blaspheme them as things proceeding from devilish inter-

ference, or as in themselves evil, then they would plainly have fallen under the condemnation of those who have sinned beyond forgiveness.

This is, no doubt, a degree of wickedness and impiety which will very rarely appear among persons who possess any measure even of moral enlightenment, at least appear in such a distinct and tangible form, that we could at once point to a particular offence, and affirm with certainty that it indicates the line of separation to have been crossed. But this naturally and necessarily arises both from the gracious and benignant character of the gospel, which holds out such large encouragement to sinners, and also from the kind of sin under consideration being, not so properly a thing standing by itself, as the last result of a long continued and intense depravity—a sin which can only rise into a distinct and settled shape when the conscience has been already seared as with a hot iron. Hence, tender and awakened consciences may safely discharge themselves from all fear as to their indulging the guilt of such a sin. Their very concern about sin and forgiveness is undoubted evidence of their having no ground for such a fear; for where a spirit of contrition and anxiety for salvation is, there, the whole gospel testifies, is an open door of mercy and peace. It is possible for men to have sinned too much to be ever seriously awakened to a sense of sin; but it is not possible for truly awakened sinners to find themselves pressed with a load of guilt which is beyond the atoning value of the blood of Christ, and excludes them from the offers of his pardoning grace.

But, finally, the kind of uncertainty which must still hang around this awful subject, as to the precise boundaries connected with it in a practical point of view, coupled with the gradual manner in which the last dreadful stage is reached, loudly warns all to beware of approaching, however remotely, such a hopeless condition. It was by a course of persevering opposition to the counsel of Heaven, rejecting the light previously communicated, and quenching convictions already and frequently awakened, that the Pharisees mentioned in the text arrived at such a consummation of wickedness and attendant condemnation; so that their case should operate as a warning, not merely in regard to the closing act of the mournful drama, but also in regard to every step in the preceding course, that tends in the same direction. Besides, it is well to be remembered, that though to the last this particular act of sin may never

be committed, yet a state of sin may often be reached which is practically as far from salvation. The Spirit will not awaken to repentance, or bring to forgiveness, those who are so far gone in depravity as to have lost the essential distinctions between his blessed working and that of the prince of darkness; but neither will he operate for such a purpose on those who continue to hold out against his gracious strivings, and endeavour to overthrow what he is labouring to build. Here, also, there is a point, though wrapt in obscurity to human eye, at which forgiveness becomes unattainable, because the well-spring of repentance has ceased to flow—a state of final impenitence has been entered on—the sleep has begun that is unto death. And we certainly do not profit aright by our Lord's warning about blasphemously speaking against the Holy Ghost, unless we are thereby quickened to abstain with the utmost jealousy and care from wrongfully acting toward him, so as to provoke him to withdraw, and possibly altogether withhold his saving influences.

"KIRWAN'S LETTERS TO A ROMISH BISHOP."

(Concluded from page 375.)

IN my last letter, I submitted to your decision the question, whether or not the Roman Catholic is a Church of Christ, after briefly stating to you how some things bearing on its truthful decision strike me. I design the present letter to have no very remote bearing upon the same question; and would ask you to give it the degree of consideration to which, in candour, you may deem its statements entitled.

In reading the prophecies of the Old Testament, I find that they all speak with the most glowing anticipations of the yet future kingdom of Messiah. That kingdom was to produce the civil, moral, and spiritual renovation of the world. When I turn over to the New Testament, I find that on the birth of Messiah, the angel of the Lord stated to the shepherds that he came to bring them tidings of great joy, which should be to all people. And having announced the birth of the Saviour in the city of David, he was suddenly joined by a multitude of angels, singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." The Old Testament and the New—patriarchs, prophets, and apostles—all unite in teaching us that the effect of Christianity upon our world would be to restore it to its primeval state, and to re-stamp upon the heart of man the lost image of his Creator. Now, how far has Popery fulfilled these predictions, and the reasonable expectations of the faithful, founded on them? In other words, what are the fruits of Popery? Our Saviour tells us that a good tree yields good fruit—a bad tree, bad fruit. And with this test in view, my object, in the present letter, is to state to you how some things strike me.

What has been the effect of Popery upon *human liberty*? Permit me to use the word "liberty" in its widest sense. As to civil liberty, it has been its unchanging enemy. It has never permitted a spark of liberty to glow for an hour, when it could extinguish it. There is not in Europe, at the present hour—perhaps not on earth—a greater civil despot than the pope. The man that in Italy writes a page, or makes a speech in favour of liberty, must fly the kingdom, or be dragged to a dungeon. And we are to judge of Popery, not by its pliability where it cannot rule, but by the way which it shows its heart, where it can do so without let or hindrance. Kings as well as people have groaned under its tyranny. Henry IV., of Germany, was made by the pope to stand three days in the open air, with bare head and feet. Frederick I. was made to hold his stirrup. He caused Henry II., of England, to be scourged on the tomb of Thomas a Becket. And the present state of Spain, Austria, Italy, show the effects of Popery on civil liberty.

It is equally the foe of mental liberty. The Bible is without any authority, save what your Church gives it. And the Bible must teach nothing, save what your Church allows. And man must believe nothing save what the priest permits. And philosophy must teach nothing save what the Church sanctions. You know for this last offence Galileo was sent to study astronomy in prison. Pure Popery and real liberty never have breathed, and *never can*, the same atmosphere. The principle of your Church is to allow nothing that bows not to its yoke.

What has been the effect of Popery upon *human knowledge*? When Christianity, like a new sun, rose upon the world, there was much that might be called education in the Roman Empire. The obvious effect of Christianity was to extend it. After the lapse of some ages, Popery, by gradual stages, crept, serpent-like, to the high places of power. How soon afterwards the lights of learning go out; how soon the dark ages commence, and roll on as if they were never to end! And those centuries of darkness form the golden age of your Church. And what spirit did it manifest on the revival of learning in England after the sacking of Constantinople, and at the Reformation? Leo X. prohibited every book translated from the Greek and Hebrew. This blow was aimed at the Bible. He forbade the reading of every book published by the Reformers. He excommunicated all who read a heretical work. The inquisitors prohibited every book published by sixty-two different printers, and all books printed by any printer who had ever published a book of heresy! Nor has one of these prohibitions been ever recalled. At this hour, the noblest products of human genius are under the ban of your Church; and the Index Expurgatorius is in full operation at Rome!

And what has been the effect of all this upon human knowledge? Look into the countries, for an answer, where your Church rules undisturbed. The nobles and the people in Spain, Portugal, Austria, Sardinia, Sicily, are sunk into almost the same state of ignorance. Upon the intellectual degradation of Catholic Ireland I have already dwelt. The Book

of books which the Lamb died to unseal, your Church has revealed; it has laid an embargo upon human knowledge; it allows the people to read only what it permits; and it permits only what tends to rivet its chains, and to perpetuate the darkness which is its natural element. When the Reformation occurred, the retrograde movement of the world towards ignorance, and barbarism, and idolatry, had almost been completed. Had it not occurred, a radiance might continue to gild the high places of the earth after the gospel sun had set—a twilight might be protracted for a few ages, in which a few might grope their way to heaven; but each age would have come wrapped in a deeper and yet deeper gloom, until impenetrable darkness had fallen on the world. Even the degree of knowledge which has obtained in the Papal world, it owes to the Reformation.

And what has been the effect of Popery upon the *happiness of our race*? This is a question of wide bearing, yet I can do little more than glance at it. Has it ever laid out its energies for the promotion of human happiness? If so, when, and where? Has it not, on the other hand, set itself in opposition to every thing calculated to promote it? Your Church has always opposed it. Does the free circulation of the Word of God promote it? You have opposed this also. Does the inculcation of pure religion promote it? You have poisoned, or closed up all its fountains. Does advancing civilization promote it? Your efforts are untiring to reverse its wheels, and to roll us back to the darkness of the dark ages, whose very light was darkness. But what can I say more? for the time would fail me to tell of your monasteries and nunneries—of the wars which Popery has excited—of its crusades—of the bitter jealousies it has sown between states—of the oceans of blood it has shed, to obtain its objects—of the inquisitions it has erected, to torture the unbelieving—and of the way and manner in which it has caused those of whom the world was not worthy to have trial of cruel mockings and scourgings; yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment; how it caused them to be stoned, to be sawn asunder, to be slain with the sword; to wander about in deserts and in mountains, in dens and caves of the earth. O! sir, the pathway of Popery through the world is marked by the blood and bones of its victims. It has gone into the earth feeling that Joshua's commission on entering Canaan was in its pocket; and that all who questioned its authority were Hittites and Amorites. And almost without a figure of speech it can be said, that the nations which it found as the garden of the Lord, it converted into a howling wilderness. I know not that human happiness has ever had a more determined foe than Popery.

What is the influence of Popery as to the exercise of *Christian charity*? By charity I mean, not almsgiving, nor yet the love of God which the Spirit inspires in the soul, but that grace which induces love to those who differ from us, and to cast a mantle over their defects. The Bible teaches us to do good to all as we find opportunity—to love our enemies—to treat with kindness those who despitefully persecute us. How does your Church obey these institutions

of Christ the Lord? Let your inquisitions, your *auto de fes*, your Bartholomew's day, your Irish massacre, your yearly anathemas against heretics, your consigning to perdition all beyond the pale of your Church, answer. All non-Papists you place beyond the pale of mercy—you refuse their bodies Christian burial, if such *your* burial can be called—you convert into the bitterest enemies of the man that becomes a Bible Christian those of his own household—you make the poor Irish servant to feel that his master and her mistress are the enemies of God, however pious; whose reading of the Bible, and whose prayers to Heaven cannot be heard without committing great sin—you enact a ceremonial law, and proclaim that all who submit not to it are speckled with plague spots. And, hence, your priests, wherever located in Protestant communities, instead of going about as men, to promote the general welfare, move about as spectres, as if afraid of the light of the day; here abstracting a child from a Sabbath school—there burning a Bible; here poisoning the mind of a servant against his master, and there that of a maid against her mistress; and seeking to place all save his own unlettered followers, like the lepers of Samaria, without the city of God. Does this look like the spirit of Christ?

What is the influence of Popery on *true religion*? To this point I have already spoken. I have told you, sir, how it has corrupted our rule of faith, and the sacraments, and the doctrines of the Bible. This is but the *theory* of the matter; oh, how can I speak of its practical effects? The religion of Christ it has converted into a system of idolatry, in which God and witches, the Bible and traditions, canons, decretals, the worship of God and of saints, the mediation of Christ and of Mary, prayer and scourging, pious deeds, penances and processions, are all of like authority and like efficacy!

The mind of the poor Papist it fills, not with light and love, but with darkness and fear. It closes to him the way to heaven through the blood of Christ, and opens it through the fires of purgatory. Leaving him in doubt as to where he will succeed best, he now prays for pardon to God—now to the Virgin—now to Peter and Paul—now before some old picture almost obliterated by age—believing alike the truths of Scripture and the absurdities of your system, and knowing little of either.

It impresses the poor Papist with the idea, that religion consists not in love to God and man, but in external submission to rites and forms. Hence, the Spaniard will go to confession with his dagger under his mantle; and the poor, generous Irishman, will go from the mass and missal to the pot-house; and your inquisitors have gone out from your eucharist to kindle the fires which consumed *your* heretics and *our* martyrs, and which illuminated their pathway to glory!

But I must stop, lest my emotions swell beyond due bounds.

These, reverend sir, are some, and but some, of the fruits of your system. How do they appear to you when thus brought together? Is the tree which bears these fruits good or bad? Has Popery, in any

one particular, in any one country, or in any age, ever produced the results which prophets and apostles have told us the religion of Messiah would produce? If not, are not Popery and Christianity, not only different, but antagonist systems?

The letters which I have had the honour of addressing to you, I must now bring to a close. I have stated to you, with all frankness and sincerity, my reasons for leaving the Church in which I was born, baptized, and confirmed; and which, on the most mature deliberation, yet prevent me from returning to it. I can assure you, on the word of an Irishman, and which is far more, on the word of a Christian, that I have no end in view but the exposure of error and the development of the truth. Thirty years have almost run their course since I left your Church; and although not utterly unknown to the men of our age, nor unsolicited, these letters form my first appearance on Popery. Unless some unexpected ripple is excited on the current of my feelings, they will, probably, form my last.

Now, dear sir, what think you of these reasons? Are they, or are they not, sufficient to excuse, to forbid my return to your Church? Had I an ear sufficiently acute to hear the decision of your conscience, I believe in my soul that it pronounces them sufficient. Yes, I believe, that were it not for your sad doctrine of infallibility, which stereotypes and perpetuates every absurdity, you, and multitudes like you, men of sense and education, would rise and cast a firebrand amid the rubbish which ignorance and wickedness have, in the progress of ages, collected around your Church, and bend its smoke heavenward like the smoke of a furnace. But, sir, I am not ignorant of the slow progress of truth against bigotry—of the great difficulty of exchanging bad opinions and customs, hallowed by usage, for better ones. Nor have I read history so inattentively as not to learn from it the great difficulty of converting high ecclesiastics to the knowledge of the truth. The mitre has shielded many a head from the weapons of sense and logic; and under the surplice many a conscience has gone to rest that, without it, would have contended to the death for the faith once delivered to the saints. I must not forget that it was the high priest who occupied Moses' seat that put our Lord to death; nor can I forget that those claiming to be the successors of Peter, and the viceregents of Christ, have been the greatest persecutors of the saints. They have shed Christian blood enough for popes and cardinals to swim in. Would to God you could see things as I see them; your influence would be strong in freeing our fellow-countrymen from that bondage of the soul which most degrades them. But despairing of this, I turn from you to the victims of your system.

ROMAN CATHOLICS, and especially IRISH Roman Catholics, to you I now turn. From your bishop, whom, with you, I respect as a man, though I oppose his religious principles, I appeal to you. With you is the power to bring to a perpetual end that system of ghostly tyranny the most oppressive that man has ever felt. Subjects and sceptres depart together;

the farce of the mass will soon end when there are none to witness it; and popes, bishops, and priests will soon seek an honest calling when there are none to be sufficed by their jugglery—when “the alms and the suffrages of the faithful” cease to flow.

Will you give an honest perusal to these letters; and candidly weigh the reasons and the arguments which they contain? That I was born in Ireland is my pride. My sympathies are all with Ireland in its civil, social, and moral degradation. The blood of my kindred, shed to defend it against English oppression, mingles with its soil. Your present feelings as to your Church I have had, and in all their force. I can entirely appreciate them. I have cordially hated Protestantism and Protestants; and I have seen the time when I regarded the man as my personal enemy who would utter a word against my religion. But those were the days of my youth and of my ignorance. When I became a man, I put away childish things. And my reasons for so doing are spread out before you in these letters; and all I ask of you is, kindly and candidly to consider them, and then to act accordingly. If they are not sufficiently cogent to cause you, as they have caused me, to leave the Church of Rome, then you will have my entire consent to be oppressed, fleeced, and ridden by your priests, as long as you live.

Yet permit me to entreat you to give to the subject of these letters the attention which it demands. I know that many of you are sincere; but this is no test of truth. I know many of you to be devout; but so are Mohammedans and Pagans. I know that many of you are prepared to make any sacrifice which religion demands. But we may give all our goods to feed the poor, and our bodies to be burned, and yet be strangers to the only true religion. My heart is deeply affected in view of your state. A noble people, you are shut out from the joys to which God invites you. You are hoodwinked and manacled by a system of the grossest fraud and delusion; you are denied the common birthright of a citizen of the world—seeing with your own eyes and hearing with your own ears. You are robbed of the only volume that can guide you, and are forbidden to enter the way of life, save through the gate which is guarded by your priests. O! listen to the entreaties of one who suffered as you now do under the galling chains of Papal tyranny. Break the fetters which priests have forged; and in which they have bound you. You are now in a land where you may laugh at the excommunications and anathemas of popes, prelates, and priests. God has given you his Word; let no man filch it from you. God has given you a mind to think for yourselves; let no man usurp the power of thinking for you. God invites you to himself, to receive at his own hand pardon and forgiveness. O! submit not to go and pay for these, and on your knees, to a priest. Go to the Bible for your religion. Receive nothing as religious truth which is not there taught; and your mental, social, and moral regeneration is commenced.

But you meet this appeal with the objection that I am a deserter from your Church, and that I am not therefore to be heard. If your priests take any

notice at all of these letters, I know well the changes they will ring upon this idea. But was not Peter a deserter from the Jewish Church? And must he not be heard on that account? Must a man who renounces error never be heard by those who continue in it? And what think you of the persecution by your Church of those who renounce its authority? To say the least of it, it is in bad company. The Jews put Christ to death for deserting the faith of Moses. The Mohammedans put to death any man of their number who rejects the Koran for Christ. The Hindus expel from their society all who reject their religion for ours; and Popery has shed in rivers the blood of those who could not but reject its follies and absurdities. In this happy land the bull of a pope is as harmless as a lamb, and the thunders of the Vatican have no lightning that injures. Priests may prejudice you against these letters; but they are the interested party—their craft is in danger. And all I ask of you is, to give my reasons the candid consideration which you owe to yourself, and which their importance requires.

But you may ask, What! do you wish me to give up my religion? Is not mine the oldest religion? Here, I well know, is the invincible argument with many of you; but has it any weight? Are the oldest things always the best? If so, then the Jews were right in resisting Christianity; and the Pagans are right in clinging to their false systems—and you do wrong in ever exchanging an old garment or an old house for a new one. But is Popery the oldest religion? O, no; Christianity is older. Popery and Mohammedanism arose at the same time, and centuries after the establishment of Christianity. They are alike corruptions of the religion of Jesus, though the prophet has apostatized farther than the pope. They both appeal to the senses, and are both idolatrous. If the pope has his holy water, the prophet has his holy well. If the one has his holy bones, and coats, and relics, the other has his holy pieces of tapestry from the temple of Mecca. They have alike their pilgrimages—their senseless repetition of prayers—their Lents—their penances, and their external symbols which alike adorn the church and the mosque. And if the Papist can object to Christianity, saying, Is not mine the oldest religion? then can the Mohammedan do the same.

But yours is not the oldest religion. I could here give you the time, did the limits of a letter permit, when the distinguishing doctrines of your Church were introduced. The celibacy of the clergy came into the Church in the fourth century; purgatory appeared in the seventh, and was affirmed in the twelfth; auricular confession, and the worship of the Host, in the thirteenth; and so on to the end of the chapter. And instead of wishing you to give up the oldest religion, we wish you only to give up Popery for Christianity; to give up the new, and return to the old. All that I have done myself, and all that I desire you to do is, to lay aside every thing that pope, bishops, and priests have added to the religion of Jesus, and to embrace that religion just as it is taught in the Bible.

Convinced that you have been deceived by those

to whom you have been looking for guidance—that priests have sought your money more than your salvation—that instead of bread they have given you stones, and for eggs, serpents—that they have sought to brutalize, instead of enlightening you—to enslave, instead of elevating you to the liberty with which Christ makes his people free; do any of you inquire as to the course best for you to pursue? If you will take the advice of one that has gone before you in the way, it is cheerfully given. Think not of giving up all religion because of the deceptions of Popery. This was one of my mistakes. Take the Bible for your guide; that will not deceive you. It teaches you that you are a sinner; this you should believe and feel. It teaches you that Christ died for sinners, and that his blood cleanses from all sin; and that to escape the wrath and curse of God due to you for sin, the great and the only pre-requisites are repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Give up your Missal for the Bible—confess your sins, not to your priests, but to God—look for pardon and meekness for heaven, not to priestly ablutions, and eating wafers, and extreme unctions, but to the righteousness of Jesus Christ; and in spite of popes, prelates, and priests, life, life eternal, is yours.

"IN CÆLO QUIES."

I HEAR a voice at dawn of day,
And to my heart it seems to say,
When sorrow dims hope's brightest ray,
"There's rest in heaven."

I hear it at the evening tide,
When fitful shadows round us glide,
Still whispering gently at my side,
"There's rest in heaven."

E'en at noon's busy hour I hear
The same sweet words accost my ear,
With power to stay the rising tear,
"There's rest in heaven."
Blest words! which tell of nought but joy,
Of endless rest without alloy,
Well may they oft our thoughts employ—
"There's rest in heaven."

Spirit of life and love divine,
Subdue my heart, and make it thine,
That I may dwell upon as mine,
That "rest in heaven."

THE WAYWARD SON.

Two young men, the children of pious and wealthy parents, felt themselves exceedingly displeased at being constantly refused the family carriage on the Lord's-day. It was in vain they urged their confinement during the week, as a sufficient reason why they should be thus indulged on the Sabbath. It was the father's settled rule, that the authority which commanded him to rest, included also his servants and cattle; he therefore turned a deaf ear to their en-

treates and remonstrances. In their madness or in their folly, they determined to resent this refusal, by leaving their situations and going to sea. Intelligence of this step was transmitted to the Rev. John Griffin of Portsea, and he was requested to make diligent inquiry, and, on finding them, to use every possible means to induce them to return home. After some search he found them in a rendezvous house, and, introducing himself, he stated his business and urged their return. He, however, urged in vain; for bent upon the fulfilment of their design, they thanked him for his advice, but determined to reject it. Among other reasons for their return, he urged the feelings of their parents, and especially those of their mother. "Think," said the good man, "what must your mother's situation be, after years of anxious watching and fervent prayer—after looking forward to this time, when in your society and in your welfare she hoped to meet a rich reward for all that she had suffered on your account; yet, in one moment, and by one imprudent step, she finds you plunged into misery, the depths of which you cannot conceive of, and herself the subject of a wretchedness she has never deserved at your hands." In the heart of the youngest there was a sense of gratitude, which answered to this appeal; and, bursting into tears, he expressed his sorrow for his conduct, and his willingness to return. Still, the eldest remained obdurate. Neither arguments persuaded him, nor warnings alarmed him. The carriage had been repeatedly refused; he had made up his mind to go to sea, and to sea he would go. "Then," said Mr. Griffin, "come with me to my house; I will get you a ship, and you shall go out as a man and a gentleman." This he declined, assigning as a reason, that it would make his parents feel to have it said that their son was gone as a common sailor—as a common sailor, therefore, he would go. "Is that your disposition?" was the reply; "then young man, go," said Mr. Griffin; "and while I say, God go with you, be sure your sin will find you out, and for it God will bring you into judgment." With reluctance they left him; the younger son was restored to his parents, while all traces of the elder one were lost, and he was mourned for as one dead.

After the lapse of several years, a loud knocking was heard early one morning at Mr. Griffin's door. On the servant's going down to open the door, she found a waterman, who wished immediately to see her master. Mr. Griffin soon appeared, and was informed that a young man under sentence of death, and about to be executed on board one of the ships in the harbour, had expressed an earnest desire to see him, urging, among other reasons, that he could not die happy unless he did. A short time found the minister of religion on board the ship, when the prisoner, manacled and guarded, was introduced to him, to whom he said: "My poor friend, I feel for your condition, but as I am a stranger to you, may I ask why you have sent for me? it may be that you have heard me preach at Portsea. "Never, sir. Do you not know me?" "I do not." "Do you not remember the two young men whom you, some years since, urged to return to their parents, and to their duty?" "I do! I do re-

member it; and remember that you were one of them." "I have sent, then, for you to take my last farewell of you in this world, and to bless you for your efforts to restore me to a sense of my duty. Would God that I had taken your advice; but it is now too late. *My sin has found me out, and for it God has brought me into judgment.* One, and but one, consolation remains; I refused the offer of going to your house until I could be provided for, assigning as a reason, that it would make my parents feel to have it said that their son was a common sailor. A little reflection showed me the cruelty of this determination; I assumed another name, under which I entered myself; and my chief consolation is, that I shall die unpitied and unknown."

What the feelings of Mr. Griffin were, at this sad discovery, may be more easily conceived than described. He spent some time with him in prayer, and offered him that advice which was best suited to his unhappy case. The prisoner was again placed in confinement, and Mr. Griffin remained with the officer who was then on duty. "Can nothing be done for this poor young man?" was one of the first inquiries made after the prisoner was withdrawn. "I fear not," replied the officer; "the Lords of the Admiralty have determined to make an example of the first offender in this particular crime. He unfortunately is that offender; and we hourly expect the warrant for his execution." Mr. Griffin determined to go immediately up to London, and, in humble dependence upon the Lord, to make every effort to save the criminal's life, or to obtain a commutation of the sentence. It was his lot, on the day of his arrival in the metropolis, to obtain an interview with one of the Lords of the Admiralty, to whom he stated the respectability of the young man's connections, his bitter and unfeigned regret for the crime which had forfeited his life; and, with that earnestness which the value of life is calculated to excite, ventured to ask, if it was possible to spare him. To his regret, he was informed that the warrant for his execution had been that morning signed, and was on its way to the officer, whose melancholy duty it was to see it executed. With compassion the nobleman said: "Go back, sir, and prepare him for the worst. I cannot tell what is to be done; but we are shortly to meet his majesty in council, and all that you have urged shall be then stated; may it prove successful." Mr. Griffin returned, but discovered that the morning of his reaching home was the time appointed for the young man's execution. Joy, and fear, and anxiety by turns possessed his mind, as, within a few minutes after his arrival, came a pardon, accompanied with the most earnest request to go immediately on board, lest the sentence of the law should be executed before he could reach the ship.

Upon the issues of a moment now rested the life of a fellow-creature, and perhaps the salvation of an immortal soul. The minister reached the harbour, and saw the yellow flag, the signal of death, flying, the rigging manned, and, for aught he knew to the contrary, the object of his solicitude at the last moment of his mortal existence. He reached the ship's side, and saw an aged man leaving it, whose sighs,

and groans, and tears, proclaimed a heart bursting with grief, and a soul deeper in misery than the depth of the waters he was upon. *It was the prisoner's father!* Under the assumed name, he had discovered his wretched son, and had been to take his last farewell of him. Yes, it was the father who had brought him up in the fear of the Lord; who in his earliest days had led him to the house of God; and who, when lost, had often inquired in prayer, "Lord where is my child?" Fearfully was he answered; he had found him, but it was to part, never in this world to meet again. Such, at least, must have been his conclusions in that moment, when, having torn himself from the embrace of his son, he was in the act of leaving the ship. The rest is told in a few words: with Mr. Griffin he re-entered the vessel at the moment when the prisoner, pinioned for execution, was advancing toward the fatal spot, when he was to be summoned into the presence of God. A moment found him in the embrace, not of death, but of his father; his immediate liberation followed the knowledge of his pardon; and a few days restored the wanderer to the bosom of his family.—*James' Young Man from Home.*

TO A CONGREGATION MOURNING THE DEATH OF A GODLY PASTOR.

1. Give thanks to God that ever you had him or saw him, and that you had him so long in this place. Do not many of you owe even your very souls to him, under God? While you mourn, give thanks to God that you ever knew him. Old and great mercies must be thankfully remembered.

2. Rejoice in the glory that he now enjoys. "Weep not for him, but weep for yourselves." The primitive Christians buried their saints with hymns and psalms of joy. Chrysostom, on the Hebrews, saith we are to glorify God, and give thanks to him, that he hath crowned the deceased, and freed them from their labours; and chides those that mourned and howled. And the days of their death were called the birthdays of the saints and martyrs. And Hierom in his epitaph on holy Paula (and in the lives of other holy persons, wrote by him), saith, that at her funeral no shrieks were heard, but multitudes of psalms and hymns were sung in divers languages.

3. Bewail the loss, the general loss, and yours in particular, yet so as to have hope in God. I need not tell you how great your loss is, you feel it more than I am able to express. If any rejoice that he is gone, because he tormented them, say as the Church, Micah vii. 8, 9.

4. Seek out for a supply; do not mourn and sit still, but up and be doing in your places. You have had a cheap gospel hitherto. God sent you one that could preach freely, and which is more, that would do so too; one that sought not yours, but you; and now God will see what you will do for yourselves, that now the shepherd is smitten the sheep may not be scattered.

Pray to God to raise up others like him, and graciously to give you one.

5. Take heed of liking no preacher, now he is gone. This is a usual fault among many that have had excellent preachers; nobody can please them. But God may bless weaker means, and make your souls live and thrive under them.

6. Hold fast that which you have; it is the advice given to Philadelphia, the best of the Churches. (Rev. iii. 11.) Keep that good thing which is committed to you, that savouriness of heart, that love to Christ and to saints, to all saints, that knowledge of the truth. Keep to his sober principles. Remember his dying counsel—"Follow peace and holiness." Have these things always in remembrance. Take heed of falling off; take heed of falling away. The world will draw you, and Satan will tempt you, and your own busy hearts will be apt to betray you, but go on humbly and honestly in the strength of Christ, and fear not. Be not like these Jews who turned aside, when John Baptist was dead. (John v. 35.) The Lord keep you from being such, and give you to go on to his heavenly kingdom!—*Philip Henry.*

THE SAD STATE OF THE WICKED.

They do not enjoy the friendship of God.—By their own consent it is that they have it not. How often would He have blessed them with all the treasures of His love, but they would not! They turn a deaf ear to His entreaties; they disregard His warnings; they reject His offers. God is not their Father; He is not their friend; they enjoy not His love; they bask not in His smile. How sad is their state! By their very nature they need a *Friend*. Man is not a self-supporting plant; he needs something around which to cling. His condition here, so full of wants; his journey through life, with all its labours, all its trials—its dark and wintry days—its wearisome nights; the spiritual adversaries to whom he is exposed; above all, the eternity upon which he must shortly enter—all proclaim that he needs a *Friend*—an *almighty Friend*; and that friend is *Jehovah*. But, alas! this friend the wicked have not. They are not at peace with Him—with Him who is their Maker. O fearful state! even though no other ingredient entered into their bitter cup. But, secondly—

They have made God their enemy.—There is no middle state. We either enjoy His *favour*, or dwell under His *frown*. We must either receive the blessings of His grace, or suffer the fruits of His displeasure. Many think, because they have cast off God, that He hath cast off them; because He is not in all their thoughts, that they are not in all His. Awful delusion! God will never cast them off. If they will not have Him as a *loving Father*, then they must have to do with Him as an *avenging God*. Sinners think, because judgment is deferred, because they are allowed to go on in sin from year to year, either that God does not care about their sinning, or that he

hath ceased to notice their evil ways. But it is not so. True, He hath spared them long, so long, indeed, that many of them have got grey in wickedness; but it is not because He winks at their sin, but because He would, by His goodness, lead them to repentance. If they do not repent, their sorrows *will come*. God grant that poor sinners may take warning. "Many sorrows *shall be* to the wicked." No doubt the wicked do meet with many sorrows here. The way of transgressors is hard. But even though they should get through life comparatively free, they never can get over that "*shall be*." Their sorrows are before them. The dark night is fast drawing on. The storm is rising that will beat with all its fury upon their unsheltered heads—the awful storm of an angry and justly-offended God! O the thought of *what is coming* should arouse the unconcerned! It will be the thought of the *future*, which, even in hell, will make their lot so intolerable. Oh! they will think, if this were all, dreadful as it is, it might be endured if we felt assured that it would come to an end; but it is the knowledge that it is *endless* that wrings our soul with so many pangs;—this plunges us in black despair. O our sorrow will be ever rising before us. It will always be the *wrath to come*! It is said the darkest night will have a dawn; but there will be no dawn to the long dark night of the lost soul. O that you, reader, may not be found at last in this fearful state! Awake, O sleeping sinner, and call upon thy God before thy day of grace closes. Flee, O flee, to the outspread wings of Immanuel! He is appointed by God himself as a refuge from the coming storm. O rest not; give yourself no peace, till, laying fast hold upon the offered Saviour, you can say, "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; He also is become my salvation." J. B. J.

THE FAITH OF ABEL.

His birth was in the infancy of the world. The thorns and briers of the earth's curse had scarcely yet broad-cast their seeds upon the face of the ground, the decay of death had hardly touched the animate creation, and the world scarcely yet felt the blasting influence of sin, when Abel gave joy to the hearts of our first parents. But, though born into a world of new-born beauty and glory, it was only comparative innocence. It differed far from the well-watered garden of his father's first estate. It was not indeed so blighted, or sin-stricken as it afterwards became, but it was a sin-stricken world. But, though born too late for the innocence of Eden, Abel was not born too early for the promise of a Saviour; and in that gracious promise the simple-hearted shepherd found, from sin and misery, relief and consolation. We know not the amount of the revelation which God made in that early age. Whether Abel knew more of the plan of redeeming mercy than the simple declaration of a Saviour to come, and the command to typify

his future death by bloody sacrifices, it is at least certain that his faith embraced this much. The "more excellent" offering, which proved acceptable to God, was offered "by faith;" believing that it was a commanded duty, relying upon the benefit which should follow his obedience. Whatever was the character of that faith itself, or the object which it regarded, it seemed to Abel the blessing of eternal life. He obtained witness that he was righteous. There was an evident respect paid by Jehovah to his offering. Perhaps visible fire from God consumed the sacrifice made by faith in his command and promise; while the unbloody offering made by an unbelieving and presumptuous brother was disapproved.

Abel died in faith. The first he was of the long line of the redeemed from earth. Salvation by faith is no new thing. If Abel died in faith, and was saved by faith, then it is the oldest system of salvation for our race. Not the oldest system leading to eternal life proposed to man, for Adam stood for a time under a covenant of works, and perfectly obeyed, though not to the end of his probation, the law of God. If Abel died in faith, and was the first of men to stand in the heavenly Paradise of God, he furnishes the first of the examples which prove that only by faith can man be saved.

He died in faith; so had he lived. His was the simple life of a shepherd. "Abel was a keeper of sheep," is the narrative of his life; which seems to tell us that in quiet seclusion and meditation he lived by faith. "Abel brought of the firstlings of his flock, and of the fat thereof, an offering to the Lord," is the only incident recorded in his history. That act was a confession of faith, and dependence on the part of Abel, and as he looked upon that innocent victim, and the warm, gushing blood, and the ascending smoke of his rude altar, his faith rested for pardon upon the promised bruising of Messiah to come.

He died in faith, as he had lived. His was no death-bed of lingering penitence or remorse. Without warning, unexpectedly, the unkindly stroke of a brother's hand laid him low in death. We know of no prayer like that of dying Stephen, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Regarding, as we ever should regard death, as an exchange of worlds, we read of no opening heavens, and the Son of Man waiting to receive him. But he died in faith, justified, not by works of righteousness which he had done, but by the mercy of God, and through faith in his truth.

Yet there were, doubtless, open doors in heaven, to receive ascending Abel. It was a new scene in the celestial courts, and the beginning of a new era in the chronicles of heaven. Never before had a fallen being been permitted to stand there accepted. Satan and his hosts had stood there once in their rebellion, but were

soon cast down. But the holy inhabitants now saw one of a rebel race reclaimed, regenerated, and renewed in holiness, ascend up into the hill of God, where none but he that hath clean hands and a pure heart can ever enter. An angel's sword had kept Adam and his sons from Eden, and now all the angel bands saw a son of Adam welcomed to the Paradise of God, and with amazement, yet doubtless with joy at the command, they joined their anthems to swell the first welcome of a redeemed soul to glory.

Abel died in faith. Many persons seem to think that if they believe in the moment of death, all will be well, however they may have lived; and they would regard more the testimony of a rapturous and rejoicing death-bed than the evidences of a life of calm, unobtrusive, and unexcited piety. There is danger of great deceit here: a death-bed may be the scene of rapture when the piety of the life was feeble, or even doubtful. Though it be indeed true that faith exercised only in the last hours of life may be saving faith, yet, does not the case of Abel, dying suddenly, amidst all the terrors of unexpected death, amidst all the horrors of murder by a brother's hand, does not the case of this first martyr, who died in faith, but in circumstances which seemed to forbid religious reflection or religious triumph, or the actual exercise of faith; does it not teach us—Faith is not simply an act, but a *principle of confidence*; a constant dependence in God, and trust in his mercy? Neither faith nor unbelief, neither holiness nor sin, consists in acts. A deed may be holy or sinful, believing or unbelieving, but its character depends upon the character and motives of the heart which conceived it. Our proper work is to get the heart right; and then, die when we will, or as suddenly as we may, it shall be said of us, as of Abel, "He died in faith."

"IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE."

(From the German of Muller.)

"LORD, it is good to be here," exclaimed Peter, with the expression of the highest rapture and the most child-like simplicity. "Wilt thou that we make here three tabernacles, one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias?" Here would they for ever linger, build tabernacles for the heavenly forms, and, absorbed in their vision, forget all the strife and all the trouble of earth. What can they desire besides? What attraction can withdraw them from this holy place? Where Jesus Christ makes known to his friends his divine glory, there they partake of the deepest and holiest joy, such as the most costly goods of earth can never furnish. "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

It is the most sacred experience of the Chris-

tian life, it is the heights most resplendent, of which this narrative reminds us. It was in still retirement, when our soul was absorbed in musings on the wondrous way in which God had led us to his eternal salvation; or when in ardent prayer we sought consolation and help from the disquiet of our heart and the troubles of life; it was in the circle of very dear friends, when in conversation on the holiest themes, in reciprocal interchange of our views and experiences, our hearts overflowed, and the glowing sparks of faith and love uniting, suddenly burst forth into a clear flame; it was in the public worship of God, when the message of the gospel in the psalm, the prayer, the sermon, powerfully impressed us; or it was when the highest festival of divine worship—the supper of the Lord,—poured over us the fulness of divine mercy;—how any one may have experienced these things, we know not; but this we know, that whoever has experienced one such holy hour, can never forget it again. Was it not as if heaven had been opened to the enraptured gaze; as if a higher, holy world would receive us into its eternal repose. We thought that a happier experience could never befall us in eternity, than that this feeling should evermore endure. All the pains and cares of earth were absorbed in the single emotion of the most child-like acquiescence. All sin appeared to us inexpressibly odious, contemptible, and pitiful; we could not imagine how it should ever have seduced and fettered us; and it seemed to us impossible that it should hereafter gain power over us. Far below lay the world; we were conscious of being citizens of the heavenly kingdom. On the eye of our mind beamed the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, who is the image of God; we saw his glory as the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. What had often seemed dark to us in the connection of his works, now shone distinct and clear. What our thoughts had been wont to divide and scatter, now arranged itself into the most beautiful whole, as we recognised its soul to be the redeeming love of the Son of God to us poor and sinful men. Yes, poor, if we looked only at ourselves, but immeasurably rich in eternal possessions, when we recognised ourselves as the property of our Lord and Saviour, when we knew ourselves to be in fellowship with Him who is Lord of all heaven; O in such holy knowledge should we not forget the world with its pleasures and griefs.

CONSCIENCE A PROPHET.

1. *And one that will have a hearing.* Other prophets have been denied this. People have stopped their ears, as in Stephen's case, or locked the prophet up in a dungeon, as in Jeremiah's case, that the senseless walls might hear his prophesying, and not they. But here is a prophet they cannot dispose of after such fashions. Not hear conscience! Men have

tried it well; but the stern voice at mid-day, and the whisper at midnight, louder than the noise and bustle of the world, has taught them that conscience would have a hearing.

2. *And a bold and plain-spoken prophet, too, is conscience.* Some prophets have been timid and time-serving—more among the modern than among the ancient. They have dreaded to give their whole message. They have seen woe approaching, but have shrunk from giving the trumpet its full blast. But people have not to complain of conscience on this behalf. Conscience has a word to say to guilty minds, and says it. Herod and Felix shall hear, as well as the meanest of the people.

3. *And here is a prophet who compels assent to his own predictions.* Men who hate the prophets and their messages are very willing to disbelieve them, and succeed in making themselves believe such prophecies falsehoods. But when conscience lifts up its prophetic voice, and tells what woe betides the guilty, there is an inward response to that alarming voice. The soul's own conviction of its own guilt makes the prophet's picture a painful reality. The warning voice cannot be disbelieved. Other prophets may be lightly esteemed, and their messages set at naught by a reckless unbelief. But not so a prophesying conscience. Its very voice is one of woe, and is felt to be a specimen of the approaching sorrows it describes. Its own words are sparks, and the hearer and sufferer cannot question that they portend a great flame that cannot be quenched. They are the murmurings of the coming storm.

4. *And here is a prophet whose presence cannot be escaped.* Men may flee from the voice of man, or drive from them the annunciators of evil tidings. Elijah flees from the fury of Ahab. But there is one, who cannot be thus shaken off. Its victim is guilt, and guilt shall find it on its track wherever it may flee, or wherever it may hide itself. Rush to the theatre, the dance, the banquet, the intoxicating bowl. But conscience is there. If you can stupify the soul for a moment, so that its dreadful voice is not heard, it can be but for a moment, and then the louder and more terrible is its voice, from the fact that you wickedly sought to repel so kind a friend. The wave recedes far from the shore only to rush back with augmented violence. The attempt to flee from conscience is sure to make its presence, one day, more terrific. The effort to stifle its voice is sure to make it more terrific. Escape conscience! Can a man escape from himself? Where can he go from his own presence?

5. *Conscience is a prophet which will verify all his own predictions.* No Jewish or Christian prophet could do this. They could only utter what must be executed by other hands. But here is one who executes his own prophetic declarations. It speaks of future woe for guilt, and inflicts it. It speaks of "a worm that dieth not," and is that worm; of "a fire that shall not be quenched," and is that fire. It tells the guilty that they "shall go away into everlasting punishment," and then goes with them to be the executioner of it.

Conscience will *never* lose the prophetic office. Other prophets may retire from the work, or drop their mantle by a call to ascend on high, and so their prophecies cease. But conscience ever liveth. Never will it cease to prophesy to the guilty in hell, and it shall be of "wrath to come," wrath ever coming, and it vials never all emptied!

Such is conscience as a prophet. How much every human being has at stake in the attitude taken by such a prophet towards himself! Reader, its prophecies concerning *you*, what are they?—*New York Evangelist*.

A ROMISH FALLACY.

ROMANISTS say, "The gates of hell were not to prevail against the *visible* Church; they have not prevailed against Rome; therefore Rome is the visible Church." It is no compliment to the reader, whose eye will at once detect the sophistry here, to dwell at any length on this famous syllogism. Would not the reasoning be equally sound to say: The gates of hell were not to prevail against the visible Church; they have not prevailed against the pyramids of Egypt, the sphynx, or the hieroglyphics; therefore the pyramids of Egypt, the sphynx, or the hieroglyphics, is the visible Church? Or thus: The gates of hell were not to prevail against the visible Church; they have not prevailed against the throne of the Almighty in heaven; therefore the throne of the Almighty in heaven is the visible Church? Or thus: The gates of hell were not to prevail against the visible Church; they have not prevailed against the invisible Church; therefore the invisible Church is the visible Church? The following passage from Chillingworth's answer to the fifth chapter of his Romish antagonist, will probably be read with pleasure in this connection, as entirely satisfactory and conclusive on this point. He is at least sufficiently liberal, admitting Rome to be a visible Church, and reasoning on that ground:—

"Whereas you say, that Protestants must either grant that your Church then was the visible Church, or name some other disagreeing from yours, and agreeing with Protestants in their particular doctrine, or acknowledge there was no visible Church; it is all one as if (to use St. Paul's similitude) the head should say to the foot, Either you must grant that I am the whole body, or name some other member that is so, or confess that there is no body. To which the foot may answer, I acknowledge there is a body; and yet that no member beside you is the body, nor yet that you are it, but only a part of it. And in like manner say we, We acknowledge a Church there was, corrupted indeed universally; but yet such a one as we hope, by God's gracious acceptance, was still a Church. We pretend not to name any one society that was this Church; and yet we see no reason that can enforce us to confess that yours was the Church, but only a part of it, and that one of the worst then (at the Reformation) extant in the world. In vain, therefore, have you troubled yourself in proving that we cannot pretend that either the Greeks, Waldenses, Wickliffites, Hussites, Muscovites, Armenians, Georgians, Abyssines were then the visible Church. For all this discourse proceeds upon a false and vain supposition, and begs another point in question be-

tween us, which is, that some Church of one denomination and one communion (as the Roman, the Greek, &c.) must be always, exclusively to all others, the whole visible Church. And though perhaps some weak Protestant, having the false principle settled in him, that there was to be always some visible Church of one denomination, pure from all error in doctrine, might be wrought upon and prevailed with by it, to forsake the Church of Protestants; yet why it should induce him to go to yours, rather than the Greek Church, or any pretenders to perpetual succession as well as yours, that I do not understand; unless it be for the reason which *Aeneas Sylvius* gave, why more held the pope above a council than a council above the pope; which was, because popes did give bishopricks and archbishopricks, but councils gave none; and therefore suing in *forma pauperis* were not like to have their cause very well maintained. For put the case, I should grant of mere favour, that there must be always some Church of one denomination or communion free from all errors in doctrine, and that Protestants had not always had such a Church; it would follow, indeed, from hence that I must not be a Protestant; but that I must be a Papist, certainly it would follow by no better consequence than this—if you will leave England, you must of necessity go to Rome."—*Chillingworth*, p. 355.

WHO IS GREATEST?

ADAM well observes: "A poor country parson fighting against the devil in his own parish, has nobler ideas than Alexander had." Men of the world know nothing of true glory: they know nothing of the grandeur of that sentiment, *Thou, O God, art the thing that I long for.*—*Cecil*.

THE QUARRELSOME.

If a man has a quarrelsome temper, let him alone. The world will soon find him employment. He will soon meet with some one stronger than himself, who will repay him better than you can. A man may fight duels all his life, if he is disposed to quarrel.—*Ibid.*

Fragments.

CHRISTIAN CONTENT.—That we may not complain of what is, let us see God's hand in all events; and that we may not be afraid of what shall be, let us see all events in God's hand.

VOLUNTEERS.—Other sinners serve the devil for pay; but cursers and swearers are volunteers who get nothing for their pains.—*Boston*.

LIFE A STATE OF PROBATION.—Heaven is won or lost upon earth; the possession is there, but the preparation is here.—*Baxter*.

SAYING NEW THINGS.—A desire to say things which no man ever said, makes some people say things which no man ever ought to say.

THE CLOAK LEFT AT TROAS.

BY PROFESSOR GAUSSEN, GENEVA.

ST. PAUL, in the dungeon of a prison, asks for his cloak. He had left it with Carpus, at Troas; he begs Timothy to endeavour to come to him before the winter, and not to forget to bring it with him. This domestic detail, which (since the time of Anomeens, of whom St. Jerome makes mention) has so many thousand times been advanced as an objection against the inspiration of Scripture—this detail appears to you too trivial for an apostolic pen, or, at least, too insignificant and unedifying for the dignity of inspiration. Unhappy, however, is he who does not discern its touching import!

Jesus Christ also, on the day of his death, spoke of his cloak and vesture. Would you have this passage erased from the number of inspired words? It was after a night of fatigue and anguish: infuriated men had been ruthlessly hurrying him blindfolded about Jerusalem; from street to street, from tribunal to tribunal, by torch-light, during seven successive hours, and striking him continually on the head with their staves: ere sunrise the following morning, his hands bound with cords, they bring him again into the high priest's palace, and afterwards before Pilate, in the hall Pretorium: there, lacerated with rods, and streaming with blood, he is delivered to the ferocious soldiery to be put to death: they strip him of his garments, put on him a scarlet robe, spit upon him, place a reed in his hands, and, in mockery of worship, bow the knee before him: then, before placing the cross on his mangled shoulders, they cover his wounds with his own clothes, and lead him forth to Calvary; but when about to proceed to the last act of execution, they, for the third time, strip him of his raiment, and without garment or vesture, stript of everything, he suffers the death of a malefactor on the cross, in the sight of the immense assembly. Was there ever a man under heaven's canopy, who did not find these details soul-moving, sublime, and inimitable? Or one who, from the account of such a dying scene, would retrench, as useless or trivial, a notice of the vesture which was parted, and of the garment for which the soldiers cast lots? Has not incredulity itself said of the Scriptures that their majesty is astonishing; that their simplicity speaks to the heart; that

the death of Socrates was that of a sage, but that of Jesus Christ of a God? And if divine inspiration had been confined to a portion only of the sacred book, would it not have been for these very details? Would it not have been for the history of that love which, after having sojourned upon earth, more destitute than the birds of the air and the foxes of the field, had been willing to die yet more wretched still, despoiled of everything, even of his garment and his vesture—his naked body, stretched and nailed, like that of a malefactor, to the cross? Ah! be not anxious on the Holy Spirit's account! He has not compromised his dignity. Far from thinking it humiliating to transmit these facts to us, he has even hastened to relate them. More than a thousand years ago, in the times of the siege of Troy, it was the lament of the prophetic lyre of David: "They look and stare upon me. They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture."

Well, it is the same Spirit who has shown to us St. Paul writing to Timothy, and requiring his cloak. Hear what is said. The apostle had lost everything. In his youth he was great among men; favoured by princes, admired of all—but he left all for Christ. During thirty years and upwards he had been poor; in labours more abundant than others, in stripes above their measure, and in prisons more frequent; of the Jews he had five times received forty stripes save one; thrice he had been beaten with rods, once he had been stoned; three times he had suffered shipwreck; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils in the towns, in perils in deserts, in perils by sea; oft in watchings, in hunger, in thirst, and nakedness. These are his own words. (2 Cor. xi. 23–26.) Let us hear him further. He is Paul the aged: in his last prison, at Rome, expecting sentence of death; he has fought the good fight, he has finished his course; he has kept the faith; but he is suffering from cold, as the winter sets in, and lacks clothing. Thrust into a dungeon of the Mamertine prisons, he bore a name so vile, that even the Christians of Rome were ashamed to acknowledge him; so that on his first arraignment, no man stood with him. Ten years before this period, when a prisoner at Rome, and loaded

with chains, he had at least received some relief from the Philippians, who, knowing his miserable condition, had, notwithstanding their own need, laid themselves under restraint in order to minister to his wants; but now he is altogether friendless—Luke only is with him; he is forsaken of all others, and the winter about to set in. He would need a cloak; he had left his own with Carpus at Troas, two hundred leagues away; there was no one in the chilly dungeons of Rome to lend him one. Had he not joyfully quitted all for Jesus? Had he not counted all the honour of the world but dung, that he might win Christ? and was not he prepared to “endure all things for the elect’s sake?” We were ourselves last year in Rome, at the commencement of November, on a rainy day; and with what vivid reality, under the influence of the evening cold, could we imagine the Apostle Paul down in the deep dungeons of the Capitol, dictating the last of his letters, regretting the absence of his cloak, and begging Timothy to bring it before the winter!

Who is there that would now remove from the inspired epistles so striking and touching a feature? Does not the Holy Ghost thereby introduce us into Paul’s prison, to catch a sight of his affecting self-denial, and his poverty? just as he enables us to see, as it were with our own eyes, his earnest love, when a short time previously, writing to the Philippians, he says: “I weep as I write, because there are many among you who mind earthly things, whose end is destruction.” Do we not feel as if we beheld him in the prison, bound with his chain, his tears falling upon the parchment whilst thus writing? Can we not see his poor body; to-day ill clad, suffering, and benumbed; to-morrow, beheaded, and floating down the Tiber, awaiting the day when the earth shall yield her dead, and the sea shall give up the dead which are in it, and Christ shall transform our vile body, and make it like unto his own glorious body? And if these details are attractive, can you think they are not useful? And if they profit those who read them as a simple history, what do they not become to him who believes in their *Theopneustia*,* and who can say to himself, “O my soul! these words were written by Paul; but it is thy God who addresses them to thee.” Who can tell the power and consolation which their very familiarity and tangibility may convey to the occupant of a dungeon or a hovel? Who can reckon the poor and the martyred, to whom

such traits have been a source of encouragement, example, and joy! We call to mind, for instance, the pastor Juvet, in Switzerland, who, twenty years ago, was refused a blanket, in the prisons of the Canton of Vaud. There is also in the Catholic Church, the instance of Jerome of Prague, who was immured, during three hundred and forty days, in the dungeons of Constance, at the bottom of a dark and fetid tower, which he only left to be transferred to the hands of his murderers. Nor have we forgotten the sainted Bishop Hooper, among the English, led from his damp, unwholesome cell, covered with tattered clothes and borrowed cloak, to pass to the stake, resting upon a staff, and crippled with sciatic pains. Venerated brethren! happy martyrs! you then doubtless called to mind your brother Paul, shut up in the dungeons of Rome, suffering from cold and lack of raiment, asking for his cloak! Oh! how unhappy must he be who is insensible to such feelings, the affecting greatness of such details, the provident and divine sympathy they display, the depth and the charm of such a mode of instruction!—but more unhappy still he who declares it to be human, because he does not understand it.

* * * *

It is thus that St. Paul, by these words, thrown as it were negligently among the closing commissions of a familiar epistle, sheds a glancing light upon his ministry, and in a passing remark, enables us to see the character of his whole apostolical life; as a flash of lightning will sometimes in the darkness irradiate the summit of our Alps; or like some persons, who utter their whole soul in a single look.

DEVOTION MADE EASY.

IN the ninth of his Provincial Letters, Pascal details some of the fearful liberties taken by the Jesuits with Bible doctrines and morality. He says:—

The moment he (the monk) perceived me, he came forward with his eyes fixed on a book which he held in his hand, and accosted me thus: “Would you not be infinitely obliged to any one who should open to you the gates of paradise? Would you not give millions of gold to have a key by which you might gain admittance whenever you thought proper? You need not be at such expense; here is one—here are a hundred for much less money.”

At first I was at a loss to know whether the good father was reading, or talking to me, but he soon put the matter beyond doubt by adding:

“These, sir, are the opening words of a fine book, written by Father Barry of our society; for I never give you anything of my own.”

“What book is it?” asked I.

“Here is its title,” he replied: “*Paradise opened*”

* Or “Divine Inspiration.” This paper is taken from Dr. Causen’s admirable treatise under that title.

to *Philagio*, in a *Hundred Devotions to the Mother of God, easily practised*."

"Indeed, father! and are each of these easy devotions a sufficient passport to heaven?"

"It is," returned he. "Listen to what follows: 'The devotions to the Mother of God, which you will find in this book, are so many celestial keys, which will open wide to you the gates of paradise, provided you practise them;' and, accordingly he says at the conclusion, 'that he is satisfied if you practise only one of them.'"

"Pray, then, father, do teach me one of the easiest of them."

"They are all easy," he replied; "for example—'Saluting the holy Virgin when you happen to meet her image—saying the little chaplet of the pleasures of the Virgin—fervently pronouncing the name of Mary—commissioning the angels to bow to her for us—wishing to build her as many churches as all the monarchs on earth have done—bidding her good morrow every morning, and good night in the evening—saying the *Ave Maria* every day, in honour of the heart of Mary'—which last devotion, he says, possesses the additional virtue of securing us the heart of the Virgin."

"But, father," said I, "only provided we give her our own in return, I presume?"

"That," he replied, "is not absolutely necessary, when a person is too much attached to the world. Hear Father Barry: 'Heart for heart would, no doubt, be highly proper; but yours is rather too much attached to the world, too much bound up in the creature, so that I dare not advise you to offer, at present, that *poor little slave* which you call your heart.' And so he contents himself with the *Ave Maria* which he had prescribed."

"Why, this is extremely easy work," said I, "and I should really think that nobody will be damned after that."

"Alas!" said the monk, "I see you have no idea of the hardness of some people's hearts. There are some, sir, who would never engage to repeat, every day, even these simple words, *Good day, Good evening*, just because such a practice would require some exertion of memory. And, accordingly it became necessary for Father Barry to furnish them with expedients still easier, such as wearing a chaplet night and day on the arm, in the form of a bracelet, or carrying about one's person a rosary, or an image of the Virgin. 'And, tell me now,' as Father Barry says, 'if I have not provided you with easy devotions to obtain the good graces of Mary?'"

"Extremely easy, indeed, father," I observed.

"Yes," he said, "it is as much as could possibly be done, and I think should be quite satisfactory. For he must be a wretched creature indeed, who would not spare a single moment in all his life-time to put a chaplet on his arm, or a rosary in his pocket, and thus secure his salvation; and that too, with so much certainty that none who have tried the experiment have ever found it to fail, in whatever way they may have lived; though, let me add, we exhort people not to omit holy living. Let me refer you to the example of this, given at p. 34; it is that of a female who, while she practised daily the devotion of saluting the images of the Virgin, spent all her days in mortal sin, and yet was saved after all, by the merit of that single act of devotion."

"And how so?" cried I.

"Our Saviour," he replied, "raised her up again, for the very purpose of showing it. So certain it is, that none can perish who practise any one of these devotions."

"My dear sir," I observed, "I am fully aware that the devotions to the Virgin are a powerful mean of

salvation, and that the least of them, if flowing from the exercise of faith and charity, as in the case of the saints who have practised them, are of great merit; but to make persons believe that, by practising these without reforming their wicked lives, they will be converted by them at the hour of death, or that God will raise them up again, does appear calculated rather to keep sinners going on in their evil courses, by deluding them with false peace and fool-hardy confidence, than to draw them off from sin by that genuine conversion which grace alone can effect."

"What does it matter," replied the monk, "by what road we enter paradise, provided we do enter it? as our famous Father Binet, formerly our provincial, remarks on a similar subject, in his excellent book, *On the Mark of Predestination*. 'Be it by hook or by crook,' as he says, 'what need we care, if we reach at last the celestial city.'"

"Granted," said I; "but the great question is, if we will get there at all?"

"The Virgin will be answerable for that," returned he; "so says Father Barry in the concluding lines of his book: 'If, at the hour of death, the enemy should happen to put in some claim upon you, and occasion disturbance in the little commonwealth of your thoughts, you have only to say that Mary will answer for you, and that he must make his application to her.'"

"But, father, it might be possible to puzzle you, were one disposed to push the question a little further. Who, for example, has assured us that the Virgin will be answerable in this case?"

"Father Barry will be answerable for her," he replied. "'As for the profit and happiness to be derived from these devotions,' he says, 'I will be answerable for that; I will stand bail for the good Mother.'"

"But, father, who is to be answerable for Father Barry?"

"How!" cried the monk; "for Father Barry? is he not a member of our society? and do you need to be told that our society is answerable for all the books of its members?"

* * * * *

"I would now say a little about the facilities we have invented for avoiding sin in worldly conversations and intrigues. One of the most embarrassing of these cases is how to avoid telling lies, particularly when one is anxious to induce a belief in what is false. In such cases, our doctrine of equivocations has been found of admirable service, according to which, as Sanchez has it, 'it is permitted to use ambiguous terms, leading people to understand them in another sense from that in which we understand them ourselves.'"

"I know that already, father," said I.

"We have published it so often," continued he, "that at length, it seems, everybody knows of it. But do you know what is to be done when no equivocal words can be got?"

"No, father."

"I thought as much," said the Jesuit; "this is something new, sir; I mean the doctrine of mental reservations. 'A man may swear,' as Sanchez says in the same place, 'that he never did such a thing (though he actually did it), meaning within himself that he did not do so on a certain day, or before he was born, or understanding any other such circumstance, while the words which he employs have no such sense as would discover his meaning. And this is very convenient in many cases, and quite innocent, when necessary or conducive to one's health, honour, or advantage.'"

"Indeed, father! is that not a lie, and perjury to boot?"

"No," said the father; "Sanchez and Fillutius prove that it is not; for, says the latter, 'it is the intention that determines the quality of the action.' And he suggests a still surer method for avoiding falsehood, which is this: After saying aloud, *I swear that I have not done that*, to add in a low voice, *to-day*; or, after saying aloud, *I swear*, to interpose in a whisper, *that I say*, and then continue aloud, *that I have done that*. This, you perceive, is telling the truth."

"I grant it," said I: "it might possibly, however, be found to be telling the truth in a low key, and falsehood in a loud one; besides, I should be afraid that many people might not have sufficient presence of mind to avail themselves of these methods."

"Our doctors," replied the Jesuit, "have taught in the same passage, for the benefit of such as might not be expert in the use of these reservations, that no more is required of them, to avoid lying, than simply to say that *they have not done* what they have done, provided 'they have, in general, the intention of giving to their language the sense which an *able man* would give to it.' Be candid, now, and confess if you have not often felt yourself embarrassed, in consequence of not knowing this?"

"Sometimes," said I.

"And will you not also acknowledge," continued he, "that it would often prove very convenient to be absolved in conscience from keeping certain engagements one may have made?"

"The most convenient thing in the world," I replied.

"Listen, then, to the general rule laid down by Escobar: 'Promises are not binding, when the person in making them had no intention to bind himself. Now, it seldom happens that any have such an intention, unless when they confirm their promises by an oath or contract; so that when one simply says, *I will do it*, he means that he will do it, if he does not change his mind; for he does not wish, by saying that, to deprive himself of his liberty.' He gives other rules in the same strain, which you may consult for yourself, and tells us, in conclusion, 'that all this is taken from Molina and our other authors, and is therefore settled beyond all doubt.'"

* * * * *

"But," continued the monk, "just to show you how careful our fathers are about everything you can think of, I may mention that, after granting the ladies permission to gamble, and foreseeing that, in many cases, this license would be of little avail unless they had something to gamble with, they have established another maxim in their favour, which will be found in Escobar's chapter on larceny, n. 13: 'A wife,' says he, 'may gamble, and for this purpose may pilfer money from her husband.'"

"Well, father, that is capital!"

"There are many other good things besides that," said the father; "but we must waive them, and say a little about those more important maxims, which facilitate the practice of holy things—the manner of attending mass, for example. On this subject our great divines, Gaspard Hurtado, and Cominck, have taught 'that it is quite sufficient to be present at mass in body, though we may be absent in spirit, provided we maintain an outwardly respectful deportment.' Vasquez goes a step further, maintaining 'that one fulfils the precept of hearing mass, even though one should go with no such intention at all.' All this is repeatedly laid down by Escobar, who, in one passage, illustrates the point by the example of those who are dragged to mass by force, and who put on a fixed resolution not to listen to it."

"Truly, sir," said I, "had any other person told me that, I would not have believed it."

"In good sooth," he replied, it requires all the support which the authority of these great names can lend it; and so does the following maxim by the same Escobar, 'that even a wicked intention, joined to that of hearing mass rightly, does not hinder a man from fulfilling the service.' But another very convenient device, suggested by our learned brother Turrian, is, that 'one may hear the half of a mass from one priest, and the other half from another; and that it makes no difference though he should hear first the conclusion of the one, and then the commencement of the other.' I might also mention that it has been decided by several of our doctors, to be lawful 'to hear the two halves of a mass at the same time, from the lips of two different priests, one of whom is commencing the mass, while the other is at the elevation; it being quite possible to attend to both parts at once, and two halves of a mass making a whole—*due medietates unam missam constituent*. From all which,' says Escobar, 'I conclude that you may hear mass in a very short period of time; if, for example, you should happen to hear four masses going on at the same time, so arranged that when the first is at the commencement, the second is at the gospel, the third at the consecration, and the last at the communion.'"

"Certainly, father, according to that plan, one may hear mass any day at Notre Dame in a twinkling."

"Well," replied he, "that just shows how admirable we have succeeded in facilitating the hearing of mass. But I am anxious now to show you how we have softened the use of the sacraments, and particularly that of penance. It is here that the benignity of our fathers shines in its true splendour; and you will be really astonished to find that devotion, a thing which the world is so apt to boggle at, should have been treated by our doctors with such consummate skill, that, to use the words of Father le Moine, in his *Devotion made Easy*, 'demolishing the bugbear which the devil had placed at its threshold, they have rendered it easier than vice, and more agreeable than pleasure; so that, in fact, simply to live is incomparably more irksome than to live well.' Is that not a marvellous change, now?"

"Indeed, father, I cannot help telling you a bit of my mind: I am sadly afraid that you have overshot the mark, and that this indulgence of yours will shock more people than it will attract. The mass, for example, is a thing so grand and so holy, that, in the eyes of a great many, it would be enough to blast the credit of your doctors for ever, to show them how you have spoken of it."

"With a certain class," replied the monk, "I allow that may be the case; but do you not know that we accommodate ourselves to all sorts of persons? You seem to have lost all recollection of what I have repeatedly told you on this point. The first time you are at leisure, therefore, I propose that we make this the theme of our conversation, deferring till then the lenitives we have introduced into the confessional. I promise to make you understand it so well that you will never forget it."

THE CEDAR.*

"The righteous shall grow like the cedar."

THE cedar is a thirsty tree. It is distinguished from many of its kindred by its avarice of water. We once saw two of them at Chelsea, which were said to have grown rapidly for a hundred years, till two ponds in the garden were filled with rubbish; after

* From "The Cedar," one of "Nisbet's Series of Tracts," London.

which they grew no more. And we remembered the words of Ezekiel: "Behold, the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon, with fair branches, and a shadowing shroud. The waters made him great, the deep set him up on high. His boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long, because of the multitude of waters. All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt great nations. Thus fair was his grandeur, for his root was by great waters. The cedars in the garden of God could not hide him, the fir trees were not like him: all the trees of Eden envied him." (Ezek. xxxi. 3-9.) And so there are Christians planted by the rivers—believers of stately growth and luxuriant shadow—so tall that, even in the garden of God, and among the cedars, they cannot be hid. For clear-eyed, time-penetrating faith, such an overtopping saint was Abraham, who, athwart the expanse of nineteen centuries, could see Christ's day, and exult with a disciple's joy. For prompt gratitude and ecstatic adoration, such an exalted saint was David, whose "glorying" slept so lightly that the softest touch awoke it (Ps. lvi. 8), and whose palpitating psaltery was so accustomed to hallelujahs, that sorrow struck them out as readily as joy, and off as he changed the cords the royal harp would only sing the praises of Jehovah. For high-hearted devotion to his God, such an elevated saint was Daniel, whose lofty statesmanship, and spotless career, and lovely bearing to his brethren, were but the various expressions of the selfsame thing to which he owed his miraculous escapes and his frequent revelations: "O man greatly beloved, thy prayer is heard." And for burning love to Jesus Christ—self-forgetful, self-consuming, such a pre-eminent saint was Paul, to whom the beloved image of his Master shone in every type and shadow of the old economy; who could trace the myrrh-dropping fingers on the tongs and snuffers of the tabernacle; who could hear the voice of Jesus through the roar of the Adriatic, and lean upon his arm before Nero's judgment-seat; to whom the affliction in which Christ came was more welcome than an angel-visitor, and as the summons to Christ's presence, death itself the object of desire. Such noble and commanding characters have there been, that none could hide them, and none were like them; and under the awe or the attraction of their goodness, good men wished to resemble them. "The trees of Eden envied them." It is not only Secretary Cecil who could have changed the palace for the preacher's cottage, rightly declaring, "There dwells as much happiness as can be known on earth;" but men of God have been provoked to press forward by the higher attainments of their brethren. "In one, I have been animated by ardent activity for the glory of Christ, and the salvation of souls; in another, I was pleased and softened by conspicuous meekness and gentleness of spirit; in a third, I was excited to love and good works by the fervent charity and brotherly-kindness I beheld; and, in a fourth, I was led to abase myself, and confess the

pride of my heart, from the humility and brokenness of spirit which struck me." But when you come to look closely into the matter, and inquire to what secret cause these lofty cedars owe their growth; whence is it that their influential and impressive characters have derived their admirable grace, you always find that communion with God is the comprehensive source of their pre-eminent piety. They are abundant in religious exercises. They are mighty in the Scriptures. They are men of prayer. They are frequenters of the sanctuary. They are lovers of Christian fellowship. They are delighted observers of the Sabbath. But, after all, ordinances are to them but avenues or audience chambers. It is a Bible in which God speaks, a closet in which God hearkens, a sanctuary in which God's countenance shines, which they desire of the Lord, and seek to attain; and, finding these, they find the living God himself. Their fellowship is with the Father and the Son. They grow into the knowledge of the divine perfections. They grow in reverence, and trust, and love. They grow in perceptions of their own infinite vileness, and consequently in appreciation of the blood which pardons, and the Spirit who cleanses. They grow in self-distrust, and in dependence on God. They grow in self-condemnation, and in weariness for that world where they will sin no more. And whilst they are solidly growing in these inward experiences, they have, unawares to themselves, expanded the long branches and shadowing shroud of a great cedar. They have become the admiration and the resort of others. The affections of many nestle in their boughs, and under their shadow dwell those who seek to profit by their counsel and their company. And just as there is growth in the multitude of waters, so there is decrepitude and decay where the waters fail. Like the Chelsea cedars, you will meet with professors who, for many years together, have not grown an inch. The rubbish of secularity or idleness has filled up the two pools of Bible reading and secret prayers and a form of godliness, and a few evangelical phrases still remembered; a stunted top, and a bundle of scrubby branches, are all that remains—a memorial of their better days.

Like the palm, it is evergreen. Though a native of the mountains, and used to wintry weather, it never sheds its leaves. And these leaves, as well as its bark and wood, are aromatic. Even when the snow is loading its branches, the cedar is fragrant; but it is in those blessed and vernal days when snows are melting, when the April sun is lavishing his light and heat to the balmy air, and the whole life of the mountain is gushing through the opening flowers and carolling birds and leaping lambs; it is then that, in the bursting of fresh foliage and in the flow of beaded gums, the cedar loads the air with incense, and flings afar "the smell of Lebanon." And so a gracious soul is ever fresh, ever vital, ever green. But there are times when the winter is past, and the Sun of Righteousness shines—the April season of the soul; times when a whole tide of happy life flows into the dilating spirit, and the joy of Jesus

circulates expansive and reviving through every opening faculty and enlarging grace. And it is then—then, when every twig of the cedar is tufted with new softness and beauty, and when the nestling birds are singing in the branches—it is then, when the love of the Spirit circulates anew, and the soul exults in God its Saviour—it is then that it is good to be near the happy and fresh-filled believer. In such society, and at such a season, the atmosphere is odour. The south wind wakes, and the spices flow. Heaven has opened, and the winter fled. God smiles, and the soul expands. The Holy Spirit stirs within, and verdure mantles to the topmost bough. And in the wafted gladness and delicious air, every alert disciple feels it is surely good to be here.

We might have added, the cedar is sound to the last; and the believer perseveres to the end, "to show that the Lord is upright; he is a rock, and there is no unrighteousness with him." But we only mention one particular farther. The palm is most productive at the last. It brings forth in old age its largest, richest fruit. The cedar is most useful when dead. It is most productive when its place knows it no more. There is no timber like it. Firm in the grain, and capable of the finest polish, the tooth of no insect will touch it, and time himself can hardly destroy it. Diffusing a perpetual fragrance through the chambers which it ceils, the worm will not corrode the book which it protects, nor the moth corrupt the garment which it guards. All but immortal itself, it transfuses its amaranthine qualities to the objects around it; and however stately in the forest, or brave on the mountain's brow, it is more serviceable in Solomon's palace, and more sanctified when set up as pillars in the temple, and carved into door-posts and lintels for the house of the Lord. Every Christian is useful in his life, but the goodly cedars are most useful afterwards. Joseph while he lived saved many people alive, and his own lofty goodness was an impressive and elevating pattern to his relenting and admiring brethren. But as an instance of special providence, and an example of untarnished excellence amidst terrible temptations, Joseph dead has spoken to more than Joseph living. The sweet singer of Israel while he lived taught many to handle the harp, and infected not a few with his thankful adoring spirit. But David being dead yet singeth; and you can hardly name the psalm, or hymn, or spiritual song, of which the lesson was not learnt from the son of Jesse. Paul in his living day preached many a sermon, and made many a convert to the faith of Jesus. But Paul being dead yet preacheth; and they were sermons from his sepulchre which converted Luther, and Zuingli, and most of our modern evangelists. And Luther is dead; but the reformation lives. Calvin is dead; but his vindication of God's free and sovereign grace will never die. Knox, Melville, and Henderson are dead; but Scotland still retains a Sabbath and a Christian peasantry—a Bible in every house, and a school in every parish. Bunyan is dead; but his bright spirit still walks the earth in its "Pilgrim's Progress." Baxter is dead; but souls are

still quickened by the "Saints' Rest," and the "Call to the Unconverted." Cowper is dead; but the "golden apples" are still as fresh as when newly gathered in the "silver basket" of the Olney Hymns. Eliot is dead; but the missionary enterprise is young. Henry Martyn is dead; but who can count the apostolic spirits who, phoenix-wise, have started from his funeral pile? Howard is dead; but modern philanthropy is only commencing its career. Raikes is dead; but the Sabbath-schools go on. Wilberforce is dead; but the negro will find for ages a protector in his memory.

TAKE COURAGE.

Oh, the day was dark,
Gusts of wind with rain,
Fiercely on our feeble bark
Beat the raging main.

Evening came, and shed
Calm o'er earth and sea.
Verdant vale and mountain's head
Looked out smilingly.

Saint, your day of life
Stormy thus may be.
For the durance and the strife,
Brace ye lustily.

Courage! one short day,
Soon the storm shall cease:
Eve shall brighten with a ray
From the land of peace!

LADY GREENHILL.

Mrs. RENTON, the subject of the following traditional notices, was born in the parish of Douglas, and descended of a worthy family of the name of Summerville, in the same place. She was, at the time tradition brings her into view, a widow. She had been married to the proprietor of a small estate called Greenhill, in the parish of Wiston. The mansion-house of the manor was situated at a short distance from the base of Tinto, the vicinity of which was the scene of much persecuting violence.

Respecting the religious character of Mrs. Renton's husband tradition has said nothing. She herself, however, was a woman of real piety, and her abode was the ready asylum of the houseless wanderer who had voluntarily left all for Christ's sake. Lady Greenhill, as she was familiarly denominated, according to the custom of the times, was regarded as an influential person in the district where she resided, and her example was therefore considered as the more pernicious. It was known that she was guilty of reset and harbour, as well as of being attached in principle to the cause of the Covenanters, and hence the ruling party determined, if possible, to bring her to another way of thinking. In the district in which she lived, the lady was not solitary in her non-conformist practices. The parts about Tinto were often

visited by the *outed* ministers, and especially by the good Cargill, whose administrations in that neighbourhood were attended with uncommon success; and consequently, many in these places were reared up to bear witness to the truth in the day of defection. Patrick Walker says, that Mr. Cargill had great delight in coming to Clydesdale, because here he had the greatest liberty in preaching and praying; and several other ministers, he adds, at that time did the same. There were many "solid and serious Christians" in the places round Tinto, whose houses afforded a retreat to the sufferers, and Greenhill was one of them. On this account, says the same writer, the persecution raged very hotly in the upper ward of Lanarkshire, and particularly in the vicinity of Tinto, during what he terms the "two slaughter years of 1684 and 1685." It was very probably about this time that Greenhill was so often the scene of danger.

One day, in the busy season of harvest, Claverhouse and his troopers suddenly made their appearance before Greenhill. The labours of the field at this period require the assistance of every hand, and few refuse to lend their aid in securing the yellow treasures which the ripening autumn has presented to the husbandman. Harvest is the most hilarious time of the year. It is the season which crowns the hopes of the agriculturist, and fills his heart with gladness. It is the season when the swains pour forth from the cottages, in joyous mood, to assail with the gleaming sickle the spacious corn fields, waving their golden produce in the rustling breeze. In that more homely age to which this sketch refers, the household of the laird and the family of the cotter took their places side by side on the harvest *rig*, and plied with buoyant spirits and willing hands the labours of the field. When Clavers arrived at Greenhill, he found none of the domestics within, and the reapers had just finished their mid-day repast, and were again in the field—

"Swelling the lusty sheaves,
While through their cheerful band the rural talk;
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Flew harmless."

Lady Greenhill that day occupied the place of a servant within doors, preparing the meals for the reapers at their stated hours, while all the inmates were sent to assist in the pleasant toil of *shearing*. The lady belonged to a class of housewives of which there is now, in the same rank of life, scarcely a remnant to be found. No portion of her time was spent in trifling, useless pursuits, and idle visits. By her the harpsichord was not struck for the purpose of killing a vacant hour, nor was the toilet made an altar on which to offer sacrifice to her personal vanity. The object of this truly virtuous lady was to imitate the apostolic injunction to women professing godliness: "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning

of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel: but let it be in the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God, is of great price; for, in this manner, in the old time, the holy women also who trusted in God adorned themselves." There is a gaiety, and a frivolity, and a worldly affectation among some religious professors, which plainly indicate what manner of spirit they are of; and hence, as an excellent writer remarks, "were Christ and his apostles now upon earth, in their plain and lowly form, it is much to be feared that they would be thought hardly good company enough for many of the present race of genteel and modish professors of religion."

The lady of Greenhill was a grave and prudent woman, and did not think it beneath her to engage, when necessity required, in menial occupations; she had too much good sense and true moral dignity to be ashamed of this. In this respect she resembled the virtuous woman, whose character is finely drawn by the pen of inspiration: "She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands; she girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff; she stretcheth out her hand to the poor, yea, she reaches forth her hands to the needy. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness; she looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness."

The troopers, as has been stated, arrived at Greenhill immediately after the departure of the reapers to the harvest-field; and nobody was left within but the lady, who was busily employed in her domestic duties. The trampling of the feet of the horse, and then a loud thundering at the door, announced the arrival of a party of visitors by no means welcome. Being taken by surprise, she was for a moment in perplexity whether to seek a place of concealment, or to open the door to the intruders. Finding, however, that it would be in vain to attempt to secrete herself within the house, she resolved, as the only alternative, to meet them at the door. Accordingly, having roused herself to the resolution, and having put up a mental prayer to the Preserver of her life, she unbarred the door, and admitted the bustling troopers. "Is Lady Greenhill within?" vociferated the commander of the party. "I am Lady Greenhill," was her cool and ready answer. "If," replied Clavers, "you were the lady, you would not so readily acknowledge it." Claverhouse had never seen her before, and consequently could not recognise her; and the servile dress in which she was then habited tended to lull suspicion, and not one of the party ever dreamed that she was any other than one of the lady's female servants. Claverhouse, thinking that the supposed servant wished to

amuse herself by attempting to practise a harmless deception on the gallant troopers, in passing herself off as the lady of the mansion, pushed his way into the interior, and entered the parlour, expecting to find Mrs. Renton seated at her ease, and, without more ado, to make her his prisoner on the spot. The commander, not having found her, as he anticipated, asked again, in a firmer and more impatient tone, where the lady was. The lady observing that she was not recognised, began to think that under this disguise she might probably escape detection, if she could act her part so as not to weaken the impression that she was really a household servant. Accordingly, when the question was again asked by the cavalier, she replied: "I am all that you will get for Lady Greenhill to-day." On this the troopers were enraged, and with deep oaths declared that the lady was certainly within, and that they would not leave the place till they found her. They proceeded instantly to the search, and the house was ransacked from cellar to garret. The lady all the while preserved her incognito, acted well her part, and sustained the character of an active and industrious Scottish maiden. The noisy and mischievous dragoons were racing about, and rambling through every apartment of the dwelling-house; and the lady, safe in the disguise of a servant, and apparently entirely at her ease, was occupied in the toils of the kitchen, and intent only on her work. The soldiers having accomplished their eager search without success, were greatly chagrined at their disappointment, and vented their rage in blasphemous language. Finding it in vain to pursue their object any farther, they began to make preparations for their departure. Having regaled themselves with what food and liquor they could find, and having in revenge destroyed what they could not consume, they despatched the supposed servant to fetch a man from the field, to conduct them through the pass of Howgate Mouth, on their way to Lanark.

Howgate mouth is a deep and rugged defile, which intersects the western declivity of Tinto. In the days of our forefathers it was rather a dangerous pass, especially to those on horseback; and hence the necessity of a guide for the safe conduct of travellers. That necessity happily does not now exist, as a good thoroughfare has been made through it. The dragoons moved along the defile, following the track of their cautious guide, who led them down with all the precision he could. As they were passing onward, they began to interrogate the man concerning the lady, and endeavoured to expiscate some information respecting her retreat. "Yon," said he, "was the lady that *cried* me frae the craft; everybody is on the rig the day but hersel." On this the commander of the party imagined that the man was wishing to impose on him in the same way as the supposed female servant in the house; and not being dis-

posed to receive any further jests on the subject, he drew his sword, and demanded a distinct reply to his question, respecting the hiding-place of his mistress. The man could give no other answer than he had already given; and he continued firmly to assert that the female they met in the house was the identical person of whom they were in quest. His asseverations, however, were not credited by the soldiers; and they proceeded to belabour him with the broad side of their drawn swords, declaring that if he persisted in concealing the truth, he should do so at the expense of aching bones. On every repetition of the blows which the dragoons, by way of amusement to themselves, so liberally applied to his back and shoulders, his reply was uniformly the same—"Yon was just the lady, though." At last, having sufficiently chastised his obstinacy, as they thought, and having got beyond the dangers of the pass, they dismissed him to tell his tale of woe to the merry reapers; but whether the cudgelling he had received rendered him unable to wield the sickle for the remainder of the day, tradition does not say.

On this occasion the worthy lady escaped in a way she did not expect. She could not tell a lie when interrogated by her enemies; and He who desires truth in the inward parts was pleased to shield her from discovery.

After the incident which has just now been narrated, the lady saw the necessity of adopting precautionary means, in case of a subsequent attack; and, accordingly, she prepared a hiding-place, to which, in the hour of danger, she might retreat. The dragoons, as was anticipated, were not long in paying Greenhill another visit, for the purpose of apprehending its mistress. Notice of their approach was intimated to the lady, who instantly fled to her concealment. The soldiers, in their usually disorderly and unmannerly way, entered the house, and commenced a strict search. They continued in their work of mischief and impertinence, till an incident occurred which put a stop to their proceedings for that day. The lady's little daughter, a girl of ten years of age, happened to follow the soldiers to a room which was subjected to a very minute search. In this apartment there happened to be a certain piece of furniture in the form of a handsome little chest. One of the dragoons, on observing it, exclaimed: "Here is the lady's charter-chest; let us examine its contents, and we may perchance find something that will reward our morning's toil." On his opening the lid of this chest, the little girl, who stood immediately behind the plundering dragoon, pushed him forward, and pressed the lid upon his hand. The dishonoured trooper, finding his mistake, raised himself from his position, and, rent with rage and disappointment, turned round upon the girl, who rushed impetuously from the chamber. The soldier stormed and swore, and drew his sword to pursue. "Hold, sirrah," exclaimed the officer in com-

mand, amused at the mortification of his gallant trooper; "hold, and at your peril venture to touch a hair of her head; I like the spunk of the girl, and for the present I will permit the old fox to abide in her concealment, for the sport the young one has afforded us." No further search was made, and the party instantly left the place.

Some time after this, the worthy matron of Greenhill was again assailed in her castle, by her old enemies the troopers. One evening, when the rays of the setting sun were gilding the summit of the lofty Tinto, and when the shadows of the mountains were stretching far into the valleys, a messenger, in breathless haste, announced to the household of Greenhill that a company of troopers were rapidly approaching. There was not a moment for deliberation; the lady fled from the house, and concealed herself in an adjoining building. The house of Greenhill was an erection of feudal times, and was sufficiently strong to afford protection against the roving bands of rival barons. Connected with the mansion-house was a large court, formed by ranges of office-houses; and it was here that, in the olden times, the cattle were driven for security, when there was any apprehension of the Annandale and other border thieves being abroad. Claverhouse sent his troopers into every apartment of the dwelling-house, and they failed not to accomplish a most unsparing search; but, after all their pains, they were unsuccessful—the lady was not to be found. This additional disappointment enraged Claverhouse excessively. The extent of devastation committed within the house on this occasion is not mentioned; but we are informed that, on their departure, they conceived the scheme of barricading the building in such a way as that neither ingress nor egress might be effected. He commanded his powerful and vengeful dragoons to secure every window and door, in the firmest manner, exclaiming that since it was the lady's pleasure to *go out*, it was his that she should not *go in*. The injunction was instantly obeyed, and every door and aperture were closed and fastened, and the keys carried off by the doughty troopers. By this means it was believed that no small degree of annoyance and trouble would be given to the good lady and her domestics, while the soldiers departed pleased with the thought, that they had at least wrought some mischief in keeping with their lawless occupation.

On the withdrawal of the soldiers, the lady issued from her concealment, and, in company with the servants, who had now assembled in the court, found the house in the situation described. An attempt to gain admittance at doors and windows was made, but without success. At last the lady, when trial had been made at the doors without being able to affect an entrance, observing one that had not been attempted, laid her fingers on the handle, and immediately the

door swung back upon its hinges, to the astonishment of the domestics, some of whom asserted that it was as firmly locked and barred as the others, and insinuated that a special providence had interposed to remove the obstacles which their united efforts could not otherwise have been able to accomplish. The lady, however, entertained no such notions; she saw at once that the leaving of the door unlocked was an oversight on the part of the dragoons, and that providence had no doubt ordered it so; but she had no belief of anything miraculous in the case. The gratitude of this good woman, on account of this seasonable deliverance, may easily be conceived; and, in reference to the event of that evening, as being a token of the divine kindness to herself and her household, she could lay her head on her pillow, and say—

"Our soul's escaped as a bird
Out of the fowler's snare;
The snare assunder broken is,
And we escaped are."

And in the morning, after the protection and sweet repose of the night, she could unite with the Psalmist again, and sing with a glad heart—

"I laid me down and slept, I waked,
For God sustained me;
I will not fear though thousands ten
Set round against me be."

There is in the life of this good woman another incident worthy of recording, which veritable tradition has preserved. One day when she happened to be in the field among the cattle, that were grazing peacefully on the flowery lea, she observed a company of troopers sweeping along the base of Tinto, and advancing in the direction of Greenhill. She was irresolute for a moment; to return to the house without attracting their notice was impossible, and the open fields afforded no hiding-place. On the descent of the troopers, however, into a hollow, which for a little concealed her from their view, she hastily snatched the plaid from the shoulders of the girl that tended the cows, and having wrapped it round herself, as if she were the person whose employment was to watch the cattle, she sat down on the grass to wait the result. The cavalcade came on apace, and, without seeming to take notice of her, rode hastily past at a short distance from the place where she was sitting. She turned her head warily round, and, with a palpitating heart saw the party dismount at Greenhill. During their stay in the house, her anxiety was intense, but her solicitude was even greater when she saw them preparing to depart. "Am I discovered?" said she to herself; "has any of my household been compelled to point me out to the enemy? and is my time now come when I shall be captured sitting here defenceless in the field? To thee, O thou preserver of my life, thou God of my salvation, I resign myself; help me to glorify thee, whether it be by life or by death." While

these busy cogitations occupied her mind, she observed, to her inexpressible relief, the troopers, with their commander in advance, wheel round and ride off in an opposite direction. They soon disappeared, and she returned to the house with a heart swelling with grateful emotions to Him who had so wonderfully shielded her in the hour of peril; and this was the last time she was disturbed by the marauding persecutors. We are not, however, to suppose that these few incidents were all that befell this pious woman from first to last; there were doubtless many other trials to which she was subjected by the enemy, which tradition has not retained.

Lady Greenhill lived many years after the persecution. She maintained a godly, and useful, and consistent life, and at last closed her eyes in peace, in hope of eternal life, through that Saviour in whose cause she had been honoured to suffer not a little. Her ashes repose in the ancient church-yard of St. Bride's, of Douglas.

These traditionary facts, relative to the lady of Greenhill, have been communicated by Mrs. Wilson of Douglas, a great-granddaughter of the lady, and granddaughter of the little girl who defeated the dragoon so magnanimously in the affair of the charter-chest. The grandmother lived to the great age of ninety-two, and Mrs. Wilson has herself attained the honourable age of eighty-one. When she speaks of her persecuted ancestors her age seems to be forgotten, and she appears to be carried back to the days of her youth, when with intense interest she used to listen to the incidents recited by her grandmother, who witnessed what she so feelingly narrated. "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."—*Simpson's Traditions.*

DEATH SURE AND OFTEN SUDDEN.

LET this earth and these heavens be enduring as they may, to you they are fugitive as vanity. Time, with its mighty strides, will soon reach a future generation, and leave the present in death and in forgetfulness behind it. The grave will close upon every one of you, and that is the dark and the silent cavern where no voice is heard, and the light of the sun never enters.

But more than this. Though we live too short a time to see the great changes which are carrying on in the universe, we live long enough to see many of its changes—and such changes too as are best fitted to warn and to teach us; even the changes which take place in society, made up of human beings as frail and as fugitive as ourselves. Death moves us away from many of those objects which are seen and temporal; but we live long enough to see many of these objects moved away from us—to see acquaintances falling every year—to see families

broken up by the rough and unsparing hand of death—to see houses and neighbourhoods shifting their inhabitants—to see a new race, and a new generation—and, whether in church or in market, to see unceasing changes in the faces of the people who repair to them. We know well that there is a poetic melancholy inspired by such a picture as this, which is altogether unfruitful; and that, totally apart from religion, a man may give way to the luxury of tears, when he thinks how friends drop away from him—how every year brings along with it some sad addition to the registers of death—how the kind and hospitable mansion is left without a tenant—and how, when you knock at a neighbour's door, you find that he who welcomed you, and made you happy, is no longer there. O that we could impress by all this a salutary direction on the fears and on the consciences of individuals—that we could give them a living impression of that coming day, when they shall severally share in the general wreck of the species—when each of you shall be one of the many whom the men of the next generation may remember to have lived in yonder street, or laboured in yonder manufactory—when they shall speak of you, just as you speak of the men of the former generation—who, when they died, had a few tears dropped over their memory, and for a few years will still continue to be talked of. O could we succeed in giving you a real and living impression of all this; and then may we hope to carry the lesson of John the Baptist with energy to your fears, "Flee from the coming wrath." But there is something so very deceiving in the progress of time—its progress is so gradual—to-day is so like yesterday—that we are not sensible of its departure. We should make head against this delusion. We should turn to personal account every example of change or of mortality. When the clock strikes, it should remind you of the dying hour. When you hear the sound of the funeral bell, you should think that in a little time it will perform for you the same office. When you awake in the morning, you should think that there has been the addition of another day to the life that is past, and the subtraction of another day from the remainder of your journey. When the shades of the evening fall around you, you should think of the steady and invariable progress of time—how the sun moves and moves till it will see you out—and how it will continue to move after you die, and see out your children's children to the latest generation. Everything around us should impress the mutability of human affairs. An acquaintance dies—you will soon follow him. A family moves from the neighbourhood—learn that the works of man are given to change. New families succeed—sit loose to the world, and withdraw your affections from its unstable and fluctuating interests. Time is rapid, though we observe not its rapidity. The days that are

past appear like the twinkling of a vision. The days that are to come will soon have a period, and will appear to have performed their course with equal rapidity. We talk of our fathers and our grandfathers, who figured their day in the theatre of the world. In a little time, we will be the ancestors of a future age. Posterity will talk of us as of the men that are gone—and our remembrance will soon depart from the face of the country. When we attend the burial of an acquaintance, we see the bones of the men of other times—in a few years our bodies will be mangled by the power of corruption, and be thrown up in loose and scattered fragments among the earth of the new-made grave. When we wander among the tombstones of the church-yard, we can scarcely follow the mutilated letters that compose the simple story of the inhabitant below. In a little time, and the tomb that covers us will moulder by the power of the seasons, and the letters will be eaten away, and the story that was to perpetuate our remembrance will elude the gaze of some future inquirer.

We know that time is short, but none of us know how short. We know that it will not go beyond a certain limit of years; but none of us know how small the number of years, or months, or days may be. For death is at work upon all ages. The fever of a few days may hurry the likeliest of us all from this land of mortality. The cold of a few weeks may settle into some lingering but irrecoverable disease. In one instant the blood of him who has the promise of many years may cease its circulation. Accident may assail us. A slight fall may precipitate us into eternity. An exposure to rain may lay us on the bed of our last sickness, from which we are never more to rise. A little spark may kindle the midnight conflagration, which lays a house and its inhabitants in ashes. A stroke of lightning may arrest the current of life in a twinkling. A gust of wind may overturn the vessel, and lay the unwary passenger in a watery grave. A thousand dangers beset us on the slippery path of this world; and no age is exempted from them—and from the infant that hangs on its mother's bosom, to the old man who sinks under the decrepitude of years, we see death in all its woful and affecting varieties.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

SAYINGS OF PHILIP HENRY.

REFERRING to the death of a friend who had often expressed his intention of leaving the substance of his estate to pious uses, but had not done so, he remarked,—“Many good purposes lie in the church-yard.”

In his thanksgivings for temporal mercies, he often said,—“If the end of one mercy were not the beginning of another, we were undone:” and to encourage to the work of thanksgiving he would say,—“That new mercies call for new returns of praise,

and then those new returns will fetch in new mercies.”

When he spoke of a good name, he usually described it to be a name for good things with good people.

When he spoke of contentment, he used to say,—“When the mind and the condition meet, there is contentment. Now, in order to that, either the condition must be brought up to the mind, and that is not only unreasonable but impossible; for as the condition riseth, the mind riseth with it, or else the mind must be brought down to the condition, and that is both possible and reasonable.” And he observed,—“That no condition of life will of itself make a man content, without the grace of God; for we find Haman discontented in the court, Ahab discontented on the throne, Adam discontented in paradise; nay, and higher we cannot go, the angels that fell discontented in heaven itself.”

Earthly-minded men are like moles; they live in the earth, they see no beauty in holiness, no comeliness in Jesus Christ.

The three questions which he advised people to put to themselves in self-examination before the sacrament, were,—“What am I? What have I done? and, What do I want?”

He said there were four things which he would not for all the world have against him,—“The Word of God, his own conscience, the prayers of the poor, and the account of godly ministers.”

There are four things he would say, we must not make a mock of,—“Sin (Prov. xiv. 9), people's natural infirmities, the Word of God, and good people.”

Tria sunt difficilia;—to believe things impossible to reason—to hope against hope when the thing hoped for is deferred,—and to cleave to God as to a friend, when he appears against us as an enemy.

There are two things we should greatly beware of,—“That we may never be ashamed of the gospel; and, that we may never be a shame to it.” (Prov. xxx. 9.)

“He that hath a blind conscience, which sees nothing; a dead conscience, which feels nothing; and a dumb conscience, which saith nothing; is in as miserable a condition as a man can be in on this side hell.”

There are three things, which, if Christians do, they will prove mistaken:—

1. If they look for that in themselves, which is to be had in another, viz., righteousness.
2. If they look for that in the law, which is to be had only in the gospel, viz., mercy.
3. If they look for that on earth, which is to be had only in heaven, viz., perfection.

The pilot is wise though the sea is rough.

We are born to trouble as men (Job xiv. 1), and born again to it as Christians (2 Tim. iii. 12).

When the flail of affliction, O Lord, is upon me, let me not be as the chaff that flies in thy face, but as the corn that lies at thy feet.

“But, beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though we thus speak.” He said, in the close,—“Do these things. See sin to be the worst of evils, and depart from it. See Christ to be the best of goods, and choose him, and cleave to him. See the world passing away, and

set not thy heart upon it. See the ways of God to be the best ways, and his people the best people; and walk in those ways, and with those people. See heaven and hell before you, and carry it accordingly. Love the Word of God; make it your guide, your food."

He who hears sermons, and doth not do them, is a monster in religion. He is all head and ears, having neither hands to work with, nor feet to walk with.

I am too much a catholic to be a Roman Catholic.

When his opinion was asked about any doubtful matter, as playing at cards, the marriage of cousins-germans, or the like, he was very cautious in determining such things to be sinful; but he would say,—"It is good keeping on the safer side; and a man would not choose to go upon a precipice, when he might go upon even ground. (Prov. x. 5). 'He that walks uprightly walks surely,' in opposition to walking at all adventures."

Joy must not always be judged of by the outward expression; for a man will laugh more at a jest than he will at news of a pardon.

The root of a tree lies out of sight; so the affections. When they are set upon the world, what they do they do slyly. The soul is lost without noise.

When we reprove our brother, we must be careful we violate not his credit. So Christ looked only upon Peter, lest, if he had spoken to him, the Jews, over-hearing, might have reviled and upbraided him with his treachery to his Master. So, also, at supper, when he reprov'd Judas, he speaks in general terms—"One of you."

When some zealous people in the country would have him to preach against top-knots, and other vanities in apparel, he would say that was none of his business; if he could but persuade people to Christ, the pride, and vanity, and excess of those things, would fall of course; and yet he had a dislike to vanity and gaiety of dress, and allowed it not in those that he had influence upon. His rule was, that in such things we must be neither owls nor apes; not affect singularity, nor affect modishness; nor, as he used to observe from 1 Peter iii. 3, make "the putting on of apparel our adorning," because Christians have better things to adorn themselves with.

When some complained to him of a relation of theirs, that would not let them dress his children with ribbons, and other fine things, "Why truly," saith Mr. Henry, "those things are fit for children;" thereby reprov'g both him that would not allow them to his children, and them that perhaps minded them too much themselves.

On one occasion he writes,—"None should despair, because God can help them; none should presume, because God can cross them."

Speaking of pride, he would say,—"The worst sin, pride, comes out of our graces, and the best grace, which is humility, comes out of our sins."

At other times,—"We should be troubled as much at unjust praises as at unjust slanders."

If you would pray fervently, walk watchfully. Rest not in forms. Artificial breath, such as that which comes from a pair of bellows, is cold; but natural breath, which comes from the mouth of a living man, is warm.

Stir thyself up with quickening meditations. (Ps. xxxix. 3). Beg assistance from the Spirit.

Noticing the causes of God's hiding his face from his people, he remarks,—"That most commonly sin in us is the cause. Sin is a separating, darkening thing (Isa. lix. 2; Eph. v. 11); particularly security, carnal confidence (Ps. xxx. 6, 7); neglect of opportunities (Sol. Song v. 2, 3, &c.); worldly-mindedness (Isa. lvii. 17; 1 Tim. vi. 10); cowardice in God's cause and service (Jonah ii. 4). Yet, sometimes he adds, pure love in himself is the reason (Isa. .

He has, hereby, several holy ends in view. To convince us of our dependence upon him for all the comfort we have; to quicken our desires after him. See Matt. xv. 22, &c., to discover to us the worth of the light of his countenance; to prevent our being puffed up (2 Cor. xii.); to stir up our longings after heaven."

AMUSEMENTS.

If Christians join in what are called worldly amusements, I ask nothing about their creed. They show their *taste*; that is enough. A mere creed, however correct, will save no man. The influence of the creed is the essential matter.

He who cultivates a sound spiritual taste cannot relish frivolity. Most of what is said about amusements is said to no purpose. Taste, not logic, rules the world. A new nature—a fine taste—a relish for, a delight in, the sublime and holy, the infinite and eternal;—plant this in the soul of man, and he looks upon the world's amusements as mere cobwebs.

I reject many things which I do not account sinful in the abstract. I look to influence and consequences. A thing may be lawful, and yet not be expedient.

If I am a Christian, I am a witness for Christ. I am in the world; but I am not of the world. I must not distress or perplex the good: I must not encourage or confirm the careless in their follies.

"If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, follow him." The world should see what master we serve. They are consistent in their cause and course: Christians ought to be so in theirs.

Is this amusement sinful in itself?—Perhaps it is not: but many things may be morally wrong in practice which are not morally evil in their nature. But reasoning on the point is needless. You account yourself a true Christian: be true, as such, to the taste which Christianity produces, and not a word need be spoken in the way of argument about the trifles and vanities of the world.—*Jones*.

ECONOMY.

NEVER be lavish or parsimonious: always be economical. Economy is closely connected with comfort and respectability—with piety and usefulness. Wise economy supplies the bank of charity.

True economy, both with regard to money and time, is of the greatest importance. What good might we do, if we did not waste money! What persons might we be, if we improved time!

The largest sum is an accumulation of farthings: the largest period is an accumulation of moments. If you would do good, do not waste farthings. If you would be wise, do not waste moments.—*Ibid*.

“A TIME TO DANCE.”

A WORTHY clergyman, who had been suspected of having improperly interfered in influencing some of the young people under his pastoral charge to absent themselves from a ball that took place in the parish, received, in consequence, the following anonymous note:—

“SIR,—Obey the voice of Scripture. Take the following for your text, and contradict it. Show in what consists the evil of that innocent amusement of dancing—‘A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance.’ (Eccles. iii. 4.)

(Signed) A TRUE CHRISTIAN, BUT NO
HYPOCRITE.”

The minister immediately wrote the following reply, which he inserted in a periodical publication:—

“MY DEAR SIR (OR MADAM),—Your request that I would preach from Eccles. iii. 4, I cannot comply with at present, since there are some Christian duties more important than dancing, which a part of my people seem disposed to neglect. Whenever I perceive, however, that the duty of dancing is too much neglected, I shall not fail to raise a warning voice against so dangerous an omission. In the mean time, there are certain difficulties in the text which you recommend to my notice, the solution of which I should receive with gratitude from ‘a true Christian.’

“My first difficulty respects the *time* for dancing; for although the text declares that there is a *time* to dance, yet *when* that time is, it does not determine. Now, this point I wish to ascertain exactly, before I preach upon the subject; for it would be as criminal, I conclude, to dance at the wrong time, as to neglect to dance at the right time. I have been able to satisfy myself, in some particulars, when it is *not* ‘a time to dance.’ We shall agree, I presume, that on the Sabbath-day, or at a funeral, or during the prevalence of a pestilence, or the rocking of an earthquake, or the roaring of a thunder-storm, it would be no time to dance. If we were condemned to die, and were waiting in prison the day of execution, this would be no time for dancing; and if our feet stood on a slippery place beside a precipice, we should not dare to dance. But, suppose the very day to be ascertained, is the whole day, or only a

27.†

part, to be devoted to this amusement? and if a part of the day only, then which part is ‘the time to dance?’ From the notoriously pernicious effects of ‘night-meetings,’ in all ages, both upon morals and health, no one will pretend that the evening is ‘the time to dance;’ and perhaps it may be immaterial which portion of the daylight is devoted to that innocent amusement. But allowing the *time* to be ascertained, there is still an obscurity in the text. Is it a *command* to dance, or only a *permission*? Or is it merely a declaration of the fact, that as men are constituted, there is a time, when all the events alluded to in the text do, in the providence of God, come to pass? If the text be a *command*, is it of universal obligation? and must ‘old men and maidens, young men and children,’ dance obedience? If a *permission*, does it imply a permission also to *refrain* from dancing if they are so disposed? Or if the text be merely a declaration that there is a time when men do dance, as there is a time when they die, then I might as well be *requested* to take the first eight verses of the chapter, and show in what consists the evil of those innocent practices of hating, and making war, and killing men, for which it seems there is ‘a time,’ as well as for dancing. There is still another difficulty in the text, which just now occurs to me: What *kind* of dancing does the text intend? for it is certainly a matter of no small consequence to ‘a true Christian,’ to dance in a scriptural way, as well as at the scriptural time. Now, to avoid mistakes on a point of such importance, I have consulted every passage in the Bible which speaks of dancing; the most important of which permit me to submit to your inspection.

“And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her, with timbrels and with dances.’ (Exod. xv. 20.) This was on account of the overthrow of the Egyptians in the Red Sea.

“The daughter of Jephthah ‘came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances.’ (Judg. xi. 34.) This also was on account of a victory over the enemies of Israel.

“The yearly feast in Shiloh was a feast unto the Lord, in which the daughters of Shiloh went forth in dances. (Judg. xxi. 21.) This was done as an act of religious worship.

"And David danced before the Lord with all his might;" but the irreligious Michael 'came out to meet David, and said, How glorious was the king of Israel to-day, who uncovered himself to-day in the eyes of the handmaids of his servants, as one of the vain fellows shamelessly uncovereth himself!' (2 Sam. vi. 14, 20.)

"Dancing, it seems, *was a sacred rite*, and was usually performed by women. At that day, it was perverted from its sacred use by none but 'vain fellows,' destitute of shame. David vindicates himself from her irony, by saying, 'It was before the Lord;' admitting, that had this not been the case, her rebuke would have been merited.

"On account of the victory of Saul and David over the Philistines, 'the women came out of all the cities of Israel, singing and dancing.' (1 Sam. xviii. 6.)

"Let them praise his name in the dance.' (Ps. cxlix. 3.)

"Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing.' (Ps. xxx. 11.) The deliverance here spoken of was a recovery from sickness, and the dancing an expression of religious gratitude and joy.

"As soon as he came nigh unto the camp, he saw the calf and the dancing.' (Exod. xxxii. 19.) From this it appears that dancing was a part also of idol worship.

"O virgin of Israel, thou shalt again be adorned with thy tabrets, and go forth in the dances of them that make merry.' (Jer. xxxi. 4.) This passage predicts the return from captivity, and the restoration of the Divine favour, with the consequent expression of religious joy.

"We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented.' (Matt. xi. 17.) That is, neither the judgments nor the mercies of God produce any effect upon this incorrigible generation. They neither mourn when called to mourning by his providence; nor rejoice with the usual tokens of religious joy, when his mercies demand their gratitude.

"Now his elder son was in the field; and as he came, and drew nigh unto the house, he heard music and dancing.' (Luke xv. 25.) The return of the prodigal was a joyful event, for which the grateful father, according to the usages of the Jewish Church, and the exhortations of the Psalmist, praised the Lord in the dance.

"A time to mourn, and a time to dance.' (Eccles. iii. 4.) Since the Jewish Church knew nothing of dancing, except as a religious ceremony, or as an expression of gratitude and praise,

the text is a declaration that the providence of God sometimes demands mourning, and sometimes gladness and gratitude.

"But when Herod's birth-day was kept, the daughter of Herodias danced before them, and pleased Herod.' (Matt. xiv. 6.) In this case, dancing was perverted from its original object to purposes of vanity and ostentation.

"Wherefore do the wicked live, become old, yea, are mighty in power? They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance. They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment they go down to the grave. Therefore they say unto God, Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways. What is the Almighty, that we should serve him; and what profit should we have if we pray unto him?' (Job xxi. 7, 11, 13-15.) Their wealth and dancing are assigned as the reason of their saying unto God, 'Depart from us,' and of their not desiring the knowledge of his ways, or of serving him, or praying to him.

"From the preceding quotations, it will sufficiently appear—

"1. That dancing was a religious act, both of the true, and also of the idol, worship.

"2. That it was practised exclusively on joyful occasions, such as national festivals or great victories.

"3. That it was performed by maidens only

"4. That it was performed usually in the day-time, in the open air, in highways, fields, or groves.

"5. That men who perverted dancing from a sacred use to purposes of amusement, were deemed infamous.

"6. That no instances of dancing are found upon record in the Bible, in which the two sexes united in the exercise, either as an act of worship or amusement.

"7. That there is no instance upon record of social dancing for amusement, except that of the 'vain fellows,' devoid of shame; of the irreligious families described by Job, which produced increased impiety, and ended in destruction; and of Herodias, which terminated in the rash vow of Herod, and the murder of John the Baptist.

"I congratulate you, sir, on the assured hope which you seem to have attained, that you are 'a true Christian,' and on the meekness and modesty with which you have been able to express it; and most sincerely do I join with you in the condemnation of all 'hypocrites.'

"I am, affectionately yours," &c.

THE DISTINCTION OF THE PERSONS IN THE GODHEAD.

(From Mastertown's "Doctrine of the Holy Trinity asserted from the Sacred Scriptures.")

Question 1. WHAT are we to understand by the word Person, when we speak of the three Persons in the Godhead?

Answer. An eminent divine (Archbishop Tillotson) answers this question in these words: "There are three differences in the Deity, which the Scripture speaks of by the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and every where speaks of them as we use to do of three distinct persons; and therefore I see no reason why we should nicely abstain from using the word Person." And there is the more reason for retaining this word, because the Scripture uses it, and applies it to one of the blessed Trinity: our Saviour is said to be the "brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person" (Heb. i. 3); but when we apply the word person to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, we must by no means bring anything into the signification that is peculiar to finite and imperfect beings, and not applicable to a Being of infinite perfections; thus because three angels or three men are three distinct persons, and every one of them has his own peculiar substance distinct from another, we must not conceive so of the persons of the Godhead, which though they are different from one another, they have all three one and the same substance.

Q. 2. How does it appear that there is a distinction among the persons of the Godhead?

A. Because different things are said of them, and they are not mentioned in the Scripture always in the same, but in a different order. Different things are said of them; the Father is said to beget the Son, the Son to be begotten of the Father, and the Holy Ghost to proceed from the Father and Son. They are brought in speaking to one another, as to different persons: "The Lord said to my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand." (Ps. cx. 1). "The Lord hath said to me, Thou art my Son, this day I have begotten thee." (Ps. ii. 7). Different things are said of them, as "the Word was with God" (John i. 1); which must be meant of different persons, otherwise the sense would be "the Word was with himself," which is very absurd; for it is said, "the Word was made flesh" (John i. 14), which is not said of the other two; and the Son is said to "have had a glory with the Father, before the world was." (John xvii. 5). All three are distinguished expressly at the baptism of our blessed Lord: The Father is brought in, saying, "This is my beloved Son;" the Son receives baptism, and the Holy Ghost descends on him in the likeness of a dove. (Matt. iii. 16, 17.)

The three Persons are mentioned in Scripture in a different order; in the form of baptism (Matt. xxviii. 19), they are placed in their natural order; as also, where it is said, "The Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one." (1 John v. 7.) But in other places (Eph. iv. 5, 6; 1 Cor. xii. 4-6), the Spirit is first, the Son next, and the Father last. (Eph. ii. 18.) They are mentioned still in another order (2 Cor. xiii. 14); the Son is first, the Father next, and the Holy Ghost last; and the three persons being mentioned in Scripture, sometimes in one order and sometimes in another, it is some addition to the evidence of the distinction of the persons, as also of their equality, as to the essential glory of the divine nature.

Q. 3. In order to our conceiving of the distinction of the Persons in the Trinity, what other observations may be made on that subject?

A. These following:—

(1.) The three Persons are so distinct, that one of them neither is nor can be the other: the Father is not, and cannot be forgotten; the personal properties of the Father, of begetting, sending, and giving the Son, cannot belong to the Son; nor can the properties of the Son belong to the Father; nor can the properties of the Holy Ghost, of proceeding from the Father and the Son, belong to any but himself. Thus the three Persons were distinguished at Christ's baptism (Matt. iii. 17); which made some in ancient times say to those who denied this doctrine, *Go to Jordan, and there see a Trinity*; yet though the Father is not the Son, nor the Son the Father, and neither Father nor Son are the Holy Ghost, the three Persons are equally possessed of the one divine nature.

(2.) Such a distinction must be admitted betwixt the three Persons, as will answer the different attributions made in Scripture, to them severally, with respect to the interest they have in the work of our redemption. The order and economy of the blessed three Persons stands thus:—The Father sends the Son, the Son comes to satisfy divine justice, the Son sends the Spirit to apply the redemption purchased by his own death. If there be no distinction betwixt the three Persons, the whole frame of the Christian religion will be overturned.

(3.) Though the three Persons be each of them distinguished from another, yet are they not distinguished as to anything that is essential to the Deity, the divine nature is equally in them all: The Son is not a different God from the Father, nor the Spirit a different God from the Father and Son; as it is well expressed by one of the ancients—"Though there are three in whom the Godhead is, yet there is in them three, but one God."

(4.) Though the Father, Son, and Spirit are distinguished, yet there is no divine nature but what subsists in these three divine Persons; nor can it be said that the Deity did exist, in order of nature, antecedently to the Trinity; for a Trinity of persons is as necessary as the existence of the Deity itself; and the divine nature is necessarily in the three persons; as is plain from our baptism, in which we are equally devoted to each person, because each person is God.

(5.) This distinction of Persons in the Godhead is not merely nominal, as the Sabellians pretend; for our blessed Lord says of the Father (John v. 32), "There is another that beareth witness of me;" and "I will ask the Father, and he will give you another Comforter." (John xiv. 16.) In these texts there is another and another, and it is plain we cannot be said to be baptized into a Trinity of names, nor can mere names be said to bear witness.

(6.) We may be fully satisfied there is a distinction betwixt the three Persons, though we cannot account for the way and manner how they are distinguished; the attempts some have made to illustrate the doctrine of the Trinity, above what is written, as they have been the effects of a daring and vain curiosity, so they have introduced very dangerous notions concerning that sublime point.

Q. 4. What has been objected against this doctrine by its opposers?

A. Some have said, can anything be more absurd than to say, one is three, and three is one? Thus Lucian, an ancient heathen philosopher, scoffed at this doctrine, saying the Christians' God is one of three, and three of one. And too many in later times have expressed themselves with the same impious freedom; yet there is no argument in a profane jest, but what will issue in a dreadful conclusion to the authors, if they repent not; seeing we are sure the Word of God says, "These three are one," we have demonstration enough of this truth, which may

sufficiently support us under the reproaches of infidels of every denomination; Christ crucified was matter of blushing to some in the apostle's time, but to him it was matter of great glorying. (1 Cor. i. 21.)

They further allege, that there is an impossibility in this doctrine, and that there cannot be but one God, and yet three persons equally possessed of that one Godhead, and all its perfections. But seeing the Word of God assures us there are three persons in one Godhead, we must conclude there is no impossibility in it. If we must assert things to be impossible because we cannot discern the way how they are, there will be no end of impossibilities: for the same reason the enemies of the doctrine of a Trinity in Unity, must suppose the impossibility of the absolute eternity of God, as also of his omnipresence and infallible prescience of future contingencies, of the creation of the world out of nothing, and of other principles, the truth whereof our own reason doth not permit us to question; and yet we are as unable to discern how they are, or can be, as how there can be three divine Persons in one undivided Godhead. Nicodemus, a learned Jew, thought regeneration impossible, but as impossible as he thought it, our Saviour told him it was impossible for him to enter into the kingdom of heaven without it. There is therefore no impossibility in this, and other Christian doctrines, but what is owing to the ignorance and misconceptions of our prejudiced minds.

It is further objected against this doctrine, that it carries in it a plain contradiction. Now this is but a repetition of the former objection; and all that it amounts to is, that we cannot comprehend how one is three, and three are one; but after all, the supposition of contradiction in this doctrine is groundless, because we do not assert that Father, Son, and Spirit are three in the same respect in which they are one; neither do we affirm a Trinity of Gods, which would be a real contradiction; but there is no contradiction in saying these three are one, in respect to the divine nature, while they are three in respect of their mutual and necessary relations to each other, and their relations to men as elected, redeemed, and sanctified. The word God is not applied to three separate beings, but to a being which is essentially one; so that each person is God, and all three are but one God.

It would be but modest to ascribe all the difficulty we find in conceiving of this awful subject to the weakness of our own understanding, or to any other cause, rather than that of its carrying a contradiction in it; for seeing the divine essence is infinite, it must be very presumptuous in any mere creature to say how far the divine perfections may go, and where they must stop, otherwise there must be a contradiction; but none can pretend to prove a contradiction in this doctrine, but he must pretend to comprehend the divine nature—that is, to comprehend what is absolutely incomprehensible, which would be the greatest contradiction of any; wherefore it would much more become us to say with one of the ancients, *I cannot think of One but I am immediately dazzled with the brightness of three; nor can I discern three, but I am immediately brought back to One.*

It is therefore without any colour of reason, that some are so fond of running the parallel betwixt this doctrine of a Trinity in Unity, and the Doctrine of Transubstantiation. They do so, it is true, with very different views. The Papists, in defending their doctrine of Transubstantiation, are not ashamed to tell their opposers, that it is no just prejudice against their principle mentioned that it carrieth in it a real contradiction, seeing there is as real a contradiction in the doctrine of the Trinity; which the Protestants

embrace as readily as they. The Socinians take advantage of this reasoning of the Papists, alleging the parallel to be just; and that the parallel doctrines are equally contradictory and absurd. But there is a manifest difference betwixt these two doctrines. The doctrine of the Holy Trinity is frequently asserted with great plainness in the Holy Scriptures, but the doctrine of Transubstantiation is not at all asserted there; but its contrariety to Scripture has been fully proved by many Protestant divines, who have justly alleged, that it can no more be proved from Scripture that the sacramental bread is substantially changed into the natural body of Christ, by virtue of these words, *THIS IS MY BODY*, than it can be proved that Christ is substantially changed into a natural vine by virtue of these words, *I AM THE TRUE VINE*; or that Christ was substantially changed into the rock, whereof the Israelites drank, by virtue of these words, *THAT ROCK WAS CHRIST*: Besides, there is an evident disparity betwixt these two doctrines, as to the difficulties which press them; for the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, as it is delivered in the Holy Scriptures, and as it has been now stated, hath no contradiction in it; but the most that can be said of it is, that it is incomprehensible to human reason; and no finite understanding can prove there can be no such union in the Godhead, which can make three persons one God; or that such a unity implies a real impossibility. On the other hand, the doctrine of Transubstantiation is big with all imaginable absurdities, and is an evident contradiction to both sense and reason; so that the Popish doctors have no way to solve the difficulties, but by asserting, what is most of all absurd and impious, that God can make the two parts of a real contradiction to agree, and can cause the same thing to be and not to be at the same time; which is in effect to say, we can be sure of nothing, and that sense and reason are good for nothing but to make men sceptics. But though the Papists, out of a blind zeal for Transubstantiation, have betrayed the cause of Christianity, by owning, that there is a real contradiction in the doctrine of the Holy Trinity; it seems very disingenuous in the anti-Trinitarians, to urge this against the doctrine of the Trinity itself, and against those who, with good reason, defy both them and the Papists to prove any such real contradiction in the Scripture doctrine of the Holy Trinity.

From what has been advanced, we may infer, that we are under no necessity of going into any dangerous scheme of the doctrine of the Trinity, whether that of the Sabellians, which asserts, there is but one person of the Godhead expressed in Scripture, under three different names and manifestations; or that of the Tritheist, which asserts a Trinity of Gods; or that of the Arians, which denies the Son and Spirit to be of the same essence with the Father; but keeping our sentiments close to the Holy Scriptures, and believing that Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are really one, though mysteriously distinguished from one another; and that these Three are perfectly One, and equally possessed of one divine essence, we shall be safe, and have no reason to waver: for it must be a great weakness in any to let what is concealed in the Scripture hinder their firm believing what is plainly revealed therein.

EXTRACTS FROM M'CHEYNE.

WORKING CHRISTIANS.

LEARN to be working Christians. "Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own souls." It is very striking to see the uselessness of

many Christians. Are there none of you who know what it is to be selfish in your Christianity? You have seen a selfish child go into a secret place to enjoy some delicious morsel undisturbed by his companions? So it is with some Christians. They feed upon Christ and forgiveness, but it is alone, and all for themselves. Are there not some of you who can enjoy being a Christian, while your dearest friend is not; and yet you will not speak to him? See, here you have got your work to do. When Christ found you, he said: "Go, work in my vineyard." What were you hired for, if it was not to work? What were you saved for if it was not to spread salvation? What blessed for? Oh, my Christian friends! how little you live as if you were the servants of Christ!—how much idle time and idle talk you have! This is not like a good servant. How many things you have to do for yourself!—how few for Christ and his people! This is not like a servant.

"BUY AS THOUGH YOU POSSESSED NOT."

Oh! believers, ye cannot be misers; for you are but stewards. All that you possess here is your Lord's; and the day is at hand when he will transfer you to take care of another property in a brighter land. You are but servants. It would not do if you were to set your hearts on the things of this lower room; for in a few days the Master is to call you to serve in his own dear presence. Dear believers, be ready to leave your loom for the golden harp, at a minute's warning; be ready to leave your desk for the throne of Jesus—your pen for the palm of victory; be ready to leave the market below, for the street of the new Jerusalem, where the redeemed shall walk. If you were in a sinking ship, you would not cling hard to bags of money—you would sit loose to all, and be ready to swim. This world is like a sinking ship, and those who grasp at its possessions will sink with it. Oh!—"buy as though you possessed not;" for "the time is short."

FAMILIES DIVIDED IN ETERNITY.

When Orpah turned back from Naomi and Ruth, she little knew she was parting for ever. They had lived together perhaps from infancy. They had played around the same palm tree—sat before the same cottage door—wandered over the same hills of Moab; now, they parted for eternity. So it is amongst us. There are, no doubt, many of us about to be separated for eternity. How strange, that two trees should grow so near—one to flower in paradise, the other to be a firebrand in hell!

Dear friends, do you not see some whom you love much really converted and saved? Do you not see they have a peace that passeth understanding, while you are still loaded with guilt? They are growing holier—more fond of prayer—walking more humbly—getting riper for glory; you riper for hell—your sins getting faster hold. Oh, this separation will be for eternity! You may love them much, but you will go back to your gods. 1. You will be separated at death; they will pass into glory, into perfect day—you will lift up your eyes in hell. Besides all this, 2. You will be separated at judgment. When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, he shall separate the sheep from the goats; those on the right hand shall be solemnly acquitted—rewarded for all the good works you now see them daily performing. All their prayers and tears for you will then be recompensed. You, on the left hand, shall go away into everlasting punishment. You shall look on that Saviour whom you now despise, and "wail because of him." When your eye catches your godly friends, how you will weep and wail! You will then remem-

ber all their love and all your madness. Parents, do you love your converted children? Can you bear to be parted eternally? Will you cleave to Naomi, or go back to your people and your gods? How will you bear to see the fruit of your body on the throne with Christ, and yourself a brand in an eternal hell?

JOY IN ORDINANCES.

How changed are all the wells of salvation to a poor sinner come to Christ!

1. *The Bible.* Once it was a dull, wearisome book—you looked to the end of the chapter when you began it, to see when it would be done. But have you come to Christ?—now the well is a well of salvation—a well of living water.

2. *Prayer.* Once it was wholly neglected by you, or a cold form, which you hurried over; now it is a sweet well of delight. Ah! there is no better test of the soul than delight in secret prayer, unobserved and unknown by man.

3. *The house of prayer.* Once you despised it, or came for show—to show your best clothes, or to see your companions; now you can say: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

4. *The Lord's supper.* Once you sat there another Judas, with stony heart and dry eyes; now you find it a well of salvation indeed. It is a pledge that Christ is yours. When you see the elements, your heart begins to burn—when you touch them, your hands are loosed—when you taste them, your eyes are enlightened—when you eat them, your whole soul is strengthened.

CHRIST BECAME POOR.

He was in the form of God, and thought it no robbery to be equal with God; but he made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. He became poor in all those things wherein he had been rich.

1. *At his birth.* (1.) *He laid aside the adoration of the creatures.* He left the hallelujahs of the heavenly world for the manager at Bethlehem. No angel bowed before the infant Saviour; no seraph veiled his face and feet before him. The world knew him not. A few shepherds from the fields of Bethlehem came and knelt to him, and the wise men saw and adored the infant King; but the most despised him. His mother wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger, for there was no room for them in the inn: "He became poor." (2.) *He left the love of God.* The moment that babe was born, he became the surety of a guilty world. He was born of a woman, made under the law. The law took hold of him, even in infancy, as our surety. From the cradle to the cross he was bearing the sins of many, and therefore he says: "I am afflicted and ready to die from my youth up; while I suffer thy terrors, I am distracted." (Ps. lxxxv. 15.) Ah! what a change was here, from the infinite joy of his Father's love to the misery and terror of his Father's frown: "He became poor." (3.) *He left the power and glory that he had.* Instead of wanting nothing, he became a helpless child, in want of everything. Instead of saying: "If I were hungry, I would not tell thee," he needed now the milk of his mother's breast. Instead of holding up worlds with his arm, he needed now to be supported—to be wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger, watched by a mother's tender eye: "He was rich, and became poor."

2. *In his life.* He that was adored by the myriads of heaven was lightly esteemed. Few believed on him; they called him glutton—wine-bibber—deceiver. Once they sought to cast him over the rocks—often they plotted to kill him. He that before received the full love of God, now received his full frown. The cloud became every day darker over his soul. Many of the hills and valleys of this world re-echoed with his cries and bitter agony. Gethsemane was watered with his blood. He that had all things at his domain now wanted everything. Certain women ministered to him of their substance. (Luke viii. 3.) He had no money to pay the tribute, and a fish of the sea had to bring it to him. (Matt. xvii. 27.) The creatures of his hand had a warmer bed than he: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." (Matt. viii.) Every man went to his own home—Jesus went to the Mount of Olives. And again, we are told, as they sailed, Jesus was asleep on a pillow. Another time he sat wearied at the well, and said: "Give me to drink." He that was God over all, blessed for ever, could say, "I am a worm, and no man;" "He became poor."

3. *In his death most of all he became poor.* (1.) Once his ear was filled with the holy songs of angels, hymning their pure praises: "Holy, holy, holy;" now his ears are filled with the cry of his creatures: "Not this man, but Barabbas!"—"Crucify him, crucify him!" Once every face was veiled before him; now rulers deride him—soldiers mock him—thieves rail on him. They shoot out the lip—they wag the head—they give him vinegar to drink. "He became poor" indeed. (2.) Once God loved him without a cloud between; now not a ray of divine love fell upon his soul; but instead of it, a stream of infinite wrath. He that once said: "The Lord possessed me: I was daily his delight," now cried: "*Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani.*" Ah! this was poverty! (3.) Once he gave being to unnumbered worlds—gave life to all—he was the Prince of life; but now he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost. He lay down in the grave among worms. He became a worm, and no man.

THE SONG OF THE DYING.

It is not such a gloomy thing to die. The world has pleasant places, and I would hear, in my last hour, the voice, and the birds, and the chance music I may have loved; but better music, and voices of more ravishing sweetness, and far pleasanter places, are found in heaven, and I cannot feel that it is well, or natural, to oppress the dying with the distressing wretchedness of common sorrow. I would be let go cheerfully from the world. I would have my friends comfort me, and smile pleasantly on me; and feel willing that I should be released from sorrow and perplexity and disease, and go up, now that my race was finished, joyfully to my reward.

And if it be allowed me (as I pray it will) to die in the summer time, I would be borne out into the open sky, and have my pillow lifted that I might see the glory of the setting sun, and pass away, like him, with undiminished light, to another world.—*Willis' Unwritten Music.*

"It is not such a gloomy thing to die"—

To pass from the earth away;

When the light of summer is in the sky,

And the floweret bends to the zephyr's sigh,

And the green leaves dance, and the brook glides by
To the sound of its own sweet lay.

The earth is fair; oh! how strangely fair—

"'Tis the day-time of the year;"

And "Unwritten Music" fills the air

Like a seraph's voice in its witchery rare,

Whiling the heart from its thoughts of care

To the bliss of a brighter sphere.

But a lovelier song and a fairer day

To the world above is given;

The brightness of earth is a borrowed ray—

Its sweetest music, the sorrowing lay

Of an exiled angel that pines away,

And sighs for its home in heaven.

And loving, as I have loved, the light

Of this earth's reflected ray,

Will ye weep that upon my raptured sight

Is breaking a day that shall know no night,

But grow each hour more pure and bright,

As eternity rolls away?

Smile on me, loved ones! and bid me go

With joy to my rest on high:

Gather not round me with notes of woe,

Let not your love o'er my spirit throw

A chain that shall fetter to aught below,

One longing for the sky.

I am going home. Let your last farewell

Have a gladness in its tone;

Rejoice that the being you love so well,

Ere long with the angel choir shall dwell

In a glory no sorrow can e'er dispel,

A beauty to earth unknown.

Now bear me forth to the open sky—

Let me gaze on the setting sun;

His closing hours are bright: and shall I,

Just winging my flight to realms on high,

Grieve that the hour of release is nigh?

That the goal is almost won?

He sinks in the west with as bright a beam

As decked the Orient sky;

My brow is bathed in that gorgeous gleam,

And, calmly and gladly, I pass, like him,

To the uncreated light which streams

From my Father's throne on high.

THE UNIVERSALIST.

ANY one who will carefully scan the system of Universalism, and study its character, from intercourse with its professors, will be convinced of the fact, that it has its foundation, and all its support, in the wickedness and pride of the human heart. This was very clearly manifested in many cases that came under my observation, but especially in the case of an intelligent physician. He had a pious mother, but being an only son he had been indulged from a child in having his own way in almost every thing. How often the fondness of pa-

rents proves the ruin of their children! I call it *fondness*, because it cannot properly be called *love*. His father had died when he was quite young, and the fond mother had looked to him as her future hope, and the only stay of her declining years. He was a bright and promising boy, but the over fond mother, like Eli, though she gave him wholesome instruction, "did not restrain him." Too late she was brought to see her error, and to lament with a bitterness of sorrow, the extent of which may be learned from the sequel.

She had toiled hard to give him an education; and when I became acquainted with him, he was a practising physician in the village in which I resided. He had married, and his wife was a consistent member of the Church. He stood high in his profession, and was indeed the best physician in the place, though he had become intemperate, and was often unfit for business. He had a secret hatred of religion, but was careful not to make any open opposition, as he knew such a course would be unpopular, and might injure him in business. He, however, did not spare his taunts before his wife, who bore them all with Christian meekness, and endeavoured to exemplify the religion she professed. He was not without occasional compunctions of conscience, from which he was for a time strongly inclined to seek a refuge in infidelity; but his better judgment, aided by the early instructions received from his mother, would not permit him to deny the Bible altogether. Universalism suited the state of his mind and heart; he embraced it, and soon became a zealous advocate of its pernicious principles. This seemed to set his conscience at rest, though the only change that was visible in the man was, that now he openly and boldly opposed the preaching of the Gospel and true religion in all its forms; whereas, when he was inclining toward infidelity, his opposition was secret. At first his intelligent mind seemed incapable of fully adopting all the absurdities of the system; but being in the reception of a Universalist paper, he drank greedily its weekly portion of mental poison, which seemed to "lay such a flattering unction to his soul," and seemed finally to become convinced of the truth of a system which taught him that "drunkards and adulterers" would certainly "inherit the kingdom of heaven." He threw off restraint, became more habitually intemperate, more harsh to his wife, and now endeavoured to prevent her from attending church.

He always contrived to be absent during my pastoral visits to his family, but would ask his wife the purport of my conversation, and endeavoured to turn it into ridicule. She did not attempt any argument with him, but requested him to be at home when I visited the family, and propose his objections to myself. To this he finally consented; and the next time I visited the family I found him at home.

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth." Though I manifested towards him all the kindness of which I was capable, and felt sincerely desirous for his spiritual good, he seemed agitated and uneasy, in spite of his efforts to appear composed. It was very evident that his confidence in his system was not sufficient to sustain him under circumstances which he thought would test its truth—a convincing proof that it had not been examined and embraced in the fear of God. I pitied him deeply, and endeavoured to relieve his embarrassment by kind familiarity, and avoided any allusion to his principles, knowing that a conversation on practical religion would be better suited to the circumstances, and to his case, than anything that would afford a pretext for controversy; though I felt it to be my duty to lead him, if I could, by some practical remarks to see the absurdity and danger of his system. Any pastor will readily conceive the difficulty and delicacy of the circumstances in which I was placed. I felt it to be my duty to say something to him about his danger, and the tendencies of his pretended belief—for I could hardly think that his confidence in it was very firm. Yet what to say, and how to say it, without seeming to provoke controversy, I was at a loss to know.

I spoke to his wife and children on the nature and effects of true religion, and asked several questions of an experimental and practical import. When I addressed myself to him, I asked if we could place any confidence in that profession of religion which produced no corresponding effects on the heart and life? He seemed to feel that the question applied to himself, as I intended it, and, though somewhat agitated, answered respectfully. I then asked, if we might not in general judge of the truth or fallacy of any system of religious teaching by its effects on its professors? He saw that the question aimed at his system, and avoided a direct answer. He replied in substance, that God designed the happiness of all his intelligent creatures, both here and hereafter, and thought it would be a better test of any system to judge of its accordance with the character of God, whom the Bible exhibits in the character of a Father, who designs the happiness of his children. I asked again, if he thought happiness could be enjoyed, either here or hereafter, without holiness? He again avoided a direct answer, and advanced the sentiment so common with Universalists, that all those who led a wicked life were punished in this life, and that holiness was rewarded in this life; and asked me what I would think of him, if, after I had treated him to a feast, he should turn round and ask me to reward him for enjoying it; intimating that it was equally unreasonable for the righteous, who had enjoyed the favour of Heaven here, to claim it exclusively hereafter; adding, that such was the

selfishness of all "*partialists*." I replied, that if his argument proved anything, it was, that the righteous should be excluded from heaven altogether, as they had their reward here; and only the wicked could hope for any reward hereafter, who had enjoyed none here; adding, that this was "*partialism*" in a new light. He was much discontented, and changed the tone of his objections, asking me if I did not think that animals had souls as well as men, and if I thought they hereafter would be saved or lost? &c. I found it was useless to say more, and broke off the conversation. After praying with the family, I left, more than ever convinced of the fact, that Universalism has its foundation in the depravity of the human heart and its hatred of holiness. Poor man! little did he think that his system was so soon to be tried by so terrible an ordeal.

A fever of a very malignant form was then beginning to make its ravages in the neighbourhood, and I met him frequently in scenes of affliction and distress, and sometimes of death; but they seemed to have no effect upon him. In a few weeks, however, he was taken with the disease himself. By exposure in riding, and the free use of ardent spirits, his system seemed to be prepared for the disease in its worst form. It did its work in a few days. From the first his case seemed hopeless, and on the second day he was given up by the physicians. From the nature of the disease, and the impossibility of procuring any favourable operation of medicine, he knew that he must die. His confidence in Universalism, if he ever had any, now failed entirely, and he gave himself up to the most agonizing despair. He expressed a strong desire to see me, and I visited him accordingly. When I entered the room, he cried out in agony, "O, Mr. S—! Mr. S—!" When I took his hand and inquired how he did, he fixed his glaring eyes upon me, with a look that almost made me shudder, and said, with an energy and emphasis that shocked all present, "*I am in hell!*" When I expressed a hope that he might yet be saved through Christ, and commenced to speak of the fulness and freeness of salvation, he interrupted me: "I know it, I know it all," said he; "but I have wilfully and wickedly shut my eyes against the truth, and tried to place my dependence on a system which I never could fully believe. I have slighted the Saviour, and blasphemed his gospel, when I knew better, and now I can have no hope. I can almost see him now, and hear him say, "*Depart.*" Here he broke out into wild lamentations, such as: "*There is a hell!* I feel it now! Not only hereafter, but *here!*" laying his hand on his heart. "*It is here!* within me; around me! I am in it now, I feel it!" &c. His mother arrived, but her presence only seemed to increase his agony. His language, which was sometimes pronounced with

a vehemence that amounted almost to a shout, together with the whole scene, proved too much for her to endure, and she was under the necessity of leaving the house. His faithful wife was the only one that seemed willing to endure it for any length of time; she remained constantly beside him, trying to soothe him with her affectionate attentions. But all efforts to calm him were in vain. He continued his loud and boisterous lamentations until the physicians gave him opium; he then fell into a stupor, from which he never awoke.

Such was the end of the most intelligent Universalist with whom I was ever acquainted. Reader, if you have heretofore rejected the Saviour, permit me to call your attention to that gloomy death-bed. And when you have contemplated its woe and anguish, and all its attendant horrors, let me ask you what it would be to die in that manner for one short year? Then, who can calculate the horrors of *eternal death!* To die in such a manner, or worse, *for ever*, and yet never die, so as to end your misery! Think, then, what a death eternal you are preparing for yourself, and escape it before it is too late.

PROFIT VERSUS PRINCIPLE.

From the "Pilgrim's Progress."

I SAW, that quickly after Christian and Hopeful were got out of Vanity Fair they overtook one that was going before them, whose name was By-ends; so they said to him, What countryman, sir? and how far go you this way? He told them, that he came from the town of Fair-speech, and he was going to the celestial city; but told them not his name.

From Fair-speech? said Christian: is there any good that lives there? Prov. xxvi. 25.

By. Yes, said By-ends, I hope.

CHR. Pray, sir, what may I call you?

By. I am a stranger to you, and you to me: if you be going this way, I shall be glad of your company; if not, I must be content.

CHR. This town of Fair-speech—I have heard of it: and, as I remember, they say it's a wealthy place.

By. Yes, I will assure you that it is; and I have very many rich kindred there.

CHR. Pray, who are your kindred there, if a man may be so bold?

By. Almost the whole town; but in particular my Lord Turn-about, my Lord Time-server, my Lord Fair-speech, from whose ancestors that town first took its name: also Mr. Smooth-man, Mr. Facing-both-ways, Mr. Any-thing: and the parson of our parish, Mr. Two-tongues, was my mother's own brother, by father's side; and, to tell you the truth, I am become a gentleman of good quality; yet my great-grandfather was but a waterman, looking one way and rowing another, and I got most of my estate by the same occupation.

CHR. Are you a married man?

By. Yes, and my wife is a very virtuous woman—the daughter of a virtuous woman; she was my Lady Feigning's daughter; therefore she came of a very honourable family, and is arrived to such a pitch of breeding, that she knows how to carry it to all, even to prince and peasant. 'Tis true, we somewhat differ in religion from those of the stricter sort, yet

but in two small points: *First*, we never strive against wind and tide; *Secondly*, we are always most zealous when Religion goes in his silver slippers: we love much to walk with him in the street, if the sun shines, and the people applaud him.

Then Christian stepped a little aside to his fellow Hopeful, saying, It runs in my mind that this is one By-ends, of Fair-speech; and if it be he, we have as very a knave in our company as dwelleth in all these parts. Then said Hopeful, Ask him; methinks he should not be ashamed of his name. So Christian came up with him again, and said, sir, you talk as if you knew something more than all the world doth; and, if I take not my mark amiss, I deem I have half a guess of you. Is not your name Mr. By-ends, of Fair-speech?

By. This is not my name! but, indeed, it is a nickname that is given me by some that cannot abide me, and I must be content to bear it as a reproach, as other good men have borne theirs before me.

CHR. But did you never give an occasion to men to call you by this name?

By. Never, never! The worst that ever I did to give them an occasion to give me this name was, that I had always the luck to jump in my judgment with the present way of the times, whatever it was, and my chance was to get thereby; but if things are thus cast upon me, let me count them a blessing; but let not the malicious load me, therefore, with reproach.

CHR. I thought, indeed, that you were the man that I heard of; and, to tell you what I think, I fear this name belongs to you more properly than you are willing we should think it doth.

By. Well, if you will thus imagine, I cannot help it; you shall find me a fair company-keeper, if you will still admit me your associate.

CHR. If you will go with us, you must go against wind and tide; the which, I perceive, is against your opinion: you must also own Religion in his rags, as well as when in his silver slippers; and stand by him, too, when bound in irons, as well as when he walketh the streets with applause.

By. You must not impose, nor lord it over my faith; leave me to my liberty, and let me go with you.

CHR. Not a step farther, unless you will do in what I propound as we.

Then said By-ends, I shall never desert my old principles, since they are harmless and profitable. If I may not go with you, I must do as I did before you overtook me, even go by myself, until some overtake me that will be glad of my company.

Now I saw in my dream, that Christian and Hopeful forsook him, and kept their distance before him; but one of them, looking back, saw three men following Mr. By-ends; and, behold, as they came up with him, he made them a very low congee; and they also gave him a compliment. The men's names were, Mr. Hold-the-world, Mr. Money-love, and Mr. Save-all, men that Mr. By-ends had been formerly acquainted with, for in their minority they were school-fellows, and taught by one Mr. Gripe-man, a school-master in Love-gain, which is a market-town in the county of Coveting, in the north. This schoolmaster taught them the art of getting, either by violence, cozenage, flattery, lying, or by putting on a guise of religion; and these four gentlemen had attained much of the art of their master, so that each of them could have kept such a school themselves.

Well, when they had, as I said, thus saluted each other, Mr. Money-love said to Mr. By-ends, Who are they upon the road before us? for Christian and Hopeful were yet within view.

By. They are a couple of far-countrymen, that, after their mode, are going on pilgrimage.

MONEY. Alas! why did not they stay, that we might have had their good company? for they and we, and you, sir, I hope, are all going on a pilgrimage.

By. We are so indeed; but the men before us are so rigid, and love so much their own notions, and do also so lightly esteem the opinions of others, that let a man be ever so godly, yet if he jumps not with them in all things, they thrust him quite out of their company.

SAVE. That is bad; but we read of some that are righteous overmuch, and such men's rigidity prevails with them to judge and condemn all but themselves. But, I pray, what, and how many were the things wherein you differed?

By. Why they, after their headstrong manner, conclude that it is their duty to rush on their journey all weathers; and I am for waiting for wind and tide. They are for hazarding all for God at a clap; and I am for taking all advantages to secure my life and estate. They are for holding their notions, though all other men be against them; but I am for religion in what, and so far as, the times and my safety will bear it. They are for Religion when in rags and contempt; but I am for him when he walks in his silver slippers, in the sunshine, and with applause.

HOLD-THE-WORLD. Ay, and hold you there still, good Mr. By-ends; for, for my part, I can count him but a fool, that having the liberty to keep what he has, shall be so unwise to lose it. Let us be wise as serpents. It is best to make hay while the sun shines. You see how the bee lieth still all winter, and bestirs her only when she can have profit and pleasure. God sends sometimes rain, and sometimes sunshine; if they send such fools to go through the first, yet let us be content to take Fair-weather along with us. For my part, I like that religion best that will stand with the security of God's good blessings unto us; for who can imagine, that is ruled by his reason, since God has bestowed upon us the good things of this life, but that he would have us keep them for his sake? Abraham and Solomon grew rich in religion; and Job says, that a good man should lay up gold as dust; but he must not be such as the men before us, if they be as you have described them.

SAVE. I think that we are all agreed in this matter; and therefore there needs no more words about it.

MONEY. No, there needs no more words about this matter, indeed; for he that believes neither Scripture nor reason (and you see we have both on our side), neither knows his own liberty, nor seeks his own safety.

By. My brethren, we are, as you see, going all on pilgrimage; and for our better diversions from things that are bad, give me leave to propound unto you this question.

Suppose a man, a minister, or a tradesman, &c., should have an advantage lie before him to get the good blessings of this life, yet so that he can by no means come by them, except, in appearance at least, he becomes extraordinary zealous in some points of religion that he meddled not with before; may he not use this means to attain his end, and yet be a right honest man?

MONEY. I see the bottom of your question; and with these gentlemen's good leave, I will endeavour to shape you an answer. And first, to speak to your question as it concerneth a minister himself: suppose a minister, a worthy man, possessed of but a very small benefice, and has in his eye a greater, more fat and plump by far; he has also now an opportunity of getting it, yet so as by being more studious, by preaching more frequently and zealously, and because the temper of the people requires it, by altering some of his principles; for my part, I see no reason why a man may not do this, provided he has a call, ay, and

more a great deal besides, and yet be an honest man. For why?

1. His desire of a greater benefice is lawful (this cannot be contradicted), since it is set before him by Providence; so then he may get it if he can, making no question for conscience' sake.

2. Besides, his desire after that benefice makes him more studious—a more religious preacher, &c., and so makes him a better man, yea, makes him better improve his parts, which is according to the mind of God.

3. Now, as for his complying with the temper of his people, by deserting, to serve them, some of his principles, this argueth, (1.) That he is of a self-denying temper; (2.) Of a sweet and winning deportment; and, (3.) So more fit for the ministerial function.

4. I conclude, then, that a minister that changes a small for a great, should not, for so doing, be judged as covetous; but rather, since he is improved in his parts and industry thereby, be counted as one that pursues his call, and the opportunity put into his hand to do good.

And now to the second part of the question, which concerns the tradesman you mentioned. Suppose such an one to have but a poor employ in the world, but by becoming religious, he may mend his market, perhaps get a rich wife, or more and far better customers to his shop; for my part, I see no reason but this may be lawfully done. For why?

1. To become religious is a virtue, by what means soever a man becomes so.

2. Nor is it unlawful to get a rich wife, or more custom to my shop.

3. Besides, the man that gets these by becoming religious, gets that which is good of them that are good, by becoming good himself: so then here is a good wife, and good customers, and good gain, and all these by becoming religious, which is good; therefore, to become religious to get all these is a good and profitable design.

This answer thus made by Mr. Money-love to Mr. By-ends' question, was highly applauded by them all; wherefore they concluded upon the whole, that it was most wholesome and advantageous. And because, as they thought, no man was able to contradict it, and because Christian and Hopeful were yet within call, they jointly agreed to assault them with the question as soon as they overtook them; and the rather, because they had opposed Mr. By-ends before. So they called after them, and they stopped and stood still till they came up to them; but they concluded as they went, not that Mr. By-ends, but old Mr. Hold-the-world, should propound the question to them, because, as they supposed, their answer to him would be without the remainder of that heat that was kindled betwixt Mr. By-ends and them at their parting a little before.

So they came up to each other, and after a short salutation, Mr. Hold-the-world propounded the question to Christian and his fellow, and bid them to answer it if they could.

Then said Christian, even a babe in religion may answer ten thousand such questions. For if it be unlawful to follow Christ for loaves, as it is, John vi. 26, how much more abominable is it to make of him and religion a stalking-horse to get and enjoy the world! Nor do we find any other than heathens, hypocrites, devils, and witches, that are of this opinion.

1. Heathen: for when Hamor and Shechem had a mind to the daughter and cattle of Jacob, and saw that there was no way for them to come at them but by becoming circumcised, they said to their companions, If every male of us be circumcised, as they are circumcised, shall not their cattle, and their sub-

stance, and every beast of theirs be ours? Their daughters and their cattle were that which they sought to obtain, and their religion the stalking-horse they made use of to come at them. Read the whole story, Gen. xxxiv. 20-24.

2. The hypocritical Pharisees were also of this religion: long prayers were their pretence; but to get widows' houses was their intent, and greater damnation was from God their judgment. (Luke xx. 46, 47.)

3. Judas, the devil, was also of this religion: he was religious for the bag, that he might be possessed of what was put therein; but he was lost, cast away, and the very son of perdition.

4. Simon, the wizard, was of this religion too; for he would have had the Holy Ghost, that he might have got money therewith; and his sentence from Peter's mouth was according. (Acts viii. 19-23.)

5. Neither will it go out of my mind, but that that man who takes up religion for the world, will throw away religion for the world; for so surely as Judas designed the world in becoming religious, so surely did he also sell religion and his Master for the same. To answer the question, therefore, affirmatively, as I perceive you have done, and to accept of, as authentic, such answer is heathenish, hypocritical, and devilish; and your reward will be according to your works.

Then they stood staring one upon another, but had not wherewith to answer Christian. Hopeful also approved of the soundness of Christian's answer; so there was a great silence among them. Mr. By-ends and his company also staggered, and kept behind, that Christian and Hopeful might outgo them. Then said Christian to his fellow, If these men cannot stand before the sentence of men, what will they do with the sentence of God? And if they are mute when dealt with by vessels of clay, what will they do when they shall be rebuked by the flames of a devouring fire?

DOMESTIC HABITS OF LUTHER.

His friend, Lucas Kranach, has painted him in his preacher's robe, with large sleeves, open at the breast, and showing a black vest, with a little collar of white linen at the throat. This was his usual garb. The Elector, previously to his assuming it, sent him a piece of Prussian cloth, with a note to this effect: "To make yourself a preacher's robe, a monk's dress, or a Spanish cloak;" for Luther was for a time undecided which to adopt. His lodgings in his convent consisted of three rooms—a bed room; a room for study, which served him as a room for receiving visitors; and a dining-room. In these he received the envoy of the King Ferdinand, who came to Wurtemberg to ascertain the truth of the report that Luther had a numerous guard of armed men with him. He found him alone amidst his books, and did not even perceive the legion of demons which the Anabaptists placed at his service, nor the devil himself, at whose head Luther had thrown his inkstand, although he might have perceived upon the walls of the room the evidence of the Reformer's vision. The walls of his bed-chamber were written over with sentences in charcoal, extracted from the Scriptures; as, *Verbum Domini manet in eternum*, which he had even embroidered on the sleeves of his domes-

tics' dresses; or lines from the profane poets. Homer especially, as, "He who watches over the destinies of a people or a country ought no longer to sleep all night." His closet for work, plastered with stucco of milky whiteness, was ornamented with portraits in oil of his dearly beloved disciples Melancthon, and of the Elector Frederick, by the hand of Lucas Kranach, and with some caricatures against the pope, the subjects of which he had himself furnished in the course of his table-talk to some wandering artists, who had afterwards carried them to Nuremberg, the great manufactory, whence issued vast numbers of engravings on wood. From the frames of these caricatures hung paste-board slips with ascetic sentences in German. Lastly, the eye was filled with a clumsy shelving of wood, on which stood or lay a few volumes, forming what he called his library. The Bible, like the divine word in his mind, occupied the place of honour—the Bible, in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; the Psalms by Melancthon; the New Testament by Erasmus; and side by side with these, the writings of Eck; the thesis on the Indulgences; the Bulls of Leo X.; the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*; various works of John Huss, Virgil, Colamella, and some ascetical books printed at Mayence, of which presents had been made him. Coloured glass, soldered together with lead, let in the light of all shades on his table, which has been carefully preserved, and resembles a sort of desk, in the middle of which is a crucifix of ivory, which is its best ornament. This crucifix, the work of some Nuremberg artist, has an admirable expression. His dog usually lay at his feet whilst writing or composing, and of which he used to say, when laughing at the theologians, who boasted of having seen many books, "My dog has also seen many books—more, perhaps, than Faber, who is all fathers, fathers, fathers—councils, councils." Near the door of his house was a turning machine which he had got from Nuremberg, in order to gain his livelihood by his hands if ever the word of God failed to support him. We must not also forget that in place of those pipes which one sees now-a-days in the room of every German student, there hung a flute and guitar on the wall of his room, on both of which instruments he played. Luther was devotedly fond of music, the language of angels in heaven and of the ancient prophets on earth. Next to theology, it held the second place in his estimation. "Who loves not music," said he, "cannot be loved by Luther." He was charitable to excess, and often borrowed of his parishioners when he had nothing of his own to give; and at times was unable to meet his obligations when they fell due; on which occasions his practice used to be to give in pledge some of the silver goblets, the gift of the elector, which stood on his mantel-piece.

SPECTACLES WANTED.

THE gospel of Jesus Christ was introduced into the Friendly Islands by the Wesleyan missionaries. It pleased Almighty God so to bless their labours, that the entire population renounced idolatry, and were brought under the direct or indirect influence of the truth as it is Jesus. Some time afterward we received an order for goods. We found in the list sent to us an order for thirty-six dozen of spectacles! For what purpose were these spectacles required? Who wanted them? The venerable scholars who attended the mission schools. And what was it that triumphed over the power of habit in this instance? that triumphed over long-established intellectual indolence? that brought these individuals to submit to all the restraints of the school, at such an advanced period of life? The influence of the love of God and of his Word; for they sought to acquire the art of reading, that in their old age they might read for themselves, in their own tongue, the book which has God for its author, and man's salvation for its object.—*from Address by Rev. Dr. Alder.*

STINGY CHRISTIANS.

WE confess that we have often questioned the Christian character of some loud professors whom we have known, on account of their stingy contributions to the support of the gospel and the relief of the poor. We have known some who would visit the sick and poor, and pray with them as loud as anybody, but you could no more get a dollar from them for the relief of the sufferers, than you could one of their teeth; it was evident that if they could sell their prayers for a dollar apiece, they would not have given one away. The minister and his family might have starved if their brethren, less able to give, had not felt their Christian obligations differently. Such people have always by them that, "neat little pocket edition of selfishness," as Watson calls it, "Charity begins at home;" and, verily, this charity leaves off where it begins. They add annually to their gains, and their love of gain feeds and grows on the accumulation, until it hardens the heart and sears the conscience against all the claims which the gospel has upon them and all calls of mercy and benevolence in favour of suffering humanity. But the strangest thing of all is that such people really persuade themselves they are pious Christians, because they can, now and then, work themselves up to some pious feelings and motions. Thus they deceive themselves until at length they hear, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall these things be which thou hast provided?"

THE TWO ROSES.

ON the borders of a pond, situated in a beautiful flower garden, two roses grew side by side. They were both lovely, but not equally modest. One of them never thought of her beauty and attractions; but the other one thought of little else, and constantly admired her fair face, as it was reflected in the clear bosom of the pond.

"My dear friend," said the modest rose to her one day, "how can you be vain of what is so transient? The beauty of which you are so proud, you may be

deprived of in an hour; some fair hand may pluck you from the stem, to aid in adorning her bouquet; or a strong wind may come and scatter your pink leaves on the gravel walk; or even a worm may feast upon them and deface them."

"I do not fear any of these threatened evils," said the other rose. "If I am plucked, I shall still be lovely and admired; and as for the wind or the worm they have not the presumption to approach me." As the silly flower thus spoke, a strong east wind suddenly rose, and, stripping off its leaves, sent them whirling over the bosom of the pond.

CHRIST'S CROSS.

SEEING Christ hath fastened heaven to the far end of the cross, and he will not loosen the knot himself, and none else can (for when Christ ties a knot, all the world cannot undo it); let us then count it exceeding joy when we fall into divers temptations.

The noise and expectation of Christ's cross are weightier than the cross itself.

Christ and his cross are two good guests worth entertaining. Men would fain have Christ by himself, and so have him cheap: but the market will not come down.

The cross of Christ is so sweet and profitable, that the saints (such are its gain and glory) might wish it were lawful either to buy or borrow his cross. But it is a mercy that they have it brought to their hand for nothing.

The cross of Christ (or suffering for his sake), is a crabbed tree to look at; but sweet and fair is the fruit it yields.—*Rutherford*.

Welcome the cross of Christ and bear it triumphantly: but see it be indeed Christ's cross, not thy own.—*Wilcox*.

A believer studies more how to adorn the cross than how to avoid it.

Christ with his cross is better than the world with its crown.—*Dyer*.

CHRIST'S RIGHTEOUSNESS.

WHATEVER comes in when thou goest to God for acceptance, besides Christ, call it Antichrist; bid it be gone; make only Christ's righteousness triumphant. All besides that is Babylon, which must fall if Christ stand; and thou shalt rejoice in the day of the fall thereof.

Do as much as thou wilt, but stand with all thy weight upon Christ's righteousness. Take heed of having one foot on thy own righteousness and another on Christ's.

It is the hardest thing in the world to take Christ alone for our righteousness. Join anything to him of your own, and you unchrist him.

Whatsoever is of nature's spinning must be all untravelled before Christ's righteousness can be put on.

Nothing can kill sin but the beholding of Christ's righteousness.—*Wilcox*.

THE VISITS OF DEATH.

THE consideration of the state of the dead as of persons asleep, should moderate our sorrow for the loss

of departed friends. What master of a family can be uneasy at finding his family, his wife, his children, his servants, in a sound fast sleep at midnight? May he not expect that they will rise in the morning well and healthful, and ready to go about any service that may be proper for them? When Christ said concerning Lazarus, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth;" "Lord," said the disciples, "if he sleep, he shall do well." The saints, who are fallen asleep, must needs do well. They cannot do otherwise than well, who not only sleep, but sleep in Jesus.

As a man that takes a walk in his garden, and spying a beautiful full-blown flower, crops it, and puts it into his bosom; so the Lord takes his walks in his gardens, the churches, and gathers his lilies, souls fully ripe for glory, and with delight takes them to himself.—*Gull*.

There is no way to live with God, in glory, but by dying. Christians would be clothed with a blessed immortality, but they are loath to be unclothed for it: they pray, "Thy kingdom come;" and, when God is leading them thither, they are afraid to go. What is there in this valley of tears, that should make us weep to leave it?—*Cripplegate Lectures*.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

In all doubtings, fears, and storms of conscience, look at Christ continually. Do not argue it with Satan; but send him to Christ for an answer.

There are in heaven many thousands of as rich monuments of mercy as ever thou canst be. The greatest sinner did never surpass the grace of Christ.

Throughout the whole Scripture there is not one ill word against a poor sinner who is stript of his self-righteousness. Nay, the Scripture expressly points out such a man as the subject of gospel-grace, and none else.—*Wilcox*.

FREE-WILL.

In its best estate, free-will was but a weather-cock which turned at the breath of a serpent's tongue. It made a bankrupt of our father Adam; it pulled down the house and sold the land, and sent all the children to beg their bread.—*Rutherford*.

GOD A SUPPORTER.

THE Christian, when fullest of divine communications, is but a glass without a foot; he cannot stand nor hold what he has received, any longer than he is held in the strong hand of God.

Indwelling grace is, in this life, but weak, like a king in the cradle; which gives advantage to Satan to carry plots more strongly, to the disturbance of this young king's reign in the soul. Yea, he would put an end to the war, in the ruin of the believer's grace, did not God take the Christian into his own guardianship and protection.

As when a child travels in his father's company all is paid for, but the father himself carries the purse; so the expenses of a Christian's warfare and journey to heaven are paid and discharged for him by the Lord, in every stage and condition. Hence the believer cannot say, this I did, or that I suffered; but God wrought all in me and for me.—*Gurnall*.

A LETTER ADDRESSED TO A RELIGIOUSLY SPECULATIVE MIND.

BY THE REV. OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, M.A., LEAMINGTON.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Although you have, for reasons which I will suppose are perfectly justifiable to yourself, seen proper to address me from beneath a veil of secrecy; yet, from the air of apparent sincerity and earnestness with which you reiterate the memorable question once put to Him who came down from heaven to supply its answer—"What is truth?" on some profound points of theology which appear greatly to have perplexed and agitated your mind, with the hope of being instrumental, in the hands of the Spirit of truth, of guiding your perplexity, and of leading you to Jesus, the great embodiment of all divine truth, yea, who is "the truth" itself, I am induced, in compliance with your request, to address a few plain thoughts to you upon some of the positions assumed in your communication. I trust I shall be enabled to write in the spirit of prayer, and in the "meekness of wisdom," and will indulge the hope that, in the same spirit, you will read and weigh what I shall have written; and may God bless it to your soul!

You will probably infer, from the heading of this paper, that I am prepared to characterize your letter as decidedly *speculative* in the nature of its inquiries. Your conclusion is perfectly right. It appears to be the peculiar order of your mind—a mind, I would infer, undisciplined by severe habits of study and reflection, and, therefore, but ill adapted to grapple with the abstruse questions which might confound a mightier and more thoroughly schooled intellect. I would be slow to affirm that you are, in the popular acceptance of the term, a sceptic—but a theorist. Nor, on the other hand, dare I pronounce you, in the Bible sense of the phrase, a believer—but a speculatist. You cavil where you ought to admit; you reason where you ought to adore; you speculate where you ought to believe; you are presumptuous where you ought to tremble. And let not self-conceit, which is so natural to us all, find any nourishment in the idea, that extensive research has discovered these wonders, and that profound ingenuity has constructed these questions. It is an observation of a great philosopher, wise and profound despite of his infidelity, that "man has too little sagacity to

resolve an infinity of questions, which he has yet sagacity enough to make."* It were no hard task to suggest a thousand difficulties, or to enunciate as many problems, without possessing the slightest claim to any great strength and originality of thought, or to any holy and anxious inquiry. Nor does it argue in the respondent any lack of ingenuity or of skill, that he cannot solve the doubts, or explain the mysteries, or remove the difficulties which a mind given to speculation may have thrown upon his path. A mere tyro in learning might suggest a difficulty, and propose a question, which would perplex a philosopher and silence a sage. The same remark will apply to the infinitely more abstruse and subtle questions of theological science, into whose profundities you have boldly (ought I not to say, presumptuously?) plunged beyond your depth.

The questions which have occasioned you some perplexity would seem to relate to the origin of sin—the existence of mysteries in revelation—and the plenary truth of the Bible, in which you say, "that there are many things unsatisfactory to your mind." You will not, I trust, for a moment suppose that it is really my intention, in this paper, to attempt anything like a reply to these grave questions. Into such a work of supererogation, if not of impossibility, I hope not to be betrayed even by the apparent earnestness and honesty of the inquirer. But it is my design to address myself specifically and pointedly to the peculiar state of mind which has started against the truth, and consequent reception of Christianity, objections like these. Here, I conceive, lies the root of the whole matter. Men, generally, are not cavilers, speculatists, and infidels in religion, from any deficiency of evidence, overwhelming and demonstrative, but from the existence of a deep-rooted and inveterate principle of evil in the heart, which enslaves and stultifies the mind, and prevents it from examining and deciding upon the evidence thus given. It is a solemn and a startling truth, worthy of the profoundest attention of every religiously speculative mind, that man will not be found to have rejected Christianity from the

* D'Alembert.

want of proof, but from a perversion of that proof; that the sinner will not mistake his way to eternity, and at last be condemned, for the want of light, but for his blind rejection of the light: "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil." Now it is to this state of mind I desire, with all affectionate earnestness, to address myself.

I begin by affirming it as my solemn conviction, that Satan has more to do with your present views and feelings than perhaps your deceitful heart has led you to suspect. I have no more doubt of this, than of the fact that I am writing to you at the present moment. "We are not ignorant of his devices;" and this is a grand and favourite one of this arch-enemy of souls. I may have occasion to recur to this thought again before I close. Setting out in your airy speculations with a total oblivion of the revealed truth, that "secret things belong to God" (Deut. xxix. 29), you madly and presumptuously rush into a territory upon whose unexplored domain not even an angel's hesitating foot-print is seen, and amidst whose unbroken solitudes not a seraph's trembling voice was ever heard—perplexing yourself about questions which God has seen fit to enfold in impenetrable mystery. With the question involving the "introduction of sin into God's dwelling-place," you have nothing personally to do. It is not a matter that concerns you. To endeavour to penetrate this mystery is but to realize the sentiment of the poet:

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

How dare you attempt to lift the veil that conceals this profound and awful mystery? What folly, and what presumption! Evidently not wise even *up* to what is written, you yet would be "wise *above* what is written;" thus falling into the snare of our first parents, whose forbidden and curious prying into secret things brought sin and all its woe into our world.

That we should encounter *mysteries* in our divine religion is nothing to be wondered at. To your mind the existence of mysteries would seem to be the greatest mystery of all! But allow me to say, that their absence altogether would be the greatest marvel. Christianity devoid of things inexplicable to human reason, would expose itself, and justly so, to suspicion and to doubt. A grand and convincing proof of its divinity were wanting, had there been no wonders to astonish, no enigmas to confound, and no difficulties and problems defying all human sagacity and skill

to unriddle and to solve. There are mysteries, profound and baffling, in the world of matter; shall there be none in the world of mind? There are "treasures of knowledge" hidden in the deep and dark recesses of nature; is the religion that came down from heaven to be the only work of God that is exempt? What! has He "told us of earthly things," in which there are depths which no line of human philosophy can fathom, and heights to which no pinion of human intellect can soar, and shall we affect an air of surprise at discovering in "heavenly things" abysses which we may not explore, and wonders which transcend our finite reason to comprehend? Shall the silver-haired apostle of science be awed and confounded by the mystery that encircles a blade of grass, an ear of corn, an atom of sand, the tissue of an insect's wing, or a drop of spray wafted from the crested wave—shall he, after pushing his inquiries to the utmost verge, humbly acknowledge that the amount of his research resembles but the picking up of a few pebbles upon the shore; and yet the adolescent child of faith, undaunted by the higher field of investigation and thought, "understand all mysteries and all knowledge" contained in the great temple of divine truth, at whose very threshold the tiny light of reason fades and dies the instant that it attempts, by its own taper illumination, to explore these divine wonders, the "shadows and the eclipses" of Him, the inexplicable architect, and the one great light and glory of the temple? Surely not! But, if we will not feel satisfied until all these wonders are unravelled, let us in our exploration of the field of mystery, commence with *ourselves*. Surely it is but reasonable and consistent, that before we descend into the mine of the earth's secrets, or, with bold and adventurous wing soar into eternity past, resolved to receive no revelation, and to credit no fact, the reason of which is not explained, and the mystery of which we cannot remove, we should first attempt to comprehend the wonder, and explain the enigma of *our own being!*

"Yet man, beginning from himself, that first deluding mystery,

Hopeth from the pit of lies to struggle up to truth;

So taxing knowledge to its strength, he pusheth one step farther,

And fancieth complacently that much is done by reaching a remote effort:

Then he maketh answer to himself, as a silly nurse to her little one,

Evading, in a mist of words, hard things he cannot solve;

Till, like an ostrich in the desert, he burieth his head in atoms,

Thinking that, if he is blind, no sun can shine in heaven."

But believe me when, with all solemnity, I assure you that your present state of mind is fearfully perilous. The great and momentous matter with which you are personally concerned is not the origin of sin, or the existence of sacred mysteries—but your personal ruin, guilt, and danger as a *sinner*! Not, how sin entered God's dwelling-place, but its actual existence and supremacy in the domain of your soul! Not the mysteries of God's Word, but the more profound and awful mystery of all iniquity dwelling in your heart! And here it is, I have been led to the conclusion—harsh though you may perhaps deem it—that Satan, the impersonation of all darkness, yet sometimes by assumption, the impersonation of all light, and who, with ubiquity almost divine, “goeth about seeking whom he may devour,” is more deeply at work with your present doubts and perplexities than you are probably aware. He is endeavouring, and I fear but too successfully, to draw off your mind from the consideration of your guilt and peril as a sinner, and your need of “repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ,” by occupying and agitating it about matters the knowledge of which is not essential to your salvation, and which come not within your province to investigate; while the graver, the essential, and to you the infinitely more important matters, in which, as a sinner on your way to the judgment seat of Christ, you have at stake deathless interests, are *totally lost sight of*! Do you not perceive the fatal snare of this subtle enemy of souls! Your case resembles the folly and the infatuation, not to say the insanity, of an individual who, on discovering that his dwelling was on fire, and that the ascending flames were closing up each moment the avenues of retreat, yet paused in wilful indifference to his imminent peril, to cavil at the obscurities of the title-deed, or to investigate the mysterious origin of the disaster, without making a single effort to escape the devouring element!

You are not aware of the perilous ground on which you stand. A fearful mine, which may be sprung at any moment, lies concealed beneath your feet. You entertain religious views (irreligious, ought I not rather to term them?) the tendency of which is not only to upheave the foundations of Christianity, but (fearful to assert!) which also touch the very character of God! Are you sensible of this? Surely you cannot be. Truly do you describe yourself as one “whose ideas are but a confused mass.” And from whence springs all this

crudeness, this confusion, and this doubt? The Bible is as clear as the sun at twelve o'clock at noon. Whence, then, this moral darkness? The truth of revelation is demonstrated—whence, then, this unbelief? I unhesitatingly reply—from an ignorance of the plague of your own heart. You know nothing of the mystery of iniquity in your fallen nature, how can you understand the mystery of godliness as revealed in the Bible? Know but this experimentally—become truly acquainted with the actual existence, and inveterate power, and the ceaseless workings of sin within you, plotting each moment your destruction, and each moment likely to accomplish it;—and the inexplicable wonders of Christianity, and the subtle questions of theology, will cease to be subjects of daring speculation, of unhallowed curiosity, and of nice discrimination; all hair-splitting and doubting in divinity will be merged in the far graver, and to you, more momentous inquiry, “How may I escape the damnation of hell, to which my sins expose me?” The language of your roused conscience and alarmed soul will be: “I am a fallen creature—a sinner—a wretch undone. I have no clear scriptural evidence of my salvation. I have not the love of God in my heart. I have no rest of soul in Jesus. I have no bright nor assured hope of the future. Whither, O whither shall I flee?” No longer pausing to question the credentials of Christianity, you will believe implicitly, and will receive instantly, and will press gratefully and transportingly to your bosom, its glorious announcements. No longer stopping to pry into the mysterious origin, or to question the contagious nature of the death-plague raging within, and mowing down its thousands around you, you would not lose a moment in plunging into the fountain provided for that plague in the blood of Him who is emphatically the “plague of death.” No longer debating and philosophizing about the fire already kindled, it would be the one anxious desire and effort of your life to hasten your escape from its quenchless flame—its eternal torment. Referring all that is now hard to be understood in a partially developed but a sufficiently revealed Christianity, to a higher state of knowledge, and a more perfect condition of holiness, you would, in the exercise of that “faith which is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen,” be daily sitting down as a lowly learner at the feet of Jesus, receiving the kingdom of God as a little child, renouncing your own wisdom, becoming a fool that you

may be wise, and growing in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ. Through the dim transparency of the veil which now conceals the future from our dim perceptions, the far-seeing eye of that faith would descry the unravelment of every present mystery, the reconciliation of every seeming discrepancy, and the solution of every difficult problem, awaiting you in another world. "For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even also as I am known." Thus would you be found humbly learning, simply believing, diligently labouring, patiently enduring, quietly waiting, and ardently longing for the lifting of that veil, and the losing of your spirit amidst the revelations and the splendours of immortality.

You ask, "How am I to know that the Scriptures are the word of God?" Think not to draw me into a learned and elaborate defence of the divinity and authenticity of the Bible. It is too late in the day to attempt this. The world's sun is too far down upon its dial to thing of entrenching and fortifying the citadel of Christianity. The age of evidence and of proof has gone by. And if it is to be succeeded, as doubtless it will, by one of conflict and of action, of contest and of toil, the battle will not be fought with new weapons forged for the occasion, but with those taken from the arsenal of learning, and from the armoury of truth, which have fought the battles, and have achieved the victories of other days. The only new evidence for which Christianity waits with which to complete the number of her heavenly credentials, and by it convince the world of her divinity and truth, is a more perfect and visible development of the unity of the Spirit, in the Church of God binding and cementing together with the heaven-born ligament of love, the one brotherhood of Christ. Then will the prayer of the great Head and Intercessor of his Church, for his Church, receive its full answer: "That they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

And still the question is worthy of a reply. The nature of that reply may, perhaps, be to you novel and unexpected. I answer, Seek by earnest prayer for the teaching of God's Spirit, to get the divine and saving truths of the Bible written upon your heart, and your own experience of the truth will supply the best and most convincing proof to your mind of its being the Word of God. There is no evidence like the

evidence of experience. It is in God's light that we see light. The light of his Word, the light of his love, the light of Jesus illuminating the soul, places truth in a position the most commanding and convincing. "In thy light we shall see light." Light is then thrown upon the mysteries of the Word, upon the wonders of God's providential dealings, and upon the realities and glories of the invisible and eternal world. O, through what Egyptian darkness do men grope their way to eternity, who have not Christ living in them! Were men more anxious to ascertain this the greatest of all wonders—Christ taking up his abode in the heart of a poor sinner, dwelling there, reigning there, blessing there, subduing its corruptions, checking its wanderings, sanctifying its desires, soothing its sorrows, calming its fears, and making it holy and happy and satisfied with himself—in what a heaven of light, and love, and joy would they even now dwell! Here, then, is the answer to your important question—"How may I know the Scriptures to be the word of God? "If any man," says the Saviour, "will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." The same sentiment is advanced by the apostle John: "He that believeth in the Son of God, hath the witness in himself." Arm yourself with this evidence, and you are proof against all the assaults of unbelief.

In closing, permit me, with all solemn earnestness, to beseech you to lay aside every other question but that which immediately relates to your conversion. The knowledge of the mysteries which now perplex you, is not essential to your salvation, else they would have been clearly revealed. Nothing is veiled in darkness necessary for you to know, as one soon to stand as an accountable being before the judgment-seat of Christ. Even were it possible for you to "understand all mysteries," and yet die without a change of heart, without faith in the Lord Jesus, and without love to God, your superior light would but give you a more palpable and keen perception of the darkness and the misery of hell. Again, I implore you to learn the mystery of God's love to poor sinners. O how great, how free, how precious is that love! I cannot touch the theme but it seems to dissolve my whole soul. Here is a subject worthy of your profoundest thought and sleepless research. Think of that love that gave Jesus to die for the vilest sinner—that love that welcomes in Christ the most unworthy child of sin and sorrow—that love that stretched

out its hand even to *you*—past which you must rush if resolved to break your footsteps down to the torments of the lost. A poor, restless, unhappy being you will continue—the cruel sport of every doubt and perplexity, until that love attracts you to, and fixes your heart upon, God, the soul's blessed and eternal centre. Listen to no plea that would dissuade you from an immediate submission of your heart to God. The blood and righteousness of Christ can meet and silence every objection. Go now, go just as you are—cast yourself as a poor sinner at the foot of the cross: the door is open, over which it is written, “Him who cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.” O precious words! Believe them true, and you are a happy man. Christ is your only refuge from the wrath to come. Christ is your only hiding-place from the storm. Die out of him, and it had been better for you never to have been born; but believing in him, you are saved. Then, whether you live, you will live unto the Lord; and whether you die, you will die unto the Lord; so that living or dying, you will be the Lord's.” *Rest not short of faith in Jesus Christ.*

“Tis this, my friend, that streaks our morning light,
Tis this that gilds the horrors of our night.
When wealth forsakes us, and when friends are few:
When friends are faithless, or when foes pursue;
Tis this that wards the blow, or stills the smart,
Disarms affliction, or repels the dart—
Within the heart bids purest raptures rise,
Bids smiling conscience spread her cloudless skies.”

OF THE DEITY OF THE THREE PERSONS, AND SOME OBSERVATIONS CONCERN- ING GOD THE FATHER.

(From Mastertown's “*Doctrine of the Holy Trinity*
asserted from the Holy Scriptures.”)

Question 1. What is the proper signification of the word “God” in Scripture?

Answer. The word “God” is sometimes taken properly, and sometimes figuratively. When it is properly taken, it signifies one who is possessed of all possible perfections, or the Supreme Being; but when the title of God is given in Scripture to inferior beings, it is not strictly and properly to be applied; and it intimates no more than some imperfect resemblance in them to God, in one or other of his divine excellencies. They who are called gods in Scripture, in this improper sense, are no more truly gods, according to the design of the Scriptures, than Herod was a fox (Luke xiii. 32), or Dan a serpent. (Gen. xlix. 17.) Wherever the Scriptures call creatures gods, there is something added, to show they are not gods in a strict sense. It is true, Dr. Clarke tells us, that the word God signifies no more than dominion; but in opposition to this dangerous notion, wherein he agrees with Arians and Socinians, the Apostle Paul rejects them as no gods, who are not gods by nature. (Gal. iv. 8.) And therefore, to make up the true Scripture signification of the word God, there must not only be dominion, but the divine nature, and all the divine perfections, as the necessary ground of that dominion.

Q. 2. Why have not the friends of the doctrine of the Trinity been as large, in proving the Deity of the Father, as in proving the Deity of the Son and Spirit?

A. Not for want of Scripture testimonies to this purpose, but because the Deity of the Father hath never been controverted by any of the Christian name; besides that, all the arguments, proving the Deity of the Son and Spirit, do, by plain and necessary consequence, prove the Deity of the Father.

Q. 3. In what respects is the first Person in the Godhead called a Father?

A. He is the Father of all creatures, as he is their Creator and Preserver; but the more excellent of the creatures are related to God as their Father, in a superior sense: thus he is called the Father of Spirits (Heb. xii. 9); the angels are called the sons of God. (Job xxxviii. 7.) Adam, as he was the immediate workmanship of God, is called the son of God. Redemption from sin and misery is another foundation of God's paternity; and regeneration carries it farther, for he is a Father, in a peculiar sense, to them “whom he begets by his own will, by the word of truth.” (James i. 18.) In this respect the whole Trinity is our Father which is in heaven, and the title of the eternal Father is given expressly to the Son; “To us a Son is given, his name shall be called—the everlasting Father.” (Isa. ix. 6.) But the title of Father, so often given to God (John xvii. 3; Rom. i. 7; Eph. i. 3, &c.) in the New Testament, has a peculiar reference to one to whom he is a Father, in such a sense as he is to none else. He is the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; and this is the most comfortable foundation of his being our Father. Hence our Lord says, “I ascend to my Father and your Father.” (John xx. 17.) God the Father owned our blessed Lord as his Son at his baptism (Matt. iii. 17), and at his transfiguration (Matt. xvii. 5); nor did his relation to God, as Father, begin with his assuming the human nature; for his goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting (Micah v. 2), and before all worlds the Son was with the Father. (Prov. vii. 25, 26; John i. 1, 2.)

Q. 4. How are we to conceive of the eternal generation of the Son of God?

A. It is so mysterious, that the way and manner of it is not known to any, but to Him who begot, and to Him who is begotten; yet the Scripture is very plain, in affirming that our blessed Lord is not only the Son of God, as to his human nature (Luke i. 25), but in asserting that he is the Son of God as to his divine nature; for the Son speaks of the glory which he had with the Father before the world was (John xvii. 4); so that he is the eternal Son of an eternal Father, who is of the same nature, and has the same divine perfections with the Father. We understand the meaning of these words, begetting and begotten, as they are applied to creatures; but to pretend to form a notion of Father and Son in the Deity, from any resemblance to father and son among men, as to the way of derivation, and as to what is derived, is the way to darken this sublime subject, and to involve ourselves in dangerous misapprehensions.

Q. 5. Was God the Father ever any other than a Father?

A. He always was both God and Father: he is as necessarily a Father as he is a God, and consequently necessary existence is as essential to the Son as it is to the Father, by reason of the Deity which is common to both; and it can with no more truth be said, that there was a time when the Son was not, than it can be said of the Father himself.

Q. 6. When the Apostle Paul said to us, “There is one God the Father” (1 Cor. viii. 6), did he mean that the Father is one God, to us Christians, exclusively of the Son?

A. It cannot be so, because the Son is as truly God as the Father; it is as expressly said in that text: "That Christ is the one Lord, by whom are all things, and we by him." If he were not the one God with the Father, he could not be the one Lord of Christians, whom they are to invoke and worship; when the Father is said to be the one God, the Son is no more excluded than is the Father, when the Son is said to be the one Lord; yea, there can be no such exclusion, when we are expressly told that the Son is in the Father, and the Father in the Son.

Q. 7. Are there any texts of Scripture in which God is styled Father, where it can be proved that the Son is included?

A. When the Apostle Peter speaks (1 Pet. i. 17) of calling on the Father, who, without respect of persons, judgeth according to every man's work, this, compared with what is said elsewhere (John v. 22), that the Father has committed all judgment to the Son, makes it evident that the Son is included; so also it is said: "Shall we not much rather be in subjection to the Father of Spirits and live?" (Heb. xi. 9); but it cannot be said that the Father alone, and not the Son, corrects believers, seeing our Saviour says, "Whom I love, I rebuke and chasten." (Rev. iii. 19.)

Q. 8. What improvement may be made of this doctrine relating to God the Father?

A. We may learn from it, that the best way to know the Father, is to apply to the Son, who came from his very bosom: "He that hath seen the Son, hath seen the Father also" (John xiv. 9, 10): "No man knows the Father but the Son, and he to whom the Son shall reveal him: yea, he and the Father are one." (Matt. xi. 21.) We may infer also, that our obligations to fear and obey our heavenly Father, rise infinitely higher than any we are under to our earthly parents. (Mal. i. 6.) Our Lord has taught us to say, "Our Father, who art in heaven;" and his reasoning on this subject has great weight. (Matt. vii. 11.) He reasons from the bowels of our parents on earth to the tenderness of our Father in heaven; we ought also, on this account, to bear his corrections with submission and gratitude; because the hand of a compassionate Father is in every affliction that we are under. Farther, when we consider God as a Father, it ought to excite us to return to him, like the prodigal son (Luke xv. 18), and expect acceptance with him, through Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord; and we ought so to love Christ, and keep his words, that the Father and the Son "may love us, and come to us, and make their abode with us." (John xiv. 22.)

"BE STILL."

(From the *Episcopal Recorder*.)

"O send out Thy light and Thy truth; let them lead me, let them bring me unto Thy holy hill."—Ps. xliii. 3.

ACHE on, poor stricken heart, ache on;
Thy Saviour's heart hath ach'd before;
It is thy precious benison

To bear—He bore!

Thy little cross of pain—how light
Compared with that, my soul, He knew!
Thy little ills and cares—how slight,
How nameless—few!

Oh! had this life, like summer day,
Shone brightly, soul! upon thy path,
From God thou long hadst staid away,
A child of wrath.

But now, a drooping, trembling thing,
Oft sorely smitten by His rod,
Thou comest in thy griefs, to cling
Closer to God.

Yet, aching, suffering heart, be still:
Soon, soon shall life's short pang be o'er;
With its last pain it soon shall thrill,
Then—feel no more.

Then feel no more?—Ah, no! Ah, no!
Then feel but peace and bliss alone;
Then feel what angels feel: then know
Their joys its own.

Oh! that it now might rise, and win
That conquest still to conflict given,
And garner up its hopes within
Its God—its heaven.

Live sweetly with the holy dead,
Their presence know—their spirit share;
Think of their bliss—their pathway tread—
Their image bear.

O thus, with Jesus by thy side,
What, what are earth's low griefs to thee?
Up then! in God's high strength abide—
In him be free!

Free, in the soul's unfettered flight!
Free, in the love that wings its way
Where all is pure—where all is bright;—
Heaven's cloudless day!

A. W. M.

Biographical Sketch.

THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D., LL.D.

(From the *North British Review*.)

THOMAS CHALMERS was born at Anstruther, in Fife, on the 17th of March 1780, and was early sent to study at St. Andrews University. From traditions still plentiful in the north, his college career must have been distinguished by some of his subsequent peculiarities—energy, good humour, companionableness, and ascendancy over others. And it was then that his passion for the physical sciences was first developed. He studied mathematics, chemistry, and some branches of natural history with more than youthful enthusiasm, and with such success that besides assisting his own professor he made a narrow escape from the mathematical chair in Edinburgh. For these early pursuits he never lost a lingering taste, and in the summer holidays of his mellow age it was his delight to give lectures to youthful audiences on electricity and the laws of chemical combination. His attainments in these fields of knowledge were not those of a mere amateur, but in earlier life had all the system and security of an accomplished philosopher; and though for some years they engrossed him too much, they afterwards helped him amazingly. Mathe-

matics especially gave him the power of severe and continuous thinking; and enabled him, unseduced by a salient fancy, to follow each recondite speculation to its curious landing-place, and each high argument to its topmost stronghold. And whilst this stern discipline gave a stability to his judgment and a steadiness to his intellect, such as few men of exuberant imagination have ever enjoyed, the facts and laws of the natural sciences furnished that imagination with its appropriate wealth. They supplied the imagery, often gorgeous and august, sometimes brilliant and dazzling, by which in after days he made familiar truths grander or clearer than they had ever been before; and, linked together by a genius mighty in analogies, they formed the rope-ladder by which he scaled pinnacles of dazzling elevation, and told down to wondering listeners the new panorama which stretched around him. Consecrated and Christianized, his youthful science reappeared, and was laid on the altar of religion in the Astro-nomical Discourses and Natural Theology.

The first place where he exercised his ministry was Cavers, in the south of Scotland, where he was helper to the aged minister. It was here that he made the acquaintance of Charters of Wilton—a minister remarkable for this, that he did not preach anything which he did not understand. He did not fully understand the gospel, and he did not fully preach it; but those moral truths and personal duties which he did comprehend, he enforced with a down-rightness, a simplicity, and minuteness which cannot be sufficiently admired. To latest existence Dr. Chalmers retained a profound respect for the practical wisdom and lively sense of this Scottish Epictetus; and though it is comparing the greater with the less, those who have heard him in his more familiar sermons—discoursing the matter with a village audience, or breaking it down to the unlettered hearers of the West Port or the Dean—were just listening to old Charters of Wilton, revived in a more affectionate and evangelical version.

In May 1803, he was settled in the rural parish of Kilmany. This was to his heart's content. It brought him back to his native country. It gave him an abundance of leisure. It brought him near the manse of Flisk, and beside a congenial and distinguished naturalist. It was the country, with the clear stars above and the glorious hills around him; and it allowed him to wander all day long, hammer in hand and botanical box on his shoulders, clipping the rocks and ransacking the glens, and cultivating a kindly acquaintance with the outlandish peasantry. But all this while, though a minister, he was ignorant of essential Christianity. There was much in nature that pleased his taste, and he knew very well the quickened step and the glistening eye of the eager collector, as he pounces on some rare crystal or quaint and novel flower. But as yet

no Bible text had made his bosom flutter, and he had not hidden in his heart sayings which he had detected with delight and treasured up like pearls. And though his nature was genial and benevolent—though he had his chosen friends, and longed to elevate his parishioners to a higher level of intelligence, and domestic comfort, and virtuous enjoyment—he had not discovered any Being possessed of such paramount claims and overwhelming attractions as to make it end enough to live and labour for His sake. But that discovery he made while writing for an Encyclopædia an article on Christianity. The death of a relation is said to have saddened his mind into more than usual thoughtfulness, and whilst engaged in the researches which his task demanded, the scheme of God was manifested to his astonished understanding, and the Son of God was revealed to his admiring and adoring affections. The Godhead embodied in the person and exemplified in the life of the Saviour, the remarkable arrangement for the removal and annihilation of sin, a gratuitous pardon as the germ of piety and the secret of spiritual peace—these truths flung a brightness over the field of view, and accumulated in wonder and endearment round the Redeemer's person. He found himself in sudden possession of an instrument potent to touch, and, in certain circumstances, omnipotent to transform the hearts of men; and exulted to discover a Friend all-worthy and divine, to whom he might dedicate his every faculty, and in serving whom he would most effectually subserve the widest good of man. And ignorant of their peculiar phraseology, almost ignorant of their history, by the direct door of the Bible itself he landed on the theology of the Reformers and the Puritans; and ere ever he was aware, his quickened and concentrated faculties were intent on reviving and ennobling the old Evangelism.

The heroism with which he avowed his change, and the fervour with which he proclaimed the newly-discovered Gospel, made a mighty stir in the quiet country round Kilmany; and at last the renown of this upland Boanerges began to spread over Scotland, till in 1815 the Town Council of Glasgow invited him to come and be the minister of their Tron church and parish. He came, and in that city for eight years sustained a series of the most brilliant arguments and overpowering appeals in behalf of vital godliness which devotion has ever kindled or eloquence ever launched into the flaming atmosphere of human thought. And though the burning words and meteor fancies were to many no more than a spectacle—the crash and sparkle of an illumination which exploded weekly and lit up the Tron Church into a dome of coloured fire—they were designed by their author, and they told like a weekly bombardment. Into the fastnesses of aristocratic *hauteur* and commercial self-suffici-

ency—into the airy battlements of elegant morality and irreligious respectability they sent showering the junipers of hot conviction, and in hundreds of consciences were mighty to the pulling down of strong-holds. And though the effort was awful—though in each paroxysmal climax, as his aim pointed more and yet more loftily, he poured forth his very soul—for the Gospel, and love to men, and zeal for God now mingled with his being, and formed his temperament, his genius, and his passion—though he himself was his own artillery, and in these self-consuming sermons was rapidly blazing away that holocaust—himself—the effort was sublimely successful. In the cold philosophy of the Eastern capital and the coarse earthliness of the Western a breach was effected, and in its Bible dimensions and its sovereign insignia the Gospel triumphant went through. Though the labours of Love and Balfour had been blessed to the winning of many, it was not till in the night of commanding intellect and consecrated reason Chalmers came up—it was not till then that the citadel yielded, and evangelical doctrine effected its lodgment in the meditative and active mind of modern Scotland; and whatever other influences may have worked together, it was then and there that the battle of a vitalized Christianity was fought and won. Patrons converted or overawed, evangelical majorities in Synods and Assemblies, Church of Scotland Missions, the two hundred additional chapels, the Disruption, the Free Church, an earnest ministry and a liberal laity, are the trophies of this good soldier, and the splendid results of that Glasgow campaign.

From that high service, worn, but not weary, he was fain to seek relief in an academic retreat. Again his native county offered an asylum, and in the University of St. Andrews, and its chair of Moral Philosophy, he spent five years of calmer but not inglorious toil. Omitting that psychology, which in Scottish colleges is the great staple of moral philosophy lectures, with his characteristic intendment he advanced direct to those prime questions which affect man as a responsible being, and instead of dried specimens from ancient cabinets, instead of those smoked and dusty virtues which have lain about since the times of Socrates and Seneca—instead of withered maxims from a pagan text-book, he took his code of morals fresh from Heaven's statute-book. It is not enough to say, that into his system of morality he flung all his heart and soul. He threw in himself, but he threw something better—he threw the Gospel, and for the first time in a Northern University was taught an evangelized ethics—a system with a motive as well as a rule—a system instinct with the love of God, and buoyant with noble purposes. And in the warm atmosphere of his crowded class-room—caught up by enthusiastic and admiring listeners, the contagion spread; and as they passed from before his chair, the

élite of Scottish youth, Urquhart, Duff, and Adam, issued forth on the world, awake to the chief end of man, and sworn to life-long labours in the cause of Christ. Too often a school for sceptics, when Chalmers was professor, the ethic class became a mission college—the citadel of living faith, and the metropolis of active philanthropy; and whilst every intellect expanded to the vastness and grandeur of his views, every susceptible spirit carried away a holy and generous impulse from his own noble and transusive nature.

And then they took him to Edinburgh College, and made him Professor of Theology. In the old-established times this was the top of the pyramid—the highest post which Presbyterian Scotland knew—and like Newton to the mathematic chair in Cambridge, his pre-eminent fitness bore Chalmers into the Edinburgh chair of divinity. And perhaps that Faculty never owned such a combination as the colleagues, Welsh and Chalmers. Alike men of piety—alike men of lofty integrity, and in their public career distinguished by immaculate purity—the genius and talents of the one were a supplement to those of the other. Popular and impassioned—a declaimer in the desk, and often causing his class-room to ring again with the fine frenzy of his eloquence, Chalmers was the man of power. Academic and reserved—adhering stedfastly to the severe succession of his subjects, and handling them earnestly but calmly—Welsh was the man of system. Ideal and impetuous, the one beheld the truth embodied in some glorious fancy, and as the best and briefest argument tore the curtain and bade you look and see. Contemplative and cautious, the other was constantly rejecting the illustrations which pass for arguments, and putting the staff of his remorseless logic through the illusions of poetry when substituted for the deductions of reason or the statements of history. Sanguine and strenuous, the one was impatient of doubts and delays; and if reasoning failed, had recourse to rhetoric;—if the regular passage-boat refused his despatches, he at once bound them to a rocket, and sent them right over the river. Patient and acute, the other was willing to wait, and was confident that truth, if understood, must sooner or later win the day. Ardent and generous, the panegyric of the one was an inspiring cordial; vigilant and faithful, the criticism of the other was a timely caveat. A man of might, the one sought to deposit great principles, and was himself the example of great exploits. A man of method, the other was minute in his directions, and painstaking in his lessons, and frequent in his rehearsals and reviews. The one was the man of grandeur; the other the man of grace. The one was the volcano; the other was the verdure on its side. The one was the burning light; the other the ground glass, which made it softer shine. Each

had its own tint and magnitude; but the two close united made a double-star, which looked like one; and now that they have set together, who will venture to predict the rising of such another?

For thirty years it had been the great labour of Dr. Chalmers to popularize the Scottish Establishment. A religion truly national, enthroned in the highest places, and a beatific inmate in the humblest homes—a Church which all the people loved, and which provided for them all—a Church with a king for its nursing father, and a nation for its members—this was the splendid vision which he had once seen in Isaiah, and longed to behold in Scotland. It was to this that the Herculean exertions of the pastor, and anon the professor, tended. By his great ascendancy he converted the populous and plebeian parish of St. John's into an isolated district—with an elder and a deacon to every family, and a Sabbath-school for every child—and had well-nigh banished pauperism from within its borders. And though it stood a reproachful oasis, only shading the wastes around it, his hope and prayer had been that its order and beauty would have said to other ministers and sessions, Go ye and do likewise. And then the whole drift of his prelections was to send his students forth upon the country ardent evangelists and affectionate pastors—indoctrinated with his own extensive plans, and inflamed with his own benevolent purposes. And then, when for successive years, he crusaded the country, begging from the rich 200 churches for the poor, and went up to London to lecture on the establishment and extension of Christian Churches, it was still the same golden future—a Church national but Christian, endowed but independent, established but free—which inspired his efforts, and awoke from beneath their ashes the fires of earlier days. And when at last the delusion of a century was dissolved—when the courts of law changed their own mind, and revoked the liberty of the Scottish Church—much as he loved its old Establishment—much as he loved his Edinburgh professorship, and much more as he loved his 200 churches—with a single movement of his pen he signed them all away. He had reached his grand climacteric, and many thought that, smitten by the shock, his grey hairs would descend in sorrow to the grave. It was time for him “to break his mighty heart and die.” But they little knew the man. They forgot that spirit which, like the trodden palm, had so often sprung erect and stalwart from a crushing overthrow. We saw him that November. We saw him in its Convocation—the sublimest aspect in which we ever saw the noble man. The ship was fast aground, and as they looked over the bulwarks, through the mist and the breakers, all on board seemed anxious and sad. Never had they felt prouder of their old first-rate, and never had

she ploughed a braver path than when—contrary to all the markings in the chart, and all the experience of former voyages—she dashed on this fatal bar. The stoutest were dismayed, and many talked of taking to the fragments, and, one by one, trying for the nearest shore; when, calmer because of the turmoil, and with the exultation of one who now saw safety ahead, the voice of this dauntless veteran was heard propounding his confident scheme. Cheered by his assurance, and inspired by his example, they set to work, and that dreary winter was spent in constructing a vessel with a lighter draught, and a simpler rigging, but large enough to carry every true-hearted man who ever trod the old ship's timbers. Never did he work more blithely, and never was there more of athletic ardour in his looks than during the six months that this ark was a-building—though every stroke of the mallet told of blighted hopes and defeated toil, and the unknown sea before him. And when the signal-psalm announced the new vessel launched, and leaving the old galley high and dry on the breakers, the banner unfurled, and showed the covenanted blue still spotless, and the symbolic bush still burning, few will forget the renovation of his youth, and the joyful omen of his shining countenance. It was not only the rapture of his prayers, but the radiance of his spirit which repeated “God is our Refuge.”* It is something heart-stirring to see the old soldier take the field, or the old trader exerting every energy to retrieve his shattered fortunes; but far the finest spectacle of the moulting eagle was Chalmers with his hoary locks beginning life anew. But indeed he was not old. They who can fill their veins with every hopeful healthful thing around them—those who can imbibe the sunshine of the future, and transfuse life from realities not come as yet—their blood need never freeze. And his bosom heaved with all the newness of the Church's life, and all the bigness of the Church's plans. And, best of all, those who wait upon the Lord are always young. This was the reason why, on the morning of that Exodus, he did not totter forth from the old Establishment a blank and palsy-stricken man; but with flashing eye snatched up his palmer-staff, and as he stamped it on the ground all Scotland shook, and answered with a deep God-speed to the giant gone on pilgrimage.

From that period till he finished his course, there was no fatigue in his spirit, and no hesitation in his gait. Relieved from hollow plaudits and from hampering patronage, far ahead of the sycophants who used to raise the worldly dust around him, and surrounded by men in whose sincerity and intelligent sympathy his spirit was refreshed, and in whose wisdom and affection he confided and rejoiced, he advanced along his brightening path, with uprightness

* The psalm with which the Free Assembly opened.

and consistency in his even mien, and the peace of God in his cheerful countenance. His eye was not dim, nor his force abated. On the 14th of May we passed our last morning with him. It was his first visit to London after the Hanover Square Ovation nine years ago. But there were now no coronets nor mitres at the door. Besides one or two of his own family, J. D. Morrell, Baptist Noel, and Isaac Taylor were his guests. And he was happy. There was neither the exhaustion of past excitement nor the pressure of future engagements and anxieties in his look. It was a serene and restful morning, and little else than earnest kindness looked through the summer of his eyes. The day before he had given his evidence before the Sites' Committee of the House of Commons, and, reminded that, according to the days of the week, it was twenty years that day since he had opened Edward Irving's church, most of the conversation reverted to his early friend. There was a mildness in his tone and a sweetness in his manner, and we could now almost fancy a halo round his head which might have warned us of what was coming. He preached all the Sabbaths of his sojourn in England, willingly and powerfully, and on the last Sabbath in May he was again at home. That evening he is said to have remarked to a friend, that he thought his public work completed. He had seen the Disruption students through the four years of their course. He had seen the Sustentation Fund organized. He had been to Parliament, and borne his testimony in high places. To-morrow he would give in the College Report to the Free Assembly, and after that he hoped to be permitted to retire, and devote to the West Port poor his remaining days. He was willing to decrease, and close his career as a city missionary. But just as he was preparing to take the lower room, the Master said, "Come up hither," and took him up beside himself. Next morning all that met the gaze of love was the lifeless form—in stately repose on the pillow, as one who beheld it said, "a brow not cast in the mould of the sons of men." Like his friends, Thomson, McCrie, Welsh, and Abercrombie, that stout heart which had worked so hard, and swelled with so many vast emotions, had gently yielded, and to his ransomed spirit opened heaven's nearest portal.

(To be continued.)

THE CHRISTIAN FATHER ON THE SICKNESS AND LOSS OF HIS CHILD.

(From Andrew Fuller's Diary.)

FEB. 5.—Our dear little girl has this week much alarmed our fears. On Thursday morning the measles came out: we hope the illness may be carried off hereby. As I sat by her that morning alone, she requested me to pray with her, saying, though she was greatly afflicted with pain, yet she would try

to lie still. I did so, and found some tenderness of heart on her behalf.

19.—My Sabbaths, I fear, are spent to little purpose, I have so little love to God and the souls of men; but I felt much impressed to-night in catechising the children. I thought and spoke to them about my own dear little girl.

26.—Except Thursday, all this week has been miserably spent! I sin against God repeatedly, and yet remain wretchedly insensible. I tremble at myself, and have reason to do so much more.

April 16.—For this month past I have had great exercise of heart, on account of my poor little daughter. Sometimes pleading hard with God on her account; at other times ready to despair, fearing God would never hear me.

Lord's-day, March 19, was a distressing day to me. My concern for the loss of her body is but trifling, compared with that of her soul. I preached and prayed much, from Matt. xv. 25, "Lord, help me!" on Monday I carried her towards Northampton; was exceedingly distressed that night; went to prayer with a heart almost broken. Some encouragement from conversation with dear brother Ryland. I observed that "God had not bound himself to hear the prayers of any one for the salvation of the soul of another." He replied, "But if he has not, yet he frequently *does* so; and hence, perhaps, though grace does not run in the *blood*, yet we frequently see it runs in the *line*. Many more of the children of God's children are gracious than of others." I know neither I nor mine have any claim upon the Almighty for mercy; but as long as there is life, it shall be my business to implore his mercy towards her.

Methought I saw, on Tuesday, 21st, the vanity of all created good. I saw, if God were to cut off my poor child, and not to afford me some extraordinary support under the stroke, that I should be next to dead to the whole creation, and all creation dead to me! Oh that I were but thus dead, as Paul was, *by the cross of Christ*.

On the 27th, riding towards Northampton, I think I felt greater earnestness and freedom with God than I ever had before in this matter. I seemed likewise more willing to leave her in the hands of God. Some tender opportunities in prayer with her and for her. I now feel more of an habitual resignation to God. If I could take the reins into my own hand, I would not. I feel a satisfaction that my times, and the times of all that pertain to me, are in the Lord's hands. This also I have felt all along, never to desire the life of the child, unless it be for her present and eternal good. Unless she should live to the Lord, I had rather, if it please God, she might not live at all.

To-day I felt some encouragement in my work from hearing of a young man hopefully converted in hearing me preach.

My time and attention are now much taken up with my poor little girl, particularly on the 28th. Exceedingly affected and importunate with God in prayer for her. I felt, indeed, the force of those words, "To whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life." Oh of what worth to an immortal

creature, subject to eternal death! My heart seemed to be dissolved in earnest cries for mercy.

May 7.—I was tolerably supported under the approaching death of my poor child, which I saw drawing on apace. I saw I must shortly let her fall. With floods of tears, with all the bitterness of an afflicted father mourning for his first-born, I committed her to God, to his everlasting arms, when she should fall from mine.

21.—Death! Death is all around me! My friends die. Three I have buried within a fortnight, and another I shall have to bury soon! Death and judgment are all I can think about! At times I feel reconciled to whatever may befall me. I am not without good hopes of the child's piety; and as to her life, desirable as it is, the will of the Lord be done.

30.—But at other times I am distressed beyond due bounds. On the 25th, in particular, my distress seemed beyond all measure. I lay before the Lord, weeping like David, and refusing to be comforted. This brought on, I have reason to think, a bilious cholice; a painful affliction it was, and the more so as it prevented my ever seeing my child alive again! Yes, she is gone! On Tuesday morning, May 30, as I lay ill in bed in another room, I heard a whispering. I inquired, and all were silent all were silent! but all is well. I feel reconciled to God! I called my family round my bed. I sat up, and prayed as well as I could; I bowed my head and worshipped, and blessed a taking as well as a giving God.

June 1.—I just made a shift to get up to-day, and attend the funeral of my poor child. My dear brother Ryland preached on the occasion, from 2 Kings iv. 26—"It is well." I feel, in general now, a degree of calm resignation. I think there is solid reason to hope that she has not lived in vain; and if she is but reared for God, it matters not when she died. I feel a solid pleasure in reflecting on our own conduct in her education. We endeavoured to bring her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and I trust our endeavours were not in vain. Her visit to Northampton, too, was blessed for her good. She has certainly discovered ever since great tenderness of conscience, and much of the fear of God; great regard for the worship of God, especially for the Lord's-day; and great delight in reading, especially accounts of the conversion of some little children. But all is over now, and I am in a good degree satisfied.

3.—To-day I felt a sort of triumph over death. I went and stood on her grave with a great deal of composure! Returned, and wrote some verses to her memory.

4.—Had a good day in preaching on *these light afflictions*. My mind seems very calm and serene, in respect of the child; but, alas! I feel the insufficiency of trouble, however heavy, to destroy or mortify sin. I have had sad experience of my own depravity, even while under the very rod of God!*

* It was of this child, that Mr. Fuller wrote in a previous part of his diary: "Viewing her as she lay smiling in the cradle, at the age of eight months, my heart was much affected; I took her up in my arms, retired, and in that posi-

"FATHER, WHY DON'T YOU SEEK?"

He was a man of fifty years, and an open neglecter of religion. He had seen better days, but adversity had not humbled him. And now the severe exposures incident to his employment were laying the foundation of disease in his system.

A pious lady had called on the family, and on being accompanied to the door by the wife, she said to her, "You should tell him to seek salvation with his whole heart." The little daughter, five years old, heard this and hastened to her father. He asked her what her mother and the lady were talking about; she replied, "They are talking about you, father—and the woman says you must seek salvation;" and looking anxiously in his face added, "*Father, why don't you seek?*"

His heart could not resist the appeal. It was the voice of the Holy Ghost speaking by the mouth of a babe, the child of his love. His wife, on coming in, found him in tears. That night he could not sleep for distress of mind. God's hand was heavy upon him, and the arrow was sharp in his heart. It was a night of godly sorrow for sin, but joy came in the morning—the joy of a new-born soul. None who saw him after this, doubted the genuineness of the change. "O magnify the Lord with me," was the burden of his desire. He would frequently declare to his neighbours what God had done for his soul. He appeared lost in wonder at the grace that could save such a sinner. His piety seemed to take its type from the means used by the Spirit in his conversion. It was confident, humble, fervent, and childlike.

A few weeks after this he was confined with the disease that ended his life. Often he would say in the depths of his agony, "None but my Saviour knows what I suffer;" but he would add, "I am glad to suffer; for thus he keeps me watchful, and prayerful, and near the cross." He was often visited by some friends who esteemed that single room of his humble cottage

—Privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven.

He died after a protracted illness, singing aloud upon his bed of the grace that saved him, till his voice was lost in death; when he went up to join the heavenly choir.

Dear reader, are you a father? Why don't *you* seek the same grace? The child of yours pleads with you, perhaps not in words, but by its dependence upon you, its danger from your example, its claims upon your fidelity in training it up for God and heaven, to seek the salvation of your soul.

Why don't you seek in the closet, with penitence, the forgiveness of your sins, for the sake of Him who hung upon the tree? Can there be a greater sinner than an ungodly father?

Why don't you seek the blessing of the Lord upon your household at the family altar? Do you not know that God has classed prayerless families and the heathen together? Read the inspired imprecation: "Pour out thy fury upon the heathen, and upon the families that call not upon thy name." (Jer. x. 25.)

Why don't you seek the sanctification of your soul by a diligent attention to the means of grace? Why do you seek your own pleasure on God's holy day, neglect his sacred house, leave your children to grow up for ruin, and thus turn your household into a nursery wrestled hard with God for a blessing; at the same time offering her up, as it were, and solemnly presenting her to the Lord for acceptance. In this exercise I was greatly encouraged by the conduct of Christ towards those who brought little children in their arms to him for his blessing."

sery of hell? Perhaps you would scorn the name of an infidel; but he that provides not for his own house "is worse than an infidel." Remember the account you must give at the judgment, when the wailings of your lost children may cry in your ears, "O cruel father, why did you not seek the salvation of your soul and ours?" Perhaps your children, under the blessed influence of Sabbath-school instruction, may enter the kingdom, while you are cast out.

"Father, why don't you seek"—seek earnestly, seek now—"seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness?"

ARE YOU IN THE WAY TO HEAVEN?

"How poor you are," says President Edwards, "if you have no heaven but this world! You have nothing but a little part of this clod of earth; what is it all worth? If you have a little more land than some of your neighbours, or if you are in the way to make more money than others, and you have more worldly conveniences and pleasures than others, or, if you are promoted a little higher among men than some others are, what a poor portion is this, and how miserable are you who have no better happiness that you can call your own! How happy do these things make you? What satisfaction do they yield you? Are such things as these the 'rivers of pleasure' that you choose for your portion? Oh! how miserable! When a few days are passed, you must go down to the grave and into eternity; and then how wretched are you, if, when you have done with worldly enjoyments, it may be said that you have received your consolation!"

Care-worn and deluded mortal, let the spell of your infatuation be broken. Relax your hold on these transient vanities, and grasp the enduring riches. Have respect to the crown of life, and drop your muck-rake. Oh! fly to Jesus; quickly fly! You have no time to lose! Life is almost gone! Death is pressing on your heel, and the judgment throne well-nigh bursting forth to your view. Suffer not a moment's delay. Seek the Lord while he is yet to be found. To-night *He* may seek *you*—for judgment.

MERCIFUL AFFLICTION.

(From a City Missionary's Journal.)

ABOUT three months since, at the instance of a tract visitor, we called to see a lady who was ill, who had once enjoyed the consolations of religion, and the relation of a member to a Christian church, but for several years had been a backslider. She was much distressed, and strongly disposed to despondency; but we were encouraged by observing that she had clear views of the exceeding sinfulness of sin and of the alone sufficiency of Christ, and we knew that He who had wounded was able and willing to heal. Sometimes she seemed ready to lay hold on the hope set before her, and then again she would fall back into a most distressing state of doubt and fear. This continued for some weeks, until, while we were endeavouring to encourage her to trust in the Saviour, she replied that had she continued well she would have continued careless; that consequently if she sought the Lord at the present time, it would seem as though she were driven to it, and that this could not be acceptable to God. How, therefore, she could obtain mercy was a problem that she knew not

how to solve. After we had heard her speak thus, and greatly enlarge in describing the dark features of her case, and the fears she indulged, we asked her to fix her attention, as much as possible, upon what we were about to remark, and then said, "You think, then, that had you continued well you would have continued careless?" "Yes; I am certain that I should." "And the Lord knew that it would be so," was the response, "and, therefore, lest you should so continue, and thus ruin your soul, he has afflicted you; and in doing this, his special design is to bring you to a sense of your sinfulness, and to the enjoyment of his love."

This opened a new view to her mind; the spell by which she had been bound was loosened; and ceasing to despair, she saw that she might yet hope for mercy; nor was the time long before that hope was realized, and divine grace enabled her to cry, "Abba, Father."

PRUDENCE AND HER ADVISERS.

INDUSTRY, Prodigality, and Generosity, having by chance met at the residence of Prudence, were consulted by her on the distribution of a purse of gold to the greatest advantage.

"Oh!" said Prodigality, "we are fortunate this morning; pray let us give a splendid entertainment, and invite all our acquaintance and their friends; it will be so delightful to show the world how little we regard spending our money! besides, we can give each some costly trinket or other to make them envy our wealth and profusion. What say you, Generosity?"

"I am partly of your opinion," replied Generosity; "but if, instead of unnecessary splendour and useless presents, we dispense large sums among public subscriptions and deserving charities, I think it would be more advantageously disposed of."

Industry, who had kept back, now advanced, and, exhibiting the claims that perseverance, attention, and activity had upon justice, modestly advocated their cause, showing how inadequately honest exertion was regarded for her toils, though the effect of these labours when justly remunerated, was to spread happiness and health among her followers, and to extend their beneficial influence to all mankind.

Prudence presented to Industry the purse, requesting her to dispense it in a way she had described; observing that as the treasure was not inexhaustible, she must decline the advice of Prodigality; but should any remain after the demands upon justice had been satisfied, she desired that it might be given to Generosity.

Moral.—However praiseworthy a generous and charitable disposition may be, yet justice is paramount.

THE HEART.

ALL the angels in heaven cannot subdue the heart of a sinner: Heart-work is God's work. The great heart-maker must be the great heart-breaker.—*Dyer.*

There are some inns which are never empty, but as fast as one guest goes out another comes in. Such is the heart of an unregenerate man; as soon as one lust is served, another is calling for attendance.—*Gurnall.*

THE PASTOR ENCOURAGED.

THERE are perhaps few pastors who have not at times felt deeply depressed, in view of their want of success in gathering souls into the fold of Christ. When, month after month, they go to their closets with the desponding inquiry, "Lord, who hath believed our report?" they feel almost ready to leave the field and the work altogether, under the painful fear that they have presumed too far in taking upon them the solemnly responsible relation of a spiritual pastor, and guide to immortal souls.

The first year during which I sustained this relation was peculiarly discouraging. Few inquired for the way of salvation, and fewer still were added to the church, and among those few there were none of those interestingly clear cases of conversion which evinceso plainly the work of God "making all things new." In expectation of a visit from an aged father in the ministry, who had been for many years an eminently successful preacher, I had appointed a communion season; and as he had a relative living several miles from the church, I had made an appointment for him to preach near his friend's house. He did not come in time, and I was under the necessity of filling the appointment myself. I do not know that I ever went to preach with so much reluctance, knowing that those who would assemble would come with the expectation of hearing a man long known and deservedly popular as a preacher. It was only an imperious sense of duty that compelled me to attempt to fill his place as well as I could. I had never before felt so completely dissatisfied with myself and my attempts at preaching, and returned home more despondent than I went. It is easy for any one to see and to say that such feelings are wrong, but it is easier to see and know what feelings are wrong than to overcome them.

On the next Sabbath a member of the church requested me to visit his daughter, who had heard me preach on this occasion, and had since been under deep convictions. I had known her as an interesting young lady in many respects, but most devotedly attached to the world; possessing a mind of great natural strength, and of that peculiar make which takes a strong hold on anything to which the attention is particularly directed. I was surprised to learn that she had been brought to see her-

self a sinner, but that being the case, I was not surprised that her convictions were deep. I found her a heart-stricken sinner indeed. Her mind, with all its strength, was turned upon her ingratitude and rebellion against God, and it was in vain that I pointed her to the Saviour, whose blood cleanseth from all sin. She could see nothing but her sins, which her vigorous mind continually called up and placed before her in all their enormity. Then again it would turn upon the awful threatenings of God, which she felt he would be just in executing to the full. "My sins," she would say, "oh! they are enough to damn a world." I left her still without hope. The next day I saw her again, and found her physical strength giving way under her intense mental excitement. She was prostrated on a bed of sickness, and He who had in mercy shown her her danger, had not yet seen fit in his wisdom to point her to the refuge. At my third or fourth visit I read some portions of the 14th and 15th chapters of John's Gospel to her, and the Master saw fit to make his own word effectual in leading her to himself. She told me afterwards that as I read light seemed to break in upon her dark mind, and the Saviour was revealed in a light that fixed her faith and love, and filled her with hope and joy.

On my next visit I found her able to sit up. The Bible lay beside her, and I discovered traces of tears. I found, however, upon inquiry, that they were tears of gratitude and love. She handed me the Bible, to read and pray with her before I left; and upon opening it, the first passage that met my eye was the text from which I had preached upon that occasion which, by the blessed Spirit, was made so interesting to her. She had evidently been reading and weeping over it when I came in, and the page was yet wet with her tears. I need scarcely add that we found abundant reason to pour out our hearts in gratitude for such blessings vouchsafed to us all.

She proved the first-fruits of a rich ingathering of souls which followed, during several months; and her mind now took as strong a hold of the Saviour as it had before of her sins. The most prominent feature of her experience was a deep sense of obligation and an entire devotion to the cause of Christ. Her whole

aim seemed to be to find something to do for Him who had done so much for her. Though living at the distance of five miles from the church, she was scarcely ever absent from any of our meetings, and though she had mostly to walk, she never missed a monthly union. The state of the heathen took a deep hold on her heart, and I frequently noticed her weeping at our monthly unions; yet it did not at first strike me that she had a desire to go as a missionary herself. After some time, however, I began to think that the Lord of the harvest intended her to labour in a more important field than she could occupy in her present sphere. To test the state of her mind upon the subject, I one day asked her in a seemingly careless, half-serious manner, if she would not like to be a missionary. Her reply convinced me that the subject was not new to her own mind. I found, upon further conversation, that she was looking at it, not as involving any sacrifice or self-denial, but as a high and holy privilege, which she had no hope of ever enjoying; and that the station was one for which she was altogether unfit and unworthy. I then took the matter into serious consideration, and encouraged her to hope that her Master would yet open a way, in which she might serve him in the way she desired.

When the subject was mentioned to her parents, they endeavoured to dissuade her from thinking of it. Her mother put in the plea that she was her eldest child, and now capable of assisting in the training of, and labouring for, her younger brothers and sisters—that she had depended much on her assistance, &c. Her father, too, urged the mother's plea, and added others of his own. She replied, that she had thought of it all, and was not insensible to the obligations she was under to her parents, and this, with her affection for them, had at first almost silenced her desires to serve her Master in any other capacity than that of a dutiful and affectionate child. "But," she added, "though you have done much for me, for which I shall ever feel grateful, you did not suffer the wrath of God to save me from hell, you were never nailed to the cross to die that I might live." This, as her father told me afterwards, being spoken with her characteristic emotion, went to their hearts with an appeal that they could not withstand. They gave her up to her Master, and now did everything they could to further her wishes. I wrote for them to our Board of Foreign Missions, and received an answer that an assistant female

teacher was wanted for one of our mission schools. She was selected for the place, and immediately commenced preparations for going to occupy it the first opportunity. About three months afterwards I had the satisfaction of uniting her in marriage to a missionary destined to the same field, and in a short time bade them adieu, starting for their home among the heathen.

She and her husband have been eminently useful, and have been made the happy instruments, in part, of gathering a congregation in heathen lands, and are still toiling in their Master's work with cheerfulness, and endeavouring to lead benighted souls to the Saviour. From several letters received from her, I have the satisfaction of knowing that she is still happy in her work, and is pursuing it with the same ardour with which she began it. In one letter she says, "I used to think it a great privilege to attend our monthly unions and missionary meetings, to hear about and pray for the heathen, and so it was; but I find the best place to hold a missionary meeting is among the heathen—to look upon them in their degradation, and feel that they are brethren of the same great family with us, and fast hastening with us to the same judgment bar, excites an interest in our pleadings for them at the throne of grace, which I think is seldom felt in Christian lands. If some of our professing Christians in P—, who seldom or never attended the monthly union, were here, especially at some of our meetings of inquiry, to witness the tears and deep anxiety of the poor heathen when convinced of sin; or hear the earnest prayers of some heathen convert for his benighted brethren, they would feel differently respecting missions and missionaries. It shows us, too, in a striking light, the blessings of the Gospel, and the happiness of those to whom God has made it effectual. If ever I can be said to have enjoyed the consolations and hopes of religion, it is here; and I see more cause of thankfulness to my blessed Master, for permitting me to serve him in so important a station."

If every member of Christ's Church had such devotion to his cause, we might soon expect to see her rise and shine, her light having come into the world, and the glory of the Lord risen upon her. And why is not every Christian equally devoted, or more? The question will bear repeating—*Why not?* They are bought with the same blood—regenerated and sanctified by the same Spirit—saved from the same eternal woe, and destined to the same

mansions on high. They have all received the same command—are called to work for the same Master, and have the promise of the same reward. Let every Christian ask himself, and herself, the question, "Why am I not equally devoted to my Master's work?"

Biographical Sketch.

THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D., LL.D.

(Continued from page 334.)

HE possessed in highest measure that divinest faculty of spirit, the power of creating its own world; but it was not a poet creating worlds to look at: it was the reformer and philanthropist in haste to people and possess them. His was the working earnestness which is impatient till its conceptions are realities and its hopes embodied in results. For example, he took his idea of Christianity, not from books, nor from its living specimens; for the Christianity of books is often trite, and the Christianity of living men is often arrogant and vulgar; but he took his type of Christianity from its Divine Original—benignant, majestic, and god-like as he found it in the Bible—and gave this refined and lofty idea perpetual presidency in his congenial imagination. And what sort of place was that? Why, it was quite peculiar. It was not like Jeremy Taylor's—a fairy grotto where you looked up through the woodbine ceiling and saw the sky with its moonlit clouds and the angels moving among them; or listed the far-off waterfall now dying like an old-world melody, or swelling powerfully like a prophecy when the end is near. Nor was it like Foster's—a donjon on a frowning steep—where the moat was black, and the winds were cold, and the sounds were not of earth, and iron gauntlets clanged on the deaf unheeding door. Nor was it his favourite Cowper's—a cottage with its summer joy, where the swallow nestled in the eaves, and the leveret sported on the floor; where the sunbeam kissed the open Bible, and Homer lay below the table till the morning hymn was sung. Nor was it the imagination of his dear companion, Edward Irving—a mountain-sanctuary at even-tide, where the spirits of his sainted sires would come to him, and martyr tunes begin to float through the duskier aisles, and giant worthies enter from the mossy graves and fill with reverend mien the ancient pews. More real than the first; more happy than the second; more lordly than the third, it was more modern and more light-some than the last. It was a mansion airy, vast, and elegant; an open country all round it and sunshine all through it; not crowded with curiosities nor strewed with trinkets and toys; but massy in its proportions and stately in its

ornaments—the lofty dwelling of a princely mind. And into this imagination its happy owner took the Gospel and enshrined and enthroned it. That Gospel was soon the better Genius of the place. It gave the aspect of broad welcome and bright expectation to its threshold. It shed a rose-tint on its marble and breathed the air of heaven through its halls. And like an Alhambra with a seraph for its occupant, it looked forth from the lattice brighter than the noon that looked in. Yes, it was no common home which the Gospel found when it first consecrated that lofty mind; and it was no common day in the history of the Church when that spirit first felt the dignity and gladness of this celestial inmate. Powers and resources were devoted to its service; not needed by that Gospel, but much needed by Gospel-rejecting man. And, not to specify the successive offerings laid at its feet by one of the most gifted as well as grateful of devotees, we would mention his Parochial Sermons and his Astronomical Discourses. In the one we have the Gospel made so palpable that the simplest and slowest hardly can miss it; in the other we find it made so majestic that the most intellectual and learned cannot but admire it. In the one, we have Christianity brought down to the common affairs of life; in the other we have it exalted above the heavens. In the one we see the Gospel in its world-ward direction, and starting from the cradle at Bethlehem, follow it to the school and the fire-side and the dying-bed; in the other we view it in its God-ward direction, and following its fiery chariot far beyond the galaxy, lose it in the light inaccessible. In the one we have existence evangelized; in the other we have the Gospel glorified. The one is the primer of Christianity; the other is its epic.

But it was not in mere sermons that his imagination burned and shone. His schemes of beneficence, his plans for the regeneration of his country, took their vastness and freshness from the idealism of a creative mind. At first sight, they had all the look of a romance—impossible, transcendental, and unreal. And had the inventive talent been his only faculty, they would have continued romantic projects and nothing more—a new Atlantis, a happy valley, or a fairy-land. And if he had been like most men of poetic mood, he would have deprecated any attempt to reduce his gorgeous abstractions to dull actualities. But Chalmers was never haunted by this fear. He had no fear of carnalizing his conceptions, but longed to see them clothed in flesh and blood. He had no tenderness for his day-dreams, but would rather see them melt away, and leave in their place a waking world as good and lovely as themselves. Vivid as was his tancy, his working faculty was no less vehement; and his constructive instinct compelled him to set to work as soon as the idea of an institution or an effort had once

fairly filled his soul. And these exertions he made with an intensity as irresistible as it was contagious. Like the statesman who, in the union of a large philosophy and a gorgeous fancy, was his parallel*—he might have divided his active career into successive "fits," or "manias"—a preaching fit, a pastoral fit, a fit of Church-reforming, a fit of Church-extending. And such transforming possessions were these fits—so completely did they change his whole nature into the image of the object at which he aimed, that the apostle's words, "This one thing I do," he might have altered to, "This one thing I am." There was no division of his strength; no diversion of his mind; but with a concentration of mighty powers which made the spectacle sublime, he moved to the onset with lip compressed and massy tread, and victory foreseen in the glance of his eagle eye. And like all men of overmastering energy; like all men of clear conception and valiant purpose; like Nelson and Napoleon, and others born to be commanders; over and above the assurance given by his frequent success, there was a spell in his audacity—a fascination in his sanguine chivalry. Many were drawn after him, carried helpless captives by his force of character; and though, at first, many felt that it required some faith to follow him, like the great genius of modern warfare, experience showed that for moral as well as military conquests, there may be the deepest wisdom in dazzling projects, and rapid movements, and reckless daring. It was owing to the width of his field, and the extent of his future, and, above all, the greatness of his faith, that he was the most venturesome of philanthropists, and also the most victorious. The width of his field—for if he was operating on St. John's, he had his eye to Scotland; if he was making an effort on his own Establishment, he had an eye to Christendom. And the extent of his future—for every man who is greater than his coevals is a vaticination of some age to come—and, with Chalmers, the struggle was to speed this generation on and bring it abreast of that wiser and holier epoch of which he himself was the precocious denizen. And the greatness of his faith—for he believed that whatever is scriptural is politic. He believed that whatever is in the Bible will yet be in the world. And he believed that all things are coming which God has promised, and that all things are practicable which God bids us perform.

But we shall misrepresent the man, unless the prime feature in our memory's picture be his wondrous goodness. It was not so much in his capacious intellect, or his soaring fancy, that he surpassed all his fellows, as in his mighty heart. Big to begin with, the Gospel made it expand till it took in the human family. "Good-will to man" was the inscription on his serene and benignant countenance; and if at

* Edmund Burke.

times the shadow of some inward anxiety darkened it, or the cloud of a momentary displeasure lowered over it, all that was needful to brighten it into its wonted benignity was the sight of something human. Deeply impressed with our nature's wrong estate; a firm and sorrowful believer in its depravity and desperate wickedness; the sadness of his creed gave nothing bitter to his spirit and nothing sombre to his bearing. Like Him who best knew what was in man, but who was so bent on making him better, that the kindness of his errand counteracted the keenness of his intuition, and filled his mouth with gracious words, there was so much inherent warmth in his temperament, and so much of heaven-imparted kindness in his Christianity, that love to man was his vital air, and good offices to man his daily bread. And how was his ruling passion—how was his philanthropy displayed? Not in phrases of extatic fondness; for though a citizen of the world, he was also a Scotchman; in the region of the softer feelings sequestered, proud, and shy; and, except the "my dear sir" of friendly talk, and the cordial shake of eager recognition, he was saving of the commonplace expressions of endearment, and did not depreciate friendship's currency by too lavish employment of its smaller coin. He must have been a special friend to whom he subscribed himself as anything more addicted than "Yours very truly." Nor did his warmth come out in tears of tenderness and the usual utterances of wounded feeling; for in these he was not so profuse and prompt as many. How did it appear? On a wintry day, how do we know that the hidden stove is lit, but because the frost on the panes is thawing, and life is tingling back into our dead fingers and leaden feet? And it was by the glow that spread around wherever Dr. Chalmers entered; by the gaiety which sparkled in every eye, and the happiness which bounded in every breast; by the mellow temperature to which the atmosphere suddenly ascended—it was by this that you recognised your nearness to a focus of philanthropy. How did it appear? How do we know that that huge Newfoundland, pacing leisurely about the lawn, has a propensity for saving drowning people, but just because the moment you playing child capsizes into the garden pond, he plunges after, and lands him dripping on the gravel? And it was by the instinctive bound with which he sprang to the relief of misery; the importunity with which, despite his population and his pauper theories, he entreated for such emergencies as the Highland distress, and the liberality with which he relieved the successive cases of poverty and woe that came to his private ear and eye; it was because wherever grief or suffering was, there was Dr. Chalmers, that you knew him to be a man of sympathies. But you might know it in other ways. Read the five- and twenty volumes of his works, and say what

are they but a magazine of generous thoughts for the elevation, and genial thoughts for the comfort of mankind? What are they but a collection of pleadings with power on the behalf of weakness; with opulence on the behalf of penury; with Christian intelligence on the behalf of outcast ignorance and home-grown paganism? What are they but a series of the most skilful prescriptions for mortal misery; a good and wise physician's legacy to a disordered world, which he dearly loved and did his best to heal? And what was the succession of his services during the last thirty years? For what, short of God's glory, but the good of man, was he spending his intellect, his ascendancy over others, his constitution, and his time? We have spoken of his colossal strength and his flaming energy; and the idea we now retain of his life-long career is just an engine of highest pressure pursuing the iron path of an inflexible philanthropy, and speeding to the terminus of a happier clime a lengthy train, of the poor, the halt, the blind; and we pity those who, in the shriek, the hurry, and the thunder of the transit, the momentary warmth and passing indignation of the man, forget the matchless prowess of the Christian, and the splendid purpose of his living sacrifice. And yet our wonder is, that with such a weight upon his thoughts, and such a work on his hands, he found so much time for specific kindness, and took such care to rule his spirit. Like the apostle on whom devolved the care of all the Churches, but who in one letter sends messages to or from six-and-thirty friends, there was no favour so little, and no friend so obscure, that he ever forgot him. If, in a moment of absence, he omitted some wanted civility, or, by an untimely interruption, was betrayed into a word of sharpness, he showed an excessive anxiety to redress the wrong, and heal the unwilling wound. And glorious as it was to see him on the Parnassus of some transcendent inspiration, or rather on the Pisgah of some sacred and enraptured survey, it was more delightful to behold him in self-unconscious lowliness—still great, but forgetful of his greatness—by the hearth of some quiet neighbour, or in the bosom of his own family, or among friends who did not make an open show of him, out of the good treasure of his heart bringing forth nothing but good things. With all the puissant combativeness and intellectual prowess essential to such a lofty reason, it was lovely to see the gentle play of the lion-hearted man. With all his optimism, his longings after a higher scale of piety, and a nobler style of Christianity, it was beautiful to see how contented he was with every friend as he is, and with what magnetic alertness all that was Christian in himself darted forth to all that was Christian in a brother. And above all, with his wholesale beneficence, the abundance of his labours, the extent of his regards, and the vastness of his projects, it was

instructive to see his affections so tender, his friendships so firm, and his kind offices so thoughtful and untiring.

Perhaps there never was a theologian who approached a given text with less appearance of system or pre-conception. No passage wore to him a suspicious or precarious look and instead of handling it uneasily, as if it were some deadly thing, he took it up securely and frankly, and dealt with it in all the confidence of a good understanding. Some Scripture interpreters have no system. To them all texts are isolated, and none interprets another. And the system of others is too scanty. It is not co-extensive with the whole counsel of God. It interprets some passages, but leaves others unexplained. In the highest sense, Dr. Chalmers was systematic. He justly assumed that a revelation from God must be pervaded by some continuous truth; and that a clue to its general meaning must be sought in some ultimate fact, some self-consistent and all-reconciling principle. To him the Gospel was a REVELATION OF RIGHTEOUSNESS; and MAN'S NEED and GOD'S GIFT were the simple elements into which his theology resolved itself. In the various forms of man's vacuity and God's fullness, man's blindness and the Spirit's enlightening, the carnal enmity and the supplanting power of a new affection, the hollowness of a morality without godliness, and the purifying influence of the Christian faith, these primary truths were constantly re-appearing; and just because his first principles were so few, they suited every case, and because his system was so simple, he felt it perfectly secure. Instead of forcing locks, he had found the master-key, and went freely out and in. And in this we believe that he was right. From want of spirituality, from want of study or capacity, we may fail to catch it; but there is a scriptural unity. So far as the Bible is a record, its main fact is *one*; so far as it is a revelation, its chief doctrine is *one*; so far as it is the mind of God exhibited to fallen man, its prevailing tone and feeling are *one*. And having in comprehension of mind ascertained, and in simplicity of faith accepted this unity—the revealed truth and the scriptural temperament—Dr. Chalmers walked at liberty. It was his systematic strength which gave him textual freedom; and if for one forenoon he would dilate on a single duty till it seemed to expand into the whole of man, or on one doctrine till it bulked into a Bible, it was only a portion of the grand scheme passing under the evangelic microscope. It was the lamp of the one cardinal truth lighting up a particular topic. And those who, on the other hand, objected to his preaching as not sufficiently evangelical, were only less evangelical than he. With many the Gospel is a tenet; with Dr. Chalmers the Gospel was a pervasion. The sermons of Dr. Chalmers were not stuck over with quoted texts, but every

paragraph had its scriptural seasoning. His whole being held the Gospel in solution, and beyond most text-reciters, it was his anxiety to saturate with its purest truth ethical philosophy and political economy, daily life and personal conduct, as well as retired meditation and Sabbath-day religion.

We would only, in conclusion, commemorate the Lord's great goodness to his servant in allowing him such a completed work and finished course. Many a great man has had a good thing in his heart; a temple, or some august undertaking; but it was still in his heart when he died. And many more have just put to their hand, when death struck them down, and a stately fragment is all their monument. But there is a sublime and affecting conclusiveness in the work of Dr. Chalmers. What more could the Church or the world have asked from him? It will take the Church a generation to learn all that he has taught it, and the world a century to reach that point from which he was translated. And yet he has left all his meaning clear, and all his plans complete. And all that completed work is of the best kind—all gold and silver and precious stones. To activity and enterprise he has read a new lesson. To disinterested but far-seen goodness he has supplied a new motive. To philanthropy he has given new impulse, and to the pulpit new inspiration. And whilst he has added another to the short catalogue of this world's great men, he has gone up another and a majestic on-looker to the Cloud of Witnesses.

THE INFANT'S PRAYER.

Oh Thou! who mak'st the sun to rise,
Beam on my soul, illumine mine eyes,
And guide me through this world of care:
The wandering atom thou canst see,
The falling sparrow's marked by thee;
Then, turning mercy's ear to me,

Listen, listen,
Listen to an infant's prayer!

Oh Thou! whose blood was spilt to save
Man's nature from a second grave;
To share in whose redeeming care
Want's lowliest child is not too mean,
Guilt's darkest victim too unclean,
Oh! Thou wilt deign from heaven to hear,

And listen, listen,
Listen to an infant's prayer.

Oh Thou! who wilt with monarchs part,
To dwell within a contrite heart,
And build Thyself a temple there:
O'er all my dull affections move,
Fill all my soul with heavenly love,
And, kindly stooping from above,

Listen, listen,
Listen to an infant's prayer!

CONCLUSION OF A JUBILEE ADDRESS.

BY THE REV. W. JAY, BATH.

[THE following will be read with interest as containing an auto-biographical sketch of one who is in every sense a father in Israel, and with whose weighty and refreshing words we often enrich our pages:—]

Though it is now just half a century since my connection with this church, yet I laboured here occasionally, and sometimes for several Sabbaths together, during more than a year previously to my ordination. Neither was this the commencement of my ministry. I began preaching before I was sixteen, and had preached one thousand sermons before I was of age. Now, I do not boast of this; yea, I should rather reflect upon it, had it been the result of my own forwardness. But I was under a tutor whose authority I was bound not to dispute, but to obey. Our academy was at Marlborough; and the state of the villages all round was truly deplorable. Our tutor—the Rev. Cornelius Winter (concerning whom the late Bishop Jebb, in one of his letters, exclaims, “O what a celestial creature was this Cornelius Winter!”)—compassionating those who were perishing for lack of knowledge, sent his students to address them very early, and when they would have been unqualified for larger and more regular congregations. But the poor rude rustics required little depth or accuracy: they only wanted to know the “faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.”

In some of those villages I have preached down many a livelong Sabbath in the homely cottage, on the green turf before the door, or in some open place in the road, or in a field hard by. How often have I wished to revisit all these hamlets! But, alas! how few should I now find alive, and who would be able to remember—what he was always then called—“the boy preacher?”

Many of these places we supplied on week-day evenings, as well as on the Sabbath, as we could afford time and assistance. To many of them we walked on foot; from some of them we returned, for want of accommodation, the same evening, whatever was the weather; and from none of them received we the least remuneration.

We seldom encountered persecution. This depends very much always on the preacher. and our prudent tutor taught us not to rail and abuse, but simply to preach the truth; and to avoid the offence of folly when we could not avoid the offence of the cross.

I shall never forget with what eagerness and feeling these villagers received the words of life. The common people heard us gladly, and the poor had the Gospel preached unto them; not by “the poor man's Church,” but by those who then supplied their lack of service.

Upon leaving the academy I felt myself too young to undertake the pastoral office. I therefore chose an obscure village, where I had preached frequently while a student, to enjoy retreat and to pursue my improvement. Income I looked not after, provided my personal wants were supplied. My fixed salary, therefore, was £35 a-year, and my board in a private family. But, being then known, and not unpopular, I was frequently drawn forth to supply the neighbouring churches; and, being ill-supplied with books, the design of my retirement was very imperfectly answered.

I then met with Lady Maxwell, who engaged me to officiate in her chapel at the Hotwells. There I was for nearly a year, not without proofs of acceptance and usefulness, as the place was filled and crowded. I was, therefore, pressed by her ladyship to take the oversight of the congregation. At the same time, having preached in Bath before and during the illness of my predecessor here—(who with his dying breath recommended me to his people)—I received an invitation also to settle in Argyle Chapel. For a time I was perplexed; but while deliberating on these two proposals, some circumstances arose which immediately determined my movement towards this city. The step was to me an event of unspeakable importance. It was instantly followed by a conviction that I was where I ought to be: and this conviction never for a moment wavered. Disregarding, therefore, all subsequent offers to change my situation, (and some of them, compared with my salary, were very lucrative), I resolved to continue in a connection which has proved a peculiarly happy one; but which has, as you here see, witnessed the lapse of the larger and better part of my life. It is worthy of remark, that the first text I ever preached from among those who were to become my “hope,” and “joy,” and “crown of rejoicing” was, “What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.”

Some time after the acceptance of the call, I was ordained—fifty years ago yesterday. The charge was addressed to me by my honoured friend and tutor, Mr. Winter; and the sermon to the people was preached by the Rev. John Adams of Salisbury. I was a young pastor—but the people despised not my youth; and under various deficiencies and inexperience, they patiently waited for more maturity from ripening seasons.

Without entering into the minuteness of any human system of divinity (which I would not do for any people under heaven), I engaged to preach Mr. Hervey's three R's, as they have been called—Ruin, Redemption, and Regeneration; ruin by Adam, redemption by Christ, and regeneration by the Spirit. From these principles—and these are principles—I have never seen cause yet to swerve. And though, in this long course of things, there have been many

“Lo, here's” and “Lo, there's,” I have been too much bent on the good old way to be attracted by them. If in any minor things I have ever differed from my brethren, and have had faith, I have had it to myself before God; or I have said, “Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind.”

With regard to abstruse speculations—to which I was naturally much inclined—I was, after no inconsiderable reading and inquiry, constrained to draw off my attention; having a full conviction that, if these things were not so useless as not to merit regard, they were too high to be reached, or too deep to be fathomed: and therefore of such subjects I have long been very contentedly ignorant. We shall know, in a few moments after we enter the world of light, much more than we could acquire here by the laborious study of many years; while the precious time and attention saved from impertinences can be rendered profitable to life and godliness. I have valued nothing in teaching since I have been here but what had, at least in my own conviction, a practical bearing on the conscience and conduct; fully persuaded that, “as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also.”

But what is preaching without impression and effect? And is nothing here to be sacrificed to secure this? Can you plant a flower without bending, or lift up a child from the ground without stooping? Is there to be no difference between the press and the pulpit? Are preachers only to consider what will be gratifying to scholars, and overlook the mass of their audience? “The words of the wise are as goads and as nails.” There is no informing the multitude in the way of dissertation: argument with them is nothing unless it be brief, and illustrated by comparison: and no feeling is to be produced without facts, examples, natural imagery, touches of passion, and strokes of imagination. How few are there of those who very freely pronounce on preachers who are proper judges of what is necessary to rouse the careless mind, to relieve the jaded attention, to recall the wandering thought, to fix a sentiment, to furnish a handle to an idea, so that it may be laid hold of and carried away; to put a picture over the lesson of the child; to honey the vessel containing the medicine which the patient is by no means willing to receive!—Yet we are talked of, and we are censured, by persons who consider condescension as a want of taste, and a plainness of address as vulgarity, and who never take into the account our situation as ministers, our difficulties and our aims. I remember a French monarch wished that all his subjects could be kings for a few months; for, he said, it would free them from envy and reflection. I wish that also our hearers, upon the same principle, could be preachers for a few months; for, I am sure, it would disarm them of those free and foolish remarks in

which they now often indulge. However, I bless God I have never regarded fastidious criticism, or resigned one particle of that freedom by which I could use anything important or convertible to popular edification. Is not one sentiment, though it may be quaintly expressed, which is remembered and repeated by numbers twenty years afterwards, better than a whole sermon of tame smoothness, which slides off from the mind like oil or mercury down a slant marble, and is forgotten before the admiring audience have even reached their own home?

The state of things at my coming to Bath was not considerable, but it was encouraging; and there seemed to be an open door, and not only room, but a call, for increased exertion. Our Baptist friends had a church, but it allowed of no mixed communion. The Wesleyans had an interest, which was very prosperous; and there was a chapel belonging to the Countess of Huntingdon, which had been a great blessing, but it was then supplied by Episcopalian ministers only; and the exclusion of other preachers, who had laboured there before, gave rise to a secession of persons who had been awakened, and converted, and edified, by their labours. This led, eventually, to the formation of the Independent Church here; for the seceding members were encouraged by their former ministers, and especially by the Rev. Rowland Hill (who all through life ever took the liberal side of things), to secure a place, and to act for themselves; which they immediately did. In the Church of England there was nothing which the Evangelical clergy who visited Bath would, according to their views, consider the Gospel; and none of them could gain admittance into any pulpit of the Establishment here for many years after my settlement, except that of my respected father-in-law, who was then officiating at Bathurst, though his living was at a distance. Perhaps the opinion of such a man as Mr. Wilberforce, an Episcopalian himself, concerning the state of things here at that period, may be more regarded than my own. In one of his letters, after kindly admonishing me (and the admonition was not needless or useless) to be very explicitly evangelical in every discourse, he says: "I am aware that your own congregation may not stand in need of this; but, indeed, my dear sir, you are a debtor both to Greeks and barbarians. Consider the situation in which you stand—not another minister in Bath whom any of the poor wretched upper classes are likely to hear who preaches the Gospel. They come, perhaps, to your chapel; they never heard the word of life before; they never may have another opportunity. Pity them, my dear sir, as I know you do. They above all others deserve to be pitied. I, alas! have been more acquainted with them than you, and am thereby the more impressed with the sense of their wretched ignorance in spiritual things."

The peculiarity, therefore, of my situation influenced, in a considerable degree, my preaching and my ministry. I saw that the impression must be very much made in the pulpit; and I kept my eye, not only upon my hearers, but upon strangers, who, at that time, often peculiarly needed evangelical information, and who, if they obtained good, would carry it away and disperse it in their own neighbourhood. And I cannot but bless God for the number of persons who have made acknowledgments of this kind; and no few of whom were ministers, or became such, nor less than seven of these Episcopalians.

A church, therefore, of our own faith and order, seemed to be here desired. To this encouragement was given, not only by residents, but by visitors. One, in particular, from London, a banker, who nearly, if not entirely, at his own expense fitted up the old Roman Catholic chapel (which had been burned down in the Gordon riots), and engaged, on his recommendation of a minister, to support him till the people were able to bear the burden. That house, now used by our friends the Quakers, proving too small, my predecessor, encouraged especially by Lady Glenorchy, who promised a considerable sum (which was lost by her untimely death), and others of his friends, was induced to undertake the erection of this place. When ready for use, that excellent man of God for whom it was erected was too ill to open it, though he was present: I therefore performed all the services of the day; and, as I was the first preacher in this place, so I have been the only pastor of this people.

I only add, that this church was from the beginning as liberal in its discipline as a regard to its purity would allow, never refusing occasional fellowship to communicants of other churches; and though no lion was placed at the door of entrance, and though no accounts of conversion and experience were exacted before all, what a small number from the beginning here has ever been excommunicated, or even suspended from the holy communion! It is remarkable that during the fifty years we have been reviewing there has been no division, no discord, no jar.

Such are the reflections derivable from the subject of our text, and the occasion of the day. And, now, what can I add more? As I ascended this desk, and looked down upon this vast audience, I said to myself, "Ah! where will all this assembly be by the return of this jubilee?" Some of you will remain, and, perhaps, you will then be talking over what is now passing here: but where, O where, will the majority of you be found then?

As to many of us, a much shorter period will have removed us, and the places that now know us will know us no more for ever. Other occupiers will fill these pews; other singers will lead

the psalmody when the voices of those who now charm us will be silent in the grave; and another voice will be heard in this pulpit than that which has filled it for fifty years past.

To how many of you is my ordination a matter of history! You have been born since that day, which many of your fathers and mothers attended. How many of you have I taken in these hands and offered to God in holy baptism! How many of you have I hailed at your coming to the table of the Lord! And how many of your connections have I followed to our burying-ground! "Ah!" says one, "there lies my cherub child!" "And," says another, "there lies the desire of mine eyes, taken away with a stroke." "And there," says another, "lies the guide of my youth." I am glad, therefore, when every church has a place of interment of their own: it seems keeping up still a kind of connection with the departed. Our dead lie not among strangers. "There I buried Abraham, and Sarah his wife; there I buried Isaac and Rebecca his wife; and there I buried Leah." We have all our precious dust in yonder ground! Where is the person belonging to us who does not go to the grave to weep there? I am sometimes ready to be jealous lest our burying-place should become richer than our church. But no; instead of the fathers are the children. Our sons are plants grown up in their youth; our daughters are corner-stones, polished after the similitude of palaces; and we have a noble band of the young and middle-aged, who have covenanted with God, and who are saying, We will not forsake the house of our God. Oh, how does old age, while it leaves life, peel off continually its connection, till we seem left even as a beacon upon the top of a mountain, or as an ensign upon the hill! O how many of the various relations of life, during such a varied and extensive acquaintance as mine, have gone down to the dust, and have seen corruption! How many ministers have been taken away! "The fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?" Of all the ministers that belonged to the Wiltshire Association when I entered it, I am the only survivor: and of all those who signed my call when I came here, only one remains, whose venerable head you would have seen here this day but for indisposition. And, oh! what a curtailment are fifty years in a brief duration like ours! Your preacher, therefore, feels this; and though, in some measure, he can talk like Caleb, who said, "As yet I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me: as my strength was then, even so is my strength now, for war, both to go out and to come in;" yet he does not forget that the days of our years are threescore years and ten. Yes; therefore a period cannot be far remote when, as he hopes he shall never stand in the way of usefulness, he will either entirely resign his labours, or share them with

another; and though he knows the extreme difficulty attached to a concern where three parties are so deeply interested, the Lord can provide.

Now I seem to be taking a farewell of the fifty years which I have passed within these happy walls! What a difference between the day of which I am reminded, and this day! Then, I was rapidly entering life: I am now gradually withdrawing from it. Then, I was commencing my voyage across an untried ocean: now, with the glass in my hand, I am looking for the fair havens. Then, I was a mere youth; now, surrounded with children and grandchildren. What was then anxiety is now repose; what was then hope is now accomplishment; what was then prayer is now praise.

What a season of humiliation, you will naturally conclude, must this have been! We are hardly aware of our deficiencies and imperfections till something occurs which drives us to retire, and reflect, and review. But who can look back upon fifty years, and not exclaim, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord: for in thy sight shall no flesh living be justified"—"O Lord, if thou shouldest mark iniquity, O Lord, who can stand!" Yet what a season of thanksgiving ought it to be! How has my life been indulged! How few have been so satisfied with favour, and filled with the blessing of the Lord! Yet I have had trials enough to remind me that "full bliss is bliss divine." Though I have not drunk deep of the cup, I have tasted the bitterness of affliction. One trial has pressed upon me with peculiar force; and concerning which I should have been ready to say, Lord, afflict me in any other part, but spare me here; yet His ways are judgment.

But what deliverances have I experienced during this period! Serious attacks of indisposition formerly prepared me to expect an abbreviated ministry; and perhaps you looked for it too; but having obtained help of God, I continue to this day; and, after all the Ebenczers I have reared along the road, I now rear the largest of them all; and

"Here in thy house I leave my vows,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord."

THE BLIND SLAVE IN THE MINES.

The following striking incident was recently related by President Hitchcock, in a sermon preached in the College Chapel, Ms., Amherst, on "the Moral Dignity of the Christian Character."

"Allow me here to refer to a case that lately fell under my observation, which illustrates more forcibly than I had ever conceived, the priceless value of the Christian hope to the most unfortunate and degraded. I had descended a thousand feet beneath the earth's surface, in the coal pits of the Mid-Lothian Mines,

in Virginia, and was wandering through their dark, subterranean passages, when the voice of music, at a little distance, broke upon my ear. It ceased on our approach, and I caught only the concluding sentiment of the hymn—

‘I shall be in heaven in the morning.’

“On advancing with our lamps, we found the passage closed by a door, in order to give a different direction to the currents of air for the purpose of ventilation; yet this door must be opened occasionally to let the rail cars pass loaded with coal. And to accomplish this, we found sitting by that door an aged blind slave, whose eyes had been entirely destroyed by a blast of gunpowder many years before in that mine. There he sat on a seat cut in the coal, from sunrise to sunset, day after day; his sole business being to open and shut the door when he heard the rail cars approaching. We requested him to sing again the hymn whose last line we had heard. It was indeed lame in expression, and in the poetic measure very defective, being in fact one of those productions which we found the pious slaves were in the habit of singing, in part, at least, inpromptu; but each stanza closed with the sentiment—

‘I shall be in heaven in the morning.’

“It was sung with a clear and pleasant voice, and I could see the shrivelled, sightless eyeballs of the old man rolling in their sockets, as if his soul felt the inspiring sentiments; and really, the exhibition was one of the most affecting that I have ever witnessed. There he stood, an old man, whose earthly hopes, even at the best, must be very faint; and he was a slave—and he was blind—what could he hope for on earth? He was buried, too, a thousand feet beneath the solid rocks. In the expressive language of Jonah, “He had gone down to the bottom of the mountains; the earth with her bars was about him for ever.” There, from month to month, he sat in total darkness. O how utterly cheerless his condition! And yet that one blessed hope of a resurrection morning was enough to infuse peace and joy into his soul. I had heard gigantic intellects pour forth enchanting eloquence, but never did music or eloquence exert such an overpowering influence on my feelings as did this scene—never before did I feel the mighty power of Christian hope—never before did I witness so grand an exhibition of sublimity. O how comparatively insignificant did earth’s mightiest warriors and statesmen, her princes and emperors, and even her philosophers, without piety, appear! How powerless would all their pomp, and pageantry, and wisdom be to sustain them, if called to change with this poor slave! He had a principle within him superior to them all; and when the morning which he longs for shall come, how infinitely better than theirs will his lot appear to an admiring universe! And that morning shall ere long break in upon thy darkness, benighted old man! The light of the natural sun, and the face of this fair world will never, indeed, revisit you; and the remnant of your days must be spent in your monotonous task, by the side of the wicket gate, deep in the caverns of the earth. But that bright and blessed hope of a resurrection morning shall not

deceive you. The Saviour in whom you trust shall manifest himself to you, even in your deep darkness; and at the appointed hour, the chains of slavery shall drop off, and the double night that envelops you shall vanish into the light, and the liberty, and the glory of heaven. And just in proportion to the depths of your darkness and degradation now, shall be the brightness and the joy of that everlasting day.

“I would add, that on inquiry of the pious slaves engaged in these mines, I found that the blind old man was held in reputation for piety, and that it was not till the loss of his eyes that he was led to accept of a Saviour. It may be that the destruction of his natural vision was the necessary means of opening the eye of faith within his soul. And though we should shudder at the thought of exchanging conditions with him on earth, yet who can say but that his peculiar and deep tribulation here may prepare his soul for a distinction in glory which we might covet: O how much better to endure even his dark degradation and privations, sustained by his hopes, than to partake of their fortune who live in luxury and pleasure, or riot in wealth, or lord it over prostrate millions, or have Fame’s trumpet sounding before them, wherever they go, if with their good things here we must have their portion in eternity! How very probable, that as they lift up their eyes hereafter in hell, being in torments, they may see this poor slave in Abraham’s bosom, and entreat that he may be sent with a drop of water to cool their parched tongue!”

THE TEAMSTER;

OR,

NOTHING LOST BY KEEPING THE SABBATH.

In the winter of 18—, I removed with my family from —, in Vermont, to —, in Maine. The long journey was to be performed by land, and household furniture to be transported in the same manner. There still lingers among the hills a class of men who will soon be swept away by the canal and the railroad. The wealth of the teamster, for so he is called, consists in his horses, and the rude vehicle constructed for transporting heavy loads over the wild mountain passes, and through the deep valleys. His life is a weary and toilsome one. If diligent in his calling, he must be, for the better part of his life, an exile from his home, with little prospect of ease and rest in old age. The profits are small; the accidents to which both he and his horses are exposed are numerous. Yet are they a hardy and cheerful race; day after day, in storm and in sunshine, they trudge patiently along by the side of their wagons or sleds, alternately whistling, singing, or if, as is frequently the case, three or four are in company, beguiling their slow progress by the joke or tale, coarse and dull perhaps, but yet sufficient to call the merry laugh from hearts willing to be happy. The greatest hardship of their lot, however, is, that they are in a great measure removed from

social and religious influences. The Sabbath often overtakes them far from the house of prayer, and their scanty earnings, and the heavy expense attending the rest of a whole day, with a team of six or eight horses, are often made a pretext for disregarding the rest of the holy Sabbath.

The man whom I engaged to transport my household furniture followed this occupation. The journey was too long to be performed in a single week. Saturday night came, and with his weary horses he sought the shelter of an inn. Several brother teamsters were there, who were on the same route. The next morning he arose early to attend to the wants of his faithful animals, and found, to his surprise, that the others were harnessing their horses, and preparing to go on their way. "How now! do you travel to-day?" "To be sure," said one, "we can't afford to lie still all day, and pay for the keeping of our horses while they do nothing; and look ye, there's a heavy snow bank in the south; 'twill be heavy doings to-morrow, and if you are wise, you will go too." "I think not," said he drily. "Why not, pray? I think, for my part, the Sabbath was made for man, and poor hard-working folks like us are not required to lose one day in seven." "True; I am of your mind, but I can't afford to do otherwise than rest. I think the Sabbath was made for man, and I mean to make the most of it, by resting and letting my horses rest too; and as to losing the day, I never found out yet that I lost any thing by giving the Lord his due, any more than by paying my neighbour what I owe him." A contemptuous laugh, and the crackling of whips, followed; and they drove off, leaving our teamster alone.

The short winter day was soon over; but long before night, the snow fell in one continued sheet; and the traveller drew closer to the fire, with the book he was reading, and thanked God in his heart that the storm had come on a day when it was right for him to rest. The next morning the storm had passed over; when, thinking the roads passable, he harnessed his horses, and started off at a slow pace. Just before night-fall, he espied a long line of loaded sleighs in advance of him, toiling heavily onward, and a quiet smile passed over his weather-beaten face, as he thought it might be his companions of the previous day. In a short time he overtook them, and it was indeed the same. Weary and jaded, man and horses, they had been all day breaking *paths* for him. He soon passed them, with a kind "How fare ye?" Some looked up at his cheerful face and sleek horses, and scarcely deigned an answer; but the speaker of the previous morning replied, "Well, parson, I believe, after all, yours was the best policy; for you and your horses look as bright as if you had only just been to a merry-making, instead of

dragging all that 'housen-stuff' through the snow."

"Well, neighbour, I feel more light-hearted, I can tell you; and let me tell you, the Sabbath was made for man, and there is never anything lost in this world by keeping it. Good night;" and with a cheerful "*chirrup*" to his horses, he drove forward, and left his weary companions to adjust with themselves the policy of robbing their Maker.

THE STEAMER;

OR,

NOTHING GAINED BY BREAKING THE SABBATH.

God is jealous of the honour of his name, and most striking are the providences by which he sometimes teaches his erring children that there is a God in heaven. A remarkable instance of this is given us in the Word of God, in the history of the disobedient Jonah; and not unfrequently even now does the Lord thwart the purposes and disappoint the plans of those who would disregard his ordinances, and go counter to his commands. How often, for instance, do we see the infraction of the Fourth Commandment, and particularly when by those who profess to love and revere the institutions of the gospel, followed by some signal manifestation of the divine displeasure? An illustration of this, and which exhibits to my mind most forcibly the over-watching care of God, occurred not long since. Late in the afternoon of Saturday a steamer stopped at our wharf on her way to —. The day was well-nigh spent, and the opportunity a favourable one for such as chose to come on shore, and tarry with us over the Sabbath. Among the passengers were several ministers of the gospel, and some of whom were but now on their way from the sittings of the General Assembly. It was near nine o'clock when the steamer got under way, and the sail to — would require some eight hours or more—it was therefore evident that the Sabbath morning must be deeply trenched upon ere they reached their destination. During the evening the passengers were gathered together, and a minister of the gospel spoke to them of the providence of God as manifested in disasters at sea. *All seemed well.* But the Lord stood in the way. A portion of the machinery of the boat broke; and when morning came—the Sabbath morning—they were yet upon the broad lake, and at the mercy of the elements. During the day ineffectual efforts were made to repair the injury. The cabin was again the scene of religious exercises; and only on Sabbath evening did they reach, not their destination, but the point from which they had started. The Lord had brought them back to their starting point—not a mile had all their efforts of the last twenty-four hours gained them; and only on Monday morning, at the same hour at which they could have left had they kept the Sabbath, were they permitted to go on their journey.

CONVERSION.

How palpably true is our Lord's declaration, that "except a man be born again, he cannot see the

kingdom of God!" Not only he *shall* not, but he *cannot*. He has no faculty capable of discerning it. If we know not exactly as to particulars what heaven is, we know to a certainty what it is not. We are sure it is not like earth. There are no routs, assemblies, play-houses, or horse-races there; no estates to be bought or sold, no funds to be transferred, no business to be managed upon the Exchange or in coffee-houses. How, then, could they whose hearts are more set upon these things, possibly be happy even in heaven, when separated for ever from all they love? Heaven must be a hell to an unhumiliated, unsanctified sinner, even if he could be admitted there. The company, employments, the enjoyments are of the same kind with what he despised upon earth."—*John Newton*.

THE TREASURES OF THE WICKED.

EVERY man is treasuring up stores for eternity; the good are laying up "treasures in heaven, where moth doth not corrupt"—the evil and impenitent are "treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath." What an idea is this? Treasures of wrath! Whatever the impenitent man is doing, he is treasuring up wrath. He may be getting wealth; but he is treasuring up wrath. He may be getting fame; but he is treasuring up wrath. He may be forming pleasing connections; but he is also treasuring up wrath. Every day adds something to the heap. Every oath the swearer utters, there is something gone to the heap of wrath. Every lie the liar tells, there is something gone to the heap of wrath. Every licentious act the lewd man commits, there is something gone to the treasure of wrath. Every day he lives in sin, the book of God's remembrance records it against him. The impenitent man has a weightier treasure of wrath to-day than he had yesterday; he will have a weightier to-morrow than he has to-day. When he lies down at night he is richer in vengeance than when he rose in the morning.

He is continually deepening and darkening his eternal portion. Every neglected Sabbath increases his store of wrath; every forgotten sermon adds something to the weight of punishment. All the checks of conscience, all the remonstrances of friends, all the advice and prayers of parents will be taken into the account, and all will tend to increase the treasures of wrath, laid up against the day of wrath. —*Rev. J. A. James*.

LONGING FOR HOLINESS.

OH what a weariness is it to live among men, and find so few men, and among Christians, and find so few Christians; so much talk and so little action, religion turned almost to a tune and air of words; and amidst all our pretty discourses, pusillanimous and base, and so easily dragged into the mire, self and flesh, and pride, and passion, domineering while we speak of being in Christ and clothed with him, and believe it, because we speak it so often, and so confidently. Well I know you are not willing to be thus gulled, and having some glances of the beauty of holiness, aim no lower than perfection, which in the end we hope to attain, and in the meanwhile the smallest advances to it are of more worth than crowns and sceptres.—*Leighton*.

THE NOBLE GUEST WITHIN.

THERE is a noble guest within us. O! let all our business be to entertain him honourably, and to live in celestial love within, that will make all things without be very contemptible in our eyes. Good night is all I add; for whatsoever hour it comes to your hand, I believe you are as sensible as I, that it is still night, but the comfort is, it draws nigh towards that bright morning that shall make amends. Your weary fellow-pilgrim.—*Leighton*.

CHRIST'S CARE.

SUPPOSE a king's son should get out of a besieged city, and leave his wife and children behind, whom he loves as his own soul; would this prince, when arrived at his father's palace, delight himself with the splendour of the court, and forget his family in distress? No! but having their cries and groans always in his ears, he would come post to his father; and entreat him, as ever he loved him, that he would send all the force of his kingdom to raise the siege and save his dear relations from perishing. Nor will Christ, though gone up from the world and ascended into his glory, forget his children for a moment that are left behind him.—*Gurnall*.

GOD SEES THROUGH ALL PRETENCES.

How simple is this proposition, and yet how amazing!—admitted by all, believed by few, and by them not steadily.

God sees through all pretences. Then why should I use pretences? Why be ambitious to appear what I am not, rather than try to be what I ought?

God sees through all pretences. And he will one day make his intelligent universe see through them too. No wolf can carry his sheep's clothing to the judgment-seat. He must leave everything false and painted behind. There he must appear as he is, not as he would like to have men think of him. Why then spend my time in garnishing the outside of my character, while my character itself is neglected?

God sees through all pretences. And he will blow them away at the last day like chaff before the whirlwind. Everything false and hollow will be carried into eternal oblivion: Nothing but the naked reality will remain. O what a wreck of human pomp, and parade, and vain show! How insignificant will the great ones of this world appear, when all the outward "pomp and circumstance" in which their greatness lay is left behind, and they appear in their own proper littleness before the Judge of all the earth!

Would men take a hundredth part of the pains to be, that they do to seem good and fair, how well would it be for them and society too!—*Christian Observer*.

LIFE.

THE slow motion of a living man (though so feeble, perhaps, that he cannot go a furlong in a day), yet coming from life, imports more strength than is in a ship, which (though it sails swiftly) hath its motion from without. Thus possibly a hypocrite may exceed a true Christian in the bulk and outside of a duty; yet because his strength is not from spiritual life, but from some wind or tide abroad that carries him on, while the Christian is from a divine principle within; therefore the Christian's weakness is stronger than the hypocrite in his greatest enlargements.—*Gurnall*.

THE BELIEVER A BLESSING—THE UNBELIEVER A CURSE.

BY THE LATE REV. R. M. M'CHEYNE, DUNDEE.

"And it shall come to pass, that as ye were a curse among the heathen, O house of Judah, and house of Israel; so will I save you, and you shall be a blessing."—Zech. viii. 13

DOCTRINE. Unconverted men are a curse to all about them; but when converted, they become a blessing.

I. Unconverted men are a curse by their example. This is true, whether they be outwardly decent and moral, or be living in open sins and wickedness.

1. If they be outwardly decent men, then they are generally much respected in the world; and so their example is not only followed, but followed without any scruple. Though they have no love to Christ—though they have no prayer in their families—though they never gather their children upon their knees to tell them of the only way of salvation—though they have little or no secret prayer in their closets; yet, because they are outwardly honest men, and sober, respectable men, they are set up as patterns to be imitated, and even believers are tempted to think themselves and their children safe in their company. These men are whitened sepulchres—men walk over them without fear. They do not know that within there is nothing but dead men's bones and all uncleanness. Oh, what a curse outwardly decent unconverted men are to every society they come into!

2. But still more, unconverted men are a curse by their example, if they be living in any open sin. (1.) They are a curse to their children, to their servants, to their neighbours, by leading them into the same sins. Just as a man infected with the plague is a curse to every society he comes into, for he communicates the infection to all; so a man infected with sin infects everybody around him. Nothing teaches so soon as example. How easily do children pick up the oaths they hear their parents using! And there are no bounds to this curse; for every man stands in the centre of a circle of companions, and to each of these he communicates the hateful infection that is in his own bosom. Each of these companions stands in the centre of another circle, to each of whom he transmits the same hateful infection; so that one unconverted sinner may be a curse to thou-

sands. Ay, even when he is lifting up his eyes in hell, the infection of which he was the origin may be raging among thousands whom he has left on earth. Oh, brethren, it is a fearful thing to think that an unconverted man in hell may yet be a curse upon the earth! (2.) They are a curse to those that sin along with them. *Objection.* My companions are sinful already, and therefore if I sin along with them, I cannot be blamed for making them sinners. *Answer.* True, you cannot be blamed for making them sinners; but you can be blamed for making them worse sinners. Is it no crime, think you, to make bad worse? Is it no crime to help him to a deeper place in hell? Now, this is what all sinners are doing by their example. Nothing encourages a man in sin so much as example. When so many are on the broad way, it becomes very easy. How many a man would have been a sober man this day, if his companions had not pushed the bottle to him! How many a man would have turned at the voice of Christ, if his companions had not laughed him out of it! Oh, what a curse an unconverted man is by his example! (3.) They are a curse to the sober, decent, unconverted men. These men will not go with them to the same excess of riot. They stand aloof and are shocked at open sin, and say inwardly in their hearts, I thank God I am not as these men are—extortioners—unjust—adulterers. Surely I must be on the right way, for I am so different from these open sinners. Ah, brethren! who knows how many unconverted souls that never came to a saving close with Christ—that never knew what it was to receive the Spirit of Christ to dwell in them—have been hardened into a deadly peace by the sight of the openly wicked and profane! Oh, what a curse an open sinner is to all the world.

Brethren, are you unconverted?—then you have been a curse all your life long up to this day. You are decent and sober, and much respected in the world, it may be—but still unconverted. You have no love to Christ—no prayer in your family—no prayer in your closet. Do you not see what a withering blight you have cast all around you? Look at your children and your servants—have you not frozen

them into as icy coldness as yourself? Or perhaps you have lived in some darling sin. Do you not see how you have infected all around you? Have not some of your children or neighbours learned the very same sin? Nay, do you not see some who have grown more wicked since you joined them? They were like men running down-hill before; but you gave them a push, and made them run faster. Oh! how many may be in hell this day, who are cursing you for teaching them, or helping them to sin. Stop, poor soul! before you take another step in sin. Do you not think your own curse will be heavy enough, that you are heaping the curses of others on your soul? The rich man in hell did not wish his five brethren to come there; and O, have you less compassion on your friends than a soul in hell? It may be you have no compassion on your own soul, or perhaps you think you will try and bear the wrath of God; but have you no pity for your little children. You cannot bear to hear them cry on earth; oh, how will you bear to hear them cry in hell?

II. *Unconverted men are a curse by being cumberers of the ground.*

Just as the fig tree was a curse to the other trees of the vineyard, for all the time, and expense, and care that were wasted upon it might have been bestowed upon them; so unconverted men, who bear no fruit to God, are a curse to all around them, they take up so much room and care in the Church of God. Just as a boy at school who will not learn is a curse to the whole school, for he takes up so much of the master's time and care, that might all be expended on the other boys; just so the unconverted are a curse to all around, for they take up so much of the care and anxiety of ministers. Just as the criminals of a country are a great curse, not only because of their wicked example, but because of the care and expense that must be laid out upon them—the thousands of pounds that must be paid for jails, and judges, and officers, which might all be employed in aiding honest industry; so the unconverted are a curse in every parish, taking up so much of the care and time of the minister, which all might be employed in helping the dear children of God. Just as a stray sheep is a curse to all the flock—for the shepherd must leave the ninety-nine in the wilderness, and go after the sheep that is lost—he must trace it over the mountains and through the valleys, and may not find it after all; so lost sinners are a curse to all the people of God—by taking up

so much of the shepherd's time and care to seek them.

The backward state of believers in our day is mainly to be attributed to this. So much time and labour has to be expended on the barren fig trees, that the precious vines are left unprotected and uncultivated. When a soul is brought to Christ, it is but just born again—it is but a babe in everything, and needs to be nursed and fed with milk, and tenderly cared for. But ministers cannot do everything; and how often do they leave that soul, knowing that it is saved, and expend their labours upon the unsaved and unconverted! He was a blessed man of God who made it his rule never to preach one sermon without some word for poor unconverted souls. But, see how much of our time and anxiety this takes up. And what a curse unconverted sinners thus are to the Church of God!

Are you unconverted? Then you have been a curse all your life long up to this day. How many sermons have been filled up with your case!—how many of the prayers of the servant of God have been taken up with you!—how much of his labour has been expended upon you! And are you still unconverted? Ah, then, are you not a cumberer of the ground? are you not a curse?

III. *Unconverted men are a curse negatively, by not doing any good.*

Man is a social creature. It is not good for man to be alone; and, therefore, God has put us into families, and neighbourhoods, and countries, just that every one might be a blessing to every other. But unconverted men do no good to others—they do not answer the end for which they were placed in the world; and thus they are a curse. The sun was placed in the centre of our system to give light and heat to all around him; but if he were to leave the end for which he was placed there, if he were to keep all his beams to himself, instead of warming and lighting the world, then he would be a curse instead of a blessing. Such are unconverted men—they do no good, they keep all they have to themselves; like barren sands, they take in sun and shower, but give back neither flower nor fruit.

1. Men have a great hold on the affections of other men. This is a wonderful gift of God—given that we may lead one another to good and heavenly things. But unconverted men do not use this gift. They often use it in leading others to sin; but they never use it in leading others to Christ. An unconverted parent

never uses this talent in leading his children to the Saviour. Oh! what a curse he is to them, then, instead of a blessing.

2. Men have money. This is a gift of God—given that we may use it all to his service. But unconverted men never use their money for Christ. God made them stewards of it; but they cheat both God and man. They pretend it is their own, and they may do what they will with it.

3. Men may pray for one another. God intends all Christians to be like Christ—intercessors for one another, and for the world. But the unconverted never pray for others. They have no wish to do so. Most unconverted parents never pray for their children—most unconverted children never pray for their parents. What curses they are to one another! Truly the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

But when the unconverted becomes a converted man, then this word is fulfilled, and he becomes as much a blessing as ever he was a curse.

(To be continued.)

THE BELLE OF THE BALL ROOM.

(From the Christian Watchman.)

"ONLY this once," said Edward Allston, fixing a pair of loving eyes on the beautiful girl beside him—"only this once, sister mine; nay, I will even kneel to you;" and he bent, half playfully, half seriously, before her. "Your dress will be my gift, and will not, therefore, diminish your charity fund; and beside, if the influences of which you have spoken do indeed hang so alluringly about a ball-room, should you not seek to guard me from their power! You will go, will you not? For me—for me?"

The Saviour, too, whispered to the maiden. "Decide for me, thou redeemed one—for me." But her spirit did not recognise the tones, for of late it had been bewildered with earthly music.

She paused, however, and her brother pressed a kiss upon her thoughtful brow, and waited her reply in silence.

Beware! sweet Helen Allston, beware! The sin is not lessened that the tempter is so near to thee. Like the sparkle of the red wine to the inebriate are the seductive influences of the ball-room. Thy foot will fall upon roses, but they will be the roses of this world, not those that bloom for eternity. Thou wilt lose the fervour and purity of thy love, the promptness of thy obedience, the consolations of thy trust. The holy calm of thy closet will become irksome to thee, and thy power of resistance

will be diminished manyfold, for this is the first great temptation. But Helen will not beware. While the warm kiss is on her cheek she forgets her Saviour. The melody of that rich voice is dearer to her than the pleading of gospel memories.

Two years previous to the scene described, Helen Allston hoped she had passed from death unto life. For some time she was exact in the discharge of social duties, regular in her closet exercises, ardent, yet equable in her love. Conscious of her weakness, she diligently used all those aids so fitted to sustain and cheer. Day by day she rekindled her torch at the holy fire which comes streaming onward to us from the luminaries of the past—from Baxter, Taylor, and Flavel, and many a compeer whose name will live in the hearts, and linger on the lips, of the generations which are yet to come. She was alive to the present also. Upon her table, a beautiful commentary upon the yet unfulfilled prophecies, lay the records of missionary labour and success. The sewing circle busied her active fingers, and the Sabbath-school kept her affections warm, and rendered her knowledge practical and thorough. But at length the things of the world began insensibly to win upon her regard. She was the child of wealth, and fashion spoke of her taste and elegance. She was very lovely, and the voice of flattery mingled with the accents of honest praise. She was agreeable in manner, sprightly in conversation, and she was courted and caressed. She heard with more complacency reports from the gay circles she had once frequented, and noted with more interest the ever-shifting pageantry of folly. Then she lessened her charities, furnished her wardrobe more lavishly, and became less scrupulous in the disposal of her time. She formed acquaintances among the light and frivolous, and to fit herself for intercourse with them, sought the books they read, until others became insipid.

Edward Allston was proud of his sister, and loved her, too, almost to idolatry.

They had scarcely been separated from childhood, and it was a severe blow to him when she shunned the amusements they had so long shared together. He admired, indeed, the excellence of her second life, the beauty of her aspirations, the loftiness of her aims, but he felt deeply the want of that unity in hope and purpose which had existed between them. He felt, at times, indignant, as if something had been taken from himself. Therefore he strove, by many a device, to lure her in the path he was treading. He was very selfish in this, but he was unconscious of it. He would have climbed precipices, traversed continents; braved the ocean in its wrath, to have rescued her from physical danger; but, like many others thoughtless as himself, he did not dream of the fearful importance of the

result; did not know that the Infinite alone could compute the hazard of the tempted one. Thus far had he succeeded, that she had consented to attend with him a brilliant ball.

"It will be a superb affair," he said, half aloud, as he walked down the street. "The music will be divine, too. And she used to be so fond of dancing! 'Twas a lovely girl spoiled when the black-coated gentry preached her into their notions. And yet—and yet—pshaw!—all cant, all cant! What harm can there be in it? And if she does withstand all this, I will yield the point that there is something—yes, a great deal, in her religion."

So musing he proceeded to the shop of Mrs. Crofton, the most fashionable dress-maker in the place, and forgot his momentary scruples, in a consultation as to the proper materials for Helen's dress, which was to be a present from himself, and which he determined should be worthy her grace and beauty.

The ball was over, and Helen stood in her festal costume before the ample mirror in her chamber, holding in one hand a white kid glove she had just withdrawn. She had indeed been the belle of the ball-room. Simplicity of life, and a joyous spirit, are wonder-workers, and she was irresistibly bright and fresh among the faded and hackneyed frequenters of heated assembly rooms. The most delicate and intoxicating flattery had been offered her, and wherever she turned she met the glances of admiration. Her brother, too, had been proudly assiduous; had followed her with his eyes so perpetually as to seem scarcely conscious of the presence of another; and there she stood, minute after minute, lost in the recollections of her evening triumph.

Almost queen-like looked she, the rich folds of her satin robe giving fullness to her slender form, and glittering as if woven with silver threads. Point lace, broad and exquisitely fine, fell from her short sleeves over her snowy arms, and gave softness to the outline of her bust. A chain of pearls lay on her neck, and gleamed amidst the shading curls, which floated from beneath a chaplet of white roses. She looked up at length, smiled upon her lovely reflection in the mirror, and then wrapping herself in a dressing-gown, took up a volume of sacred poems. But when she attempted to read, her mind wandered to the dazzling scene she had just quitted. She knelt to pray, but the brilliant vision haunted her still, and ever as the wind stirred the vines about the window, there came back that sweet alluring music.

She rose with a pang of self-reproach. Instead of the confidence, the consciousness of protection, the holy serenity with which she usually sought her pillow, she experienced an excitement and restlessness which nothing could allay. She attempted to meditate, but with every thought of duty came memories of

the festive garlands, and the blazing lamps, and the fitting figures of the merry dancers.

An open Bible lay on the window seat, and as she passed it, she read: "Another parable put He forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field. But while he slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way."

Tears sprang to her eyes, and she exclaimed, "In the field of my heart, also, hath the enemy sown tares." She took up the book and read again; then, too soul-full to remain quiet, she rapidly paced her chamber. Resolutely and carefully she reviewed the past, back, back to her first faint trembling hope. Rigorously, as in the presence of her Maker, she scanned her first departures from the narrow path; and if her earlier convictions were pungent, ten-fold more intense was the agony of this, her second awakening.

In the solitude of his chamber, Edward thought with less elation of his successful plan. He believed that Helen would have yielded to no ordinary temptation, and felt that he had been scarcely generous to enlist her affections against her principles. His repeated, "It is but a trifle," did not satisfy him; and when he had listened, hour after hour, to her footfall, he could no longer restrain his inclination to soothe her emotion. In vain he essayed all the arguments, all the sophistry, which the world employs to attract the lukewarm professor.

"Do not seek to console me," said Helen; "for such tears are salutary, my dear brother. I have virtually said that the joys of religion are fading and unsatisfactory; I must sometimes seek for others. I have quieted more than one uneasy conscience, by throwing the influence of a professing Christian into the scale of world. I have wandered from my Father's side, to the society of his rebel subjects. And yet I have cause to mourn less for this one transgression, than for the alienation of heart which led the way to it. Had I not fallen far, very far from the strength and purity of my earlier love, even your pleadings could not have moved me.

"But the Bible says a thing about such amusements, Helen."

"Not in words, perhaps, but in effect. Put the case, to your own heart, Edward. Would you wish me to indulge in a course of conduct which would estrange me from you? Would you have me choose for my companions those who treat you with neglect? Would you wish me to frequent places whence I should return careless and cold in my manner toward you? Ah, brother! I loved God once. I saw his hand in everything around me. I felt his presence perpetually, and trusted, child-like, to his protecting arm. But now I regard him less, pray less, read less, and give less." And then

she revealed to her brother her beautiful experience—beautiful till she grew negligent and formal—with a truth, an earnestness, a loving simplicity, that, for the first time, gave him some insight into the nature of true piety. "And now, dear Edward," she said, "read to me Christ's prayer for his people, that I may feel sure that he prayed for me."

As she listened, the varying expressions of her countenance indicated many and varied emotions. Submission, sorrow, love, and faith—all were there. When Edward had finished, they knelt together, and Helen, sorrowfully, yet hopefully, poured out her full soul in confession, and most touchingly she besought the Divine compassion upon her erring brother.

The carol of birds went up with the whispered Amen of the penitent, the blossoms of the climbing honeysuckle sent in their fragrance, and the morning sun smiled on them as they rose from prayer. The face of Helen reflected her inward gladness, and restored peace shone in her dark eyes and tranquil countenance. "Thou art happier than I," said Edward, and with a light caress he turned from the chamber.

One year went by, and Edward Allston awoke from an uneasy slumber. Slow and insidious had been the approach of disease. Softly, and in many disguises, had the spoiler come to him. He had stolen the strength from his manhood, the roundness from his form, the mellow expression from his eye, but he brought no terror.

"Bear me to Helen's room," said the sufferer, and the attendants performed his bidding.

It was the anniversary of the ball night, and the room was unchanged, save that no festal garments were scattered about it. The open window with the luxuriant honeysuckle bursting through and resting on the open pages of a Bible, the chairs on which the two had sat, the cushion on which they had knelt, each with an arm about the other, all were familiar. The invalid examined each well-known object, and then looked fondly upon his sister, his prayerful teacher and unwearied nurse.

"It was fitting that I should come here to die," he said, "for it was here that I first learned who maketh a death-bed easy. O, my sister! had you not been true to yourself, to your God, to me, where, now, would be my hope? where my consolation? O, dear Helen! if, in the years to come the voice of the tempter be sweet to thee, if thy foot should falter, and thou should'st step aside to gather a light flower, or stoop to a painted toy, then remember that ball night, and let thy repentance be as full, as free, as humble, as it was then. Let my memory be with thee, too, as thou walkest onward through life, that so thou may'st win others as thou did'st me, with the purity, the vigour, the warmth of thine own hopes and experiences. One kiss, dear one, and then pray with me for the last time."

Unusually earnest and rich in faith were the low accents that filled the chamber. There was in them a tone not of earth, a melody caught from the heaven toward which they floated. More and more triumphant grew the thanksgivings of that gentle sister. Ever brighter grew the countenance of the dying. To his ear, the songs of angels blended with that earthly voice which was so dear. More and more perfectly harmonized the two, he doubted if there were, indeed any distinction; he smiled faintly, and then the freed and ransomed spirit sped upward to the bosom of the Eternal.

MOTHER, HOME, AND HEAVEN.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

"The three sweetest words in the English language are
Mother, Home, and Heaven."

Mother—

The first fond word our hearts express
In childhood's rosy hours;
When life seems full of happiness,
As nature is of flowers;
A word that manhood loves to speak,
When time has placed upon his cheek,
And written on his brow,
Stern lessons of the world's untruth,
Unheeded in his thoughtless youth,
But sadly ponder'd now;
As time brings back, 'mid vanished years,
A mother's fondest hopes and fears.

Home—

The only Eden left untouch'd,
Free from the tempter's snare;
A paradise where kindred hearts
May revel without care:
A wife's glad smile is imaged here,
And eyes that never knew a tear,
Save those of happiness,
Beam on the hearts that wander back,
From off the long and beaten track
Of sordid worldliness,
To taste those purer joys that come,
Like angels, round the hearth at home.

Heaven—

The end of all a mother's prayers—
The home of all her dreams;
The guiding star to light our path,
With hope's encheering beams—
The haven of our storm-toss'd bark,
From out a world where wild and dark
The tempests often rise;
But still in every darksome hour
This hope will rise with holy power,
And point us to the skies,
Where Mother, Home, and Heaven are seen,
Without a cloud to intervene.

THE FLOWER TRANSPLANTED.

THE subject of this brief memoir was the eldest daughter of the Rev. John Boyd, of the United Secession Church, Belfast. She was born at

Paisley, on the 26th July 1836. From her early childhood she was distinguished by an ardent thirst for knowledge. The narratives of Scripture history were familiar to her long ere she was able to read them herself. Those of Joseph, Samuel, the Shunamite's child, and especially of the Saviour's infancy, were the ones in which she took most delight. Indeed, books were her chief play-things; and as she had a most retentive memory, she was generally able, when she got a new book, and heard it read over once or twice, to repeat it from beginning to end; and as soon as she saw the picture at the top of the page, she could give the annexed rhyme or history. The "things of God," however, were the topics in which she took the deepest interest; and "a good story," as she called it, out of the Bible, was one of the most gratifying rewards she could at any time receive. Her parents had much pleasure in ministering to her anxious desire after religious instruction, and they did not labour in vain. They well remember instances in which, when explaining to her divine subjects, she would put questions to them, which displayed a thoughtfulness and clearness of apprehension, not usual in children of four or five years of age. One or two instances may be specified.

One Sabbath evening at the family Scripture reading, the passage read treated of the resurrection of the body; and some explanatory remarks were made for the benefit of the grown-up persons present. Little Mary, then in her fifth year, interposed her question among the rest. "Mama," said she, "there is something here I don't understand. I know well enough that when we die our bodies go down into the grave, and the worms eat them, while our souls, if we are good, go to heaven; but I don't understand how it is that God gets our flesh out of the worms' mouths after they have eaten us." The question was one which had puzzled older and wiser heads than hers. It, however, plainly proved the power of thought which, even at this early age, she possessed; and it may teach parents that they cannot begin too early to infuse into the minds of their children even the deep things of God's Word. The answer given to her question was one suited to her capacity, and one also perfectly satisfactory to her. She was reminded of God's omnipotence, whereby even such a seemingly difficult thing could easily be accomplished. He had at first formed Adam's body out of the dust of the ground; and if He did this, He was just as able to raise up our bodies from the grave after they were mouldered into dust.

About the same time, during the absence from home of her father on official duty, she was sleeping with her mother: one night, after they had retired to rest, she seemed unusually quiet. Her mother asked her if she was sleeping. Her reply was, "No, mama; I am thinking." On being asked what she was thinking

about, she was at first reluctant to tell; but at length said, "Well, ma, I was thinking that maybe I might die when I was young, like my cousin" (recently dead), "and I thought that perhaps God might make an angel of me; and then, ma, I just thought what a nice thing it would be if, when you and papa die, I might be the very angel that God sent to take your soul and papa's soul to heaven."

In her attention to her private religious duties she was most conscientious even from infancy. Her prayers were usually of her own making, and were characterized by all the simple-mindedness of childhood. She had, it is true, been taught several little prayers which, in infancy, she repeated, but she was informed that they were designed mainly as patterns and examples, which she was to give up as soon as she was able: for prayer was, strictly speaking, conversation with God—an acknowledgment of, and application for daily blessings; and what was chiefly wanted in praying rightly, was just to state in her own way what the things were which she felt she needed, and was desirous God for Christ's sake would give her. Fully appreciating these directions, her prayers were usually the simple expression of her feelings and wishes at the time. Like a child going to a parent of whose love and kindness she was perfectly assured, and into whose ear she could confide with infant confidence her wishes, little Mary was in the habit of going to the throne of grace, and asking God, if he pleased, to grant her the desires which at the moment were uppermost in her heart. And although, as might be expected in one so young, her requests were at times, from their minuteness, such as almost to provoke a smile, still, her devotional feelings were cultivated, and she learned a spirit of dependence on God for even the least blessings, which she retained till the latest moments of her life.

When Mary's mind first became seriously impressed with regard to divine things, her parents cannot positively say. Though naturally of a cheerful and joyous disposition, she was always serious and thoughtful when the great things of religion were pressed upon her attention. The love of Christ for sinners was a favourite theme on which from childhood she loved to converse; and many a time would her eye melt at the story of his sufferings in the accomplishment of redemption. Of her own sinfulness by nature, and her need of the regenerating grace of God's Spirit, she was perfectly aware, and gave evidence at a very early age of the hold which these essential truths had upon her mind. One instance may be mentioned, which seemed to her parents to have had a very marked influence upon her character and conduct. Shortly after she entered her sixth year, she came one evening out of her own room into that of her parents, weeping bitterly. When asked why she did so, she

said, that after she had gone to bed, she was as usual repeating to herself some psalms and hymns; but in spite of all her efforts to the contrary, evil thoughts and words darted into her mind, and after striving against them in vain, she had been obliged to rise and come to her parents for advice and direction. "Oh," said she, "it must be Satan tempting me; for in spite of all the prayers and hymns I repeat, I think and speak only what is bad. O, mama, do pray to God for me, that Satan may leave me, and that God would make me good, and bless me." Her request was granted, and ere long her mind was calmed. But she often used to refer to this evening as one of the most solemn and memorable of her early youth.

After the removal of her parents to Belfast in September 1844, Mary was busily occupied at school, where she made rapid progress in the elementary branches of education. While at school, an occurrence took place, which was the occasion at first of bitter sorrow, but was ultimately made, with the divine blessing, of great benefit to her. She and some other of her young companions had been guilty, in their thoughtless playfulness, of conduct which was both improper and sinful. When it was discovered, and the evil of it pointed out to Mary, she at once, and with great ingenuousness, acknowledged her sin; and her bitter tears, and her earnest prayers to God for pardon, were unquestionable evidences of the depth and genuineness of her repentance. Even on her dying bed, she made frequent allusion to this occurrence—expressed her thankfulness to God that it had been discovered—and fervently implored that, as "a sin of her youth," it might not "be remembered against her." It was, however, some time after, ere her mind regained its accustomed composure and cheerfulness; and her parents were pleased to observe, that the discipline through which at this time she passed, was profitable in not only "working out the fruits of righteousness," but in teaching her so impressively the "evil and bitter" nature of sin, and making her more watchful in time to come.

It was about the end of autumn 1846 that Mary first took the illness of which she died. It began with cold, which she had caught, but it was not long ere it assumed a form which but too surely indicated that her recovery was hopeless. Unwilling to disguise from their child the real state of matters with her, Mary's parents made her at once acquainted with the opinion of her medical attendants regarding her. They felt, that in such circumstances, to practise any deception, as is but too often done by parents and friends, would be both unfaithful and cruel. They therefore told her of the probability of her disease terminating fatally, and urged upon her the necessity of examining well as to the ground of her hopes for acceptance and salvation.

At first, the thought of death was distressing to her mind. She clung to life with all the tenacity of the young heart; for the grave has no charms to attract human affection until the grace of Christ disarms death of its sting, and divests the grave of its terror. But it was only for a little; ere long the cloud was dissipated, the fear of death passed away, and from being an object of dread, her decease became a common topic of discourse, and was humbly longed for, as that which, to use her own language, would introduce her into her heavenly Father's house.

Her exercise during her illness was of a very pleasing and satisfactory character, and was demonstrative both of the genuineness and the stability of her religious principles. Her views of the scheme of salvation by Christ, as was remarked by several who conversed with her during her illness, were singularly clear and scriptural for one of her years; her own sinfulness and unworthiness in the sight of God was often lamented by her; but the rich grace of the Lord Jesus, and his ability and willingness to save, were the grounds of her encouragement and consolation.

As her disease seemed for some time to be stationary, it was thought advisable to try what effect a change of air, with the sea voyage, might have upon her. She was accordingly removed to Glasgow in the beginning of last July. But the change was fruitless. She began gradually to sink; and it was gratifying to witness, that "while her outward man was perishing," her "inward man was renewing," and strengthening, "day by day." From this period onward to her death, her growth in grace and in Christian experience was very evident. Prayer seemed to be her solace and her pleasure. Often, when she was thought to be asleep, the turned-up eye, and the clasped hands, betokened how her mind was at the moment engaged. And sometimes she was heard uttering short ejaculatory supplications, of which the two following are specimens: "O Jesus, I am going down into the deep waters, but I am leaning on thy bosom: do not let the waters overwhelm me"—"O blessed Jesus, let not go thy hold of me, or I am lost." And the deep earnestness and solicitude with which the latter words were uttered by her, seemed plainly to indicate that some transient cloud had come over her spiritual vision, and by making her feel her own weakness, had led her to cast herself upon the omnipotent mercy of the Saviour. At another time, when suffering great pain, which she did with much patience and submission, her mother had expressed her regret at seeing her so afflicted, the only reply was an affectionate smile, and then the words—

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

About ten days before her death, her mother

was obliged to go home for a day or two. On her return, she brought Mary some carnations and other flowers, out of a little garden which she had carefully tended before her illness. After expressing her gratification and admiration, she said, "God is about to transplant me to his own garden above, where far better flowers than these grow."

On the Sabbath preceding her death, she was so very weak, that her friends hardly expected her to survive the day. In the evening the Rev. Dr. Beattie came to visit her. After conversing with her, he asked her, when about to pray with her, if there was any request which she would wish him to present to God on her behalf. "Yes," said she, "say, that if he pleases, I should like to see my dear papa before I die"—(her father having gone home two days before). The Doctor, before praying, reminded her that, as she had committed to her heavenly Father the greater matters of salvation, she might, with perfect confidence, trust his goodness for the lesser blessing that she now wanted. At a later period of the evening she was so weak, that her friends all anticipated her speedy removal. And although they expressed themselves on the subject with perfect freedom, even in her hearing, the apparent nearness of death did not in the least affect either the composure of her mind, or the sureness of her hope; for, clasping her thin hands upon her bosom, she repeated, with much fervour, that hymn—

"The hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home:
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace."

The fourth verse in particular,

"I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear,"

she repeated with so much feeling, that all who heard her were, without exception, melted into tears.

Next morning she was considerably relieved, and about mid-day requested her mother to give her a piece of paper, as she wished to write something. On receiving it, she leaned over on her side and penned the following farewell letter to her younger sister, a child of five years old, and who was at home in Belfast. We give the letter exactly as she wrote it:—

"My dear, dear, little Sister Agnes, Your dear Mary writes to you, to tell you that you will see her no more in this world, for she is going to heaven, to God, and Christ. Be you a good girl, and do not disobey your *Pa* or *Ma*, nor vex Robina, my dear wee pet. Mary wants you to love Christ, and she hopes to meet you in heaven. No more from your dear

"MARY."

Some time afterwards she was expressing her regret that she was not able to see her two little sisters once more before her death. But, addressing her mother, she said in a tone of affectionate solitude, "O mama, do lead them

to God; and tell them what a merciful Saviour Jesus Christ is."

In the evening her father arrived from Belfast. On going into her room, she expressed her gratitude to God for permitting her to see him again. On asking her how she was, and how she felt as to the state of her mind, she replied, "I am happy, happy!" After talking together for some minutes about heaven, and the happiness of the inhabitants in seeing Christ and enjoying him, her father rose up to go into another room. On reaching the foot of her bed, he lingered for a moment behind the curtains to look at his dying child. She, thinking she was alone, broke out and sung, as sweetly as she ever did in the days of her health, her favourite hymn,—

"I'm but a stranger here—

Heaven is my home;

Earth is a desert drear—

Heaven is my home.

Danger and sorrow stand

Round me on every hand;

Heav'n is my fatherland—

Heaven is my home

"What though the tempest rage—

Heaven is my home;

Short is my pilgrimage—

Heaven is my home.

And time's cold wintry blast

Soon will be overpast;

I shall reach home at last—

Heaven is my home.

"Then at my Saviour's side—

Heaven is my home—

I shall be glorified—

Heaven is my home.

There are the good and blest,

Those I lov'd most and best,

And there I too shall rest—

Heaven is my home."

On hearing the sound of her voice, her friends came out into the hall to listen; but the rustling of their feet on the floor-cloth disturbed her, and she immediately ceased, ere she had quite finished her swan-like song; for she ever disliked ostentation either in herself or others.

Next day she expressed her longing desire, "if God pleased," soon to enter into her rest. Her mother asked her why she was so wearying to be gone, when we all loved her so well, and were so attentive to her wants. She replied, "You know I am not going to get better, and the sooner I die, the sooner I'll be in glory. I'll not be confined then to a house or a room, as I am now; for when my soul gets liberty, it will be able to soar away like the angels." Her mother having expressed her sorrow at the thought of parting with her, she said, "O mama, do not grieve for me, we will soon meet again; a few years are nothing in heaven, and they will very soon pass away on earth." In the course of the day, she began, like "an old disciple," to set her house, "as it were, "in order." Her little books and other play-things she divided among her two sisters, and several young companions and friends whom she named. Her Bible, which some years before, she had got as a present from the Rev. James Muir of

Sunderland, and had kept with the greatest care, she left to her mother, as the best gift she could bequeath to her. Other books, which she specified, she requested might be given, after her death, to some young school companions at home, accompanied with such advices and warnings about their souls as she thought them to require. In the evening a dear relative was repeating some hymns to her, in one or two of which considerable emphasis was laid upon the fear of death and the terrors of the grave. "O aunt," said she, "I have got far, far beyond the grave; I never think of the grave—it has no terrors for me."

During the whole of her illness, but especially the few days preceding her death, she employed herself much in repeating psalms and hymns which she had learned. The 23d Psalm was always a favourite with her, and was frequently on her lips; but, among the many hymns with which her memory was stored, there were two in which she took especial delight. The one was,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

And the other,

"One there is above all others
Well deserves the name of friend."

One evening she was talking much to herself, and seemed to be in a very happy and comfortable frame of mind. On being asked what it was that she was talking about, she replied, "I am just thinking about that glorious company I am going to join." Her mother said, "Yes, Mary, they are a glorious company. You will see among them Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and many others of whom you have often read in Scripture." "Yes," she immediately replied; "they will be all lovely, but not to be compared with glorious Jesus."

We have before said, that, after her removal to Glasgow, she grew very rapidly in grace, and in Christian experience. As evidences of this, it may be stated, that, during the week of her death, she frequently expressed her gratitude to God for his goodness to her during her affliction. "Much," she one day said, "have I learned since I became ill, that I never knew before. I now understand the meaning of many passages of Scripture which I did not know before. I know now what these words mean, 'Ye must be born again;' and what also is meant by 'The peace which the world cannot give,' and which fills the minds of God's people." And, at another time, she said, that, had God spared her a little, how happy would she be in attending the house of God. She then asked at what age young persons were usually admitted to fellowship. She was told that it was not age so much, as knowledge, and true love to Christ, that was required. "O," exclaimed she, "how I would have liked to be a member of the Church!"

To these examples of her knowledge, faith, and religious experience, several others might be added; but those above cited are sufficient to show the depth and genuineness of that work of divine grace which the Holy Spirit had wrought within her young heart. We shall, therefore, pass on to speak of her death. During Friday, August 7, she was longing much for her release. At one time, she looked into her mother's face, and in manifest anxiety said, "O, mama, I'm afraid." Her mother, fearful lest her confidence might, in some part of it, be giving way, asked what she was afraid of? "I am afraid," said she, "that it is not going to be to-day yet"—referring to her death. She was reminded that God's time was the best time, and that we hoped she would have patience and submission granted her. "O yes," exclaimed she, as if checking herself for her momentary fretfulness, "His time is the best time. If it be his will, I am willing to wait a month yet." About eight o'clock in the evening, it became evident that her end was fast approaching. Her mind, however, was peaceful and unclouded. When asked how she felt, and if Christ was still as precious to her heart as ever, her constant answer was, "Yes, I am happy, happy." And, when unable to speak, she nodded with her head an affirmative to the questions which her parents and friends put to her. A short time before she died, she looked round on the group surrounding her bed, singled out her father, mother, and other friends present, and then, with a sweet smile, took as it were a last farewell of them. Her struggles were severe; but, at half-past one on Saturday morning, her happy spirit took its flight to join that white-robed company before the throne, of whom she had so often spoken, and in whose blissful worship she had so longed to participate. Her age was ten years and twelve days. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them"—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

In concluding this memorial of early piety, the writer may say that it is in deference to the earnest wishes of esteemed brethren in the ministry, who saw and conversed with his departed child, that it has been compiled. He feared lest parental affection might be thought to colour too favourably scenes and sayings which he has endeavoured most scrupulously to depict and narrate exactly as they occurred or were uttered. In confirmation of his own testimony, he may be permitted to give one extract from a letter of the Rev. Dr. Beattie of Glasgow, who knew little Mary from her infancy, and attended her in her dying hours. "Never," says he, "did I witness greater composure, or greater devotion, than were displayed by your dear Mary on her dying bed. Her acquaint-

ance with divine truth was extensive, correct, and practical, and all her feelings in regard to it were evidently such as a love of the truth inspires. How amiable does the truth appear when seen in the light of her patience, and hope, and cheerfulness, when about to leave the world! Many an old disciple might have learned much from the death-bed exercise of Mary Boyd."

To parents who read this narrative, it will, it is affectionately hoped, be useful, in exciting and encouraging them to diligent efforts for the instruction and salvation of their children. Children are "the Lord's heritage," not ours. They are "blessings lent us" only for a season; to be restored whenever the Divine Owner pleases. In each of them God has given us an immortal soul to "nurse" for him—to train up in his fear and service. How long God may continue to us so solemn and so responsible a charge, He alone knows. For any thing we know, he may blast our children like summer blossoms, in the very warmth of our embrace; or he may take us away, and leave them comparatively friendless and guideless in the world. Let us be up then and doing. Let us seek to direct the dew of heaven into their young hearts, and rest not until we have brought them to that Saviour, who is still saying even from heaven to every parent and guardian of the young, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven"—"In the morning, sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

Let the young who read this simple story, learn from it their duty in reference to the salvation of their souls. Whatever little Mary was, they may be, if, like her, they love and seek Christ, their Redeemer, in the days of their youth. She was perhaps younger than many of you; and if she died, is it not a lesson to you to be also ready, as we know not the hour when death may come? Some of you may think that there is no need to be in a hurry, as you will have plenty of time to be good before you become old and die. But remember, you may never live to be old; and many die as young as you are. Go into any churchyard near your homes—look through the graves in it, and you will find several that are even shorter than you; and if you are not too young to die, you cannot be too young to come to Christ and be saved.

Perhaps some little boy or girl, who now reads or hears these words, and who is now well enough, may soon, like little Mary, be called to lie down in the grave. At all events, I know, that there are many children at present well, and not thinking about death, on whose graves the snows of this winter will lie white and clear; and the flowers of next summer will bloom over them, and they be mouldering be-

low. Now, who of you would like, when you die, to have no Christ to love you, no heaven to be going to, and no hope of mercy to sustain and cheer you in your dying hour?

Seek Christ then, now, ere it be too late. His own words are, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me." Let your response be,—

"Early we will seek thy favour.
Early we will learn thy will;
Do thou, Lord, our only Saviour,
With thyself our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us—love us still."

Belfast, 1847.

MILLER SAMSON.

THE following forms a note appended to the Memoir of the late Mr. Coutts of Brechin, in the volume of his Sermons which has just appeared. The Memoir, including the note, is from the pen of the Rev. Thomas Guthrie:—

"Lady Glencairn was a singular child both of providence and grace. Her birth-place was the village of Ochiltree. In that village, side by side, there lived a weaver who had three daughters, and a widow who had an only son. The son left his widowed mother to enlist in the army and go abroad as a common soldier. Time passed on—the infirmities of years came on the lone widow, amid which her humble neighbour showed her much kindness. Her boy far away and never heard of, he was as a son to her; and when at length she died, he laid her head in the grave. Years passed on, and, when the grass had grown green on the widow's grave, and her son had been long forgotten, the news ran through Ochiltree that the widow's son had come back again—he that was lost was found. From round to round, from step to step, the soldier boy had risen, till he returned to his fatherland Governor of the Leeward Islands, and the possessor of an immense fortune. On inquiring into the circumstances of his mother's latter years and death, his ear was filled and his heart was melted with the story of her humble neighbour's kindness. The weaver had provided a son to the soldier's mother; the soldier would be a father to the weaver's daughters; and, so settling on them his noble fortune, he educated and reared them in a style becoming their future rank. Two of them were afterwards highly married in England. The third wore the honours of Glencairn; and, when lady of the lands on which, when a little barefooted, sun-browned gleesome child, she used to feed her father's cow, she was wont to say that the herd lassie was as happy singing on the lea as now when she was lady of all these lands. Now, this child of Providence was also a daughter of grace, and used all the influence which her noble rank and high character gave in favour of evangelical truth. This singular history, with the circumstances we have referred to and are now about to relate, we learned in making some inquiries about a former inhabitant of Ochiltree. In passing through that village our curiosity was awakened by reading this strange inscription on one of its houses:—

"INSCRIPTION.—This is Samson's Square; the property of John Samson, farmer in Cooperhill: consisting of 1 acre, 2 rods, and 31 falls—on which he has built 13 houses, 9 of them in 15 months. Long may he live to do good, and die in the fear of the Lord! 1808."

"Sure that the builder of this house must have been a character, we were curious to know something of his history, and found that in him Providence had employed an instrument to preserve a pure gospel among the people of Ochiltree. The death of a pious and worthy minister had left the pulpit vacant. The farmers, affected by the Socinianism of the neighbouring parishes, had resolved to have no more fanatics in Ochiltree; and, in compact with the ungodly ministers around, they fixed on their man—a cold, lifeless preacher. This settled, and counting all secure, three of them agreed to ride next day to Edinburgh, where Lady Glencairn resided, from whom, as the representative of the people, they expected to get a promise in favour of their nominee.

"Some bird of the air carried the news of this well-laid plot to miller Samson. Like a wise man, he kept the secret to himself. It was the summer time. Samson was up at the peep of day, and the sun rose on our friend breasting the hills between Ochiltree and Edinburgh. The well-mounted farmers, little dreaming who was ahead of them, took it easily. By the time Samson had come in sight of Edinburgh he heard the tramp of horsemen behind him. It went to Samson's heart; for he saw that though he had the strength of his namesake, they would outstrip him in the race. However, the sun by this time was well-nigh down; and it instantly occurred to him that the farmers, having themselves and horses to bait, would postpone till to-morrow their visit to Lady Glencairn, unless the sight of him should awaken their alarm; and so, if he could conceal himself, he might steal a march on them in the morning, and be the first, after all, to get her Ladyship's ear. Samson in a moment clears the ditch, and lies safe in the bosom of a broom bush. The farmers, jog merrily on, little thinking who listens and lies beneath the broom. So soon as Samson, cautiously peeping out, finds that the foe is out of sight, he issues forth; and, in the hope the farmers would be content for that night to enjoy the comforts of the Harrow Inn, he presses on to Edinburgh, where he immures himself in some obscure lodging. He is up next morning with the dawn, and away to Coates House, where her Ladyship lived. So soon as Samson counts that the servants are awake as well as he, his strong arm is thundering at the door. On demanding at that untimely hour to see her Ladyship, he is rebuffed by her lackey, and very summarily told to go about his business, for nobody could or would see her Ladyship at such an hour. Samson, however, stands to this point—tells the servant 'he *maun* see Lady Glencairn,' and bids him go and tell her Ladyship that 'miller Samson from Ochiltree maun see her Ladyship on business that winna wait.' He makes good his *entré*, unravels the plot to her Ladyship, and leaves her with the assurance that the nominee of the farmers shall not be presented, and what was then sufficient security to the pious people of Scotland, that she would be guided by Dr. Erskine in filling up the charge. Samson, making his best bow, walks forth with a buoyant step. As Samson is going out the farmers are coming in. The sight of the strong man of old never filled the Philistines with more dismay. The truth flashed upon the farmers; and, as he walked forth with an air, and cast on them a look which very plainly said, 'You are a day behind the fair,' one of the farmers was heard to say 'There goes miller Samson—our meal's a' deigh!' The farmers found the matter settled; and thus, through the piety, and energy, and generalship of an humble man, the parish of Ochiltree was speedily blessed with an efficient and evangelical minister."

THE WAGES OF WAR.

(From *Jay's Reflections on Victory*.)

WHEN a victory is obtained on land, why—I use the language of Scripture—"the land mourns," "the earth languisheth:" fields are ravaged, fences are laid waste, houses are demolished; a garden of Eden is trampled into a wilderness. There is often also much slaughter among the brute creation, especially in that useful and generous animal, the horse. And "God takes care for oxen," and tenderly mentions the loss of very much cattle in the destruction of Nineveh. But let us refer to our own species only.

Mournful is the infliction of pain—while thousands are agonizing and groaning together, and not a few long left with their wounds bleeding and undressed.

Mournful is the loss of limbs. How we feel when a neighbour, by disease or accident, is compelled to submit to a single amputation! How we are affected, even to this hour, with the case of Mephibosheth! Poor babe!—his nurse, hearing the approach of battle, fled, and he dropped from her frightened arms, and became "lame in both his feet." But how many individuals by one action are maimed, and return home leaving parts of themselves behind; moving, or carried about, mangled and dismembered; one without an eye, another without an arm, and so of the rest!

Mournful is the loss of lives. For where is the human being that is not of importance to some one? On the late news Edinburgh was illuminated; but not entirely: one street refused its lustre—in this lived the widowed wife of the gallant Captain Duff. It was a striking exception. Darkness best suited an anguished mind, whose hope was fled. But social attachments and usefulness do not depend upon rank and office. How many a poor widow in Spain, in France, in England, whose name will never be announced in the public papers, is now weeping over a husband she will see no more! How many a child is at this hour crying, "My father, my father!"

Mournful, above all, is the loss of souls. We are far from supposing that all warfare is unlawful, and that a good man cannot be a soldier. Who has not read the Life of Colonel Gardiner, slain by the rebels, in the battle of Preston-pans? Was there ever a mind more purely and ardently pious? And, blessed be God, *we* have a few centurions "devout men, and who fear God with all their house." A man may ascend to heaven from the field of battle. But the moral state of armies and navies is too well known to be a secret. At any time the generality of those that compose them are ill prepared to die. How dreadfully affecting then is it to think of so many of our fellow-creatures being cut off in a moment, and sent, with all their sins upon them, to appear before the Judge

of all!—So many ways is victory turned into mourning.

(From a Newspaper.)

It was a few days after the news of the battle—the very day when the mail brought the official list of killed and wounded—we were seated in the office reading over the names with a sad curiosity, seeking out those with which we were of old familiar.

We were sorrowfully enough engaged by these thoughts, when a young woman entered the office. When we say young, we mean under thirty. She had a small girl by the hand—a beautiful little creature about three years old. Both mother and child, for such no one could doubt to be their relationship who observed their features, were dressed with extreme neatness, though all the little elegancies of decoration were bestowed upon the child.

We just looked over the top of the paper, to note these particulars, when having been directed to us by the clerk, she came forward to our desk.

We handed her a chair, and while we endeavoured as well as we could to soothe her very apparent agitation, we were somewhat at a loss to account for its existence.

After a few minutes' conversation, we discovered the reason in the fact that she was a relative of a soldier in Captain ——'s company. This corps had been engaged, and, we remembered, had suffered very severely. She had been informed that the list of the killed and wounded had arrived, and she called to hear some intelligence of his fate.

She wished us to read over the names.

We again took up our paper, and proceeded to comply with her request. We shall never forget the expression of the woman's features as we read. Her agony was terrible. She was not unhandsome; but her face became ghastly pale, and her eyes looked unutterable despair as she fixed them upon the child, who was playing with a newspaper, and laughing joyously at its heedless innocence. Her lips were colourless, the perspiration started on her forehead, and as she lifted her hand to wipe the large drops away, we could see it trembling as though palsified.

The presentiment of evil had already almost broken her heart, and we knew that the relative must be a very near one.

She had avoided giving us her name, and so soon as we found the list, appalling long, which comprised the casualties of the designated corps, we began to read. We did not know when we would reach the fatal name, if at all, and at each interval we looked inquiringly in the woman's face. She said nothing, however, for some time, and we began to hope his name was not down, when we read—

"John ——, sergeant, KILLED."

Such a scream! It was the wail of a broken heart. Only one—and then still as death. That cry was ringing in our ears for a month. We immediately ran toward her, but she arose from her chair, motioned us her thanks, and without a word, left the office.

We had read to her the announcement of her husband's death.

We did not do much service in the office that day.

The next morning, happening to be down on the wharf, we saw the woman and her little girl, going on board the packet. She recognised us, and we spoke to her. She was crushed completely. She had grown twenty years older, in as many hours. She informed us that she had resided with her husband in New York. That she was originally from the west, and on his corps being ordered to Mexico, she determined to repair to her friends and await the conclusion of the war. She had heard of the battle, and knew that Captain ——'s battery was engaged, and on her arrival in Pittsburg, had been directed to the *Journal* office for information. She arrived the very morning after the receipt of the list of killed and wounded.

We bade her good-bye. She continued her route to her girlhood's home, now desolate, and we to our daily business, a sadder man indeed.

The little incident recorded above was recalled to our mind on Saturday, by reading in a Western paper the notice of the death of "Mrs. Sarah ——, widow of John ——, a soldier, killed in the battle of Buena Vista."

It was our acquaintance—there could be no mistake.

She had grieved herself to death for her husband.

Fragments.

LUSTS.—Our lusts are cords. Fiery trials are sent to burn and consume them.

MERCIES.—Special mercies call for special duties; as they that hold the largest farms must pay the largest rent.—*Dyer*.

OMNIPOTENCE.—My hopes from appearances are cold. My faith has no bed to sleep upon but God's omnipotence.—*Rutherford*.

PARSIMONIOUS.—To be over-thrifty in our expenses upon God [whether of time, money, or labour], is the worst piece of husbandry in the world.—*Arrow-smith*.

PERSECUTION.—The cold water of persecution is often thrown on the Church's face to fetch her to herself when she is in a swoon.

DEATH.—"Paid the debt of nature." No; it is not paying a debt—it is rather like bringing a note to the bank to obtain solid gold in exchange for it. In this case you bring this cumbrous body, which is nothing worth, and which you could not wish to retain long; you lay it down, and receive for it from the eternal treasures—liberty, victory, knowledge, rapture.—*Poster*.

THE BELIEVER A BLESSING—THE UNBELIEVER A CURSE.

BY THE LATE REV. R. M. M'CHEYNE, DUNDEE.

*(Continued from page 351.)**I. A converted man is a blessing by his example.*

1. His very turning to Christ is often a great blessing in awakening others. When Naomi set out to go to God, and the people of God, then Ruth was awakened to cleave unto her. When God shall awaken the Jews in the latter day, then "ten men, out of all languages, shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, We will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you." When an unconverted person is really awakened by God, when the heart is broken under a sense of sin, it is generally a very striking sight to those that are around him. One conversion is often the means of many more.

Objection. Conversion is a work of God. *Ans.* True, conversion is a work of God, and yet he works it by natural means. And there is no more powerful means than example. When a parent is awakened, then the children cry out, Shall we remain behind to be lost? When a child is converted, then the parents begin to think, Is our dear child going to be saved, and shall we stay behind to be cast away? In this way it is that two or three are often converted in one family, and sometimes whole families are converted.

2. And not only his turning persuades others to turn, but the peace and joy which he comes to in believing persuade others to believe in Jesus. Come you with us, he says, and we will do you good. Every believer is just a monument of grace, a way-mark pointing to the city of refuge. When the soul comes to close with Christ, when he comes to feel the calm delight of a forgiven soul, who can look upon the tranquillized soul, and not feel the desire rising within, Oh, that I knew that peace and joy! His very features beaming with peace and joy—his eye so full of heavenly tenderness, pleading with poor sinners; and he says, We were once as you are. Oh, what a blessing a happy believer is to all that know him!

3. But most of all by the example of his holy life he is a blessing. Often times the peace of a believer is all within—it is too tender and frail to meet the world's rude gaze. Often times the

words of a believer are weak and few, and produce little effect; but still there is a power in a blameless life which is full of blessing. Just as you have seen some deep and quiet river, rolling gently onward to the sea, through deep woods and sloping banks, without the noise of rippling waves, yet enriching and gladdening the whole valley with its fertilizing waters; just such is the believer in Jesus. His voice may not be heard in the streets. He may be all unknown in the debate on this world's politics, unseen, unheard-of, on his daily progress to eternity; he yet spreads the greenness of paradise around his path.

How many a believing wife gains over her husband without the Word, when he beholds her chaste conversation coupled with fear, her meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price!

Have you been converted? Ah, then are you a blessing. Remember the words of Christ: "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee."

II. A converted man is a blessing, because the blessing of God is upon him.

When the ark of God was carried into the house of Obed-edom the Gittite, and remained there three months, then it is said the Lord blessed Obed-edom, and his household, and all that he had. Now, every believer is a kind of ark of God, in which he hides his law—every believer is a temple of the Holy Ghost. It is a good thing to receive a believer into our house, for the blessing of God goes with him. That promise is true to him: "Blessed is he that blesseth thee, cursed is he that curseth thee."

As far back as the flood you remember how wicked Ham was saved in the ark, and kept from being devoured with the wicked world, because he was in righteous Noah's family. Doubtless many an ungodly son among us is kept alive, and spared a little longer because of his righteous father.

You remember how Sodom would have been spared if there had been ten righteous men found in it; and how the angel told Lot, "I

cannot do anything until thou be escaped thither." Doubtless, this town in which we live is spared only for the sake of the few children of God that are in it. Take them away, and God's wrath would doubtless come down immediately. How little you think, my unconverted friends, that you owe it to the children of God, whom you despise, that you are not this day in hell.

You remember how a poor widow of Sarepta received Elijah into her house, and how he was a blessing to her; for her barrel of meal never wasted, and her cruse of oil never failed; and her son was brought to life again through Elijah's prayer. Ah, brethren, be careful to entertain the children of God—you will find them angels in disguise. Wherever a child of God is, God's eye is upon that spot by night and by day. Oh, it is good to be near to the children of God, that we may share in their blessing. He that receiveth them receiveth Jesus. Blessed is he that blesseth them, and cursed is he that curseth them.

III. A converted man is a blessing, by his deeds and prayers.

When he was without Christ in the world, he lived only to himself; but, now brought nigh by the blood of Jesus, he lives only for others. He becomes a candle, and gives light to all that are in the house. He is changed into the image of God. God is continually giving out blessings, and so the believer feels it more blessed to give than to receive.

Abraham, before his conversion, was doubtless as selfish and ungodly as any unconverted man among us. Doubtless he thought it beneath him to have family prayer, or to teach his children and servants to know the Saviour. Doubtless he was as cold and selfish in these things as most are among ourselves. But mark the change: When Abraham becomes a child of God, he builds a family altar wherever he goes; and though he had hundreds of servants under him, yet he cared anxiously for the souls of them all. "For I know him," says God, "that he will command his servants and his household after him, to keep the ways of the Lord." Before, he had been a curse; but now he is a blessing.

Dorcas before her conversion was doubtless as selfish, and as fond of wordly things, as all unconverted people are. Doubtless she thought it beneath her to make coats and garments for the poor—doubtless she was as selfish in these things as most are amongst us. But mark the

change: When she becomes a child of God, then to do good and to distribute seems to have been the pleasure of her life. This woman was full of good works and alms-deeds which she did. Before she had been a curse, but now she is a blessing.

Paul before his conversion was as great an enemy to the truth, and as keen a persecutor of Christians, as most unconverted persons are: "I thought I should do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth—I was a blasphemer, and persecutor, and injurious." But mark the change, when he became a child of God: "In the bowels of Jesus Christ I long after you all"—"I will very gladly spend, and be spent for you."

Are you converted?—then see that you be a blessing. Once you were a curse—see that you be as much a blessing.

Dear Christians, I this night bring to your remembrance the parting words of Christ: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." The wide world alone is to be the bound of your blessing. Once you were a curse without a bound—now you are to be a blessing without a bound.

And not only in his deeds is the change manifest, but in his prayer. Being saved, he becomes like Christ, the intercessor; and, therefore, he bestows a blessing. Before, he never prayed for his friends—obtained no gift from God for them—even his children, he did not pray for them; but now, brought near to God, within the veil, behold, he prayeth, and his prayer availeth.

You remember how Abraham prayed for Abimelech, and God healed Abimelech and all his house. Was not Abraham a blessing?

You remember how Moses held up his hands to the going down of the sun, and Israel prevailed over Amalek. Was not Moses a blessing?

You remember how Elisha prayed unto the Lord, and the child of the Shunammite came alive again. Was not Elisha a blessing?

You remember how Elijah, a man of like passions as we are, prayed earnestly that it might not rain, and it rained not on the earth for the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth fruit. Was not he a blessing?

You remember how Daniel prayed for Jerusalem, and he was answered while he was yet speaking. Was not Daniel a blessing?

Oh, my unconverted friends, how little you know how much you owe to the prayer of the despised believer! If it were not that there are some among you whom you know not—whose speech you would deem contemptible—whose prayer ascends nightly from their humble dwellings, unheard, unseen, by all but the unslumbering One, that you may be yet sought out and spared, that a blessing may attend our ministry among you—how many of you would be this day lifting up your eyes in the world where there is no preaching and no intercession—where hope is past!

In conclusion.—Some of you think you have been converted. Well, have you become a blessing? Once you were a curse, now are you a blessing? Once you were like the upas tree, which casts a deadly shade over all that sit down beside it; now, if you be a child of God, you are like the apple tree among the trees of the wood—your shade will be pleasant, and your fruit sweet to the taste. Once you were like some polluted thing casting a poisonous odour round you; now your name is as ointment poured forth. Once you were the centre of a circle of friends and companions, to whom you gave the contagion of sin every time you met; now when you come from your closet, and enter among your family, your face shines like one that has been in the mount with Christ, and when you come down into the world, “it is even as if an angel shook his wings.” See that it be so, believing brethren. You are peculiarly saved—be a peculiar people, zealous of good works. Remember how long you were a curse; see now that ye be as much a blessing. You may have ruined many souls; see now that you save many.

And remember, unconverted souls, meddle not with believers, except to go with them. “Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm”—“Blessed is he that blesseth them, and cursed is he that curseth them”—“Take heed that ye offend not one of these little ones which believe in me; it were better for you that a mill-stone were hanged about your neck, and you were drowned in the depth of the sea.”

ACCOUNT OF A REVIVAL IN THE DEPARTMENT OF LOT-ET-GARONNE, IN FRANCE.

We have oftener than once adverted to the religious movements, which for some years have made their appearance contemporaneously, among Roman Catholics, at several points in France. Religious *awakenings*, properly so called, occurring in the midst of old *Protestant*

populations, are more rare, and, externally, are less striking; but when they do appear there, present in general a more spiritual, and perhaps a more durable, character than that of the movements excited among Roman Catholics. It is one of these Protestant revivals which we purpose to bring under the notice of our readers at present. It has been going on for some time in the Department of Lot-et-Garonne, especially through the ministry of M. Laforgue, a young pastor full of faith and activity, who himself tells the story, as follows, in a letter to a friend:—

“It is now four years since I was called to occupy, as a pastor, the post at Damazan, and to feed with the word of God this little Church, which for a long time existed as if unperceived. Two brethren, both servants of God, had preceded me in the work; but they had scarcely commenced it: the first, because he only remained there six months; the second, because he had feeble health, which did not permit him to exert the necessary activity in a Church so scattered. It extends through ten townships. The first feeling which took possession of my heart on seeing all that had to be done, was almost a feeling of discouragement: ‘What am I, that I should enter on this field of labour? How can I expect any result?’ Such were the questions I asked myself; and I must say it, to my shame, I was on the point of retreating. This feeling was strengthened when, at the end of a year, I saw that my efforts were useless, and that I had reaped only indifference and death! The conflicts of my heart, my distress, I am unable to describe. I shall limit myself to telling you, that I spent several days in weeping, and that probably but for the truly Christian counsels of my affectionate father, after having put my hand to the plough, I would have looked back. May the Lord be blessed a thousand times, for having been pleased to employ that friendly voice to make me walk according to his will!

“Meanwhile, the Saviour had compassion on me, and on some souls which he gave me. The gospel appeared to lay hold of my hearers, and some were made attentive. Love of the Scriptures, and of edifying books, was, to me, an unequivocal token of the Lord’s gracious hand. At that period I got a meeting-house and a school-house built. I met with strong opposition from the municipal authority; I found great difficulties in the distress of my parishioners, whom hail had deprived of all the fruits of their labour; but the Lord came to my assistance. He inclined the mind of the superior authority to be favourable to us, and the heart of some friends (among whom, above all, were some English friends), who furnished us abundantly with the means of making up our deficits. The opening of the school-house,

and especially the house of God, contributed to strengthen, in several, the recent impressions they had received, and must be considered as one of the interesting facts connected with the revival of this Church. By degrees, the work which was making progress in minds and hearts, became more openly manifest, and I felt the discouragement in my soul giving place to lively gratitude and profound trust.

"During about two years, the work was very limited, embracing but little more than the Church of Damazan. I felt, at the same time, entirely disposed to give thanks to the Lord for it, thinking of the manner in which it could be better consolidated and established. But soon a different state of things existed. The awakening reached the surrounding regions, and for upwards of a year I saw members of neighbouring churches frequently at our meetings—for the most part, from a distance of three or four hours' walk. The particular attraction was the conversation-meetings, which took place every Sabbath, at the close of the evening service, in which they had the liberty of proposing questions to me, and imparting to me their doubts. . . . At last came the spring of 1846. I was called by the Consistory of Montauban, as assistant pastor to the venerable M. Marzials. This called me to serious reflection; and notwithstanding all that had taken place around me, I conscientiously believed it my duty to return a favourable answer. I tendered my resignation as pastor of Damazan, and endeavoured to get my place suitably filled. Alas! I had not judged conformably to the will of God, as the Lord made it appear to me afterwards. Scarcely was my resolution known in motion—several pastors in the Department pressed it as a duty to remain at my post, and some members of all the Churches united with my parishioners in begging me not to leave them. I did not, however, yield to their solicitations: I promised only to reflect and pray. On the 19th of March 1846, I was invited to be present at the dedication of the house of worship at Grateloup; and as the pastor, who should have preached in the evening, could not come, it was put on me to take his place. I took for my text, Prov. xxiii. 26: 'My son, give me thine heart.' The audience was strongly impressed; and from what I have learned since, it is to that sermon that a number of Christians trace their conversion. From that time, the awakening took an extraordinary extent. In all the churches they would have me come and preach the word of life: and every where—at Tonneins, Clairac, Lafitte, Castelmoron—immense multitudes attended and crowded together even on the pulpit steps. I remember particularly, that at Tonneins there was a dashing rain, which did not prevent the church from being too small for the audience. The people came in flocks, riding in carts covered

with sheets—old and young, all repaired in a crowd to the church at ten o'clock in the morning, although service was not to take place till three o'clock in the afternoon. At Clairac, it was the same, only more of a crowd, if possible. But there was one quite remarkable trait here. It was the Clairac festival-day, which is ordinarily a season of pleasure and dissipation. But all worldliness was banished; the places of pleasure were not resorted to, and groups of forty or fifty were seen conversing on what had been said, and endeavouring to encourage one another to profit by it unto salvation. Observe that I preached three times that day, and that the church was always full to overflowing. In the evening, at a very numerous meeting, I could scarcely reach my place, the crowd was so compact; and as I was extremely obstructed and squeezed, a woman said to me, while pressing on my shoulders with both hands, 'God presses on us, as I press on you.' At Lafitte, there was something more cheering still. I preached in the afternoon from these words: 'Strive to enter in at the strait gate.' The audience were strongly moved when I told them that the violent alone could take by force the kingdom of heaven. On coming down from the pulpit, I was accosted by perhaps two score of young people of both sexes, who joyfully shook my hands, saying: 'We purpose to be violent, as you have been so with us.' It was under this sermon that one young man was awakened. Till that moment, he had been immersed in the world. He was so moved with the considerations which I offered on this text, 'There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death,' that, on returning home, nothing besides pressed him, but to read the Bible and to pray. His mother was surprised and indignant at his change of life, and she has persecuted him for several months.

"On seeing what occurred, I asked myself if all this was real, and if there was any thing more in this movement than enthusiasm; for such was the enthusiasm, that they walked twelve or fifteen miles to hear the gospel, remained almost a whole day without eating, and were seen leaving their work on a week-day to attend evening meetings; others even declared themselves willing to die for the sake of having the pleasure of getting me to perform their funeral services! To this question, I knew not what to reply. Nevertheless, it appeared to me that there was some reality, and it was this that began to shake my resolution to go to Montauban.

"I resolved, therefore, to make further trial. Accordingly, I continued preachings and meetings always with the same assiduity. The work took consistency and increased extent, at the same time. Then, it became my duty, in a prayerful spirit, to examine conclusively what I should do; and I adopted the firm resolution not to leave Damazan.

"Now, I feel encouraged more and more by the results already obtained, without mentioning those which we have room to expect in future. Here there is a deacon, who was the declared enemy of religious meetings, who intended, he said, to make a scourge of cords and lash those who were present at them, and who has now become one of the most unremitting and attentive hearers. There are two brothers, who lived in perpetual enmity, who had even vowed mortal hatred to each other, and who now love one another in Christ, and lead a Christian life. Further on, are women who tell what benefit their husbands received from the preaching at Tonneins. Poor creatures! they were often beaten, and now they have no longer to support either bad usage or bad language. But all this is general and vague; I shall proceed to state some facts to you. A man, thirty-six years of age, was a drunkard and a gambler—two vices which often go together. Having heard of the meetings which I held not unfrequently at Proussanes, last winter, he was desirous of going thither, from a motive of curiosity. The first time that he had a mind to realize his project, he was prevented by one of his friends, who asked him to go and drink a bottle of wine with him; the second time, by another, who proposed to him a gambling match; but the third time, as his desire had increased, he took his departure at an hour sufficiently early to avoid hindrance, and came. He was so much affected with what he heard, the Lord so opened his heart, that he has now renounced wine and play, and abhors these two vices to which he was formerly a slave. Quite near him, in the same village, there is an entire family which has been under the influence of the gospel. All the members of it, to say the least, were in a state of indifference. Led to church by a spirit of curiosity, they were altogether and at the same time arrested in so extraordinary a manner by the word of God, that they gave up their indifference, and received the faith into their hearts. I could multiply statements of such facts, but this would not comport with a letter. I limit myself to telling you, that almost every where the influence of the gospel makes itself felt, that the most hostile and infidel are seen attending the religious meetings, and that a relish for the Scriptures and religious books has nearly become general.

"I pass on now to another part of the work, concerning which I shall be more brief, because it is less extensive, although, in the meantime, interesting. I have reference to the work among Roman Catholics. You will conceive that a movement could not be effected around them without attracting their attention. Accordingly, this actually took place, not only in the great centre of the revival, but also and especially in the environs of Damazan. It is only regarding what occurred in the last-men-

tioned region that I intend to say a few words to you.

"At the commencement of my ministry, I established several religious meetings. At first, the Protestants alone attended them; at a later period there came some Roman Catholics. I resolved, moreover, to deliver a sermon in the church every market-day. At this service Roman Catholics from all parts of the surrounding country were present. About forty have been converted, and walk—a part of them, at least—in the path of piety; some, as yet, are but Protestants. Here again, I shall state some facts. A shoemaker of Puch, who led a rather irregular life, having heard of my preaching, wished to come to church; he repaired thither, in fact, and was impressed with what he heard. Meanwhile, he remained six months without returning. At the end of that time, he once more crossed the threshold of God's house, and was something more deeply impressed than on the first occasion. However, he was not decided to attend seriously to the concerns of his soul. It was only at the end of four months that he asked for a New Testament, and read with joy that precious word of God. The first effect of that word was to touch his heart; the second, to change his life; the third, to cause him to abandon Roman Catholicism. Then a most violent persecution broke out against him, to such a degree that he was insulted in the streets, and was deprived of employment. Very far from being discouraged, he persisted, made progress, and felt a longing to be actively employed in the service of God. The Lord opened a door for his engaging in colportage; and he is at present distributing the Holy Scriptures throughout the department of the Lower Pyrenees. His wife, who at first rejoiced at his change of life, was grieved when she saw him leave the Church of Rome; but ere long she was shaken herself, and since Easter she has entered into the path of life. What is extraordinary, and would be made the best of, as a miracle, if it had been in the inverse direction (of going from Protestantism to Romanism), is, that this poor woman, who was infirm, and could scarcely walk with crutches, walks very well at present, and goes to church every Sabbath, although she has to travel upwards of four miles.

In a wholly Roman Catholic part of the country, where I have been invited to hold a monthly meeting, is a shepherd, who interests me a great deal. This shepherd was unable to read; having had the opportunity, one market-day, of hearing me preach at Damazan, he was pleased with the sermon, and formed a desire of reading the New Testament. By means of a neighbour, he obtained the loan of one; and as he was pretty often on the edge of the main road from Damazan to Castel-Jaloux, he begged those that passed by to teach him the letters, then the words, and in this manner he

acquired the ability of reading the Word of God with tolerable fluency. In the course of four months, he has also learned to write a passable hand; and quite recently he addressed a letter to me, in which he informed me of his sentiments, and declared his resolution to leave the Church of Rome. 'I desire,' said he, 'to be separated from the darkness of Rome, that I may cleave to the true light.'

"From all that I have just been telling you, perhaps you may be led to think that the work, of which I have spoken, has not raised up opposition—has not found adversaries. Alas! this mark of the divine approbation has not been wanting to it. Satan has let loose all his fury. First, he employed his faithful friends, the infidels, who have sought by every means to turn souls away from the love of truth, and the way of salvation; not only has he contrived fatiguing labours for me, but also deceptions, ill-will, moral sufferings, obstacles of every kind; and finally, he has ended by exciting against me the fury of a Consistory in this region, which has just denounced me to all the Consistories of the Department, and to the Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs himself, as a *vagrant pastor, a disturber of the public peace, and as a holder of nocturnal meetings, dangerous to morals*. I know not what will be the consequence of this accusation; I hope, however, that the Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs will do it justice. Be this as it may, the work makes progress; the Lord is operating on hearts with power, and he will overrule every thing in such a manner as will show it to be true here, as elsewhere: 'The wicked doth a work which deceiveth him.' Prov. xi. 18.*

"But I perceive that my letter has reached an extraordinary length. Therefore, I shall stop, and close by begging you to remember the work in Lot-et-Garonne before the Lord, and the feeble instrument which the God of love has been pleased to make choice of."

INJUDICIOUS PRAISE.

PASTOR LOUIS BONNET of Frankfort, having published, some years ago, a translation of Leighton's Commentary on the First Epistle of Peter, mentioned Augustus Rochat, a brother minister (recently departed), in his preface, in these terms: "As for Leighton, here is the testimony borne of him by M. A. Rochat, one of those who are the furthest advanced in Christian attainments and experience; one of our religious authors, whose works furnish for edification the most solid and purest nourishment." After citing his testimony, M. Bonnet added: "I regard it as a happiness for this publication, that it comes up to the wish of so eminent a servant of God as M. A. Rochat."

Upon this, Rochat, to whom M. Bonnet had sent a copy of his translation, wrote him the following

"The wicked worketh a deceitful work."—*English version.*

letter, which M. Bonnet published immediately after his friend's.

"*Rolle, May 22, 1844.*—Dear sir and brother in Lord,—I am rejoiced to see your translation of Leighton make its appearance. . . . To read it, or rather to have it read to me, is a pleasure which I reserve for one of those seasons when the Lord says to us, as to his disciples, 'Come ye yourselves apart, and rest a while.' (Mark vi. 31.) But I must tell you, my dear brother, that the pleasure which the publication of your work afforded me, was somewhat marred by some opinions, much too favourable respecting my Christian attainments, contained in your preface. A person who is my true friend, and to whom I had presented a copy of your work, without having read a single word of it, returned, with the same feeling which I experienced myself on reading it afterward, to inform me that, in your preface, you eulogized my piety.

"My dear brother, please not to take amiss what I shall say to you, and which is the fruit of a tolerably long experience. Pride is the greatest of all our distempers. Of all our enemies, it is that which dies the slowest and the hardest. People of the world themselves have acknowledged this. Madame de Staël said on her death-bed, 'Do you know what dies the last in man? It is self-love.' Pride is the thing which God hates above all, because it gives man the place which belongs to Him who alone is highly exalted. Pride is that which breaks up communion with God, and draws down his chastisements; for God resists the proud; he destroys the house of the proud; he humbles the pride of man, and it is said that there is a day appointed against every proud and haughty man.*

"Such being the facts, you will perceive, dear brother, that a greater evil cannot be done to any one than by giving him that praise which may nourish his pride. *A man that flattereth his neighbour, spreadeth a net for his feet; a flattering mouth worketh ruin.*

"Besides, my dear brother, rely upon it, we are too short-sighted to judge accurately of the measure of our brethren's piety. In order to weigh their Christian attainments, we would need the balances of the sanctuary, which we have not got, and which are in the hands of Him who alone weighs the heart. Let us therefore judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come, who will make manifest the counsels of the heart, and render to every one his praise. In the meantime, let us not pass our judgments on our brethren, except with a great deal of moderation, whether for good or for evil; and let us remember, that the surest and best judgment, to be constantly exercised, is that which has reference to ourselves, and by which we humbly esteem others more excellent than ourselves.

"Were I to ask you, dear brother, how you know that I am 'one of the furthest advanced in Christian attainments and experience,' and that I am an 'eminent servant of God, you would undoubtedly be much

* "For the day of the Lord of hosts shall be upon every one that is proud and lofty." (Isa. ii. 12.)—*English version.*

embarrassed for an answer. Would you refer me to my writings? But you, dear brother, who also compose edifying sermons, are you not aware, from experience, that the eyes see further than the feet can go, and that, unhappily, we do not always, and in all things act as we speak? We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.

"I am unwilling to tell you what I think of myself. I might take myself to task, and, by doing so, have the appearance of being humble, which I am not. I would rather tell you what the Lord thinks of me. This glorious Master, who searches the hearts, who speaks in verity, who is the Amen, the faithful and true Witness, has often spoken to me in the secret place of my heart—thanks be given him for this! But I can declare, that he never told me that I was an eminent Christian, and advanced in experience of the truth. On the contrary, he has told me very plainly, that if I knew how to set myself in my proper place, I should call myself the chief of sinners and the least of saints. You will permit me, my dear brother, to appeal from your judgment to that of the Lord.

"I may say, that when I am commended, I experience two things—one is, that my pride would still like to feed so; the other is, that my conscience, and even something besides, as I hope, which is a commencement of the new man, is displeased at these eulogies, is ashamed of them, and even feels them as a sort of reproach for appearing to be more than what I am.

"The most eminent Christian, perhaps—I shall even say probably—is a Christian of whom nobody speaks, a poor labourer, a poor female domestic, all whose happiness is Christ, and who does all things as unto the Lord. *The first shall be last.*

"Believe me, my dear brother, let us praise the Lord. He alone is worthy of being praised, revered, and worshipped. His goodness has never been sufficiently celebrated. In this there is no danger. The song of the blessed (Rev. vii.) praises Him only who redeemed them by his blood. It contains not a word of praise for any of themselves—not a word which classes them into the eminent and the not eminent. All are blended under the common title of redeemed, which constitutes their glory and their happiness. Let us try, dear brother, to put our hearts in harmony with that song, in which, some day, we hope to join our feeble voices. It will be our happiness while on earth, and contribute to the glory of God, which suffers from the commendations bestowed by Christians on one another. We cannot have two mouths—one for the praise of God, the other for the praise of man. Henceforth, may we be enabled to do like the seraphim, who with two of their wings covered their faces, in token of [reverential] shame (*confusion*); with two they covered their feet, as if to hide their steps from themselves and others; and with two they 'did fly' to execute the will of the Lord, one crying to another, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts; all that is in the whole earth, is his glory!'

"Be pleased, dear brother, to take in good part

this short word of exhortation, which, mixing itself gradually with your own experience, will, sooner or later, as I hope, be useful. I gladly seize this opportunity of putting you in remembrance of me, of recommending myself to your prayers, of sending you my fraternal salutations in Him who is our hope, and of invoking the Lord's blessing on you and your labours. If, dear brother, you publish a second edition, as I hope you will, please to leave out entirely the two phrases which I have pointed out to you, and designate me simply as a brother minister of the Lord. These titles are, in themselves, sufficiently excellent without an addition.—Your brother,

"AUGUSTUS ROCHAT, *Minister.*"

SABBATH RAILWAY TRAINS.

PLEA OF NECESSITY AND MERCY.

Let the cases of necessity and mercy Sabbath travelling be fully allowed, and we have the question to put, before we admit the conclusion drawn from them: *Will not the meeting of them by such a provision as morning and evening trains be at the expense of a higher necessity and higher mercy than that which is sought to be accomplished?* True, an act of mercy is performed when the physician is forwarded on his journey, or the child brought without delay to the bed of his dying parent; but it is possible to purchase even these acts at too high a price. If they be performed by depriving fifty or a hundred men of the Sabbath rest, which God has judged to be their great necessity for soul and body—if, in addition, they be performed by tempting and throwing enticements in the way of thousands to profane the Sabbath—if, further, they be performed in a way that inevitably conducts, as the experience of England shows, to universal Sabbath travelling, and to the entire desecration of the day of the Lord—we judge they are purchased too dearly. We forbid the payment of the price. A higher necessity steps in—a nobler mercy interferes—the necessity of guarding the Sabbath of the Lord, and preserving man's best friend.

Whatever expedients, therefore, be adopted, or whether any practicable one be available for meeting such cases, *the expedient of systematic railway trains* is forbid by the very necessity and mercy on which the cases themselves are pleaded. The argument is briefly this: Man's first great necessity is a Sabbath. His body, toil-worn, needs it—his mind, vexed with care, needs it—his soul, cleaving to the dust, needs it. He who knows man's frame, and who is intimately acquainted with his spirit, has instituted it to meet man's necessities. It is not an institution, as one would suppose, from the manner in which the necessity and mercy plea is urged—harsh, repulsive, ill-devised, needing to be greatly softened, and utterly intolerable, save for this excepting clause of works of necessity and mercy. In *itself* it is a divinely

conceived provision to meet the great necessities of man—a divinely devised institution to shed Heaven's own mercy on man; and, therefore, nothing *save* a mercy higher and more controlling than that which it bears in its bosom, can justify the violation of its express merciful provision: "In it thou shalt do no work."

Is there to be no provision, then, for cases of necessity and mercy? We give the answer of London in regard to her post, and we give it boldly: *None—if the very provision brings along with it a greater and more disastrous evil.* Till some other expedient than the proposed one of morning and evening trains be devised, we must commit such cases to the Lord of the Sabbath, who is also Lord of providence, assured that whatever seeming loss may accrue from a shut post or a shut railway—if that loss be incurred in complying with a divine institution, and with a view to preserve the sanctity of the Sabbath—it will be more than compensated by Him who hath said, "Them that honour me I will honour."

There is another form in which the necessity argument is sometimes put. Without reference to particular cases, we are told in general language, *that the present state of society* requires Sunday trains. This, of course, is an opinion, not an argument, though uttered veraciously, and as one of those unquestioned verities to which universal experience must subscribe. As an opinion, it is worth only the correctness of the observation on which it is based.

But what if we are again at issue with the advocates of Sabbath trains? what if, after a survey of our present social state, we gather a very different lesson as to its wants? what if, in our opinion, we have arrived at that very point in our social history when the *least* conceivable necessity exists for Sabbath travelling, and the *greatest* necessity for an unbroken Sabbath rest; and if we can give good reasons for this opinion? Is there nothing in possessing our unparalleled and hitherto unknown means of rapid communication, constantly in use during six days of the week, that might whisper to the advocate of Sabbath travelling, Your work is now superseded, if ever it was necessary? Is there nothing in the ease and rapidity with which, at any hour, we may pass from place to place, and obey the calls of duty, business, or mercy, that renders the cessation of Sabbath travelling an infinitely less practical inconvenience to us than to our forefathers? They might have pleaded the necessity of Sabbath travelling from the length of time occupied in their journeys. Their social position seemed almost to demand it, while our mouths are shut by the plenitude of blessings conferred on us; and ungrateful shall we be to the Author of every good gift, if, instead of rendering his gifts subservient to the fulfilment of his great purpose of Sabbath mercy to man, we pervert them to the dishonouring of that day, the un-

broken rest of which they are so well fitted, if not graciously designed, to uphold.

And if, in our existing social state, the necessity for Sabbath travelling be *less* than at any former period, never, on the other hand, was the necessity *greater* for entire Sabbath rest. Let the toil-worn artificer, plying his handicraft twelve hours during six days of the week—let the shopkeeper, with his long hours of service, standing in weary idleness, or every moment occupied with busy custom, from early morning till late night—let the merchant, harassed with the keen rivalry of modern business, and kept on the stretch by the uncertainties and shifting casualties of prices and markets—bear witness to the blessed relief of a returning Sabbath; let them tell that there is a necessity for its hours being unbroken, proportioned to the racked toil and intensity of modern work and business—let them proclaim, as the result of their common experience, that now, if ever, our social state demands a Sabbath of rest to the wearied—a Sabbath sealed up and secured against that spirit of ceaseless enterprise and activity that has made the Sabbath so indispensable, yet the sanctities of which it has so endangered by its restless and feverish energy. —
Rev. James Lewis.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

Question 1. How may it be demonstrated from Scripture, that Jesus Christ is equally the true God with the Father?

Answer. The Apostle John is very clear and copious in the witness which he bears to this great truth: "The Word was with God, and the Word was God." (John i. 1-3.) That is, he was as truly God, as he was with God, before all worlds; and, accordingly, this apostle says expressly of our blessed Lord: "This is the true God, and eternal life." (1 John v. 20.) The Church of God is said to be purchased with his own blood. (Acts xx. 28.) He was the true God when he made the purchase, and if he had not been so, his blood had not been sufficient for it. Thomas made a short, but a full confession of this doctrine: "My Lord, and my God" (John xx. 28); where it is to be observed, that our blessed Lord does not reprove Thomas for giving him this title, which it was a great iniquity to give to any but to the true God. The Son is said to be "in the form of God, yea, he thought it no robbery to be equal with God" (Phil. ii. 6, 7); that is, he thought it no robbery to claim an equality with God. It is said of John the Baptist, "That many of the children of Israel should he turn to the Lord their God" (Luke i. 16); that is to say, the children of Israel were to esteem Jesus Christ the Son, to be the Lord their God, and by the means of John the Baptist's ministry, the forerunner of our blessed Lord, they were to be turned to him. He is said to be "the mighty God" (Isa. ix. 6); he is also said to be God manifested in the flesh. (1 Tim. iii. 16.) And the Deity of our blessed Lord is expressly asserted, when it is said: "Behold a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a Son, and they shall call his name Immanuel; which, being interpreted, is, God with us." (Matt. i. 23.) This the evangelist tells us was a fulfilment of an Old Testament prediction. (Isa. vii. 14.) The Apostle Paul expressly calls our Saviour "the great God." (Tit. ii. 13.) And all the

fulness of the Godhead is said to dwell in Christ bodily (Col. ii. 9), which never was said of any in Scripture but the true God. Our Redeemer is said to be God over all, blessed for ever (Rom. ix. 5); which words cannot be applied and restricted to God the Father, as the Arians and Socinians do, without a manifest violence offered to the obvious construction of the text.

Q. 2. Are not the names peculiar to the only true God ascribed to our blessed Saviour?

A. It is a plain proof of our Saviour's Deity, that the most distinguishing names belonging to the only true God, are ascribed to him in Scripture, such as "the blessed and only potentate" (1 Tim. v. 15); "King of kings, and Lord of lords" (Rev. xvii. 14); "the Most High" (Luke i. 76); "The only Lord God" (Jude 4); "The Lord that bought us" (2 Pet. ii. 1); "The Lord of all" (Acts x. 36); "The Lord of glory" (1 Cor. ii. 8); "Our God and Saviour" (2 Pet. i. 1); "Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending" (Rev. i. 8); "The Lord God of the holy prophets." (Rev. xxii. 6, 16.) The name Jehovah, one of the most incommunicable names of the one God mentioned in Scripture, is given to Christ: for Jehovah being the speaker, says, "They shall look upon me whom they have pierced" (Zech. xii. 10); which is expressly said in the New Testament to be fulfilled in Christ. (John xix. 37.) In Hosea's Prophecy it is said: I will save them by the Lord (in the Hebrew it is Jehovah) their God" (Hos. i. 7); which is referred to by the angel, whose words are, "To you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." (Luke ii. 11.)

Q. 3. What farther proof is there of our Saviour's Deity?

A. That our Redeemer is the true God is evident from this argument; that the works peculiar to the true God are inscribed in Scripture to him, such as creating the world. And hereby the true God is distinguished from idols; for "all the gods of the nations are idols, but the Lord made the heavens." (Ps. xcvi. 5.) We are assured that all things were made by the Word, by whom we are to understand Christ; for it is said (Rev. xix. 13), his name is called the Word of God; by him all things were created. (Col. i. 16.) And it makes the proof the stronger, when another text assures us, that "he that made all things is God." (Heb. iii. 4.) And the Apostle Paul (Rom. i. 20) gives the frame of the visible world as an evidence of the eternal power and Godhead of him that created it: and therefore when it is said of Christ (Heb. i. 10), by way of citation from the Psalms, that "he laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of his hands" (Ps. cii. 25), it must be a plain demonstration of the power and Godhead of Christ. As he created, so he preserveth all things: "By him all things consist" (Col. i. 17), and "he upholds all things by the word of his power." (Heb. i. 3.) To this purpose also our Saviour says, "My Father works hitherto, and I work." (John v. 17.) Our Saviour also did work many miracles, in such a manner as made it evident he did not perform them by a mere delegated power (Rom. i. 8); he raised the dead, he raised himself, he forgave sin (Matt. ix. 6), which none can do but God.

Q. 4. Do not all the incommunicable attributes of God belong to Christ?

A. There is nothing plainer in Scripture; thus omniscience belongs to him. It is said: "He knows what is in every man" (1 John ii. 24); and Peter said to Christ, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee" (John xxi. 17); and it is to be observed, that our blessed Lord did not reprove Peter for saying so. (John xvi. 39.) All the apostles

said: "We are sure thou knowest all things" (Rev. ii. 23.) He searches the hearts; and all things are naked and open to him. (Heb. iv. 13.) Omnipotency also belongs to Jesus Christ. He calls himself the Almighty (Rev. i. 8); and it is said that "he is able to subdue all things." (Phil. iii. 20.) Absolute eternity is also ascribed to Christ; he is called (Isa. ix. 6) the everlasting Father. Necessary and immutable existence belongs to him; for to him it is said: "But thou art the same (in opposition to all creatures), and thy years shall not fail" (Heb. i. 12); and if it were not so, he could not be said "to be the brightness of the Father's glory." He was before all things. (Col. i. 17.) Of him it is said: "We thank thee, O Lord God almighty, which art, and wast, and art to come." (Rev. xi. 17.) And therefore the eternal Son of God is begotten of the eternal Father, not by such an act of his will as it might have been possible, that he should not have been, but by a necessary and eternal, though incomprehensible, generation. Omnipresence is ascribed to our Saviour. He was in heaven even while he was on earth (John iii. 13); he has promised to be in the midst of his people, wherever they shall meet together in his name (Matt. xviii. 20): "For he filleth all in all." (Eph. i. 23.) He will be with his ministers to the end of the world. (Matt. xxviii. 20.) Thus it is plain, that all things whatsoever the Father has are his (John xvi. 5), necessary existence and independence not excepted; he has all that the Father has, except his being a Father.

Q. 5. Is not the worship due only to God given to Jesus Christ?

A. Nothing can be more plainly asserted in the Holy Scripture: "He is Lord over all, and rich to all that call upon him." (Rom. x. 12.) The angels are said to worship him (Heb. i. 6); yet when the Apostle John fell down to worship the angel (Rev. xix. 10), the angel forbade him, because he was no more than a creature, and his fellow-servant, and charged him to confine his worship to the true God, the only object of religious worship. Christ is also worshipped by the Church above: "The four living creatures, and the four-and-twenty elders fell down before the Lamb" (Rev. vi. 8, 9); and gave it as a reason for their doing so, that he was slain, and had redeemed them to God by his blood. "All men must honour the Son, even as they honour the Father." (John v. 23.) And if he were not as truly God as is the Father, it would be the grossest idolatry to do so: for God says, "My glory will I not give to another." (Isa. xlii. 8.) Grace, mercy, and peace are often implored from the Son equally with the Father. (1 Cor. i. 3; 2 Cor. i. 2; Gal. i. 3.) We are also baptized in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost (Matt. xxviii. 19); that is, we profess all the homage and obedience to the blessed Three, and dependence on them, which is due to the only true God. From what is offered, it must be evident, either that Christ is the true God, in the strictest sense, or we must despair of being ascertained of anything from the Divine Oracles; and the accusations of the Jews against our Saviour, when they (John v. 18, 19, 23) charged him with blasphemy, must be justified. It is plain that the Jews made no difference betwixt his asserting himself to be the Son of God, and his making himself equal with God. Our Saviour doth not tell the Jews that his making himself the Son of God does not infer his making himself equal with God; but he farther asserts his equality with the Father, by saying, "Whatsoever things the Father doth, these also does the Son likewise; that all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father." It seems scarcely possible that our blessed Lord or his apostles

could have asserted that he is the true God in plainer and stronger terms (John xix. 7), and with fuller evidence than they have done.

(To be continued.)

EXTRACTS FROM JOHN FOSTER'S DIARY.

WHEN the majestic form of Truth approaches, it is easier for a disingenuous mind to start aside into a thicket till she is past, and then re-appearing say, "It was not Truth," than to meet her, and bow, and obey.

Youth is not like a new garment, which we can keep fresh and fair by wearing sparingly. Youth, while we have it, we *must* wear daily, and it *will* last wear away.

Here I am now, in health, in a field near C—, musing on plans for futurity. What a question it is, "How—when—where—shall I die?"

How much I regret to see so generally abandoned to the weeds of vanity that fertile and vigorous space of life, in which *might be planted* the oaks and fruit trees of enlightened principle, and virtuous habit, which growing up, would yield to old age an enjoyment, a glory, and a shade!

Argument from *miracles* for the truth of the Christian doctrines. Surely it is fair to believe that those who received from heaven superhuman power, received likewise superhuman wisdom. Having rung the great bell of the universe, the sermon to follow must be extraordinary.

Sesostris, Semiramis, Ninus, &c.—these mighty names remain now only as small points, emerging a little above that ocean under which all their actions are buried. We can just descry, by the dying glimmer of ancient history, that that ocean is of *blood*!

—'s memory is nothing but a row of hooks to hang up grudges on.

One of the strongest characteristics of genius is—the power of lighting its own fires.

Mortified to see a crow fly across my road and away. Man here, proud man, is trudging at this slow and toilsome rate; but how much prouder and more mischievous I should be if I could fly? It was requisite for power of one kind to be checked by impotence of another. I cannot fly!

(Said of a lady who infamously spoilt her son—a most perverse child.) "She will have her reward; she cultivates a night-shade, and is destined to eat its poisoned berries."

Astonishing fact, that all that mankind acknowledge the greatest they care about the least; as first on the summit of all greatness, the Deity. "This acknowledged he reigns over all, is present always *here*, prevails in each atom and each star, observes us as an awful Judge, claims infinite regard, is supremely good—what then? why, think nothing at all about him!

There is eternity; you have lived perhaps thirty years; you are by no means entitled to expect so much more life; you are at the utmost will very soon, *very soon die*! What follows? Eternity! A boundless region; inextinguishable life; myriads of mighty and strange spirits; vision of God; glories, horrors. Well—what then? Why, think nothing at all about it!

There is the great affair—moral and religious improvement. What is the true business of life? To grow wiser, more pious, more benevolent, more ardent, more elevated in every noble purpose and action, to resemble the divinity! It is acknowledged; who

denies or doubts it? What then? Why, care nothing at all about it! Sacrifice to trifles the energies of the heart, and the short and fleeting time allotted for divine attainments! Such is the actual course of the world. What a thing is mankind!

Conversational disquisition on novels. "I have often maintained that fiction *may* be much more instructive than real history. I think so still; but viewing the vast rout of novels *as they are*, I do think that they do incalculable mischief. I wish we could collect them all together, and make one vast fire of them; I should exult to see the smoke of them ascend like that of Sodom and Gomorrah: the judgment would be as just."

(Expression in an evening prayer.) "May we consider each night as the tomb of the departed day, and, seriously leaning over it, read the inscription written by conscience, of its character and exit."

MEN OF SCIENCE.

It is to be lamented that the very excellency of those sciences which lead men of contemplation and profound minds to devote to them too exclusive an attention, should receive a false bias from the ignorance and devotion of admiring minds of less gifted individuals, who are found standing forth as apologists to invest men of science with a prescriptive right to be in some way despisers of divine Revelation. As the great change of the conversion of the soul to God is so much more calculated to make a clearer minded student of morals and letters, the same spiritual change must greatly illumine the path of the man of science in the most elevated pursuit. With his mind's eye fixed on the Word of God, and the glorious majesty of the Three Persons in one God engaged in the work of his salvation, his soul is chastened. With humility of heart his mind radiates from this centre of light and life. The inductive process of the reasoning faculties of his mind is kept in wholesome restraint by the superior law which regulates his inner man; his path is protected from undue devotedness to the pursuit of his favourite science. Men of profound minds and scientific research! beware that your pursuit be not your God; and, that dazzled by the lustre, it may be, of the high objects you contemplate, perhaps harmonizing with a constitution of mind which is lovely, you be not led to walk in the light of science, and not in the light of the reconciled countenance of your God. For as true as there is a counterfeit light from moral and mental cultivation unsanctified, which launches its devotee into the ranks of Socinianism, so is there an *ignis fatuus* in the highest of all studies which lead men to walk in the light of their creature science. They are joined to an idol. The heart remains cold and unbroken for sin, and they are in danger of losing that eternal crown. May the love of the Father, and the grace of the Holy Spirit, for Jesus' sake, make all these truly great and lovely, and with the adorning of science, clothe them in the better robe of the righteousness of the Lord Jesus!

ON FITS.

THOUGH no doctor, I have by me some excellent prescriptions; and as I shall charge you nothing for them, you cannot grumble at the price. We are

most of us subject to fits; I am visited with them myself, and I dare say that you are also: now then for my prescriptions.

For a fit of passion, walk out in the open air; you may speak your mind to the winds, without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton. "Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry; for anger resteth in the bosom of fools." Eccl. vii. 9.

For a fit of idleness, count the tickings of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next, and work like a negro. "Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger." Prov. xix. 15.

For a fit of extravagance or folly, go to the work-house, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of a jail; and you will be convinced,

"Who makes his bed of brier and thorn,
Must be content to lie forlorn."

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not?" Isa. lv. 2.

For a fit of ambition, go into the churchyard, and read the gravestones. They will tell you the end of man at his best estate. "For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." James iv. 14. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." Prov. xvi. 18.

For a fit of repining, look about for the halt, and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden, the afflicted, and the deranged, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions. "Wherefore doth a living man complain?" Lam. iii. 39.

For a fit of envy, go to Brighton, Cheltenham, or some other place of the kind, and see how many who keep their carriages are afflicted with rheumatism, gout, and dropsy; how many walk abroad on crutches, or stay at home wrapped up in flannel; and how many are subject to epilepsy and apoplexy. "A sound heart is the life of the flesh: envy is the rottenness of the bones." Prov. xiv. 30.

For a fit of despondency, look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and at those which he has promised to his followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower, may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God." Ps. xliii. 11.

For all fits of doubt, perplexity, and fear, whether they respect the body or the mind—whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head, or the heart—the following is a radical cure which may be relied on, for I had it from the Great Physician: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." Ps. lv. 22—*Old Humphrey*.

THE ROCK OF AGES.

"Build your nest upon no tree here, for you see God hath sold the forest to death, and every tree whereon we would rest is ready to be cut down, to the end we may flee and mount up, and build upon the Rock, and dwell in the holes of the rock."—*Rutherford*.

BUILD not thy nest upon the tree,

For God to death hath sold the forest;

Mount up, and to the high rock flee—

Thy dwelling-place is there securest.

Set not thy heart upon the flowers,

For canker lurks within the fairest;

And death, when visiting the bowers,
Oft takes the loveliest and the rarest.

Build not on riches; they have wings—

Broad pinions that will spread and leave thee;

Treasures are perishable things—

Mere glitter, that will soon deceive thee.

On love place not thy fond desire—

Its tender cords are often parted;

And mournful is the broken lyre,

That sighs but to the broken-hearted.

On beauty build not; soon the eye,

That sparkles now with light and gladness,

Shall in the cold grave sightless lie,

And leave thy heart a prey to sadness.

Build not on genius; 'tis a flame

Too dazzling for this vale of sorrow;

To-day a meteor-light of fame!—

Neglected and obscured to-morrow.

Build not on princes—Who are they?

The creatures of exalted station;

Forgetful, in their sceptre sway,

That righteousness exalts a nation.

Build not on life; to-morrow's sun

May see thee cold and prostrate lying;

True life he only hath begun

Who daily to this world is dying.

And proud philosophy is sand!

Then build not on its classic pages;

Build where thy feet shall firmly stand,

On Christ the rock—the Rock of Ages!

Trust in His rich and sovereign grace;

Rest on His free and full salvation:

Holes of the rock thy hiding-place

Shall be, and Christ thy sure foundation.

Belfast.

WILLIAM M'CORM.

KNOWLEDGE.

Moses was skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians: yet, not content herewith, he became an humble suitor to God for more and better knowledge than that: "I beseech thee show me thy glory." Other notions may fill the head of a moral man: nothing short of the knowledge of God can satisfy the heart of a saint. Wherefore, in answer to this request, the Lord gave him a promise, saying, "I will make all my goodness pass before thee."

Learning in religious persons, like the gold that was in the Israelites' ear-rings, is a most precious ornament; but if men pervert it to base ends, or begin to make an idol of it (as they did a golden calf of their ear-rings), it then becomes an abomination.

Knowledge and good parts, under the management of grace, are like the rod in Moses' hand, wonder workers; but turn to serpents when they are cast upon the ground, and employed in promoting earthly designs.—*Arrowsmith*.

CONFESSING CHRIST.

HAPPY are they who dare venture out into the open streets with the name of Christ upon their foreheads; at a time when so many are ashamed of him, and hide him, as it were, under their cloaks, as if he were a stolen Saviour.—*Rutherford*.

QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

For you, my reader, are they—young or old, rich or poor, male or female. I wish to have you answer them, if you can.

1st, Are not the six hundred millions of heathen, who are perishing in ignorance of the gospel, famishing spiritually?

2d, Is the famishing of the soul less lamentable than that of the body?

3d, Are not those six hundred millions famishing for the bread of life, dependent on us who have it, for a supply of it?

4th, Has not our Lord Jesus Christ told us to supply them with it?

5th, If they are as truly dependent on our sending it, as on his providing it, should not we be as willing to devote our lives to carrying or sending it, as he was to devote his to providing it?

6th, If we refrain from many expenditures which fashion demands, that we may do the more to save them, will it cost us more than it did him, to leave heaven and go to the stable, the garden, and the cross, to save men?

7th, If we refrain from many expenditures for which *taste* pleads, that we may be able to do more for them, shall we do more than he did for us, when he took the form of a servant, and subjected himself to contempt, and insult, and a public execution with criminals?

8th, If we even deny ourselves some *comforts* and *conveniences* for their benefit, shall we be going farther in self-denying benevolence than he did?

9th, Was he more benevolent than he would have us be?

10th, Would it be more painful for us to refrain from many expenditures, which fashion demands, and for which *taste* pleads, and even deny ourselves many comforts and gratifications for the sake of giving them the gospel, than it would be for them, if we should not give it, to "have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone?" (See Rev. xxi. 8.)

11th, If it would not, then is it not our privilege and duty thus to refrain and deny ourselves?

12th, Would not you be more Christ-like, more happy, and more useful, if you should do it, than you would be if you should not?

13th, Will you do according to your answers?—*Christian Observer.*

FOR MINISTERS.

If a minister be erroneous, how should the flock be sound? No readier way to destroy a whole town than by poisoning the cistern at which they draw their water.

How shall the prophane be hardened in their sins? Let the preacher but sow pillows under their elbows, and cry Peace, peace; and all is done. How may the worship of God come to be neglected? Let Hophni and Phineas be scandalous in their lives, and men will soon come to abhor the offering of the Lord.—*Garnall.*

The devil hath his ministers as well as Christ.—*Dyer.*

A good man was observing to me to-day, that "many ministers speak so sparingly and so coldly of the gospel privileges of the saints, that one would imagine they thought themselves no more than scarecrows set up on purpose to frighten God's people from the corn."—*Anon.*

Some people are apt to blame Christian ministers for dealing too faithfully with their hearers. But were I to see a blind man walking towards a gravel-pit two or three hundred feet deep, and I was to beg him for his own sake not to go on; would it not be very absurd in him to be angry, and to answer, What is my danger to you? Pray, mind your own business.—*Willis.*

We [ministers] should not only be like dials on a wall, or like watches in our pockets, to teach the eye; but like clocks and alarms, to ring to the ear. Aaron must wear bells as well as pomegranates. The prophet's voice must be a trumpet, whose sound may be heard afar off. A sleeping sentinel may be the loss of a whole city.—*Hall.*

Herod was a wonderful gosseller for a while, until John told him of his incest. So a minister is a mighty good man with his people, until he lay the axe of his ministry to their favourite sins and errors.—*Parr.*

One capital error in men's preparing themselves for the sacred function, is that they read divinity more in other books than in the Scriptures.—*Burnet.*

SIN.

To quote the most impressive words of John Howe, "Sin is the greatest and highest infelicity of the creature, depraves the soul within itself, vitiates its powers, deforms its beauty, extinguishes its light, corrupts its purity, darkens its glory, disturbs its tranquillity and peace, violates its harmonious, joyful state and order, and destroys its very life. It disaffects itself to God, severs it from him, engages his justice, and influences his wrath against it. What! to rejoice in sin, which despites the Creator, and hath wrought such tragedies in the creation; that turned angels out of heaven, and man out of paradise; that hath made the blessed God so much a stranger in our world, broken off the intercourse in so great a part between heaven and earth, obstructed the pleasant commerce which had otherwise probably subsisted between angels and man, and provoked the displeasure of his Maker towards him! that once overwhelmed the earth with a deluge of water, and will again ruin it by a destructive fire! To rejoice in so hateful a thing as sin, is to do that mad part, to cast about fire-brands, arrows, and death, and say, 'Am I not now in sport?' It is to be glad that such an one is turning into a devil!—a reasonable immortal soul, capable of heaven, into a fiend of hell! To be glad that such a soul is tearing itself off from God, is blasting its own eternal hopes, and destroying all its possibility of a future well-being."

LUKE HEYWOOD: THE SOLDIER OF FORT GEORGE.

BY THE REV. T. M'KENZIE FRASER, YESTER.

DURING the middle part of last century, the parish of Resolis was blessed with one of the most eminently useful and laborious ministers that the Church of Christ has ever seen. When the name of Mr. Hector M'Phail meets the eye of the more northern reader, it will recall to memory not a few of those striking anecdotes current among the older inhabitants of the district in which his labours were best known, and which may be stated generally as lying along the shores of the Beaulieu and Cromarty Friths. This remarkable man is said to have been awakened to spiritual concern after he had entered on the work of the ministry, and to have continued under deep distress for a period of no less than seven years, during three of which his mental sufferings were so great that he never knew what it was to have a night's complete rest. While in this state of protracted anxiety—or, as the Gaelic people expressively term it, while under “law-work”—he made a solemn vow, that should the Lord be pleased to grant him a sense of pardoning mercy, and clear views of his personal interest in Christ, he would never pass a sinner, with whom an opportunity for conversing should occur, without directing his attention to the great concerns of eternity, and urging upon his acceptance that Saviour whom he himself had found. So religiously did Mr. M'Phail observe this vow, that his little white pony, the unfailing companion of his almost endless journeys, learned in no long time to halt of its own accord whenever it overtook a traveller; and not unfrequently, amid the bewildering darkness of night, as the icy blasts swept down from the hills over the wild solitudes of the Maol-bhui, did the sagacity of his four-footed Highland bearer remind the faithful servant of Christ that a fellow-sinner was at hand, to whom he had pledged himself to deliver a Saviour's message, and on whom he was bound to urge the acceptance of a Saviour's love. With him the salvation of souls was a perfect passion, calling forth a self-denial and devotedness almost apostolic in its type. Not unfrequently has he been known to draw some Highland herd-boy to his side, and after leading his mind to the awful importance of divine things, to purchase, by the gift of a small sum

of money, the boy's promise to form habits of prayer in future—a method by which, he conceived, the youth was bound to implement his promise, according to the principles of common honesty as well as by the sacredness of a solemn pledge. It is said that, on one occasion, when riding in the company of a brother minister, the travellers were overtaken, near Inverness, by the equipage of one of the Lords of Justiciary, who was to preside in the circuit court about to be held that day. Mr. M'Phail suggested to his brother minister that this might be a glorious opportunity of doing some spiritual good to an influential man of the world, and urged him to assist in improving the precious and unlooked-for moment. His companion, however, being most probably one of those rule and plummet ministers, whose favourite Scripture maxim is, “Let everything be done decently and in order,” was not carried away by his zeal beyond the bounds of propriety, and politely declined the invitation. But Mr. M'Phail had long learned to “be instant,” not only “in season,” but also “out of season;” so the willing propensities of the white pony were again put in requisition. Riding forward to the carriage, Mr. M'Phail respectfully addressed his Lordship, and, after a prefatory remark or two, reminded him that the proceedings in which the Court was to engage were emblematic of another judgment-seat, at which his Lordship must appear, not as a judge upon the bench, but as a panel at the bar; entreating him at the same time, with respectful but affectionate earnestness, to weigh well the nature of his case, and to commit it in time into the hands of the great Advocate with the Father, who can never be an unsuccessful pleader, because himself the propitiation for our sins. His Lordship appeared impressed with the address which he had heard; thanked Mr. M'Phail most warmly for his ministerial faithfulness, and invited him to become his guest at the close of the Court.

Many such anecdotes are told of this amiable and laborious man, and numerous were the instances in which these “out-of-season” efforts in his Master's cause were savingly blessed to the souls which, “by any means,” he sought to

win. Among the rest the following is perhaps one of the most remarkable:—

The parish of Resolis is situated on the southern shore of the Frith of Cromarty, lying immediately to the east of the well-known Ferrintosh. In order to reach it from the coast of Nairn, one would require to cross the Ferry of Fort George, and strike athwart the peninsular district known by the name of the Black Isle. After a journey of some eight or nine miles over an immense wilderness of the most dreary moor-land, lying along the entire back of the peninsula, you reach the church and manse of Resolis, situated in a spot which has lately been rendered a little more civilized-looking than the desert around. At the period of our story Fort George was garrisoned by an English regiment, which partook of the unusually profligate and debauched character of the British army at that time. As the neighbouring town of Campbeltown is at some distance from the Fort, wooden shambles had been erected close to the water's edge, immediately below the garrison, to serve as a flesh-market for the convenience of the military. Having occasion one day to travel homewards by the route which, for more than one purpose, we have described, Mr. M'Phail was detained for some time below the Fort by the delay of the ferry-boat, which had to be summoned over from the opposite side. While he was standing at the water's edge, with his inseparable white companion, a soldier came into the shambles to purchase some meat, and asked the price of a quarter of mutton. The butcher named the sum. With a frightful oath, in which he pledged the everlasting salvation of his soul, the man refused to give the price, but ultimately, after a good deal of wrangling, agreed to the butcher's terms, and took up the meat to go away. All this while Mr. M'Phail, who was standing outside the shambles, overheard the conversation within, and, shocked at the awful jeopardy in which the soldier had placed his soul, was watching for an opportunity of addressing him upon the imminent danger of his condition. No sooner, therefore, had the man left the flesh-market than Mr. M'Phail contrived to throw himself in his way and to engage him in conversation.

"A fine day, soldier."

"A fine day, sir," replied the man, touching his cap.

"Do you belong to the Fort?"

"Yes, sir, and a dull enough place it is; nothing but drill and the blues."

"You are an Englishman I see; what is your name?"

"Luke Heywood, your honour."

"That seems a nice piece of mutton you have got."

"So it is, sir, and cheap too."

"What did you give for it, may I ask?"

The soldier named the price.

"Oh! my friend," replied Mr. M'Phail, "you have given more than that."

Luke Heywood looked astonished. "No, sir, I gave no more; there's the man I bought it from, and he can tell you what it cost."

"Pardon me, friend; you have given your immortal soul for it. You prayed that God might damn your soul if you gave the very price you have just named; and now what is to become of you?"

The ferry-boat was announced as ready, and Mr. M'Phail stepped on board, while Luke Heywood walked off with his purchase, and entered the Fort. Throwing off his cap, he sat down upon a form in the barrack, and in a short time his reflections turned upon his conversation with the stranger at the ferry. The gentleman's parting words were still fresh in his memory: "You have given your immortal soul for it; and now what is to become of you?" "Really," thought he, "the stranger was quite right. I have a soul, though I had almost forgotten it; and I have pawned it for a bit of mutton too. Well, I didn't mean that; but I have done it though; and now what is to become of me?" The thought, even to a profligate, was anything but an agreeable one, so he tried to banish the occurrence from his memory. But it would not do; conscience was at its work, and refused to still its voice. The words of the stranger were pealing in his ears like the death-knell of his soul: "You have given your immortal soul for it; and now what is to become of you?" In a perfect agony of terror he started from his seat, rushed bare-headed from the Fort, and arrived, all flushed and breathless, at the ferry in quest of Mr. M'Phail.

"Where is the gentleman?" cried Luke to the butcher.

"What gentleman?" inquired the other.

"The gentleman dressed in black clothes, and with a white pony, who told me that my soul was lost?"

"Oh! you mean Mr. M'Phail; he's the minister of Resolis, and you will have to go far enough till you catch him, for he has crossed more than half an hour ago."

The ferry-boat being about to make a second

passage across the water, Luke Heywood entered it, with the design of following the stranger with whose words he had been so painfully impressed. Inquiring at the ferry-men the route he must follow, Luke leaped from the boat as it touched the point of Fort-rose, and started afresh upon his intensely exciting pursuit. We know not the feelings of the agitated traveller as he rushed bare-headed through the little town of Rosemarkie, or toiled all flushed and heated across the weary solitudes of the Maol-bhui; we have not been informed regarding the astonishment of the shepherd or the cotter as an excited soldier hastily inquired whether he had seen anything of a clergyman upon a white pony, which was all the description he could give. He arrived, however, towards evening at the manse of Resolis, and on demanding eagerly to see Mr. M'Phail, was immediately admitted. We know not how to reconcile the statement with the rules of military discipline, but so it was, that Luke remained at Resolis all that night and the two following days, during the greater part of which time he was closely closeted with the minister. Mr. M'Phail's study was not a confessional, albeit many a poor soul had gone thither to ask counsel at the man of God; and if the walls of that little old room had but retained a transcript of the experiences to which the minister had been called to listen, how interesting the record they would now have presented of the spiritual difficulties which Mr. M'Phail had to meet—how useful to those who are intrusted with the same momentous office, and have the like responsible duties to fulfil! Numerous, however, and varied as were the spiritual cases on which this singularly godly man had been consulted, it may be questioned whether he had ever been called to deal with an experience such as Luke Heywood's. His was indeed a rare case; for into those two short days was condensed, as to its leading facts, the history which, with Mr. M'Phail, had stretched over a period of more than seven years. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." How strikingly was the passage illustrated within the study at Resolis as the minister and the soldier knelt down together on the evening of the second day! Both were extreme specimens of the two great modes of conversion—the gradual and the sudden. He whose voice you now hear uplifted in holy thanksgiving laboured for seven

long and weary years under "a horror of great darkness," unable to appropriate as his own the Saviour of sinners; while he who kneels beside him, and weeps with joy unspeakable over a newly-found peace with God, but two days ago was foremost in the ranks of profligacy; his curse was loudest and deepest; his revelry the wildest and most unbridled even amid the sottish jollity of the canteen; and yet of him it can be predicated just as certainly as of the other, that he is now "born of the Spirit." Doubtless, the gradual method of conversion is the Spirit's usual way; it is, if we may use the expression, more consistent with the structure of the human mind to *adjust it by degrees to the exercise of a perfect faith*, and to lead it through a course of careful, anxious, all-absorbing inquiry to the full realization of a saving interest in the work of Christ; so that the progress from "grace in the blade" to "grace in the ear"* may be very gradual and very slow. This, we repeat, is the Spirit's usual way; and, for our own part, we are far more disposed to trust the depth and genuineness of the ordinary, than of the extraordinary manifestations of a work of grace, in so far at least as this is to be judged of by its symptoms. But still it cannot be doubted, without doing great violence both to Scripture and observation, that there have been and still are cases in which the omnipotent Spirit of God has dispensed with the employment of ordinary means; and, like the wind which, "blowing as it listeth," does not always breathe in soft and balmy zephyrs, but anon, though seldom, bursts forth with the fierceness of the tornado to annihilate, with almost lightning suddenness, every obstacle that would arrest its tempest path; even such is the unfettered agency of that free sovereign Spirit, who will not only "have mercy on whom he will have mercy," but who will also *manifest* his saving grace in whatever way he pleases. Both the minister and the soldier were, we have said, types of the two opposite methods of conversion; and as they knelt down together to offer up their parting prayer, might not each have felt how true were the words of one who had himself been changed like Luke Heywood rather than like Mr. M'Phail: "There are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all?"

But we must leave Mr. M'Phail in the study of Resolis, and accompany Luke back to the garrison of Fort George. Happy we, if we

* See Nos 10 and 11 of Newton's Letters, originally published under the signatures of Omicron and Vigil.

can join him in the "new song" with which he wakes the echoes of the moorland wilds on his way back through the Maol-bhui—

"He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay,
And on a rock he set my feet,
Establishing my way."

Like the woman of Samaria, Luke Heywood now began to feel a love for the souls of others, and, with David, to say to his comrades, "Come, and I will tell you what God hath done for my soul." The word was "as fire within his bones," and he "could not but speak the things which he had seen and heard." He accordingly began to hold small prayer-meetings in the barracks, and to expound the Scriptures to his fellow-soldiers. By degrees, however, the piety and zeal of the former profligate became known throughout the district; the people of God were amazed when they heard that, like Paul, he that had scoffed at them "in times past, now preached the faith which once he destroyed; and they glorified God in him." His prayer-meetings attracted others than the military, and the people began to flock from the neighbouring parishes to hear the expositions of this wonderful man. An old relation of the writer used to come down among the crowd from the parish of Ardcloch, a distance of about sixteen miles from Fort George; and his informant was personally acquainted with a godly old school-master who had been a fellow-soldier of Luke's (and a very wild and thoughtless young man he was), but who, along with many others, owed his conversion to these prayer-meetings among the garrison.

But matters could not long continue thus without exciting the enmity and opposition of the ungodly. The captain of Luke's company was particularly active in his hostility to these meetings, and often threatened the pious soldier with the lash. Sending for him on one occasion, he told him that he was going from the Fort that day, and added, with a tremendous oath, that if on his return he should hear that Luke had been holding any more of these conventicles, he would order him so many lashes. On hearing this intimation Luke was silent for a few minutes; then looking at his officer, he replied, "Sir, if you ever return alive, God never spoke by me;" an answer almost identical with that of the prophet Micaiah to Ahab, "If thou return at all in peace, the Lord hath not spoken by me." The issue proved that the Spirit of God was even then speaking by the lips of Luke. The captain and a brother-officer went

to shoot in the neighbourhood of Culloden, and as the former was crouching behind a hedge, in the act of watching the approach of some deer, his comrade (a younger brother of his own, as we have been informed), mistaking him for large game, took a hasty aim at the moving object, and shot him dead upon the spot.

The regiment was soon afterwards ordered to England, and it was reported that Luke purchased his discharge from the army, and became an eminently useful Dissenting minister. He ceased to be a soldier of King George, that he might become a soldier of the Cross; and we have no doubt that the walls of his meeting-house would often echo with the words, "I thank Jesus Christ our Lord, who hath enabled me, for that he counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry; who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious; but I obtained mercy, because I did it ignorantly in unbelief."

APOLOGIES FOR DISCONTENT ANSWERED.

THE FIRST APOLOGY.

THE first apology which discontent makes is this: *I have lost a child.*

Answer 1. We must be content, not only when God gives mercies, but when he taketh them away. If we must "in every thing give thanks" (1 Thess. v. 18), then in nothing be discontented.

2. Perhaps God hath taken away the cistern that he may give you the more of the spring; he hath darkened the star-light, that you may have more sun-light. God intends you shall have more of himself; and is not he better than ten sons? Look not so much upon a temporal loss as a spiritual gain. The comforts of the world run dregs; those which come out of the granary of the promise, are pure and sweet.

3. Your child was not given, but lent. I have, saith Hannah, lent my son to the Lord. (1 Sam. i. 28.) She lent him; the Lord had but lent him to her. Mercies are not entailed upon us, but lent. What a man lends he may call for again when he pleases. God hath put out a child to thee a while to nurse; wilt thou be displeased if he takes his child home again? O be not discontented, that a mercy is taken away from you; but rather be thankful that it was lent you so long.

4. Suppose your child be taken from you, either he was good or bad. If he was rebellious, you have not so much parted with a child as a burden; you grieve for that which might have been a greater grief to you: if he was religious, then remember he "is taken from the evil to come" (Isa. lvii. 1), and placed in his centre of felicity. This lower region is full of gross and hurtful vapours; how happy are those who are mounted into the celestial orbs! "The righteous is taken away;" in the original it is, He is gathered; a wicked child dying is cut off, but the pious child is gathered. Even as we see men gather flowers and preserve them by them, so hath God gathered thy child as a sweet flower, that he may cover it with glory and preserve it by him for ever. Why, then,

should a Christian be discontented; why should he weep excessively? "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves." (Luke xxiii. 28.) So, could we hear our children speaking to us out of heaven, they would say, "Weep not for us who are happy; we lie upon a soft pillow, even in the bosom of Christ; the Prince of peace is embracing us and kissing us with the kisses of his lips; be not troubled at our preferment. Weep not for us, but weep for yourselves, who are in a sinful, sorrowful world: you are in the valley of tears, but we are on the mountains of spices; we are gotten to our harbour, but you are still tossing upon the waves of inconstancy." O Christian, be not discontented that thou hast parted with such a child, but rather rejoice that thou hast such a child to part with; break forth into thankfulness. What an honour is it to a parent to beget such a child, that while he lives increaseth the joy of the glorified angels (Luke xv. 10); and when he dies, increaseth the number of the glorified saints.

5. If God hath taken away one of your children, he hath left you more; he might have stripped you of all. He took away all Job's comforts—his estate, his children; and indeed his wife was left but as a cross. Satan made a bow of this rib, as Chrysostom speaks, and shot a temptation by her at Job, thinking to have shot him to the heart—"Curse God, and die;" but Job had upon him the breast-plate of integrity; and though his children were taken away, yet not his graces—still he is content, still he blesseth God. O think how many mercies you still enjoy: yet our base hearts are more discontented at one loss than thankful for a hundred mercies. God hath plucked one bunch of grapes from you; but how many precious clusters are left behind?

Objection. But it was my only child, the staff of my age, the seed of my comfort, and the only blossom out of which the honour of an ancient family did grow.

Answer (1.) God hath promised you (if you belong to him) "a name better than of sons and daughters." (Isa. lvi. 5.) Is he dead that should have been the monument to have kept up the name of a family? God hath given you a new name—he hath written your name in the book of life; behold your spiritual heraldry; here is a name that cannot be cut off.

(2.) Hath God taken away thy only child? he hath given thee his only Son: this is a happy exchange. What needs he complain of losses that hath Christ? He is his Father's "brightness" (Heb. i. 3); his "fulness" (Col. ii. 9); his "delight" (Prov. viii. 30). Is there enough in Christ to delight the heart of God? and is there not enough in him to enrapture us with holy delight? He is wisdom to teach us, righteousness to acquit us, sanctification to adorn us; he is the joy and triumph of saints; he is all in all. (Col. iii. 11.) Why, then, art thou discontented? though thy child be lost, yet thou hast Him for whom all things are loss.

And lastly, let us blush to think that a Pagan, in zeal for his religion, should seem to outstrip a Christian. Pulvillus, when he was about to consecrate a temple to Jupiter, and news was brought to him of the death of his son, would not desist from his enterprise, but with much composure of mind gave orders for his decent burial.

THE SECOND APOLOGY.

The second apology that discontent makes is—*I have a great part of my estate strangely melted away, and trading begins to fail.*

God is pleased sometimes to bring his children very low, and cut them short in their estate; it fares

with them as with that widow who had nothing in her house save "a pot of oil" (2 Kings iv. 2); but be content.

1. God hath taken away your estate, but not your portion. This is a sacred paradox. Honour and estate are no part of a Christian's jointure—they are rather accessories than essentials; and are extrinsecal and foreign; therefore the loss of these cannot denominate a man miserable; still the portion remains. "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul." (Lam. iii. 24.) Suppose one were worth a million of money, and he should chance to lose a pin off his sleeve, this is no part of his estate, nor can we say he is undone; the loss of sublunary comforts is not so much to a Christian's portion as the loss of a pin is to a million. "These things shall be added unto you" (Matt. vi. 33); they shall be cast in as overplus. When a man buys a piece of cloth, he hath an inch or two given in to the measure; now though he lose his inch of cloth, yet he is not undone, for still the whole piece remains. Our outward estate is not so much in regard of the portion as an inch of cloth is to the whole piece; why, then, should a Christian be discontented when the title to his spiritual treasure remains? A thief may take away all my money that I have about me, but not my land; still a Christian hath a title to the land of promise. Mary hath chosen the better part, which shall not be taken from her.

2. Perhaps if thy estate had not been lost, thy soul had been lost. Outward comforts do often quench inward heat. God cannot bestow a jewel upon us but we fall so in love with it that we forget him that gave it. What a pity is it that we should commit idolatry with the creature! God is forced sometimes to drain away an estate; the plate and jewels are often cast overboard to save the passenger. Many a man may curse the time that ever he had such an estate; it hath been an enchantment to draw away his heart from God. Some there are that will be rich (1 Tim. vi. 9), and they fall into a snare. Art thou troubled that God hath prevented a snare? Riches are thorns. (Matt. xiii. 7.) Art thou angry that God hath pulled away a thorn from thee? Riches are compared to thick clay. (Hab. ii. 6.) Perhaps thy affections, which are the feet of the soul, might have stuck so fast in this golden clay that they could not have ascended to heaven. Be content; if God bank up our outward comforts, it is that the stream of our love may run faster another way.

3. If your estate be small, yet God can bless a little. It is not how much money we have, but how much blessing. He that often curseth the bags of gold can bless the meal in the barrel and the oil in the ruse. What if thou hast not the full flesh-pots? yet thou hast a promise—"I will bless her provision" (Ps. cxxxii. 15), and then a little goes a great way. Be content—thou hast the dew of a blessing distilled. A dinner of green herbs, where love is, is sweet; I may add, where the love of God is. Another may have more estate than you, but more care; more riches, but less rest; more revenues, but withal more occasions of expense; he hath a greater inheritance, yet perhaps God doth not give him "power to eat thereof" (Eccles. vi. 2); he hath the dominion of his estate, not the use; he holds more, but enjoys less; in a word, thou hast less gold than he—perhaps less guilt.

4. You did never so thrive in your spiritual trade; your heart was never so low, as since your condition was low; you were never so poor in spirit, never so rich in faith. You did never run the ways of God's commandments so fast as since some of your golden weights were taken off. You never had such trading for heaven all your life. You did never make such adventures upon the promise as since you left off your

sea adventures. This is the best kind of merchandise. O Christian, thou never hadst such incomes of the Spirit, such spring-tides of joy; and what though weak in estate, if strong in assurance? Be content, what you have lost one way you have gained another.

5. Be your losses what they will in this kind, remember in every loss there is only a suffering; but in every discontent there is a sin, and one sin is worse than a thousand sufferings. What! because some of my revenues are gone, shall I part with some of my righteousness? shall my faith and patience go too? because I do not possess an estate, shall I not therefore possess my own spirit? O learn to be content.

THE THIRD APOLOGY.

The third apology is—*It is sad with me in my relations; where I should find most comfort, there I have most grief.* This apology or objection brancheth itself into two particulars, whereto I shall give a distinct reply.

1. My child goes on in rebellion; I fear I have brought forth a child who will perish for ever. It is indeed sad to think of, but though you ought to be humbled, yet not discontented; for consider,

(1.) You may learn something out of your child's undutifulness. The child's sin is sometimes the parent's sermon: the undutifulness of children to us may be a memento to put us in mind of our undutifulness once to God. Time was when we were rebellious children. How long did our hearts stand out as garrisons against God! how long did he parley with us, and beseech us, ere we would yield! He walked in the tenderness of his heart towards us, but we walked in the frowardness of our hearts towards him. And since grace hath been planted in our souls, how much of the wild olive is still in us! how many motions of the Spirit do we daily resist! how many unkindnesses and affronts have we put upon Christ! Let this open a spring of repentance. Look upon your child's rebellion, and mourn for your own rebellion.

(2.) Though to see him undutiful is your grief, yet not always your sin. Hast thou seasoned his tender years with religious education? Thou canst do no more. Parents can only work knowledge, God must work grace; they can only lay the wood together, it is God must make it burn. A parent can only be a guide to show his child the way to heaven; the Spirit of God must be a loadstone to draw his heart into that way. "Am I in God's stead," saith Jacob, "who hath withheld from thee the fruit of the womb?" (Gen. xxx. 2.) Can I give children? So, is a parent in God's stead to give grace? Who can help it, if a child, having the light of conscience, Scripture, education, these three torches in his hand, yet runs wilfully into the deep ponds of sin? Weep for thy child, pray for him, but do not sin for him by discontent.

(3.) Say not you have brought forth a child for Satan; God can reduce him; he hath promised to turn the heart of the children to their parents (Mal. iv. 6), and to open springs of grace in the desert (Isa. xxxv. 6). When thy child is going full sail to ruin, God can blow with a contrary wind of the Spirit and alter his course. When Paul was breathing out persecution against the saints, and was sailing hellward, God turns him another way. He was going to Damascus, but God sends him to Ananias. Before a persecutor, now a preacher. Though our children are for the present fallen, God can turn them from the power of Satan (Acts xxvi. 18), and bring them in at the twelfth hour. Monica was weeping for her son Augustine: at last God gave him to her in answer of prayer, and he became a famous instrument in the Church of God.

2. The second branch of the objection is—But my husband takes ill courses: where I looked for honey, behold a sting.

Answer. It is sad to have the living and the dead tied together; yet, let not your heart fret with discontent; mourn for his sin, but do not murmur. For,

(1.) God hath placed you in your relation, and you cannot be discontented without quarrelling with God. What! for every cross that befalls us, shall we call the infinite wisdom of God in question? Oh the blasphemy of our hearts!

(2.) God can make you a gainer by your husband's sin; perhaps you had never been so good if he had not been so bad. The fire burns hottest in the coldest climate: God often turns the sins of others to our good, and makes our maladies our medicines. The more profane the husband is, oft the more holy the wife grows; the more earthly he is, the more heavenly she grows. God makes sometimes the husband's sin a spur to the wife's grace. His exorbitances are as a pair of bellows to blow up the flame of her zeal and devotion the more.

Is it not thus? doth not thy husband's wickedness send thee to prayer? Thou perhaps hadst never prayed so much, if he had not sinned so much: his deadness quickens thee the more; the stone of his heart is a hammer to break thy heart. The apostle saith, "The unbelieving wife is sanctified by the believing husband" (1 Cor. vii. 14); but in this sense, the believing wife is sanctified by the unbelieving husband. She grows better; his sin is a whetstone to her grace, and a medicine for her security.

(To be continued.)

A WORD FOR SCOTLAND:

To a friend who complained of the climate, as having caused some temporary suffering to the writer, during a journey for the Evangelical Alliance.

NAY! chide not the North, the "cold far North." Though its sea-blast is driving the wanderer forth: 'Gainst long daily Sabbaths of tranquil bliss Set not a few stormy hours like this; No memory they waken of storms of strife, Of the chills of love, or the glooms of life: On my heart, though inured 'midst her moorlands, ye'd find

This record—that Scotland is gentle and kind! Or at home, or sojourning from home afar, Her sons of my brethren most brotherly are; And, now that the tempest's sharp stroke is upon me, Their care, the more tender, from sorrow hath won me.

I had gone to behold, in that palace of TRUTH, Fair CHARITY, heaven-born bride of its youth: I saw, and was glad; but some power detained, Till more than a vision of Love I had gained: Methinks, that "rough wind" from the East might be Her own heavy mantle flung over me, To arrest my steps on their homeward way, And force me to feel, as half-breathless I lay, By kindnesses unto the least of them done, How dearly the brethren of JESUS are one! O! the thought hath alternately soothed me and stirred, That my breath might be yielded, my dust interred,

In that Land of the Great, whose burial-stones
 Enshrine full many a martyr's bones,—
 In that Land of the Good, whose mountain-air
 Is charged with the odours of daily prayer—
 Whose echoes scarce break on the Sabbath-day's
 calm
 For a sound less sweet than the choral psalm—
 Whose time-honoured temples, kirk and cot,
 Have made all around one hallowed spot,
 Where ofttimes the Son of Man hath fled,
 And found a place for His disrowned head,
 Or found for His crown both covert and ward,
 More true than Dunnottar's to earthly lord.
 It had made me immortal *there* to have died,
 And slept with His Cross-bearers side by side,—
 Might my soul but have caught, as my sense grew
 dim,
 A last glimpse of His Cross, and so rested in Him!
 Dearest of homes, and of home-mates, are those
 I have left in the clime of the royal rose;
 And fondly I'll range with my kindred again
 The uplands of Highgate, and meadows of Ken.
 But LOVE and RELIGION—no home *they* know
 Save heaven, and no *one* place of sojourn below;
 I have found them in Scotland as England nigh,
 Beneath a blue or a blackening sky;
 And I yearn, while its sea-blast is driving me forth,
 For the altars and hearths of the "Cold far North!"

W. M. BUNTING.

Highgate Rise, London.

WHITEFIELD AND WESLEY.

(From the *North British Review*.)

THE son of a Gloucester innkeeper, and sent to Pembroke College, his (Whitefield's) mind became so burdened with the great realities, that he had little heart for study. God and eternity, holiness and sin, were thoughts which haunted him every moment, and compelled him to live for the salvation of his soul; but, except his tutor Wesley and a few gownsmen, he met with none who shared his earnestness. And though earnest, they were all in error. Among the influential minds of the University, there was no one to lead them into the knowledge of the gospel; and they had no religious guides, except the genius of the place and books of their own choosing. The genius of the place was an ascetic quietism. Its libraries, full of clasped schoolmen and tall fathers; its cloisters so solemn that a hearty laugh or hurried step seemed sinful; and its halls, lit with medieval sunshine, perpetually invited their inmates to meditation and silent recollection; whilst the early tinkle of the chapel bell and the frosty routine of winter matins, the rubric and the founder's rules, proclaimed the religious benefits of bodily exercise. The Romish postern had not then been re-opened; but with no devotional models, save the marble Bernards and the De Wykhams, and no spiritual illumination except what came in by the North windows of the past, it is not surprising that

ardent but reverential spirits should in such a place have unwittingly groped into a Romish pietism. With an awakened conscience and a resolute will, young Whitefield went through the sanatory specifics of A-Kempis, Castanza, and William Law; and in his anxiety to exceed all that is required by the Rubric, he would fast during Lent on black bread and sugarless tea, and stand in the cold till his nose was red and his fingers blue; whilst, in the hope of temptation and wild beasts, he would wander through Christ Church meadows over-dark. It was whilst pursuing this course of self-righteous fanaticism that he was seized with alarming illness. It sent him to his Bible; and whilst praying and yearning over his Greek Testament, the "open secret" flashed upon his view. The discovery of a completed and gratuitous salvation filled with ecstasy a spirit prepared to appreciate it, and from their great deep breaking, his affections thenceforward flowed, impetuous and uninterrupted, in the one channel of love to the Saviour. The Bishop of Gloucester ordained him, and on the day of his ordination he wrote to a friend, "Whether I myself shall ever have the honour of styling myself 'a prisoner of the Lord,' I know not; but indeed, my dear friend, I call heaven and earth to witness that when the bishop laid his hand upon me, I gave myself up to be a martyr for Him who hung upon the cross for me. Known unto Him are all future events and contingencies. I have thrown myself blindfold, and, I trust, without reserve, into his almighty hands; only I would have you observe, that till you hear of my dying for or in my work, you will not be apprized of all the preferment that is expected by George Whitefield." In this rapture of self-devotion he traversed England, Scotland, and Ireland, for four-and-thirty years, and crossed the Atlantic thirteen times, proclaiming the love of God and His great gift to man. A bright and exulting view of the atonement's sufficiency was his theology; delight in God and rejoicing in Christ Jesus were his piety; and a compassionate solicitude for the souls of men, often rising to a fearful agony, was his ruling passion; and strong in the oneness of his aim and the intensity of his feelings, he soon burst the regular bounds, and began to preach on commons and village greens, and even to the rabble at London fairs. He was the prince of English preachers. Many have surpassed him as sermon-makers; but none have approached him as a pulpit orator. Many have outshone him in the clearness of their logic, the grandeur of their conceptions, and the sparkling beauty of single sentences; but in the power of darting the gospel direct into the conscience, he eclipsed them all. With a full and beaming countenance, and the frank and easy port which the English people love—for it is the symbol of honest purpose and friendly assurance—he

combined a voice of rich compass, which could equally thrill over Moorfields in musical thunder, or whisper its terrible secret in every private ear: and to this gainly aspect and tune'ul voice he added a most expressive and eloquent action. Improved by conscientious practice, and instinct with his earnest nature, this elocution was the acted sermon, and by its pantomimic portrait enabled the eye to anticipate each rapid utterance, and helped the memory to treasure up the palpable ideas. None ever used so boldly, nor with more success, the highest styles of impersonation. His "Hark, hark!" could conjure up Gethsemane with its faltering moon, and awake again the cry of horror-stricken Innocence; and an apostrophe to Peter on the holy mount would light up another Tabor, and drown it in glory from the opening heaven. His thoughts were possessions, and his feelings were transformations; and if he spake because he felt, his hearers understood because they saw. They were not only enthusiastic amateurs, like Garrick, who ran to weep and tremble at his bursts of passion, but even the colder critics of the Walpole school were surprised into momentary sympathy and reluctant wonder. Lord Chesterfield was listening in Lady Huntingdon's pew when Whitefield was comparing the benighted sinner to a blind beggar on a dangerous road. His little dog gets away from him when skirting the edge of a precipice, and he is left to explore the path with his iron-shod staff. On the very verge of the cliff this blind guide slips through his fingers, and skims away down the abyss. All unconscious, its owner stoops down to regain it, and stumbling forward—"Good God! he is gone!" shouted Chesterfield, who had been watching with breathless alarm the blind man's movements, and who jumped from his seat to save the catastrophe. But the glory of Whitefield's preaching was its heart-kindled and heart-melting gospel. But for this all his bold strokes and brilliant surprises might have been no better than the rhetorical triumphs of Kirwan and other pulpit dramatists. He was an orator, but he only sought to be an evangelist. Like a volcano where gold and gems may be darted forth as well as common things, but where gold and molten granite flow all alike in fiery fusion, bright thoughts and splendid images might be projected from his flaming pulpit, but all were merged in the stream which bore along the gospel and himself in blended fervour. Indeed, so simple was his nature, that glory to God and good-will to man having filled it, there was room for little more. Having no church to found, no family to enrich, and no memory to immortalize, he was the mere ambassador of God; and inspired with its genial piteous spirit—so full of heaven reconciled and humanity restored—he soon himself became a living gospel. Radiant with its benignity, and trembling with its tender-

ness, by a sort of spiritual induction a vast audience would speedily be brought into a frame of mind—the transfusion of his own; and the white furrows on their sooty faces told that Kingswood colliers were weeping, or the quivering of an ostrich plume bespoke the elegant wearer's deep emotion. And coming to his work direct from communion with his Master, and in all the strength of accepted prayer, there was an elevation in his mien which often paralyzed hostility, and a self-possession which only made him, amid uproar and fury, the more sublime. With an electric bolt he would bring the jester in his fool's-cap from his perch on the tree, or galvanize the brick-bat from the skulking miscreant's grasp, or sweep down in crouching submission and shame-faced silence the whole of Bartholomew Fair; whilst a revealing flash of sententious doctrine or vivified Scripture, would disclose to awe-struck hundreds the forgotten verities of another world, or the unsuspected arcana of their inner man. "I came to break your head, but, through you, God has broken my heart," was a sort of confession with which he was familiar; and to see the deaf old gentlewoman, who used to mutter imprecations at him as he passed along the street, clambering up the pulpit-stairs to catch his angelic words, was a sort of spectacle which the triumphant gospel often witnessed in his day. And when it is known that his voice could be heard by 20,000, and that ranging all the empire, as well as America, he would often preach thrice on a working-day, and that he has received in one week as many as a thousand letters, from persons awakened by his sermons; if no estimate can be formed of the results of his ministry, some idea may be suggested of its vast extent and singular effectiveness.

The following codicil was added to Whitefield's will: "N.B.—I also leave a mourning ring to my honoured and dear friends, the Revs. John and Charles Wesley, in token of my indissoluble union with them, in heart and Christian affection, notwithstanding our difference in judgment about some particular points of doctrine."

The "points of doctrine" were chiefly the extent of the atonement and the perseverance of the saints; the "indissoluble union" was occasioned by their all-absorbing love to the same Saviour, and untiring efforts to make his riches known. They quarrelled a little, but they loved a great deal more. Few characters could be more completely the converse, and in the Church's exigencies, more happily the supplement of one another, than were those of George Whitefield and John Wesley; and had their views been identical, and their labours all along coincident, their large services to the gospel might have repeated Paul and Barnabas. Whitefield was soul, and Wesley was system. Whitefield was a summer-cloud which burst at

morning or noon in fragrant exhilaration over an ample tract, and took the rest of the day to gather again; Wesley was the polished conduit in the midst of the garden, through which the living water glided in pearly brightness and perennial music, the same vivid stream from day to day. After a preaching paroxysm, Whitefield lay panting on his couch, spent, breathless, and death-like; after his morning sermon in the foundry, Wesley would mount his pony, and trot and chat and gather simples, till he reached some country hamlet, where he would bait his charger, and talk through a little sermon with the villagers, and re-mount his pony and trot away again. In his aerial poise, Whitefield's eagle eye drank lustre from the source of light, and loved to look down on men in assembled myriads; Wesley's falcon glance did not sweep so far, but it searched more keenly and marked more minutely where it pierced. A master of assemblies, Whitefield was no match for the isolated man;—seldom coping with the multitude, but strong in astute sagacity and personal ascendancy, Wesley could conquer any number one by one. All force and impetus, Whitefield was the powderblast in the quarry, and by one explosive sermon would shake a district, and detach materials for other men's long work; deft, neat, and painstaking, Wesley loved to split and trim each fragment into uniform plinths and polished stones. Or, taken otherwise, Whitefield was the bargeman or the waggoner who brought the timber of the house, and Wesley was the architect who set it up. Whitefield had no patience for ecclesiastical polity, no aptitude for pastoral details; with a beaver-like propensity for building, Wesley was always constructing societies, and with a king-like craft of ruling, was most at home when presiding over a class or a conference. It was their infelicity that they did not always work together; it was the happiness of the age and the furtherance of the gospel that they lived alongside of one another. Ten years older than his pupil, Wesley was a year or two later of attaining the joy and freedom of gospel-forgiveness. It was whilst listening to Luther's Preface to the Romans, where he describes the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, that he felt his own heart strangely warmed; and finding that he trusted in Christ alone for salvation, "an assurance was given him that Christ had taken away sins, and saved him from the law of sin and death." And though in his subsequent piety a subtle analyst may detect a trace of that mysticism which was his first religion; even as to his second religion, Moravianism, he was indebted for some details of his eventual church-order—no candid reader will deny that "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," had now become the religion of the Methodist; and for the half century of his ubiquitous career, his piety retained this truly

evangelic type: A cool observer, who met him towards the close, records, "So fine an old man I never saw. The happiness of his mind beamed forth in his countenance. Every look showed how fully he enjoyed 'the gay remembrance of a life well spent;' and wherever he went, he diffused a portion of his own felicity. Easy and affable in his demeanour, he accommodated himself to every sort of company, and showed how happily the most finished courtesy may be blended with the most perfect piety. In his conversation, we might be at a loss whether to admire most his fine classical taste, his extensive knowledge of men and things, or his overflowing goodness of heart. While the grave and serious were charmed with his wisdom, his sportive sallies of innocent mirth delighted even the young and thoughtless; and both saw, in his uninterrupted cheerfulness, the excellency of true religion." To a degree scarcely paralleled, his piety had supplanted those strong instincts—the love of worldly distinction, the love of money, and the love of ease. The answer which he gave to his brother, when refusing to vindicate himself from a newspaper calumny, 'Brother, when I devoted to God my ease, my time, my life, did I except my reputation?' was no casual sally, but the system of his conduct. From the moment that the Fellow of Lincoln went out into the highways and hedges, and commenced itinerant preacher, he bade farewell to earthly fame. And perhaps no Englishman, since the days of Bernard Gilpin, has given so much away. When his income was thirty pounds a-year, he lived on twenty-eight, and saved two for charity. Next year he had sixty pounds, and still living on twenty-eight, he had thirty-two to spend. A fourth year raised his income to a hundred and twenty pounds, and, steadfast to his plan, the poor got ninety-two. In the year 1775, the accountant-general sent him a copy of the Excise order for a return of plate: "Rev. Sir, As the Commissioners cannot doubt but you have plate, for which you have hitherto neglected to make an entry," &c.: to which he wrote this memorable answer:—"Sir, I have two silver tea-spoons at London, and two at Bristol. This is all the plate which I have at present; and I shall not buy any more while so many around me want bread. I am, Sir, your most humble servant, JOHN WESLEY." And though it is calculated that he must have given more than twenty thousand pounds away, all his property, when he died, consisted of his clothes, his books, and a carriage. Perhaps, like a ball burnished by motion, his perpetual activity helped to keep him thus brightly clear from worldly pelf; and when we remember its great pervading motive, there is something sublime in this good man's industry. Rising every morning at four, travelling every year upwards of 4,000 miles, and preaching nearly a thousand sermons, exhorting societies, editing books,

writing all sorts of letters, and giving audience to all sorts of people, the ostensible president of Methodism and pastor of all the Methodists, and amidst his ceaseless toils betraying no more bustle than a planet in its course, he was a noble specimen of that fervent diligence which, launched on its orbit by a holy and joyful impulse, has ever afterwards the peace of God to light it on its way. Nor should we forget his praiseworthy efforts to diffuse a Christianized philosophy, and propagate useful knowledge among religious people. In the progress of research most of his compilations may have lost their value; but the motive was enlightened, and the effort to exemplify his own idea was characteristic of the well-informed and energetic man. In Christian authorship he is not entitled to rank high. Clear as occasional expositions are, there is seldom comprehension in his views, or grandeur in his thoughts, or inspiration in his practical appeals; and though his direct and simple style is sometimes terse, it is often meagre, and very seldom racy. His voluminous journals are little better than a turnpike log—miles, towns, and sermon-texts—whilst their authoritative tone and self-centred details gave the record an air of arrogance and egotism which, we doubt not, would disappear could we view the venerable writer face to face. Assuredly his power was in his presence. Such fascination resided in his saintly mien, there was such intuition in the twinkle of his mild but brilliant eye, and such a dissolving influence in his lively, benevolent, and instructive talk, that enemies often left him admirers and devotees. And should any regard the Wesleyan system as the mere embodiment of Mr. Wesley's mind, it is a singular triumph of worth and firmness. Never has a theological idiosyncrasy perpetuated itself in a Church so large and stable. But though every pin and cord of the Methodist tabernacle bears trace of the fingers, concinnate and active, which reared it, the founder's most remarkable memorial is his living monument. Wesley has not passed away; for, if embalmed in the Connexion, he is re-embodied in the members. Never did a leader so stamp his impress on his followers. The Covenanters were not such facsimiles of Knox; nor were the imperial guards such enthusiastic copies of their little corporal, as are the modern Methodists the perfect transmigration of their venerated father. Exact, orderly, and active; dissident but not dissenters; connectional but catholic; carrying warmth within, and yet loving southerly exposures; obliging without effort, and liberal on system; serene, contented, and hopeful—if we except the master-spirits, whose type is usually their own—the most of pious Methodists are cast from Wesley's neat and cheerful mould. That goodness must have been attractive as well as very imitable, which has survived in a million of living effigies.

BE FAITHFUL.

THOMAS HOOPPOO attended a mission school among the American Indians. After some time he accompanied Deacon H—, with whom he was boarding, from Philadelphia to New Brunswick, and put up at the house of a clergyman.

On the evening of their arrival a select company, including the clergyman, were invited to spend the evening with a celebrated attorney of the place. Thomas, then about sixteen years of age, accompanied them.

The lawyer entertained the company for a long time, by interrogating Thomas in reference to his native country, their customs, religion, enjoyment, &c., and especially upon their religion, compared with the Christian religion. Thomas very patiently answered his questions, often to the great merriment of the company. At length the lawyer, who was not a religious man, ceased, and Thomas commenced in substance as follows:—

"I am a poor heathen boy. It is not strange that my blunders in England should amuse you. But soon there will be a larger meeting than this. We shall all be there. They will ask us all one question, namely, 'Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?' Now, sir, I think I can say Yea. What will you say, sir?"

He ceased—a death-like stillness pervaded the hall. At length it was broken by a proposition of the lawyer, that as the evening was far spent they should have a season of devotion.

Soon they separated, and retired to their respective rooms. But there was no rest for the lawyer. The question of Thomas rung in his ear—"What will you say, sir?" He paced his room in anguish. The Spirit of God had touched his conscience. He found no rest till he could answer the thrilling question proposed by that "heathen boy" in the affirmative.

A few days afterwards, on the return of Deacon H—, several of the party were rejoicing in hope, who were careless sinners previous to the question of Thomas. A powerful revival of religion followed, all apparently resulting from the faithful dealing of that illiterate heathen boy.

OBEYING GOD.

WHEN God says, "Sun shine in the skies!" the sun directly answers, not in words, but in deeds, "Here I am to do my Maker's will, to light up earth and heaven with my glory, to gild all things with gold, and to make the whole creation rejoice."

When God says to the moon, "Appear!" the moon replies, "Here I am with my silver light, to scatter the darkness and render the night lovely."

When God says to the stars, "Shine forth!" they instantly answer, "We are thy servants, and gladly do thy bidding. Already we are in the skies, and there will we keep watch till thou givest us leave to retire."

Thus do the sun, and the moon, and the stars obey their Almighty Maker.

When God says to the spring, "Come forth with thy flowers!" does she tarry, or refuse to answer! No. "I come," says the spring. "Here are my greenest leaves. Here are my freshest flowers, wherewith to beautify the earth. The snow-drop is in the garden, and the primrose on the bank and in the coppice."

When God says to the summer, "Gladden the earth!" the answer is this: "At thy voice I spread my influence abroad; the birds are warbling, the flowers are blooming, the trees are blossoming, and nature is rejoicing."

When God says to the autumn, "Withhold not thy fruits!" "They are here!" is autumn's reply. "The bush is laden with berries, and the trees with fruit, and the fields are waving with golden grain, ready for the sickle of the husbandman."

When God says to the winter, "Where art thou, and where are thy storms?" "They are abroad at thy command," replies winter. "Frost has bound up the earth and the waters; snow has covered the ground, and the wings of the howling wind are flying through the air. Who shall stand before thy cold?"

Thus do spring, summer, autumn, and winter obey the command of the Holy One.

And shall the sun with his glory, the moon with her beams, and the stars with their light, obey their Maker? Shall spring with her flowers, summer with his blossoms, autumn with his fruits, and surly winter with his storms, gladly hasten to do the commandment of the Lord, and thou refuse to obey him? O! let thy language be—

"While sun, and moon, and stars are seen,
And seasons round me roll,
I will obey the Lord my God
With all my heart and soul."

PRAYER.

In the morning, prayer is the key that opens to us the treasury of God's mercies and blessings; in the evening, it is the key that shuts us up under his protection and safeguard.

It is less reproachful to tender God no service, than to perform it slightly and ceremoniously; the one is disobedience, the other contempt.

Sacrifices, which, under Jewish ceremony, were the greatest part of God's solemn worship, were commanded to be offered up with fire; and no fire could sanctify them but that miraculously sent down from heaven. . . . So truly, all our Christian sacrifices, both of praise and prayer, must be offered up to God with fire; and that fire which alone can sanctify them, must be darted down from heaven—the celestial flame of zeal and love which comes down from heaven, and hath a natural tendency to ascend thither again, and to carry up our hearts and souls upon its wings with it.

NEIGHBOUR JONES.

NEIGHBOUR JONES is a good man—a kind-hearted man—and he loves little children. He never can bear to see a child suffer. It breaks him right down. One night there was a fire in the village, and just as he reached the spot, and saw the flames sweeping from room to room, and heard them crackling and hissing in the still air, as they threw a glow into the heavens, some one cried, "There is a child asleep in the house!" Never had he had such a feeling as came over him then. His first impulse was to dash through the smoke and sparks issuing from the doorway, and make an effort to save it. But he was an old man, and could not do that. He would have given an hundred dollars freely, to any one who should have demanded of him to do so. But in a moment a man was seen to rush into the house, and in a moment more (the time seemed like an hour to neighbour Jones) he came out into the cool air holding in his arms a laughing boy. O what a relief did that sight bring to our neighbour! He went home with a singing heart. "What an awful thing it would have been," said he to himself, "if that child had perished!" and then he shuddered at the idea.

On Sabbath a man preached in our church about Sabbath schools. He was trying to get money to start these schools among the destitute. He drew a vivid and frightful picture of the ignorance and moral wants of some of the little ones where he lived, and of their exposure to a death far more awful than that which can come upon the body. He wanted to rescue them at once, and insisted that no time was to be lost in making the attempt, while he showed clearly that the plan which he was advocating was the most feasible of any. Neighbour Jones was there, and he listened for a little while with some degree of interest. But the day was warm—the speaker's manner not very animated, and some time before he had finished our neighbour sat dozing in his pew. When the collection was about to be taken some one touched his elbow and woke him. He put a shilling in the plate, and went home thinking to himself that there were a great many calls now-a-days.

THE HEART HARDENING.

On a winter evening, when the frost is setting in with growing intensity, and when the sun is now far past the meridian, and gradually sinking in the western sky, there is a double reason why the ground grows every moment harder and more impenetrable to the plough. On the one hand, the frost of evening, with ever-increasing intensity, is indurating the stiffening clods. On the other hand, the genial rays, which alone can soften them, are every moment withdrawing and losing their enlivening power. Take heed that it be not so with you. As long as you are unconverted, you are under a double process

of hardening. The frosts of an eternal night are settling down upon your souls; and the Sun of Righteousness, with westerling wheel, is hastening to set upon you for ever more. If, then, the plough of grace cannot force its way into your *ice-bound heart to-day*, what likelihood is there that it will enter to-morrow?—*M'Cheyne*.

CANNOT WE DO SOMETHING?

A MISSIONARY in Africa had established a school for coloured children, which gave him much joy, for they loved the Saviour. One day he told them that there were still a great many idolaters in the world, who did not know the Lord Jesus Christ; and that there were societies in England, Germany, and France, which sent missionaries to these poor pagans. The little coloured children then said, "And cannot we do something also?" "Reflect upon it," replied the missionary, "and when you have found out some way of contributing to this good work, you may come and tell me." These poor children raked their brains to discover how they could obtain something to give; for you must know that they have no parents or friends who are rich enough to let them have a little money occasionally; and that there are many in Africa who do not know what a piece of money is.

One morning, however, they came to the school, full of joy, and said to the missionary, "We wish to form a little juvenile missionary society." "That is very well," said the master; "but what will you give for missions?" The oldest answered, "We have resolved to form a society like grown-up persons; and each one of us will oblige himself to collect as much money as he can without begging. As for those boys of us who are largest and strongest, we will go into the woods to find bark; and we will carry it to the tanner, who has promised to pay us a florn for each load. Another child interrupted him and said, "And as for the rest of us, we will gather resinous gum, and will sell it for more than four shillings a pound." "And we," exclaimed the smallest children, "will carry ashes, and sell them to the soap maker." Then the girls came; and some of them said, "We will collect locks of wool, and we will sell them." Others said, "We will get some hens, and sell the eggs and the chickens."

The little coloured children did not rest satisfied with making promises. They executed their plan without neglecting school; and at the end of a year they held a meeting, under the direction of a missionary, and carefully paid over to him all which they had raised. And how much do you think they put into his hands? More than ten pounds.

RUINED BY RICHES.

Do not be over-anxious about riches. Get as much of true wisdom and goodness as you can; but be satisfied with a very moderate portion of this world's good. Riches may prove a curse, as well as a blessing.

I was walking through an orchard, looking about me, when I saw a low tree laden more heavily with fruit than the rest. On a nearer examination, it appeared that the tree had been dragged to the very earth, and broken by the weight of its treasures.

"Oh!" said I, gazing on the tree, "here lies one who has been ruined by his riches."

In another part of my walk, I came up with a shepherd, who was lamenting the loss of a sheep that

lay mangled and dead at his feet. On inquiry about the matter, he told me that a strange dog had attacked the flock, that the rest of the sheep had got away through a hole in the hedge, but that the ram now dead had more wool on his back than the rest, and the thorns of the hedge held him fast till the dog had worried him.

"Here is another," said I, "ruined by his riches."

At the close of my ramble, I met a man hobbling along on two wooden legs, leaning on two sticks.

"Tell me," said I, "my poor fellow, how you came to lose your legs?"

"Why, sir," said he, "in my younger days I was a soldier. With a few comrades I attacked a party of the enemy, and overcame them, and we began to load ourselves with spoil. My comrades were satisfied with little, but I burdened myself with as much as I could carry. We were pursued; my companions escaped, but I was overtaken and so cruelly wounded, that I only saved my life afterwards by losing my legs. It was a bad affair, sir; but it is too late to repent it now."

"Ah, friend, thought I, "like the fruit tree, and the mangled sheep, you may date your downfall to your possessions. It was your riches that ruined you."

When I see so many rich people, as I do, caring so much for their bodies, and so little for their souls, I pity them from the bottom of my heart, and sometimes think there are as many ruined by riches as by poverty. "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." 1 Tim. vi. 9. The prayer will suit you, perhaps, as well as it does me, "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me; lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain." Prov. xxx. 8, 9.—*Old Humphrey*.

"I AM RIGHT."

So he said, with a good deal of emphasis. This did but summon an equally decisive declaration from the gentleman with whom he was conversing. The reaction of the last on the first speaker was powerful, and Mr. Positive became more positive, till he became superlatively positive, and ill blood began to shoot along his veins.

"But I am right." Suppose you are; and if you are, then you have the best of all reasons for being calm and composed. You may be firm, but not vehement and outrageous. You may be decided in your convictions of a certain fact, but you need not come down upon an opponent like a bear robbed of her whelps.

We saw lately a couple of persons on the opposite sides of opinion concerning a small matter. "I am right;" and off they went before the wind, ten knots an hour; and it kept blowing harder and harder every moment;—they both "fired up," and came as high as good breeding would allow of a towering passion. The matter in hand was in value but a trifle above the shadow of a shade. But it was big enough to make the sparks fly, Satan being at the bellows. The faces of each man changed from the quietness of a pleasant conversation, to the paleness of a strong excitement. How foolish!

THE BACKSLIDER.

BY THE REV. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, D.D., PRINCETON.

THERE is a perpetual, and there is a temporary backsliding. The first is the case of those who, being partially awakened and enlightened by the Word, accompanied by the common operations of the Spirit, make a profession of religion, and, for a while, seem to run well, and to outstrip the humble believer in zeal and activity; but having no root in themselves, in the time of temptation, fall totally away, and not only relinquish their profession, but frequently renounce Christianity itself, and become the bitterest enemies of religion. Or, seduced by the pride of their own hearts, they forsake the true doctrines of the Gospel, and fall in love with some flattering, flesh-pleasing form of heresy; and spend their time in zealous efforts to overthrow that very truth which they once professed to prize. Or, thirdly, they are overcome by some insidious lust or passion, and fall into the habitual practice of some sin, which at first they secretly indulge, but after a while cast off all disguise, and show to all that they are enslaved by some hurtful and hateful iniquity. Persons who thus apostatize from the profession and belief of Christianity, or who fall into a habitual course of sinning, are commonly in the most hopeless condition of all who live in the midst of the means of grace. When they openly reject Christianity, their infidelity is commonly accompanied by contempt and a malign temper, which often prompts them to blasphemy; and they are, according to our apprehension, in great danger of committing the unpardonable sin; and some who, in these circumstances, are actuated by inveterate hatred to the truth, and who make use of their tongues to express the feelings of enmity which rankle in them, do often fall into this unpardonable sin. The case of such seems to be described by Paul, in the 6th chapter of his Epistle to the Hebrews: "For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good Word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame." Some suppose that

the apostle here describes the character of the true Christian, and that he merely supposes the case, if such should fall away, what would be the fearful consequence; but this seems to us a forced construction. It seems more reasonable to believe that he is describing a case which may, and often does occur, and that the description applies to such professors as had received the miraculous endowments of the Holy Spirit, and yet apostatized; and by crucifying the Son of God afresh, he probably alludes to the manner in which those who went back to the Jews were required to execrate the name of Christ in the synagogues, and to profess that he deserved to be crucified as he had been, and thus put him to an open shame. But whether such apostates do actually commit the unpardonable sin or not, seems in most cases to be of little consequence, for they commonly die in their sins, and all sin unrepented of is unpardonable. In some cases, however, apostates stop short of infidelity and blasphemy, and while they stand aloof from religion, content themselves with decency, and do not treat religion with disrespect; yet it will be found, on examination, that the hearts of such are extremely callous, and their consciences are seared as with a hot iron. The Spirit of God evidently has left them, and strives no more with them; and they often die as they have lived—fearfully insensible, having "no bands in their death." But sometimes conscience is let loose upon them in their last hours, and they are left to die in the horrors of despair. In the days of the apostles, they seem to have had some way of knowing when a man had committed "the sin unto death," and for such Christians were not to pray, as their destiny was irretrievably fixed; but such knowledge cannot be possessed now, and we may therefore pray for all as long as they are in the place of repentance.

But when we speak of backsliding, we commonly mean those sad departures of real Christians from God, which are so common, and often so injurious to the cause of religion. These cases are so common that some have thought that all Christians have their seasons of backsliding; when they left their first love,

and lost the sweet relish of divine things, and were excluded from intimate communion with God. But, however common backsliding may have been among Christians, there is no foundation for the opinion that it is common to all; we find no such declension in the experience of Paul or John; and in the biographies of some modern saints we find no such sad declension. We could refer to many recorded accounts of personal experience, but it will be sufficient to mention Mr. Baxter, Colonel Gardiner, G. Whitefield, and Mr. Brainerd. No doubt, all experience short seasons of comparative coldness and insensibility, and they who live near to God have not always equal light, and life, and comfort, in the divine life. Those fluctuations of feelings, which are so common, are not included in the idea of a state of backsliding. This occurs when the Christian is gradually led off from close walking with God, loses the lively sense of divine things, becomes too much attached to the world and too much occupied with secular concerns; until at length the keeping of the heart is neglected, closet duties are omitted or slightly performed, zeal for the advancement of religion is quenched, and many things once rejected by a sensitive conscience, are now indulged and defended.

All this may take place, and continue long, before the person is aware of his danger, or acknowledges that there has been any serious departure from God. The forms of religion may be still kept up, and open sin avoided. But more commonly backsliders fall into some evil habits; they are evidently too much conformed to the world, and often go too far in participating in the pleasures and amusements of the world; and too often there is an indulgence in known sin, into which they are gradually led, and on account of which they experience frequent compunction, and make solemn resolutions to avoid it in future; but when the hour of temptation comes, they are overcome again and again, and thus they live a miserable life, enslaved by some sin over which, though they sometimes struggle hard, they cannot get the victory. There is in nature no more inconsistent thing than a backsliding Christian. Looking at one side of his character, he seems to have sincere, intentional feelings, and his heart to be right in its purposes and aims; but look at the other side, and he seems to be "carnal, sold under sin." O wretched man! how he writhes often in anguish, and groans for deliverance; but he is like Samson shorn of his locks—his strength is de-

parted, and he is not able to rise and go forth at liberty, as in former times. All backsliders are not alike. Some are asleep; but the one now described is in a state of almost perpetual conflict, which keeps him wide awake. Sometimes, when his pious feelings are lively, he cannot but hope that he loves God and hates sin, and is encouraged; but oh, when sin prevails against him, and he is led away captive, he cannot think that he is a true Christian. Is it possible that one who is thus overcome, can have in him any principle of piety? Sometimes he gives up all hope, and concludes that he was deceived in ever thinking himself converted; but then again, when he feels a broken and contrite heart, and an ardent breathing and groaning after deliverance, he cannot but conclude that there is some principle above mere nature operating with him.

The sleeping backslider is one who, by being surrounded with earthly comforts, and engaged in secular pursuits, and mingling much with the decent and respectable people of the world, by degrees loses the deep impression of divine and eternal things; his spiritual senses become obtuse, and he has no longer the views and feelings of one awake to the reality of spiritual things. His case nearly resembles that of a man gradually sinking into sleep. Still he sees dimly, and hears indistinctly, but he is fast losing the impression of the objects of the spiritual world, and sinking under the impression of the things of time and sense. There may be no remarkable change in the external conduct of such a person, except that he has no longer any relish for religious conversation, and is rather disposed to waive it. And the difference between such an one and the rest of the world becomes less and less distinguishable. From any thing you see or hear, you would not suspect him to be a professor of religion, until you see him taking his seat at the Lord's table. Such backsliders are commonly awakened by some severe judgments; the earthly objects on which they had too much fixed their affections are snatched away, and they are made bitterly to feel that it is an evil thing to forget and depart from the living God.

There is still another species of backsliding, where, by a sudden temptation, one who appeared to stand firm, is cast down. Such was the fall of Peter, and many others have given full evidence that a man's standing is not in himself; for frequently men are overcome in those very things in which they were least afraid, and had most confidence in their own

strength. These cases are usually more disgraceful than other instances of backsliding, but they are less dangerous; for, commonly, where there is grace they produce such an overwhelming conviction of sin, and shame for having acted so unworthily, that repentance soon follows the lapse, and the person, when restored, is more watchful than ever against all kinds of sin, and more distrustful of himself. Such falls may be compared to a sudden accident by which a bone is broken, or put out of joint; they are very painful, and cause the person to go limping all the remainder of his life, but do not so much affect the vitals as more secret and insidious diseases, which prey inwardly without being perceived.

There are many persons, who never made a public profession of religion, who for a while are the subjects of serious impressions, whose consciences are much awake, and whose feelings are tender. They seem to love to hear the truth, and in a considerable degree fall under its influence, so as to be almost persuaded to be Christians; and for a season give to the pious lively hopes of their speedy conversion. They are such as the person to whom Christ said, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." But through the blinding influence of avarice, or ambition, or some other carnal motive, they are led away, and lose all their serious thoughts and good resolutions. Such persons usually lose their day of grace. I have seen an amiable young man weeping under the faithful preaching of the gospel, and my hopes were sanguine that I should soon see him at the table of the Lord; but, alas! I believe that, on that very day, he quenched the Spirit, and has been going farther and farther from the Lord ever since!

The backsliding believer can only be distinguished from the final apostate by the fact of his recovery; at least, when Christians have slid far back, no satisfactory evidence of the genuineness of their piety can be exhibited; nor can they have any which ought to satisfy their own minds. In the course of pastoral visitation, I once called upon a habitual drunkard, who had been a flaming professor. I asked him what he thought of his former exercises of religion. He said, that he was confident that they were genuine; and expressed a strong confidence that the Lord would recover him from his backsliding state. Now here was the very spirit of Antinomianism. Whether he was ever recovered from his besetting sin I cannot tell, but I rather think that he continued

his intemperate habits to the very last. I have often remarked how tenaciously the most profane and obstinate sinners will cleave to the hope of having been once converted, if they have ever been the subjects of religious impressions. One of the profanest men I ever heard speak, and one of the most outrageous drunkards, when asked on his death-bed, to which he was brought by intemperance, respecting his prospects beyond the grave, said, that when a very young man he had been among the Methodists, and thought that he was converted; and though he had lived in the most open and daring wickedness for more than twenty years since that time, yet he seemed to depend on those early exercises. Miserable delusion! But a drowning man will catch at a straw. An old sea-captain, whom I visited on his death-bed, seemed to be trusting to a similar delusion. He related to me certain religious exercises which he had when he first went to sea, but of which he had no return ever since, though half a century had elapsed. I have met with few persons who had neglected to cherish and improve early impressions, who were ever afterwards hopefully converted. They are generally given up to blindness of mind and hardness of heart. But some of these are sometimes brought in, in times of revival; or, at a late period, driven to the gospel refuge, by severe affliction.

The conviction of a Christian backslider is often more severe and overwhelming than when first awakened. When his eyes are opened to see the ingratitude and wicked rebellion of his conduct, he is ready to despair, and to give up all hopes of being pardoned. He sinks into deep waters, where the billows of divine displeasure roll over him; or he is like a prisoner, in a horrible pit and in the miry clay. All around him is dark and desolate, and he feels himself to be in a deplorably helpless condition. His own strivings seem to sink him deeper in the mire; but, as his last and only resource, he cries out of the depths unto God. As his case is urgent, he cries with unceasing importunity, and the Lord hears the voice of his supplications, and brings him up out of the horrible pit, and places his feet upon a rock, and establishes his goings, and puts a new song into his mouth, even of praise to the Redeemer. The freeness of pardon to the returning backslider is a thing which is hard to be believed until it is experienced. No sooner is the proud heart humbled, and the hard heart broken into contrition, than Jehovah is near with his healing balm. To heal the broken in heart, and to re-

vive the spirit of the contrite ones, is the delight of Immanuel. And he receives the returning penitent without reproaches. He pardons him freely, and sheds abroad his love in his heart, and fills him with the joy of the Holy Ghost. It is, in fact, a new conversion; though there is but one regeneration. We never hear of a sinner being born a *third time*; but we remember that Christ said unto Peter, "When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." Indeed, the exercises of the soul on these occasions may be so much more clear and comfortable than on its first conversion, that the person is disposed to think that this is the real commencement of spiritual life, and to set down all his former experience as spurious; or, at least, essentially defective. Christians, when recovered from backsliding, are commonly more watchful, and walk more circumspectly than they ever did before. They cannot but be more humble. The remembrance of their base departure from God fills them with self-loathing. Whenever spiritual pride would lift up its head, one thought of a disgraceful fall will often lay the soul in the dust. And whether the backslider's sins have been open or secret, the recollection of his traitorous behaviour fills him with shame and self-abhorrence. When such persons have so conducted themselves as to bring upon them the censures of the Church, so as to be separated from the communion of God's people, at first, it is probable, resentment will be felt towards the officers of the Church who perform this painful duty; but after reflection, these resentments are turned against themselves, and they pass much heavier censures on themselves than the Church ever did. Judicious, seasonable discipline is a powerful means of grace, and often would be the effectual means of recovering the backslider, if exercised as it should be. Indeed, this may be said to be one main design of its appointment. If, whenever there is an appearance of declension in a Church member, the pastor, or some other officer of the Church, would go to the person, and, in the spirit and by the authority of Christ, would address a serious admonition to him, and then a second and a third, and if these were unheeded, then to bring him before the Church, backsliding, in most cases, would be arrested before it proceeded far. But every member of the Church has a duty to perform towards erring brethren. When they see them going astray, they should not act towards them as if they hated them, but should in any wise rebuke them. Christian reproof from one

Christian to another seems to be almost banished from our Churches. There is a quick eye to discern a brother's faults, and a ready tongue to speak of them to others; but where do we now find the faithful reprover of sin who goes to the man himself, without saying a word to any one, and between themselves faithfully warns, exhorts, and entreats a straying brother to return? The serious discipline of formal accusations, and witnesses, &c., by such a course would be, in a great measure, rendered unnecessary; but the practice is, to let the evil grow until it has become inveterate, and breaks out into overt acts, and then there is a necessity to pay attention to the matter, and to put in force the discipline of the Church. But even this often, proves salutary, and is a powerful means of reclaiming the offender; or, if he persists in his evil courses, it serves to separate an unworthy member from the communion of saints. But when Church officers and private Christians utterly fail in their duty towards backsliding brethren, God himself often makes use of means of his own, which do not require the intervention of men. He smites the offender with his rod, and causes him to smart in some tender part. He sends such afflictions as bring his sins forcibly before his conscience. He deprives him of the objects for the sake of which he forsook the Lord—it may be the wife of his youth, or a beloved child, on which his affections were too fondly fixed, so as to become idolatrous. Or, if it was the love of the world, which was the seductive cause of his backsliding, riches are caused to "make to themselves wings and flee away like the eagle toward heaven." Or, was the love of ease and indulgence of the sensual appetites the cause of his delinquency? the stroke falls on his own body. He is brought low by sickness, and is tried upon his bed with excruciating pains, until he cries out in his distress, and humbly confesses his sins. Or, if he was carried away by an undue love of the honour that cometh from men, it is not unlikely that his reputation, which he cherished with a fondness which caused him to neglect the honour of his God, will be permitted to be tarnished by the tongue of slander, and things may be so situated, that although innocent, he may not have it in his power to make the truth appear. Children, too much indulged, become, by their misconduct, fruitful causes of affliction to parents; and thus they are made to suffer in the very point where they had sinned. Look at the cases of Eli and of David. All afflictions, however, are not for chastisement,

but sometimes for trial; and those whom God loves best are most afflicted in this world. They are kept in the furnace, and that heated seven times, until their dross is consumed, and their piety shines forth as pure gold, which has been tried in the fire. But we are now concerned only with those afflictions which are most effective to bring back the backslider; the virtue of which the Psalmist acknowledges when he says, "It is good for me to be afflicted, for before I was afflicted I went astray." It may be truly said, that many who had backslidden never would have returned had it not been for the rod; other means seemed to have lost their power, but this comes home to the feelings of every one.

Whether a believer is ever permitted to go out of the world in a backslidden state, is a question of no practical importance; but it seems probable that Christians die in all conditions in which any of this character are ever found. No one has any right to presume, that if he backslides, death may not overtake him in that unprepared condition. Backsliding, then, is a fearful evil; may we all be enabled to avoid it; or, if fallen into it, to be recovered speedily from so dangerous a state.

THE TRACT DISTRIBUTOR.

(From *Old Humphrey's "Pithy Papers."*)

It is now the practice of many Christians to distribute tracts to their poorer neighbours, to the young, to the passer-by, and to all classes likely to be profited thereby; tens of thousands of printed monitors have thus been sent abroad in the world, and it would be hard to say the amount of good which has been done by these unobtrusive heralds of peace, these little messengers of mercy. But I have been struck by the different qualifications of tract distributors; some have appeared fit, and some very unfit, for the work they have undertaken.

Good men have not all amiable tempers, or polite manners—the more is the pity; for the abrupt behaviour, the forbidding brow, and the rebuking tongue of a Christian man, are sad hindrances to their usefulness. There are some men that you can love at once, and there are others with whom you would hardly like to be left alone. I could point out those who, in giving away a dozen tracts, would make a dozen friends; and I could point out those also who, in performing the same service, would make almost as many enemies.

It is always a pity when a good deed is done in a bad way. Christians should be mindful of their tempers and habits, and Christian tract distributors should remember that *they* are read, as well as the tracts they circulate.

It has occurred to me, that if we all made a practice of carrying about with us suitable tracts, for our own especial use, as well as for the use of others, it would go far in fitting us to discharge our duties in the best manner. What say you to the plan?

Now do not suppose that I am recommending what will trespass on your pockets. Do not be alarmed for your gold or your silver; not a single penny am I requiring you to lay out. The tracts that I wish to recommend are not of a common kind. They are not printed on paper with types, nor adorned with a wood-cut, nor stitched with needle and thread; yet have they some especial advantages, a few of which I will describe.

They will not cost you the value of even a farthing; they will take up no room in your pockets; they will not be injured by being carried about with you; they will rather be improved than damaged by use; they may be read without spectacles; and they are suited to every place, and to all occasions.

I might recommend a hundred of these tracts to you, but there is such a thing as overdoing a matter; half a dozen of the most striking of them will be enough for me to speak of on the present occasion.

The first tract that I advise you always to have about you is, that of a *kind-hearted, cheerful disposition*. This will not only contribute to your own happiness, but render you a welcome visitor in every habitation. Like a sunbeam, it will throw a light on every spot. It will give a double value to the words you speak, and the deeds you perform. It will mitigate pain, dissipate gloom, remove care, and impart consolation; it will do much towards conciliating your bitterest enemies, if you have any such, and it will bind you closer to your dearest friends. With this in your possession, you may win your way to the hearts of the young and the old, the ignorant and the wise; for it is a pioneer that will prepare you a road for usefulness, making many a crooked path straight, and many a rough place plain. If you have this tract, undertakings will be very easy which otherwise would be very hard; and if you have it not, even though you have all other tracts in the world, enterprises will be very hard which would otherwise be very easy. One single copy of this useful and agreeable tract is worth a king's crown.

The second tract that I recommend is, a *spirit of love*. This is, indeed, of inestimable value. Oh, what a glorious description of it is to be found in the 13th chapter of the First of Corinthians, wherein the apostle says, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity (or love), I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal!"

The apostle knew well the great worth of this spirit, otherwise he would never have ex-

claimed, "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing!" Let me advise you to read over the apostle's description; it will be better for you to read it in the Holy Scriptures, than to read it copied out by the aged hand that is now noting down these remarks.

If you have not got a copy of this tract, try your best, and leave no effort untried to obtain one. It would be cheap at any price, if you could buy it; but you cannot do that. Close not your eyes in slumber, and allow no rest for the sole of your foot, till you do something towards obtaining it. Pray, watch, and strive for it every day. If you succeed, all bitterness of spirit, all envy and hatred, and malice and uncharitableness, will be driven away from your heart. You will then be able to look on your fellow-sinners with pity, compassion, and tenderness, and to put up for your deadliest enemy that beautiful prayer of the Redeemer, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Again, I say, if it be possible, carry this tract with you every where, to calm the ruffled spirits of others, and to shed peace and tranquillity over your own.

The third tract that I beseech you by all means to possess, is a *hatred of sin*. This will prove a better defence to you than plates of brass. You will be better armed by possessing this spirit, than by putting on a coat of mail. On land or on water, at home and abroad, by day and by night, in your going out and your coming in, always have this tract with you. With God's blessing, it will keep your heart from evil, your eyes from tears, and your feet from falling.

Men often arm themselves with pistols to defend themselves from robbers; why, where one robber attacks us, we are beset with a thousand sins. The robber takes our money, but sin takes away our peace; the robber may kill the body, but sin destroys the soul! Yes, yes! 'tis a clear case, that you cannot at all get on in your Christian course without this tract. 'Tis a good sign when the conscience is tender, and shrinks from evil as the sensitive plant does from the touch. With all your care and watching, the heart will deceive you, for "it is deceitful above all things;" but if you have not a hatred of sin, have a care lest you wallow in iniquity as a sow wallows in the mire.

The fourth tract that I wish you to possess, for it is indeed a treasure, is *love to the Saviour*. If you have it not, God of his great mercy grant that it may be soon given you, for it will strengthen your hands and your heart, and move you to do more for your fellow-sinners, in helping them on their way to heaven, than any thing else in the world.

Without this tract you may almost as well read the Talmud of the Jew, the Koran of the

Mohammedan, or the Shaster of the Hindu, as the Christian Bible. Seek for it, and value it as the greatest treasure. It will stimulate you to great enterprises, reconcile you to great afflictions, support you in great trials, and afford you great consolation.

The fifth tract that I would press on your attention, is a *confidence in God's promises*. Get this and keep it, and you may "rejoice all day, and sing in the night." I need not stop to tell you the good things God has promised to his people, for there is no good thing which he has not promised to them.

Do you think that if we really believed the eternal promises of God, which are yea and amen in Jesus Christ, that we should ever be cast down? No! it is because we believe them not, that we are dispirited. We have gleams of sunshine, seasons in which we rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of our salvation; but we are such poor, wavering, doubting, unbelieving sinners that we soon begin to falter in our faith, to dishonour God, and to deprive ourselves of peace.

If we really believed that our heavenly Father would be to us a sun and shield, that in six troubles he would deliver us, and in seven let no evil come nigh us; that he would guide us by his counsel, and bring us to glory; if we had no doubt about the matter, but were fully assured in our minds, that "all the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth, unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies," then should we "rejoice always," and again be ready to rejoice.

The sixth and last tract that I urge you to carry with you wherever you go, is that of a *Christian life*. You may judge of the value and importance of this tract, when I tell you, that it embodies the substance of all the rest. It has in it the marrow of them all, the very essence of everything good and desirable.

I must honestly own that this is a very rare tract, and a perfect copy is not to be obtained. Many people in the world undervalue it; but try you to get it, and when you have it, value it far above the poor perishable bits and drops that sustain your mortal tabernacle. Compared with it silver and gold are as dross, neither can rubies fairly be brought forward in comparison with it.

And now, perhaps, you are ready to ask me, if I carry these tracts continually with me? Oh that I did! Oh that they clung to me closely as my garments, and were a part of my very being!

But, remember, you are not to screen yourselves behind my infirmities. If I am not so kind-hearted as I ought to be; if, at times, anger flushes my cheek, instead of forbearance and love filling my heart, it is to my reproach, but not to your justification. However numberless my transgressions, and faint my love to the Saviour, if my faith be feeble, and my life

be blotted and blurred with a thousand, ay, ten thousand blemishes, these things will neither excuse your deficiencies, nor save you from the consequences of error.

Again I say, and I say it with fervency and affection, get these tracts, if you have them not. Ask them of God, who gives liberally Christian gifts and Christian graces to his people, and read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them; for they will be an ensample and encouragement to others—a lamp to your feet, and a blessing to your soul.

In conclusion, bear in mind that what is necessary to be done, is necessary also to be done directly. The pyramids may possibly endure a few more flying centuries, and after they are mouldering in the dust, the “everlasting hills” may be lifting their giant heads to the skies; but you and I are but creatures of a day, and the sun of to-morrow we may not see. Onward, then, for heaven! seeking humbly and ardently, as we pursue our pilgrimage, the good of men and the glory of the Redeemer.

LIFE AND MIRACLES OF ST. PHILOMENA, THE WONDER-WORKER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE following specimens are from a collection of fables, of very recent invention, and now circulated in Roman Catholic countries under the above title. They have been translated from a small volume in French, bought at the warehouse of the well-known house of Gauthier Freres et Cie., booksellers at Paris and Besancon. That it is not intended as a mere story book of idle tales for the nursery, appears from the arch-episcopal arms (of Paris, we presume) being on the outer and inner title, as well as from the approbation coming after the title, which runs thus:—

“Peter Tobias, bishop of Lausanne and of Geneva, &c.

“The present little work being an extract from others that are more extensive, printed in Italy with approbation of the ecclesiastical authority, and having been examined by theologians worthy of our confidence, we permit it being printed and circulated in our diocese, referring ourselves, nevertheless, in this matter to the protestations of the author, and specially to the decree of Urban VIII. on this matter. We further believe, after the example of a great many of our colleagues in the episcopate, that we second the designs of Divine Providence in recommending to our diocessans the devotion to the holy Thaumaturge Philomena, virgin and martyr, persuaded that it will produce in our diocese, as elsewhere, abundant fruits of sanctification.

“Given at Fribourg, in our episcopal house, the 14th of July 1834.

† PIERRE TOBIE,
Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva.
Je. Xr. FONTANE,
Chancellor of the Bishoprick.”

A notice to readers follows, which, for its matchless absurdity and bare-faced imposture, exceeds belief. It announces that most part of the contents have been taken from two works in Italian, both subjected, before publication, to ecclesiastical authority, and of which

the one principally extracted from has the *imprimatur* of the holy office—that is, the Inquisition—dated so lately as December 1833. The other, of which the first is but an abridgment, contains the following signal proof of what has been called the invincible Paganism of Italy. “The name of St. Philomena resounds everywhere with glory; her devotion gains all hearts. Bishops, archbishops, princes of the Church, grown people, children—all, even to the very heretics and impious, whose eyes have been opened by the works of Thaumaturge, are eager to pay her homage. I have heard bishops exclaim: ‘Blessed be God, who vivifies us by St. Philomena!’” Since the public establishment of her worship in the dioceses, people may be seen, who did not even believe in the creation, humbly seeking for an image of the saint, and, when they had succeeded in finding it, their faith rejoiced at it as at the possession of a treasure! . . .” We verily believe this last particular, for the passage from the extreme of infidelity to gross and childish superstition, is the easiest of all, and hence the high hopes of semi-pagan priests and devotees in our large towns, where ignorance and infidelity are prepared to pass from no belief in the God who made the universe, to belief in the divinity of dolls. We have, then, an amusing specimen of the kind of reasoning employed to give credibility to tales utterly wanting in real evidence. We are gravely told, that as St. Philomena has acquired her celebrity only by the recital of her wonders by the voice and pen, we ought to see in this very celebrity a living proof of the truth of these recitals!—a kind of reasoning which would equally establish the truth of Gulliver’s travels, owing to the undoubted celebrity of their author Dean Swift. A second proof is drawn from the favours of all kinds which are said to accompany the recitals, but which unfortunately need themselves to be verified. But the third and last proof is the best of all, namely, that they are preached, and printed, and reprinted in Italy, and in the face of the popedom! Lest, however, their claims to authenticity should come to be too roughly handled, there is a very prudent reservation at the close.

At page 108, we have the following account of a miracle that happened at the festival of this idol, in 1830, at Castel Vetere. The pomp was magnificent, and the crowd extraordinary. All the bells were set a sounding; and it is a well known frolic for boys to mount the steeples, and to set the sonorous metal in motion; but they do not always take care of themselves, and this led to the fall of one of the silly lads who were at the bells that day. He fell from a height of about fifty palms, and must have been dashed to pieces on reaching the pavement. His companions thought him lost; they raise a cry—the people run to the spot; and while every one is expecting to find him crushed and lifeless, they see him get up full of vigour, run along, and as proud of his fall as if it were a triumph, went up the steeple as fast as he could to where he had fallen from. He had owed his safety to the name of St. Philomena, whom, at the moment of his fall, he had instantly called upon.

Such is the Christianity propagated by Rome! Such is the manner in which man, in the hour of imminent

peril and death, is instructed to call upon God! Such is that Church's comment upon the texts, that in God's hands our breath is—that his are all our ways—that without God's providence not a sparrow falleth to the ground. Such is the Papal parody upon the prayer, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will answer thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Is it not foul blasphemy to convert that command into, "Call upon St. Philomena in the day of trouble, and she will answer thee, and thou shalt glorify her?" Does this not involve a complete change from the worship of the true God to Paganism?

The heathens, says a convert from Popery, notwithstanding the exorbitant veneration they had for their idols, treated them with indignity as often as they miscarried in any expedition. Witness the people of *Arcadia*, who used to revenge their ill-success in hunting upon their god Pan, by pelting him with onions. Sometimes, as is practised still in the East Indies, they besmeared them with filth. Images are treated in like manner in the Church of Rome. For we learn from Molanus, in his history of Holy Images, Bodinus in his Demonology, and others, that images are sometimes dragged into a river or pool of water, to oblige them to bring rain, or to punish them for not bringing fair weather; and that, on feast days, a table is spread and covered with flowers; but if it rains, they cover it with puddle.

Now so it is with this modern idol Philomena in Italy at this day, and the toys of images by which she is represented as a household god. Take the following example: This prodigy took place at Naples in 1831, and in the house of a poor washer-woman, who was suffering extremely. She was called Ann Moccia, and had married an artisan called Joseph Cagiano. To obtain relief from her pain, she proposed having a small lamp kept burning day and night before the image of the saint; all which was punctually executed as long as her savings allowed her. But one night, on finding herself without oil and without money, "My good saint," said she with much simplicity, "I have nothing either for you or for myself; now we are both in the dark; but as I must work, good-by—you must allow me to leave you;" and so she goes into the next house, to do her work by another light, after having shut the door and taken the key with her. The night was already far advanced when she regained her lodging. She opens; and what is her astonishment in seeing the lamp lighted, full of oil, and her poor residence miraculously supplied with light! She runs immediately to the window, calls her neighbours, tells them what has happened, and invites them to thank with her St. Philomena for this affecting act of goodness. It was only the prelude to many others. Shortly afterwards a child was born to her, but it was dead. The nurse who attended her had address enough to conceal this from her; and while devoting herself entirely to her, the little body lay on the stone, and when the weather was cold enough; it was the 15th of March. An hour and a half had passed. The poor mother at last came to know her loss. In the bitterness of her distress, she

is heard to give utterance to these words: "A fine favour this, indeed, that you have done me! Begone, I will have no more of you in the house. Take that image; put it out of my sight."

Could there be grosser or more childish Paganism than this? Yet we have the episcopal *inprimatur*, and are told that the books in which it occurs are printed and reprinted, and sold and circulated, fast as printed, in the Roman Catholic world. After this fit of childish ill-humour with her idol doll, a miracle follows, and no less a miracle than the coming to life again of the dead child. "This miracle," we learn, "made a great noise at Naples; and several learned and zealous ecclesiastics published it in all parts in honour" not of God, be marked, but "of the celebrated Thaumaturge or wonder-worker."

APOLOGIES FOR DISCONTENT ANSWERED.

(Continued from page 378.)

THE FOURTH APOLOGY.

THE next apology that discontent makes is—*But my friends have dealt very unkindly with me, and proved false.*

Answer. It is sad when a friend proves like a brook in summer. (Job vi. 15.) The traveller being parched with heat, comes to the brook, hoping to refresh himself, but the brook is dried up; yet be content.

1. Thou art not alone. Others of the saints have been betrayed by friends; and when they have leaned upon them, they have been as a foot out of joint. This was true in the type, David: "It was not an enemy that reproached me; but it was thou, a man, mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance. We took sweet counsel together" (Ps. lv. 12-14); and in the Antitype, Christ, he was betrayed by a friend; and why should we think it strange to have the same measure dealt out to us as Jesus Christ had? "The servant is not above his master."

2. A Christian may often read his sin in his punishment. Hath not he dealt treacherously with God? How oft hath he grieved the Comforter, broken his vows, and through unbelief sided with Satan against God! How oft hath he abused love, taking the jewels of God's mercies, and making a golden calf of them, serving his own lusts! How oft hath he made the free grace of God, which should have been a bolt to keep out sin, rather a key to open the door to it! These wounds hath the Lord received in the house of his friends. (Zech. xiii. 6.) Look upon the unkindness of thy friend, and mourn for thy unkindness against God. Shall a Christian condemn that in another which he hath been too guilty of himself?

3. Hath thy friend proved treacherous? Perhaps you did repose too much confidence in him. If you lay more weight upon a house than the pillars will bear, it must needs break. God saith, "Trust ye not in a friend." (Mic. vii. 5.) Perhaps you put more trust in him than you did dare to put in God. Friends are as brittle glasses; we may use them, but if we lean too hard upon them they will break. Behold matter of humility, but not of sullenness and discontent.

4. You have a Friend in heaven who will never fail you. "There is a friend," saith Solomon, "that

sticketh closer than a brother." (Prov. xviii. 24.) Such a Friend is God; he is the best Friend, who may give contentment in the midst of all discourtesies of friends. Consider,

(1.) He is a loving Friend. "God is love." (1 John iv. 16.) Hence he is said sometimes to engrave us on the palms of his hand (Isa. xlix. 16), that we may be never out of his eye, and to carry us in his bosom (Isa. xl. 11), near to his heart. There is no stop or stint in his love; but, as the River Nile, it overflows all the banks. His love is as far beyond our thoughts as it is above our deserts. O the infinite love of God, in giving the Son of his love to be made flesh, which was more than if all the angels had been made worms! God, in giving Christ to us, gave his very heart to us; here is love drawn in all its glory, and engraven as with the point of a diamond. All other love is hated in comparison of the love of our Friend.

(2.) He is a careful Friend. "He careth for you." (1 Pet. v. 7.)

[1.] He minds and transacts our business as his own; he accounts his people's interests and concerns as his interest.

[2.] He provides for us grace to enable us, glory to enrich us. It was David's complaint, "No man cared for my soul." (Ps. cxlii. 4.) A Christian hath a Friend that cares for him.

[3.] He is a prudent Friend. (Dan. ii. 20.) A friend may sometimes err through ignorance or mistake, and give his friend poison instead of sugar; but God is wise in heart. (Job ix. 4.) He is skilful as well as faithful; he knows what our disease is, and what medicine is most proper to apply; he knows what will do us good, and what wind will be best to carry us to heaven.

[4.] He is a faithful Friend. (Deut. vii. 9.) He is faithful in his promises: "In hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised." (Tit. i. 2.) God's people are "children that will not lie" (Isa. lxiii. 8); but God is a God that cannot lie. He will not deceive the faith of his people; nay, he cannot. He is called The Truth; he can as well cease to be God as cease to be true. The Lord may sometimes change his promise, as when he converts a temporal promise into a spiritual; but he can never break his promise.

[5.] He is a compassionate Friend. Hence in Scripture we read of the yearnings of his bowels. (Jer. xxxi. 20.) God's friendship is nothing else but compassion; for there is naturally no affection in us to desire his friendship, and no goodness in us to deserve it; the loadstone is in himself. When we were full of sin, he was full of compassion; when we were enemies, he sent an embassy of peace; when our hearts were turned back from God, his heart was turned towards us. O the tenderness and sympathy of our Friend in heaven! We ourselves have some relinings of heart to those which are in misery; but it is God who begets all the mercies and compassions that are in us, therefore he is called "the Father of mercies." (2 Cor. i. 3.)

[6.] He is a constant Friend. "His compassions fail not." (Lam. iii. 22.) Friends do often in adversity drop off as leaves in autumn. Joab was for a time faithful to King David's house—he went not after Absalom's treason; but within a while proved false to the crown, and went after the treason of Adonijah. (1 Kings i. 7.) God is a Friend for ever. "Having loved his own, he loved them unto the end." (John xiii. 1.) What though I am despised? yet God loves me. What though my friends cast me off? yet God loves me. He loves me to the end, and there is no end of that love.

These considerations, methinks, in case of discourtesies and unkindnesses, are enough to charm down discontent.

THE FIFTH APOLOGY.

The next apology is—*I am under great reproaches.* Let not this discontent; for,

1. It is a sign there is some good in thee. "What evil have I done," saith Socrates, "that this bad man commends me?" The applause of the wicked usually denotes some evil, and their censure imports some good. (Ps. xxxviii. 20.) David wept and fasted, and that was turned to his reproach. (Ps. lxi. 10.) As we must pass to heaven through the pikes of suffering, so through the clouds of reproach.

2. If your reproach be for God, as David's was, "For thy sake I have borne reproach" (Ps. lxi. 7), then it is rather matter of triumph than dejection. Christ doth not say, when you are reproached, Be discontented; but, Rejoice. (Matt. v. 12.) Wear your reproach as a diadem of honour, for now a spirit of glory rests upon you. (1 Pet. iv. 14.) Put your reproaches into the inventory of your riches; so did Moses. (Heb. xi. 26.) It should be a Christian's ambition to wear his Saviour's livery, though it be sprinkled with blood, and sullied with disgrace.

3. God will do us good by reproach; as David said of Shimei's cursing, "It may be, the Lord will requite me good for his cursing this day." (2 Sam. xvi. 12.) This puts us upon searching out sin. A child of God labours to read his sin in every stone of reproach that is cast at him; besides, now we have an opportunity to exercise patience and humility.

4. Jesus Christ was content to be reproached for us; he despised the shame of the cross. (Heb. xii. 2.) It may amaze us to think that he who was God could endure to be spat upon, to be crowned with thorns, in a kind of jeer; and when he was ready to bow his head upon the cross, to have the Jews in scorn wag their heads, and say, "He saved others, himself he cannot save." The shame of the cross was as much as the blood of the cross; his name was crucified before his body. The sharp arrows of reproach that the world did shoot at Christ, went deeper into his heart than the spear. His suffering was so ignominious, that, as if it did blush to behold, the sun withdrew its bright beams, and masked itself with a cloud; and well it might, when the Sun of Righteousness was in an eclipse. All this contumely and reproach did the God of glory endure, or rather despise for us. O then, let us be content to have our names eclipsed for Christ; let not reproach lie at our heart, but let us bind it as a crown about our head. Alas, what is reproach? this is but small shot; how will men stand in the mouth of the cannon? Those who are discontented at a reproach, will be offended at a tagot.

5. Is not many a man contented to suffer reproach for maintaining his lust? and shall not we for maintaining the truth? Some glory in that which is their shame (Phil. iii. 19); and shall we be ashamed of that which is our glory? Be not troubled at these petty things. He whose heart is once divinely touched with the loadstone of God's Spirit, doth account it his honour to be dishonoured for Christ (Acts v. 41); and doth as much despise the world's censure as he doth their praise.

6. We live in an age wherein men dare reproach God himself. The Divinity of the Son of God is blasphemously reproached by the Socinian. The blessed Bible is reproached by the anti-Scripturist, as if it were but a legend of lies, and every man's faith a fable; the justice of God is called to the bar of reason by the Pelagian; the wisdom of God, in his

providential actings, is taxed by the Atheist; the ordinances of God are decry'd by some men as being too heavy a burden for a free-born conscience, and too low and carnal for a sublime, seraphic spirit; the ways of God, which have the majesty of holiness shining in them, are calumniated by the profane; the mouths of men are open against God, as if he were a hard master, and the path of religion too strict and severe. If men cannot give God a good word, shall we be discontented or troubled that they speak hardly of us? Such as labour to bury the glory of religion, shall we wonder that their throats are open sepulchres to bury our good name? (Rom. iii. 13.) O let us be contented while we are in God's scouring-house to have our names sullied a little; the blacker we seem to be here, the brighter shall we shine when God hath set us upon the celestial shelf.

THE SIXTH APOLOGY.

The sixth apology that discontent makes is—*Disrespect in the world; I have not that esteem from men as is suitable to my quality and graces.* And doth this trouble? Consider,

1. The world is an unequal judge; as it is full of change, so of partiality. The world gives her respects, as she doth her places of preferment, more by favour often than desert. Hast thou the ground of real worth in thee? that is best worth that is in him that hath it. Honour is in him that gives it. Better deserve respect and not have it, than have it and not deserve it.

2. Hast thou grace? God respects thee, and his judgment is best worth prizing. A believer is a person of honour, being born of God. "Since thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast been honourable, and I have loved thee," (Isa. xliii. 4.) Let the world think what they will of you; perhaps in their eyes you are a castaway; in God's eyes a dove (Cant. ii. 14); a spouse (Cant. v. 1); a jewel (Mal. iii. 17). Others account you the dregs and offscourings of the world (1 Cor. iv. 13); but God will give whole kingdoms for your ransom. (Isa. xliii. 3.) Let this content—No matter with what oblique eyes I am looked upon in the world, if God thinks well of me. It is better that God approve, than man applaud. The world may put us in their rubric, and God put us in his black book. What is a man the better that his fellow-prisoners commend him, if his judge condemn him? O labour to keep in with God—prize his love. Let my fellow-subjects frown; I am contented, being a favourite of the King of heaven.

3. If we are children of God, we must look for disrespect; a believer is *in* the world, but not *of* the world. We are here in a pilgrim condition, out of our own country (Heb. xiii. 14), therefore must not look for the respect and acclamations of the world; it is sufficient that we shall have honour in our own country. It is dangerous to be the world's favourite.

4. Discontent arising from disrespect savours too much of pride; an humble Christian hath a lower opinion of himself than others can have of him. He that is taken up about the thoughts of his sins, and how he hath provoked God, he cries out as Agur, "I am more brutish than any man" (Prov. xxx. 2); and therefore is contented, though he be set among the dogs of the flock. (Job xxx. i.) Though he be low in the thoughts of others, yet he is thankful that he is not laid in the lowest hell. (Ps. lxxxvi. 13.) A proud man sets a high value upon himself; and is angry with others because they will not come to his price. Take heed of pride. O had others a window to look into thy breast, as Crates once expressed it, or did thy heart stand where thy face doth, thou wouldest wonder to have so much respect!

THE OUTSIDE PASSENGER.

SOME years ago a young lady, who was going into a northern county, took a seat in the stage coach. For many miles she rode alone; but there was enough to amuse her in the scenery through which she passed and the pleasing anticipations that occupied her mind. She had been engaged as governess for the grand-children of an earl, and was now travelling to his seat. At mid-day the coach stopped at an inn at which dinner was provided, and she alighted and sat down at the table. An elderly man followed, and sat down also. The young lady arose, rang the bell, and addressing the waiter, said, "Here is an outside passenger: I cannot dine with an outside passenger." The stranger bowed, saying, "I beg your pardon, madam; I can go into another room," and immediately retired. The coach soon afterwards resumed its course, and the passengers their places.

At length the coach stopped at the gate leading to the castle to which the young lady was going; but there was not such prompt attention as she expected. All eyes seemed directed to the outside passenger, who was preparing to dismount. She beckoned, and was answered, "As soon as we have attended to his lordship we will come to you." A few words of explanation ensued, and to her dismay she found that the outside passenger with whom she had thought it beneath her to dine, was not only a nobleman, but that very nobleman in whose family she had hoped to be an inmate. What could she do? How could she bear the interview? She felt really ill, and the apology she sent for her non-appearance that evening was more than pretence.

The venerable peer was a considerate man, and one who knew the way in which the Scripture often speaks of the going down of the sun. "We must not allow the night to pass thus," said he to the countess; "you must send for her, and we must talk to her before bed time." He reasoned with the foolish girl respecting her conduct, and on the impropriety of the state of mind that it evinced, assured her that nothing could induce him to allow his children to be taught such notions, refused to accept any apology that did not go the length of acknowledging that the thought was wrong; and when the right impression appeared to be produced, pardoned her and gave her his hand.

The Lord of all, before whose judgment-seat every human being must hereafter stand, was for a season in the world, and the world knew him not. When he was on earth, the Son of God was but an outside passenger. With what consternation will many of those who treated him with disdain, recognise in the Almighty Judge of the quick and the dead, the despised itinerant from Galilee whom they scorned and derided! And as was with him, so it is with his living representatives. By far the greater

number of those who belong to the court of the Prince of princes have been outside passengers. What will the feelings be of many who have heard the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto me!"

Happy would it be for the Churches of Christ if all who belong to them were to remember habitually that they also have a Master who is in heaven; and that nothing is more clearly deducible from his instructions, than that every one who desires to enjoy his favour should be ready, at all times, to exercise courtesy towards an outside passenger.—*Baptist Magazine.*

PECULIAR GIFTS.

THERE is a great diversity of character among real Christians. Education, constitution, and circumstances, will fully explain this diversity.

He has seen but little of life, who does not discern everywhere the effects of EDUCATION on men's opinions and habits of thinking. Two children bring out of the nursery that which displays itself throughout their lives. And who is the man that can rise above his dispensation, and can say "You have been teaching me nonsense?"

As to CONSTITUTION—look at Martin Luther: we may see the man every day: his eyes, and nose, and mouth, attest his character. Look at Melancthon: he is like a snail with his couple of horns: he puts out his horns and feels—and feels—and feels. No education could have rendered these two men alike. Their difference began in the womb. Luther dashes in saying his things: Melancthon must go round about—he must consider what the Greek says, and what the Syriac says. Some men are born minute men—lexicographers—of a German character: they will hunt through libraries to rectify a syllable. Other men are born keen as a razor: they have a sharp, severe, strong acumen: they cut everything to pieces: their minds are like a case of instruments; touch which you will, it wounds: they crucify a modest man. Such men should aim at a right knowledge of character. If they attained this, they would find out the sin that easily besets them. The greater the capacity of such men, the greater their cruelty. They ought to blunt their instruments. They ought to keep them in a case. Other men are ambitious—fond of power: pride and power give a velocity to their motions. Others are born with a quiet, retiring mind. Some are naturally fierce, and others naturally mild and placable. Men often take to themselves great credit for what they owe entirely to nature. If we would judge rightly, we should see that narrowness or expansion of mind, niggardiness or generosity, delicacy or boldness, have less of merit or demerit than we commonly assign to them.

CIRCUMSTANCES, also, are not sufficiently taken into the account when we estimate character. For example—we generally censure the Reformers and Puritans as dogmatic, morose, systematic men. But it is easier to walk on a road, than to form that road. *Other men laboured, and we have entered into their labours.* In a fine day, I can walk abroad; but, in a rough and stormy day, I should find it another thing to turn coachman, and dare all weathers. These men had to bear the burden and heat of the day: they had to fight against hard times: they had to stand up against learning and power. Their times were not like ours: a man may now think what he will, and nobody cares what he thinks. A

man of that school was, of course, stiff, rigid, unyielding. Tuckney was such a man: Whichcot was for smoothing things, and walking abroad. We see circumstances operating in many other ways. A minister unmarried, and the same man married, are very different men. A minister in a small parish, and the same man in a large sphere, where his sides are spurred and goaded, are very different men. A minister on tenter-hooks—harassed—schooled, and the same man nursed—cherished—put into a hot-house, are very different men. Some of us are hot-house plants. We grow tall—not better—not stronger. Talents are among the circumstances which form the diversity of character.

A man of talents feels his own powers, and throws himself into that line which he can pursue with most success. Saurin felt that he could flourish—lighten—thunder—enchant like a magician. Every one should seriously consider how far his talents and turn of mind and circumstances drive him out of the right road. It is an easy thing for a man of vigour to bring a quiet one before his bar; and it is as easy for this quiet man to condemn the other: yet both may be really pious men—serving God with their best powers. *Every man has his peculiar gift of God; one after this manner, and the other after that.—Cecil.*

A USEFUL SHELF.

I HAVE long adopted an expedient, which I have found of singular service. I have a shelf in my study for tried authors, and one in my mind for tried principles and characters.

When an AUTHOR has stood a thorough examination, and will bear to be taken as a guide, I put him on the shelf!

When I have more fully made up my mind on a PRINCIPLE, I put it on the shelf! A hundred subtle objections may be brought against this principle: I may meet with some of them, perhaps: but my principle is on the shelf! Generally, I may be able to recall the reasons which weighed with me to put it there; but, if not, I am not to be sent out to sea again. Time was, when I saw through and detected all the subtleties that could be brought against it. I have past evidence of having been fully convinced: and there on the shelf it shall lie!

When I have turned a CHARACTER over and over on all sides, and seen it through and through in all situations, I put it on the shelf. There may be conduct in the person, which may stumble others: there may be great inconsistencies: there may be strange and unaccountable turns—but I have put that character on the shelf: difficulties will all be cleared up: everything will come round again. I should be much chagrined, indeed, to be obliged to take a character down which I had once put up; but that has never been the case with me yet; and the best guard against it is—not to be too hasty in putting them there.—*Ibid.*

GOOD FROM UNLIKELY PREACHERS.

I HAVE felt twice in my life very extraordinary impressions under sermons, and that from men least calculated to affect me. A man of great powers, but

so dissipated on everything that he knew nothing—a frivolous, futile babbler, whom I was ready almost to despise—surprised and chained me so, in my own church at Lewes, that I was thunder-struck: I think it was concerning the dove not finding rest for the sole of her foot. He felt the subject strongly himself; and, in spite of all my prejudices against him, and my real knowledge of his character, he made me feel it as I have scarcely ever done before or since. In the other instance, I had to do with a very different character: he was a simple, but weak man: it pleased God, however, to shoot an arrow by his hand into my heart: I had been some time in a dry, fruitless frame, and was persuading myself that all was going on well. He said one day, at Lewes, with an indescribable simplicity, that “Men might cheer themselves in the morning, and they might pass on tolerably well perhaps without God at noon: but the cool of the day was coming, when God would come down to talk with them.” It was a message from God to me: I felt as though God had descended into the church, and was about to call me to my account. In the former instance, I was more surprised and astonished than affected religiously; but, in this, I was unspeakably moved.—*Ibid.*

SOUL.

SICK persons are often sent by physicians to their native soil, that they may again breathe the original air they drew when born at first. The spirit of man was first breathed into him by the Father of spirits, and heaven is the believer's native place; nor can sick souls be cured until God is enjoyed and heaven in him.

As soon may a trunk be filled with wisdom as a soul with wealth; and as soon might bodily substances be nourished with shadows as rational spirits be fed with bodies.—*Arrowsmith.*

WATCHFULNESS.

A BELIEVER's watchfulness is somewhat like that of a soldier on guard. A sentinel posted on the walls, when he discovers a hostile party advancing, does not attempt to make head against them himself; but informs his commanding officer of the enemy's approach, and leaves him to take the proper measures to repel the foe. So the Christian does not attempt to fight temptation in his own strength: his watchfulness lies in observing its approach, and in telling God of it by prayer.—*Tozer.*

TRUST GOD.

I could write down twenty cases wherein I wished God had done otherwise than he did; but which I now see, had I had my own will, would have led to extensive mischief. The life of a Christian is a life of paradoxes. He must lay hold on good; he must follow hard after him; he must determine not to let him go. And yet he must learn to let God alone. Quietness before God is one of the most difficult of all Christian graces—to sit where he places us; to be what he would have us be, and this as long as He pleases.

A CAUSE OF MELANCHOLY.

THERE is a large class who would confound nature and grace. These are chiefly women. They sit at

home, nursing themselves over a fire, and then trace up the natural effects of solitude and want of air and exercise into spiritual desertion. There is more pride in this than they are aware of. They are unwilling to allow so simple and natural a cause of their feelings, and wish to find something in the thing more sublime.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

How little of the sea can a child carry in his hand! as little do I take away of my great sea, the boundless love of Christ.

My Lord Jesus is kinder to me than ever he was. It pleaseth him to dine and sup with his afflicted prisoner. The King feasteth me, and his spikenard casteth a sweet smell. Put Christ's love to the trial, and throw all your burdens upon it, and then it will appear love indeed. We employ not his love, and therefore we know it not.—*Rutherford.*

Fragments.

THERE are certain great principles clearly laid down in Scripture, in relation to giving, and the use of property generally, which, by almost all men, are sceptically disregarded—as, for example, 1. That what we have, we hold as stewards that must give account. 2. That the way to increase is to distribute. Some are rich because liberal. 3. That what is given to the poor, is loaned to the Lord. 4. That God has designated a tenth himself; and Pagans give that proportion to their gods. 5. That what is done to Christians, is done to Christ.

The low and scurrilous writers against revelation carry their own condemnation with them. They are like an ill-looking fellow, who comes into a court of justice to give evidence, but carries the aspect, on the first glance, of a town-bully, ready to swear whatever shall be suggested to him.

When the ship that carried Jonah sailed from Joppa, there was only one good man aboard, and the storm was for his sake.

In Paris, during the Revolution, theatres increased from six to twenty-five.

The worst orphans are those who have wicked parents alive.

Religion should be not a rapture, but a habit.

Modesty and diffidence always attend true greatness, in nature and in grace. Samuel was slow to tell his vision: and Paul told his not till after fourteen years, and then by compulsion.

Conscience is a bosom friend or bosom fury—the quarter sessions before its grand assize.

To have too much forethought, is the part of a WRETCH: to have too little, is the part of a FOOL.

Remember: always to mix good sense with good things, or they will become disgusting.

A wicked man is a candidate for nothing but hell!—However he may live, if his conscience were awake, he would turn pale at this question, *What shall I do in the end thereof?*

Peter died A.D. 66. John survived him forty years—was he subject to the successor of Peter?

The greatest honour some men could do the Christian name, would be to disclaim it.

THE DUTY OF PRAYER FOR MINISTERS.

THE ministers of the gospel are, in an especial manner, to be remembered in the saints' prayers.

I. In regard to God, whose message they bring. They come about his work, and deliver his errand. Not to pray for them will be interpreted that you wish not well to the business they have in hand for him; they do not only come from God, but with Christ: "We, as workers together with him, beseech you not to receive the grace of God in vain." 2 Cor. vi. 1. Christ and the minister go into the pulpit together; a greater than man is there; Master and servant are both at work. Again, the blessing of the minister's labour is from God; not the hand that sets the plant, or sows the seed, but God's blessing gives the increase. 1 Cor. iii. 6. When Melancthon was first converted, the light of the gospel shone with so clear and strong a beam on his own eyes, that he thought he should convert all he preached unto; he deemed it was impossible his hearers should withstand the truth, which he saw with so much evidence; but he afterwards found the contrary, which made him say, "I see now that old Adam is too hard for young Melancthon." God carries the key by his girdle, that alone can open hearts, and prayer is the key to open his. When Christ intended to send forth his disciples to preach the gospel, he sets them solemnly to prayer. Matt. ix. 38. Many are the promises which he hath given to the ministers of the gospel for their protection, that he will keep these stars in his right hand, or they had been on the ground, and stamped under foot long ago. "I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say." Exod. iv. 12. "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations: and I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Matt. xxviii. 19, 20. Wherefore are these promises, but to be shot back again in prayers to God who gave them?

II. In regard of the ministers themselves. There is not a greater object of pity and prayer in the world, than the faithful ministers of Christ, if you consider, *First*, The importance of their work; it is temple-work, and that is weighty; which made Paul cry out, "Who is sufficient for these things?" "I am doing a great work," said Nehemiah (chap. vi. 3). But what was that to Paul's? There is no work

more hazardous to miscarry in than this. It is sad enough to drop to hell from under the pulpit; to hear the gospel and yet to perish; but O how dismal to fall out of it thither for unfaithfulness in the work! The consideration of this made Paul so bestir himself: "Knowing the terror of the Lord, we persuade men." *Secondly*, It is a laborious work: "Know them which labour among you, and admonish you" (1 Thess. v. 12)—those who labour in the word and doctrine, who labour to weariness. He that preaches as he should, shall find it a work, not of an hour while speaking in the pulpit, but a load that lies heavy on his shoulders all the week; a labour that spends the vitals, and consumes the oil that should feed the lamp of nature; such a labour, in a word, as makes old age and youth often meet together. The Jews took Christ to be about fifty years old, when he was little above thirty (John viii. 57), because Christ had so macerated his body with labour in preaching, fasting, and watching, that it made his very countenance appear aged. Other callings are, many of them, but as exercise to nature—they blow off the ashes from the coal, and help to discharge nature of those superfluities which oppress it. Who eats his bread more heartily, and sleeps more sweetly, than the ploughman? But the minister's work debilitates nature; like the candle, he wastes while he shines: whatever work is thought harder than another, we have it borrowed to set forth the minister's labour; they are called soldiers, watchmen, husbandmen. *Thirdly*, It is an opposed work. 1st, By hell. The devil never liked temple-work. He that was at Joshua's right hand to resist him, is at the minister's elbow to disturb him, both in the study and in the pulpit: "I would have come," saith Paul, "but Satan hindered me." Who can tell all the devices that Satan hath to take the minister off, or hinder him in his work? One while he discourageth him, so that he is ready, with Jonah, to run away from his charge; another while he is blowing him up with pride: even Paul himself hath a thorn given him in his flesh, to keep pride out of his heart: sometimes he disturbs him with passion, and leavens his zeal into sourness and unmercifulness. Thus the disciples were tainted with, when they called for fire to come down from heaven upon

those who stood in their way. Sometimes he chills their zeal, and intimidates their spirits into cowardice and self-pity. Thus Peter favoured himself when he denied his Master; and at another time, dissembled with the Jews, to obtain their favour. *2d*, It is opposed by the wicked world. "To be a minister," saith Luther, "is nothing else but to drive the world's wrath and fury upon himself." How are they loaded with reproaches! This dirt nowhere lies so thick as on the minister's coat. What odious names did the apostles themselves go under! And it were well they would only smite them with their tongues; but in all ages persecutors have thirsted most after their blood. The persecution in the Acts begins with the cutting off of James' head; seven thousand could lie better hid in Jezebel's time, than one prophet: these are the burdensome stones that every one is lifting at, though none can do it without bruising their own fingers. In every national storm almost, these are taken up to be thrown overboard as those that raised it. How many are there of an opinion, that nothing keeps them from seeing happy days, but the standing of ministers and their office! O, miserable happiness, which cannot be bought and purchased, but with the ruin of those that bring the tidings of peace and salvation! Such a happiness this would be, as the sheep had in the fable, when persuaded to have the dogs that kept the wolves off, killed; or as the passengers at sea would have, when their pilot is thrown overboard: in a word, such a happiness as the Jews had, when Christ was taken out of the way by their murderous hands; they slew him, to preserve themselves and their city from the Romans, but brought them with irreparable ruin by this very means upon their own head. *3d*, That which adds weight to the former, is, that the men who are to bear this heavy burden, and to conflict with all these difficulties and dangers, are those who have no stronger shoulders than others, for they are men subject to the like infirmities with their brethren. Now, will not all this melt you into compassion toward them, and your compassion send you to prayer for them? Shall they stand in the face of death and danger, where Satan's bullets, and man's also, fly so thick, and you not be at the pains to raise a breast-work before them for their defence by your prayers?

III. In regard of yourselves. Love to yourselves should induce you to pray for them. *First*, Consider that the ministry is an office set up on purpose for your sakes. It was never

intended for the exalting of a few men above their brethren, but for the service of your faith. The gifts that Christ hath given to men (Eph. v. 12), are for the edifying of the body of Christ; and will you not pray for those that, from one end of the year to another, are at work for you? If you had but a child or servant sent abroad about your worldly business, would you not send a prayer after him? Thus did good Jacob, when his children went on his errand to Egypt: "God Almighty give you mercy before the man." Will not you do this much for your minister, and pray that God Almighty may go with him, when in his study to prepare, and when in the pulpit to deliver, what he hath prepared for your souls? *Secondly*, The minister's miscarriage is dangerous to the people; therefore pray for them, lest you be led into temptation by their falls. The sins of teachers are the teachers of sin. If the nurse be sick, the child is in danger; if the minister be tainted with an error, it is strange if many of his people should not catch the infection; if he be loose and scandalous in his life, he is like a common well, corrupted and muddied, at which all the town draw their water. The devil aimed at more than Peter, when he desired leave to try a fall with him. Luke xxii. 31. "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat." He knew his fall was likely to lead to the fall of many others. The minister's practice makes a greater sound than his doctrine. They who forget his sermon, will remember his example, to quote it for their apology, when time serves. Peter withdraws, and other Jews dissembled with him. Gal. ii. 12, 13. Truly, your ministers are but men, subject to like passions with yourselves: he among them that presumes that he shall not slide into an error, or fall into a sin, is bolder than any promise in the Word gives him leave: they need your prayers as much as any, and those most that fear their danger least. *Thirdly*, By praying for the minister, you take the most hopeful way to profit by his ministry. Such a soul as this may come in expectation of having a portion laid on his trencher; and such guests as send to heaven before they come to an ordinance, are most likely to have the best entertainment. He that hears a sermon, and hath not prayed for his minister and the success of his labours, sits down to his meat before he hath craved a blessing; he plays the thief to his own soul, while he robs the minister of the assistance his prayers might have brought him from heaven. The less the minister is

prayed for, the less it is to be feared will the people profit. *Fourthly*, By praying for the minister, you not only render the word he preacheth more effectual to yourselves, but also interest yourselves in the good his ministry does to others: as there is a way of partaking in others' sins, so in others' holy services. He that strengthens the hands of a sinner any way in his wicked practices, makes his sin his own, and shall partake with him in the wages due to the work when the day of reckoning comes. So he that strengthens the minister's hand in his holy work, whether by prayer, countenance, or relief of his necessities, becomes a partaker with him in his service, and shall not be left out in the reward. Matt. x. 41. We read there of "a prophet's reward" given to private Christians; they who communicate with the minister in his labour, by any subserviency to it, shall share in the reward. When God comes to reward his prophets for their faithful service, then Obadiah, that hid them from the fury of their persecutors; then Onesiphorus, that refreshed their bowels; yea, then all those faithful ones that put up their fervent prayers for the free course of the gospel in their ministry, shall be called in to share with them in the reward. He that hath but a fifteenth part in a ship, is an owner as well as he that hath more; and when the voyage is over, he hath his share of the return that is made, proportionable to his part. O what an encouragement is it to have a stock going in this ship! yea, to venture deeper than ever at the throne of grace for the now despised ministers of Christ, seeing Heaven's promise is our insurance-office to secure all we send to sea upon this account.—*Gurnall*.

THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

(Continued from page 371.)

Q. 6. What is objected by the adversaries of our Saviour's Deity?

A. 1. They object, that our Saviour himself owned his inferiority to the Father, when he said: "My Father is greater than I." (John xiv. 28.) To this it is answered, that our blessed Lord makes it plain, in what respect he said, in that text, that the Father was greater than he, viz., as he was Mediator, or the messenger and angel of the covenant. In that capacity he owns he was inferior to the Father, but as he was God he was the Father's equal. As he was the Son of God, it is said of him elsewhere, "That he was in the form of God, and thought it no robbery to be equal with God" (Phil. ii. 6); but as he was Mediator, and assumed our nature, it is said: "That he made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant." (Phil. ii. 7.) When our blessed Lord had said in this same chapter (John xiv. 11), "I am in the Father, and the Father in me," it is not to be supposed that he could

immediately say, the Father is greater than I, in any other sense than that of his being Mediator and the Son of man; especially when we know he said: "I and my Father are one." (John x. 30.) Indeed, Dr. Clarke and his adherents tell us, that the true meaning of the words, "My Father is greater than I," is, that he that begot, must be greater than he that is begotten; but in opposition to this unworthy gloss, it must be observed, that in that text our Saviour is not speaking of his being begotten of the Father, but of his being sent to act the part of Mediator; in which respect he owns the Father is greater than he. And when the Doctor says, that he that begot must be greater than he that is begotten, he supposes what ought not to be supposed—that there is an exact parallel betwixt Father and Son in the Deity, and Father and Son among men.

2. It is objected, that in Scripture it is said: "Christ shall deliver up the kingdom to the Father, then also the Son himself shall be subject to him that put all things under him." (1 Cor. xv. 24, 28.)

In answer to this objection, the following things must be observed:—

(1.) It must be observed what that kingdom is which it is said will be delivered up to the Father. The Scripture speaks of a twofold kingdom belonging to Christ; the one belongs to him as he is the eternal Son of God; in this respect he is God over all, and of his dominion there can be no end nor alteration; for the divine glory is not capable of any accession or diminution of power. But there is another dominion belonging to Christ, as Mediator, by virtue of his mission from the Father; in which respect he is possessed of a delegated dominion. Of this he thus speaks: "All things are delivered to me of my Father." (Matt. xi. 27.) "The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment to the Son. The Father hath given him authority to execute judgment also, because he is the Son of man." (John v. 22, 27.)

As to this derived dominion of Christ as Mediator, or as the Son of man, when he shall fulfil all the ends of it, he will deliver it up to the Father, because there will be no farther occasion for it. It seems to be the great error of the enemies of our Saviour's Deity, that they misapply these texts of Scripture which speak of the conveyance of the mediatory power to Christ, to what they call the conveyance of the divine nature from the Father to the Son.

(2.) It must be observed to whom the kingdom is to be delivered up—to the Father, from whom it was received; who, as he was ever a Father, and never was without a Son, so he can no more cease to have a Son, equal to himself in all the divine perfections, than he can cease to be God; but when all the great ends of that vicegerency, committed by the Father to the Mediator, shall be fully obtained, then the Father will resume that trusted power: yet we ought still to remember, that in the work of our redemption, when the Father is mentioned, that the Son and Spirit are not excluded, but are equally concerned with the Father; and, therefore, when it is said that the kingdom shall be delivered up to the Father, we must not suppose that the other two are excluded; for the Father will no more be all in all, after the delivering up of the kingdom, than either the Son, who as Mediator made the resignation; or the Holy Ghost, to whose efficiency it will be owing, that there will be way made for such a surrender. This surrender, then, does not imply any accession of power to the Father, or any diminution of glory from the Son, as to anything essential to him as God; only it denotes the ceasing of the Gospel dispensation, or of the way of Christ's governing his Church here on earth by a Gospel ministry, and the appur-

tenances thereof, when he, the Mediator, shall have completed his mediatory work.

(3.) It is to be observed, what will be consequent on this resignation: "Then shall the Son also be subject to the Father;" that is, in his human nature, which he will still retain. "God shall be all in all;" that is, the divine glory will most illustriously shine forth to saints and angels, in the Father, Son, and Spirit, without any further need of an interposing Mediator; though the human nature of Christ will eternally continue to be full of glory, and he himself will still remain the glorious head of his glorious members, the first-born among many brethren. (Rom. viii. 29.) And though there will be then no occasion for his interposing, as formerly, by his mediation, yet the effects of that mediation will never cease: such as the eternal and perfect exemption of the saints from all sin and misery, and the eternal putting down of all rule, and all authority and power which were injurious to them in time.

(4.) It is to be observed, that God will be all in all; that is, all power will be from thenceforth immediately exercised by the Deity. The apostle does not say, the Son shall then be subject, that the Father may be all in all, but that God may be all in all. The change of the person is remarkable. There will then be no intermediate governor to exact obedience from us to God, or to confer divine favours upon us; but we shall render all our obedience to him, and receive all favours from him immediately and directly; for, as things now stand, Christ is all in all (Col. iii. 11), and God governs all by him; but at the day of judgment, God the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit will be all in all. As many as were ordained to eternal life, and given to the Son by the Father, shall be brought back again to God, as their first principle and last end; and the glorified saints will be put into a state of perfect innocence, and be presented without fault, and become as the holy angels, only with this difference, that the saints will eternally acknowledge that all their heavenly blessedness is owing to the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ. (Rev. v. 8-10.)

The ancient fathers of the Church have gone into the same explication of this text, namely, Basil, who has thus given the sense of it, in opposition to Eunomius: "If the Son shall be subject to the Father, with respect to his divinity, then was he subject to him from the beginning of his being God; but if he was not subject (to the Father) from the first, but will be subject to him at last, this subjection will respect his humanity, and be for our sakes, and not respect his divinity, or be on his own account."

3. It is said, that when our Saviour thus asked, "Why callest thou me good?" (Matt. xix. 17), he denied that of himself which he affirmed of God, and disclaimed absolute goodness. But it is probable this young man, from his giving Christ the title of Good Master, regarded him as a rabbi or doctor of eminent piety: and it is certain the Jewish doctors affected such pompous titles. (Matt. xxiii. 7.) Now our blessed Lord, to discountenance such instances of vanity and affectation, sets before this youth an example of humility, and intimates to him that the title he gave him, in its highest sense, was proper only for God, and not for such a one as he took him to be—a rabbi, or teacher of the law: for it is not probable that our Saviour designed to reveal to this young man his Deity, when a little before he had charged his disciples, that they should tell no man that he was Jesus the Christ, or the Messiah (Matt. xvi. 20); but our Saviour's case here was much like that of a prince who walks incognito (for though our Saviour thought it no robbery to be equal with

God, yet ye took on him the form of a servant. Now if any should address such a prince with compliments too high for a subject, might he not say, Why do you give me a title proper to be given to your prince? This indeed would argue that he designed at present to conceal, but by no means to deny or disown, his real dignity; and the cases being parallel, there is no reason to infer from this text that our Saviour denied that the essential goodness of God belonged to him.

4. It is alleged, that our Saviour owns that his knowledge is limited, and consequently that he is not equal to God; for, speaking of the day of judgment, he says, "Of that day and hour knoweth no man, no not the angels in heaven, but my Father only"—"Of that day knows no man, no not the angels in heaven, nor the Son, but the Father." (Matt. xxiv. 36; Mark xii. 32.) To this we reply, that our Saviour speaks of himself in these texts, not as the Son of God, but as the Son of man; and that our Saviour speaks of himself as the Son of man, is plainly implied in these words, "Then shall they see the Son of man coming in the clouds with power and great glory." (Mark xiii. 26.) And as he was the Son of man, it is certain he did not know all things; for we are told he grew in wisdom as to his human nature. If it be urged that our Saviour speaks of himself as superior to the angels, and therefore it is not to be supposed he spoke of himself as the Son of man; it may be said, that our Saviour, as the angel of the covenant, or the great prophet of his Church, had the spirit of revelation given him without measure, and hereby had more knowledge of the counsels of God than the angels; and herein he was superior to them, even as the Son of man. Some urge the objection further, alleging that our Saviour denies that he knew the day of judgment, without any distinction or limitation. But though the limitation be not expressed, yet it must be supplied from other texts of Scripture, otherwise many Scripture-texts will be made contradictory: thus Christ is said to be the Son of David, without any limitation (Matt. i. 1); but the limitation must be supplied from other texts, which tells us that Christ, as concerning the flesh, came of the fathers. (Rom. ix. 5.) Our Saviour says, without any express limitation, "I am no more in the world" (John xvii. 11); but the limitation of that expression to his human nature must be gathered from other Scriptures, which assert his omnipresence as to his divine nature: as where he said, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." (Matt. xxviii. 20.)

5. It is objected, that our Saviour is often said to pray to the Father. (Heb. v. 7; John xvii.; Mark i. 25; Luke vi. 12.) But, say our objectors, there can be no prayer but from an inferior to a superior. Now for Christ humbly to supplicate the Father, did belong to his human nature, because the divine nature is infinitely above all indigence; but for Christ to pray with such efficacy, as to obtain all things needful for the happiness of believers, belongs to his priestly office, in which both natures concur: but from hence it no more follows that Christ is inferior to the Father, as to the divine nature, than from the meanness of his appearance in the flesh, that he lost the glory which he had with the Father before the world began.

6. It is said, that the Son is not the ultimate object of worship; for everywhere in the New Testament we are directed to pray to the Father, in, and through the Son. Here, it must be owned, that some divines acknowledge that Christ, as Mediator, is to be adored, and that we are to put our prayers into his hands; for we are directly to apply to him for his interest with the Father, because no man comes to the Father but by the Son. (John xiv. 6; 1 Pet. i. 21; Eph.

ii. 18.) It is through him that we believe in God, and by him that we have access by one Spirit to the Father; but when we worship the Mediator, the formal object of that worship is his divine nature; and his being true man as well as he is true God, is a powerful consideration moving us to give him the glory due to his name. Here we must remember, that our blessed Lord has a right to the same worship that is due to the Father; and in Scripture there is not any one act of worship ascribed to the Father but what is given to the Son. Thus we are to call on the name of Christ (Acts ix. 14; 1 Cor. i. 2; Rom. x. 12); we must believe in him (John xiv. 1); we must love him above all things (Matt. x. 37; Luke iv. 25); we must ascribe all glory and dominion to him. (2 Pet. iii. 18; 1 Pet. v. 11; Rev. v. 13.)

It is alleged by some, that in Scripture divine worship is not so often given to the Son as to the Father. It is answered, that though the Deity of the Son of God was not unknown to the Church under the Old Testament, yet it was not so fully revealed then as now. Indeed, if it was the Son of God, who by frequent appearances of the Deity, mentioned in the Books of Moses and elsewhere, gave the Church agreeable anticipations of his intended incarnation, which is the opinion of the best authors, both ancient and modern, I say, in that case we have many plain hints of divine worship given to the Son, without any tokens of a subordination. Thus we are told of Abraham's falling down to the angel (Gen. xviii. 23); of Jacob's worshipping the angel (Gen. xxviii. 16, 35); and of Joshua's doing the same. (Josh. v. 14, 15; see also Judg. vi. 11, 16.) But under the New Testament, when the Deity of the Son of God was more fully revealed, it does not seem to have been so needful that divine worship, as distinctly due to the Son, should be so much and so particularly mentioned, both because he is there set before us, in the capacity of a Mediator betwixt God and sinful men, also because his successful and acceptable discharge of the mediatory office supposes his being the true God: for if he had not a right, as the eternal Son of God, to the same worship with the Father, he could not, as Mediator, be entitled to the divine worship so often ascribed to him in the New Testament. And the frequent notice that is there taken of the worship due to him as a Mediator, makes the mentioning of the worship that was originally due to him, as God, the less necessary; for if our blessed Lord had not had an antecedent right to divine worship, before his assuming the human nature, allowing him to be worshipped as Mediator would necessarily bring in the human nature into partnership; which would be a direct transferring the glory of the Creator to the creature; than which nothing can be more contrary to the Holy Scripture.

It will be seasonable, after what has been offered, to deduce some practical inferences therefrom.

1. We may readily see how much it concerns us to guard against extremes in this matter. We must not be so zealous in magnifying the Father, as to detract from the glory of the Son and Spirit. Some are so earnest in magnifying their obligations to the Son, as to overlook the sanctifying work of the Holy Ghost, which is no less necessary and valuable, in its own place, than what was performed by our blessed Saviour; but we ought still to remember, that the three Persons are equally possessed of all the perfections of the divine nature, and are jointly and inseparably concerned in the great work of our redemption.

2. We must by no means set up one Scripture in opposition to another, with respect to the doctrine of the Trinity; nor must we give up or deny Scripture texts, because of some difficulty in reconciling them

to each other. As, for example, when in one text we are told the Father and the Son are one (John x. 30); and in another text, that the Father is greater than the Son (John xiv. 28), and that the Son must resign to the Father. (1 Cor. xv. 24.) We must not say, how are these things possible? but being assured whose words these are, we may justly suppose they are most consistent; and what difficulty we find in reconciling them, must be owing to the defectiveness of our knowledge of so great a mystery: and indeed, it is no shame to us to acknowledge what the Holy Scriptures so often assert, that the co-equality of the Son with the Father is a profound mystery (see 1 Tim. iii. 16; Eph. iii. 4; Col. ii. 2); and they who scoffingly upbraid us, saying, that when we run ourselves aground, in the doctrine of the Trinity, we help ourselves out by flying to a mystery, do, in effect, reproach the Holy Scriptures, wherein this doctrine is so often called a mystery.

3. Because of the vast obligations we are under to the Son of God, we ought to be afraid of giving way to any thoughts of him which derogate from his divine glory, lest if once we give way, we be carried further than we could first imagine. There have been some who, from questioning whether such and such a text could prove our Saviour's Deity, and whether self-existence and independence belong to him, have come at length to question his proper Deity, and to make him a mere subordinate God, or a God merely by office, and a deified creature. It concerns us much to stop in time, lest we run to some dreadful extremity, and at length give up the Scriptures themselves; for there is some reason to fear that the controversy which has been about the Deity of our blessed Lord, and the way in which it has been managed, may lessen in many that just veneration which they ought to have for the Holy Scriptures. What must the common people think, when men of learning and professed piety fall to questioning the authenticity of such a text, and express their suspicion that in this, or that, or in the third place, there is either something wanted or something added? How strangely must it disturb the minds of the unlearned, to find that almost every text that hath been judged a good proof of a Trinity in the Godhead, is laid aside by endless cavils and bold criticisms? But if in these trying times God has any thoughts of mercy towards us, he will preserve the credit of his own word among us.

4. There is great reason to pity those who make a subordinate and deficient God the object of all their hope and trust: they must be grievously imposed upon who take up with such a God, while the Scripture so copiously assures us there is no such subordinate Deity. Their case is deplorable, who venture their eternal salvation upon an imaginary God and a fictitious Saviour, when it is so plain that such a Saviour as is not the true God cannot be eternal life. (1 John v. 20.)

5. Because one error draws another after it, we have great need to guard against every error in this great article; for if our blessed Saviour is supposed to be a subordinate God, we must thereby go into very dangerous notions concerning his incarnation, the merits and efficacy of his satisfaction, and concerning the whole work of our redemption. If we have low thoughts of the person of the Mediator, our faith and hope must be suitable to their object; and it is not to be expected but we shall have answerable and inferior thoughts of the Holy Ghost, and thereby be altogether at a loss, as to his sanctifying work, which in Scripture is represented as absolutely necessary to our salvation; if we would not therefore endanger the whole house, we must by all means take care to secure the foundation.

6. The doctrine of our Saviour's being the true God, consubstantial with the Father, is not a matter of mere speculation, as some would have it; for there is no point of Christian faith which more affects our Christian practice, and especially our addresses to God; for to think of a supreme and an inferior God would perplex and confound us in all the instances of our Christian devotion. Let us therefore do our best to make a due improvement of this doctrine, which is the great mystery of godliness, and live in a constant and humble subjection to our blessed Lord, as the true and eternal God. We may contend warmly for principles, and be little the better, even though the truth be on our side; but if instead of holding this great truth in unrighteousness, we duly pursue it in its necessary tendency to practice, and live Christian lives suitable to our Christian principles, then we may justly hope to be preserved from destructive errors; for "he that doeth my will," says our blessed Lord, "shall know my doctrine, whether it be of God." (John vii. 17.)

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

(From the Pictorial Bible.)

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion."—Ps. cxxxvii. 1.

The rivers of Babylon must mean either the Euphrates and Tigris, or the Euphrates and its canals and tributaries. It is a conjecture of Chrysostom, that the Jews at the beginning of their captivity were distributed along the several streams of the country, and not suffered to dwell in Babylon. It is supposed by some that they were employed in draining the marshy parts of the country. To one who, like ourselves, has been privileged to witness the existing indications of the most extensive and elaborate system of canals and aqueducts by which Chaldæa was once abundantly irrigated, and by which the communications between its cities were maintained, it will appear that vast hordes of men must have been employed in their construction and in keeping them in order; and as the Hebrews were not eminent in arts and manufactures, it is likely that they were employed in such works and in field labour, which in that country was always connected with irrigation from the rivers and canals.

"We hanged our harps upon the willows, in the midst thereof."—Ps. cxxxvii. 2.

On the banks of the Babylonian rivers (say the Euphrates and Tigris) there are no woods or forests, or any considerable trees besides the cultivated date-palm. But these rivers are in some parts rather extensively lined with a growth of tall shrubs and bushes, interspersed with some small and a few mid-dling trees, among which the willow is at this day the most frequent and remarkable.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."—Ps. cxxxvii. 5.

There is a striking and appropriate point in this, which has been overlooked. It is, that, as it is customary for people in the East to swear by their possessions, so one who has no possessions—who is poor and destitute, and has nothing of recognised value in the world—swears by his right hand, which is his sole stake in society, and by the "cunning" of which he earns his daily bread. Hence the common Arabic proverb (given by Burckhardt, No. 550) reflecting on the change of demeanour produced by improved circumstances: "He was wont to swear 'by the cutting off of his right hand!' He now swears, 'by the giving of money to the poor.'" The words, "her cunning," are supplied by the translators, in whose time cunning (from the Saxon *connan*, Dutch *kennen*,

"to know,") meant "skill," and a cunning man was what we should now call a skilful man. In the present case the skill indicated is doubtless that of playing on the harp, in which particular sense it occurs so late as Prior:—

"When Pedro does the lute command,
She guides the cunning artist's hand."

Modern translators usually substitute "skill," but perhaps a term still more general would be better—such as, "May my right hand lose its power."

"Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant."—Prov. ix. 17.

Although this proverb has passed from the Bible into common use among ourselves, it is with us comparatively unmeaning. No one steals water here. The proverb is only felt in its due force in such climates as those in which it originated—where water is often scarce, and, therefore, so valuable as to be an object of care and solicitude to the owners; it is often bought at a price which we should consider exorbitant, and often stolen by those who will not or cannot buy. Many illustrative passages will occur to those familiar with Scripture. The strifes about wells of water and the watering of flocks (Gen. xxvi. 18–22; Exod. ii. 16–19); the offer of the Israelites to buy (i. e., not steal) the water they required in passing through Edom (Numb. xx. 19); the doleful complaint of the prophet, "We have bought our way for money" (Lam. v. 4); and other passages, may be instanced.

"The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself."—Prov. xi. 25.

The sentiment indicated by this figure is obvious; but the fact on which it is founded cannot be apprehended or felt strongly in a moist climate like ours, where real thirst is scarcely known. But it follows that, where water is scarce and precious, and where also the heat of the climate makes every one need a large quantity of water daily, the liberality of "watering others"—that is, of giving water freely to the thirsty—is most strongly felt and gratefully acknowledged. In fact, in Scripture, liberality is as frequently instanced by giving water to the thirsty as by giving bread to the hungry. In another place (Prov. xxv. 21), the idea involved in the present verse is dwelt upon very strongly: "If thine enemy thirst, give him drink;" and in the New Testament the Divine King, in the grand parable of the final judgment, mentions, to the commendation of the righteous, "I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink;" and the denial of drink to his thirst is noticed in the condemnation of the wicked. (Matt. xxv. 25–42.) In another case our Saviour uttered the memorable words, "Whosoever giveth you a cup of water to drink because you belong to Christ, verily I say unto you he shall not lose his reward." (Mark ix. 41.)

"The wrath of a king is as messengers of death, but a wise man will pacify it."—Prov. xvi. 14.

This doubtless refers to the manner in which execution was, and is still, in the East, performed upon persons who were high enough to incur the immediate wrath of the king. This may be explained by an account of the usage in Persia. When the king has determined on the death of a governor of a province, or a nobleman residing at court, an order for his execution is made out, sealed with the royal signet, and committed to an officer appointed for the purpose. "This man," to continue the language of Mr. Fraser, "rides post, prodding horses as he requires them. Then, presenting himself to the principal person of the place, he shows the royal mandate, and forces the individual to accompany him and

lend his assistance. He enters the house of the condemned, booted, armed, and travel-stained, walks straight up to his victim, takes the warrant from his bosom, and places it in the hands of his witness; then, drawing his scimitar, he rushes on the unfortunate criminal, exclaiming, 'It is the king's command,' cuts him down, and strikes off his head. Resistance is seldom offered; for, were the delinquent powerful enough for the attempt, the messenger of death would never arrive to execute the decree; and there have been instances, when the person proscribed was not in actual rebellion, of his causing the fatal officer to be robbed of his warrant, thus gaining time till interest could be made for his pardon. But when once his destination is reached, escape is scarcely possible; for terror of the royal name arms every one against him who is denounced—even in his own house he is viewed as an excommunicated wretch, whom to assist or trust were ruin. Should the sentence only imply disgrace, or when its extent is unknown, it is melancholy to see how the object of kingly displeasure is instantaneously forsaken, like an infected creature. 'All nature,' says Chardin, 'seems roused against him; and the man, the glance of whose eye but a moment before would have shed delight upon thousands of dependants, might then in vain solicit a cup of water or the use of a calceon.' This will enable the reader to understand the strong terms in which the wrath of a king is described through the present book; and it may be well to compare it with the account in 1 Kings ii., of Joab's execution by the order of its royal author.

"Let a bear robbed of her whelps meet a man, rather than a fool in his folly."—Prov. xvii. 12.

This image several times occurs in the Scriptures. The rage of the female bear, when her young have been killed or taken from her, has been often noticed, and forms the subject of many interesting anecdotes in voyages and travels. There do not indeed seem to be any animals which, more strongly than the bear, manifest that attachment to their young which the wise providence of God has implanted, with various degrees of intensity, in most brute creatures. In the narrative of Lord Mulgrave's voyage for the discovery of a north-west passage, there is a touching story of a bear whose young had been shot from the ship. Though herself wounded, she scorned to withdraw and leave her young behind. She would not understand that they were dead; she placed meat before them, and by every endearing motion solicited them to eat; she endeavoured to raise them with her paws; she withdrew and looked back as expecting them to follow; but, seeing that they lay motionless, she returned, and with inexpressible fondness walked round them, pawing them, licking their wounds, and moaning bitterly the while. "It would," says the narrator, "have drawn tears of compassion from the eyes of any but those who possessed hearts of adamant, to observe the affectionate concern of this poor beast." At last, as if receiving the unwilling conviction that her young were dead indeed, she turned towards the ship, and uttered a fierce and bitter growl against the murderers, which they answered by a volley of shot that laid her dead beside her young. So fine a trait in the character of the bear might well be noticed by the sacred writers. It is said that the attachment between the dam and her young is reciprocal, and that no circumstance of danger or alarm can drive the latter from their dead or living mother.

"He loveth transgression that loveth strife; and he that exalteth his gate seeketh destruction."—Prov. xvii. 19

This is literally true at the present day in the East; but whether this literal interpretation be that which

the sacred writer had in view it may be difficult to determine. It will be remembered that the Oriental houses do not front the street, but that the entrance from thence leads to a court in which, or in another beyond it, the front of the main building appears. Hence little indication can be gathered in the street concerning the probable character of the interior building, or the rank or wealth of its inmate, but from the appearance of the gate. Aware of this, and aware also that to excite the cupidity of the ruling powers by any indication of wealth is to seek destruction, the wealthiest persons are careful, among other precautions, that their gate shall not betray them, by being less low or mean than the gates of their neighbours. In going through a street, the doors are almost invariably of the most beggarly description, very low, and, although strong, formed of rough, unpainted wood: and on visiting persons whom he may know to be wealthy, the traveller is surprised to be conducted to a gate which in his own country he would consider unworthy of a stable or an outhouse, and which but ill prepares him for the splendour and luxury which he may probably find when he reaches the interior. Yet the Orientals are vain of appearances; but it does sometimes happen that a wealthy man so far forgets himself, or thinks he has such ground for confidence, as to exalt his gate; but it rarely happens that he has long to wait before he finds cause to learn that by this act he sought his own destruction. In the city of Bagdad, the only exalted gate to a private residence which the present writer recollects to have noticed, belonged to the house of a Moslem of large wealth, and of so much influence in the city as, he thought, might allow him to display it freely. He was mistaken. One day, when riding through the street in which we lived, he was dragged from his horse, near our door, and put to death on the spot, by order of the pasha, who immediately took possession of all his property.

"And put a knife to thy throat, if thou be a man given to appetite."—Prov. xxiii. 2.

The common explanation of this is, that a person of intemperate appetite does, at the tables of the great, expose himself to as much danger as if a knife were at his throat. Perhaps it may mean, that he should eat as guardedly as if a knife were at his throat. But we suspect that the real point of the allusion is lost; nor is this wonderful, when we consider that in all countries there are proverbial expressions to which a meaning is conventionally assigned, which the words do not naturally suggest, and which no foreigner would suspect. Many such expressions also originate in incidents, the memory of which is often in the course of time lost, even by those who continue to use the proverb in the sense which it has always borne.

"As he that bindeth a stone in a sling, so is he that giveth honour to a fool."—Prov. xxvi. 8.

Some suppose that by "stone" we should understand a precious stone, which would be thrown away if thus employed. But perhaps it may be well to take the rendering of our version in its more obvious meaning, which, by laying a stress upon the "bindeth," would intimate, as a stone bound, instead of being loosely set in a sling, cannot be thrown, and is therefore ineffective.

SABBATH RAILWAYS.

WE commend to the attention of our readers the spirited and admirable pamphlet, from which the following extracts are taken. It is entitled, "The Sunday Railway System Practically Discussed," a

letter to John James Hope Johnstone, Esq., of Annandale, Chairman of the Caledonian Railway Company, by James Bridges, Esq.* Mr. Bridges has from the beginning been one of the most watchful and active friends of the Sabbath cause; and his present letter contains the most intelligent and spirited presentation of the practical merits of the question with which we have met. It does not discuss the theological aspects of the controversy, but, taking up the enemy on his own alleged grounds of benevolence and expediency, shows that the most considerate regard to these will be found unequivocally to confirm, instead of invalidating, the great Sabbath law.

"The commandment, which is our law, is in these words: 'Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.'

"In regard to the divine authority, moral nature, and perpetual obligation of this commandment, there is no difference of doctrine among the Churches of the Reformation. Individuals have disputed it, but Churches have not; and this is so important and conclusive a fact, verified by the standards of all Evangelical Churches, that it entirely absolves me, both as a layman unentitled to speak *ex cathedra*, and as a man contending for an ecclesiastical principle, from the duty of entering into any laboured vindication of its truth. All men of common sense must feel, that what is distinctly declared in the standards of all true Churches, is more likely to be true than the random assertions of very honourable but (ecclesiastical) very ignorant individuals, who here and there set themselves to kick against the foundation-principles of these Churches, and on a mingled consideration of Bible physics, political economy, commerce, and amusement, require that the Sabbath shall either be doctrinally reduced to the level of the other days of the week, or so little differenced from them, and if there be less work (which is questionable, and is not to be the case with any servant of "the public"), there shall be more play, more tea-gardening and picnicking, more boating and cudgel-play, or, if the truth may be told, more drinking and debauchery, than on the other days."

"It is said that artisans and people in trade, confined to their workshops throughout the week, require the country ventilation which railways afford. But do not the unhappy railway labourers require the same relief? Have they not bodies and souls as well as the rest of the public? Have they not wives and children as well as they? Shall they be condemned to the helotry of unintermitted drudgery amidst the clouds and din of interminable railway agitation, in order that other labourers may be enabled—not to go to the country, for that they can do without a railway—but to go a great distance into the country, on the Lord's-day? Or, in another view, seeing that at present the sin and the blunder of England is, that it overtasks its labouring population, and reduces them, from the rank of moral and intelligent beings working for their bread, to the

brute level of human machines, perpetually on the stretch to obtain, not bread for themselves, but wealth, wealth, wealth, for their employers, is this vicious arrangement to be cured on the St. John principle, by super-inducing a counter-vice in quarters where it does not now exist? Is wealth to be encouraged in the overworking of its serfs six days in the week, by compelling or tempting them to misapply the seventh? Would it not be wiser to supersede the invasion of the Sabbath-day, by lessening the hours of work on the lawful days? The Sabbath profaners would establish two vicious arrangements, where there is now but one; the Sabbath observers would render the new one unnecessary, by putting an end to the old."

"Gentlemen are apt to imagine that they are friends to the working classes, when they promote a little Sunday work for them, and Sunday recreation. But this is a great mistake. Sunday recreation involves Sunday work to a large extent, in order to minister to it. The railways and the tea-gardens cannot be kept open, but by the labour of multitudes deprived of recreation themselves, but they may minister to it in others; and who can doubt, that if a whole country were fairly set generally to recreate itself on Sunday, Sunday work, beginning with those who serve 'the public,' would gradually extend itself to all the public? Men are tempted to recreate themselves on Sunday by the pleasure it affords: they are tempted to work on Sunday by the money it brings. If the religious principle be once set aside, more, in the long-run, will be tempted to work by the money than will be tempted to recreate by the pleasure. They will be more ready to fall into the trap baited with gold, than into one which attracts by amusement alone. Wives and children, and the pleasures commanded by gold, will soon get the better of the mere levities. Rest assured that you cannot open the tea-garden and the railway permanently, without opening the shop and the factory too. And what would be the issue to the poor drudge who should thus be led to toil unintermittingly, week-day and holy-day? Would he get the coveted gold in exchange for his soul and his Sabbath? Let us see."

"It is a fact, philosophically certain and practically proved, that the wages of labour, though permanently varying in various trades, according to their character and circumstances, and though occasionally varying in all trades, according to the demand and supply, have a constant and necessary tendency to one level; and that level just is, the amount on the whole necessary to maintain the labourer and his family according to the measure of comfort prevalent at the time in his order. Let wages fall below this level, there will be an abstraction of labourers to raise them up again; let wages rise above this level, there will be a flow in of labourers, to lower them down again. An unnatural rise or fall may exist for a time; but it will not exist for a length of time, or for a permanency. Bolster up or undermine as you may, to this complexion you will come at last—The labourer will receive his competency, his whole competency, and nothing but his competency."

Now, bearing steadfastly in mind that what he receives this competency for is six days' labour in the week, let us apply the irrefragable doctrine of the one general level of wages, which, since Adam Smith's demonstration, has become axiomatic in economical science, to the question of Sunday labour; and what does it prove? Why, that the labourer, once seduced into his seven days' work, will speedily fall back into his six days' wage; and

* Edinburgh: J. Johnstone.

board, and shut his windows, than I would shut up my thoughts and clear my mind. That student shall live miserably, which like a camel lies down under his burden. All this done, calling together my family, we end the day with God. Thus do we rather drive away the time before us, than follow it. I grant neither is my practice worthy to be exemplary, neither are our callings proportionable. The lives of a nobleman, of a courtier, of a scholar, of a citizen, of a countryman, differ no less than their dispositions; yet must all conspire in honest labour.

Sweet is the destiny of all trades, whether of the brows or of the mind. God never allowed any man to do nothing. How miserable is the condition of those men which spend the time as if it were given them, and not lent; as if hours were waste creatures, and such as never should be accounted for; as if God would take this for a good bill of reckoning: *Item*, spent upon my pleasures forty years! These men shall once find, that no blood can privilege dleness; and that nothing is more precious to God, than that which they desire to cast away—time. Such are my common days; but God's day calls for another respect. The same sun arises on this day, and enlightens it; yet because that Sun of Righteousness arose upon it, and gave a new life unto the world in it, and drew the strength of God's moral precept unto it, therefore justly do we sing with the Psalmist, "This is the day which the Lord hath made." Now I forget the world, and in a sort myself; and deal with my wonted thoughts, as great men use, who, at some times of their privacy, forbid the access of all suitors. Prayer, meditation, reading, hearing, preaching, singing, good conference, are the businesses of this day, which I dare not bestow on any other work, or pleasure, but heavenly.

I hate superstition on the one side, and looseness on the other; but I find it hard to offend in too much devotion, easy in profaneness. The whole week is sanctified by this day; and according to my care of this, is my blessing on the rest. I show your lordship what I would do, and what I ought; I commit my desires to the imitation of the weak, my actions to the censures of the wise and holy, my weaknesses to the pardon and redress of my merciful God.

THE POOR FRENCH WIDOW AND THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

(From a Missionary's Journal.)

No sooner was the subscription opened, than three hundred and four francs were immediately given. To this sum I must add a subscription, of which I ought, in the first instance, to have spoken—that of a poor widow, aged seventy years, who gave seventy francs, all that she possessed, to the objects of the Society. Having heard of the Missionary Society, she said: "I am about to die. I have no children or relations to claim my money. I will give this mite to propagate the Gospel of my Saviour, before whom I shall soon appear." This woman is very poor. She has gained her livelihood by hard labour, and she has been able only by the strictest economy to save anything. She had reserved this money to pay the rent of her lodging; but her landlord, finding that she had collected it halfpenny by halfpenny, remitted the debt, desiring her to dispose of the money

as she pleased. She said, at once, "Then I will give it to the Missionary Society."

On entering her room, I found her sitting on the side of her bed, leaning with one hand on her stick, and with the other putting some clothes in order. I was introduced to her as a missionary, on my road to preach the Gospel abroad. Her countenance then assumed a brightened aspect; and she expressed herself in a manner which denoted her obligation to the Almighty, by whose power she had been enabled to live to his glory. I then spoke to her of Anna and Simeon; and asked whether she put her whole trust for salvation in the merits of Jesus Christ. She answered this question with an eagerness which marked the feeling of her mind—"To whom, then, should I go? He has the words of eternal life." After having thanked her for the gift which she had made to the Society, I spoke to her of the woman who had brought the precious ointment to anoint the feet of Jesus. The poor woman was no longer able to restrain her tears. She lifted her eyes to heaven, and striking her hands together, uttered some words which I could not hear. Then she added, "I acknowledge my sinfulness; I am but dust and ashes." I asked her if she feared death. She again put her hands together, and said—"I must die, in order to see God! Jesus has been pleased to enlarge my faith. I am nothing of myself." I asked her the history of her life. She answered me in a recital, interrupted by many tears. Among other things, she told me that she had been educated as a Roman Catholic; but that at the age of thirteen, it had pleased God, by the power of his grace, to touch her heart, and to convert her.

THE MINISTER IMPRESSING HIS OWN CHARACTER.

THE great purpose of the ministry is to communicate not ourselves, but Christ. It is, through the conveyance of gospel truth, made in demonstration of the Spirit, to impart the life of Christ to the soul. But a common, incidental result is, that for good or evil, the minister impresses much of his own character on those who come permanently under his influence. This thought was suggested and illustrated by a remark casually made by a friend respecting a certain congregation in a certain city. The question was asked—"Will not Dr. — become the pastor of the church recently left by Mr. H—?" The reply was—"No; he knows that church too well." "What ails the church?" was the next question; and the reply, "You know Mr. H— and his way of preaching. He never studies, but relies on his off-hand efforts, his protracted meetings, and his periodical whirlwinds of excitement; and he has reared a congregation like himself, that has no staidness of religious character, and will endure no ministry but such as shall pursue the same course."

Here was one out of countless instances, of a minister's leaving his own character upon his people. The frequency of like results will not be disputed; and the working of the causes towards the result is too natural and obvious to require remark.

But it is a fact of deep interest, especially to

ministers, that their faults of character are having a constant transmission to their people, who with confidence place themselves permanently under their ministry. Is their intercourse with their people, in the pulpit and out of it, characterized by a spirit of worldliness and a want of an impression of eternal realities? Does their preaching come from a heart cold and dull? They are conveying this dullness, like a chill of death, through the whole sphere of their influence. Does levity of character and deportment appear prominent in the minister? While the more godly of the people will grieve and labour to counteract its influence, the greater part will gradually become assimilated to it. Is the minister possessed of a contentious spirit? He will give it diffusion by invariable laws of communication. And so of all other vicious habits of mind in the minister; he has great reason to expect to see them reproduced more or less in his hearers. And so if his views of divine truth are defective or erroneous, the seeds of his own errors will be germinating in hundreds of other minds.

This thought is one which might press with great solemnity upon every minister's heart. We go about with all our faults, among a people so ready to receive the tarnished hues of our character; in the discharge of our ministry, our utterances of divine truth, in matter and manner, are so pervaded and marred by our own deficiencies, that our liability to work injury is constant as our breath. If we were to confine the view to this part of our work, we might see cause to abandon the ministry, and leave it to be performed by angels alone. And in any case, we get in this view a stimulus to great carefulness and circumspection—a great enforcement of the apostolic injunction, "Take heed to thyself."

Our encouragement lies in another direction. It is not in the fact, that excellencies of character are capable of being transmitted by the same modes of communication—nor that a minister may have more excellencies than defects to communicate, so that the preponderant result of this impression of the minister on his people may be good; but it is in the fact, that this impression of the minister is but an incidental result, and that the impression of Christ and his grace upon the soul, is the great and proper end secured by a faithful ministry. And he who is a good and successful minister of Jesus Christ, is conveying impressions by the power and spirit of Christ, in comparison of which all impressions incidentally taken from himself, dwindle to nothing.—*New England Puritan*.

THE FIRST CHAPTER OF ISAIAH.

A YOUTH about seventeen or eighteen years of age, waited upon one of the secretaries of the Bethel companies, to purchase a tract. He was asked if he had attended any of the Bethel prayer-meetings on board

ship. He said, "Yes, the last evening. Yesterday I landed from my voyage; and this afternoon I am bound for Scotland to see my friends. Although that visit to the Bethel was accidental, it has been the means of great consolation to my mind." "I am glad you have found it so," observed the secretary; "were you unhappy?" "I will relate, sir," said he, "what took place during my last voyage. I sailed from London in a Scotch vessel, for the West Indies, second mate, the most abandoned and profligate wretch that ever sailed on salt water, particularly for profane swearing. Our captain, though a good seaman, and kind to his ship's company, cared neither for his own soul, nor those of his ship's crew. We had been at sea about sixteen days. It came on night. It was my watch on deck. The night was dark and lowering, and but little wind at the time. We had most of our lower sails set. I was walking up and down on the leeward side of the ship, when a sudden puff of wind caused the vessel to give a heavy lurch. Not prepared to meet it, I fell against one of the stanchions. Feeling much hurt, I gave vent to my anger by a dreadful oath, cursing the wind and the sea, and (awful to mention) the Being who made them. Scarce had this horrid oath escaped my lips when it appeared to roll back on my mind with so frightful an image, that for a moment or two I thought I saw the sea parting, and the vessel going down. I took the helm from the man who was at it, and put the ship's head close to the wind. All that night my awful oath was before my eyes, and its consequences appeared to be my certain damnation. For several days I was miserable. Ashamed to acknowledge the cause, I asked one of the men if he had any book to lend me to read. He offered me a French novel. I asked if he had a Bible or Testament. He answered by asking if I was going to die; for his part, he said, he never troubled his head about Bible or Prayer-book; he left all these matters to the priest, to whom he left part of his pay to pray for him; if I had done so I should not be so squeamish. The captain I knew had a Bible, but I was unwilling to ask him the loan of it. Several days passed in the greatest torment, this oath always before me. I could not pray; indeed I thought it of no use. On the fifth day I was turning over some things in my chest, when I found some trifles I had purchased for sea stock, wrapped in paper—this piece of paper" (putting his hand into his jacket pocket, and from a small red case pulling out the paper, which was a leaf of the Bible, containing nearly the whole of the first chapter of Isaiah). "Oh how my heart throbbed when I found it was a piece of a Bible!" At that moment tears fell from his eyes, and he pressed the leaf to his bosom. "But, sir," continued he, "conceive what I felt when I read these words: 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'" Here he paused to wipe the tears away. "Oh! sir," he added, "like a drowning man I clung to this life-buoy: on this I laid my soul. I then prayed, and the Lord was graciously pleased to remove in some measure the great guilt from my conscience, though I continued mournful and bowed

down; until last evening, on board the *Mayflower*, I stowed away with the Bethel company. I felt much comforted in the service. It deeply affected me, and I have now reason to believe the Lord has forgiven my great sin. I am now going home to my friends, to tell them what great things God hath done for me."

LITTLE GEORGE AND HIS GUINEA.

THE Rev. Mr. — was preaching at the town of C —, in behalf of the Church Missionary Society. The object of the Church Missionary Society is to send out ministers to teach the little children to know and serve Jesus Christ. Little George was at church that day; and after the clergyman had ended his sermon, George felt his heart open to give all that he had. He said to the governess, who was in the pew (for George's mama was not able to go to church), "I wish you would lend me a guinea, and I will give it to you again when we get home." The governess asked him what he wanted with a guinea. He told her it was to put into the plate, to assist in sending the Gospel to the little heathen children. She replied, "A guinea is a great deal of money, George; you had better ask your mama first." As George's mama lived very near the church, he stepped home after the sermon was over; and running breathless into the house, said, "Mama, will you let me have my guinea, to give to the Missionary Society?" George's mama said, "My dear, your feelings are all warm now, but perhaps by-and-by you will be sorry you have given so much. Suppose you give half of it." "No," said George, "I should like to give it all, mama; there are so many of the little black children." "Well, my dear, if you wish it, you shall; but only remember, you cannot give it and have it too." George's mama gave him a one pound note and a shilling; but George returned it, and said he would rather have a guinea. "Why," said his mama, "what difference can it make? it is just the same in amount." "Yes," said George, "but that one pound note will seem so much for a little boy to give. If I had a guinea I could put it between two halfpence, and nobody would know anything about it." His mama was pleased with his proposal; and George having got his guinea, returned to the church, and slipped it into the plate as he intended.

Now, my dear children, I don't know that I should have told you this, but the little boy is since dead; and therefore there is no danger of his being puffed up by people knowing what he has done. But what are you to learn from the history? First, you should learn, out of love to Jesus Christ, to pity the poor little heathen children. You should pray for them, and deny yourself some promised pleasure, in order to assist in sending out teachers to instruct them. Secondly, you should do this in the spirit of little George; so that "your left hand shall not know what your right hand doeth."

If little George had given his guinea "to be seen of men," his offering would not have been pleasing in the sight of God; and very likely he would soon have wished to have his money back again.

HAPPY MAN!

HAPPY man, whosoever thou art, that can'st look by an eye of faith at the Gospel as the charter of thy liberties; at the condemning law as cancelled by thy Surety; at the earth as the footstool of thy Father's throne; at heaven as the portal of thy Father's house;

at all the creatures in heaven and earth, as an heir is wont to look at his father's servants, and which are therefore his, so far as he shall need them; according to that, "All are yours, for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

Faith can support when nature shrinks; faith can call God father when he frowns, and make some discovery of a sun through the darkest cloud.—*Arrowsmith*.

DIVINE LIGHT.

THE things which the Holy Ghost discovers are no other for substance but those very things which are contained in the written word; only he affords regenerate persons clearer light to discern them by, than they had before conversion. Turn a learned man to the same author which he perused when a young student; he will find the self-same matter, but see a great deal further into it, because he hath now got further light and knowledge.—*Arrowsmith*.

DUTIES.

TAKE up all duties in point of performance; and lay them down in point of dependence. Duty can never have too much of our diligence, nor too little of our confidence.—*Dyer*.

Be serious and exact in duty, having the weight of it upon thy heart; but be as much afraid of taking comfort from thy duties themselves as from thy sins.—*Wilcox*.

They who act in the path of duty, and depend on the power of God, are equally safe at all times and in all circumstances; no less safe when surrounded by enraged enemies, than when encircled by kind and assiduous friends.—*Newton*.

INFIDELITY.

THE nurse of infidelity is sensuality. Youth are sensual. The Bible stands in their way. It prohibits the indulgence of the *lust of the flesh*, the *lust of the eye*, and the *pride of life*. But the young mind loves these things; and, therefore, it hates the Bible which prohibits them. It is prepared to say, "If any man will bring me arguments against the Bible, I will thank him; if not, I will invent them."—*Cecil*.

Fragments.

ZEAL AND KNOWLEDGE.—Young zeal, and old knowledge, make that Christian both happy and useful in whom they meet.—*Russell*.

Those who suspect all, are to be suspected. They have learned human nature at home.

The Christian in his sick room, as in an ante-chamber, dresses for heaven.

Scarce any time is spent with less thought, than a great part of what is spent in reading.

The Christian's burden is like the wings of a bird, which she carries, yet they support her in her flight to heaven.

What must be the *fruit* of the tree of life, when its very *leaves* heal the nations?

We may cast our *care* on the Lord, but not our *work*.

SPIRITUAL DESERTION WORKING FOR GOOD.

BY THE REV. THOMAS WATSON, 1657.

THE evil of desertion works for good.—The spouse complains of desertion: "My beloved had withdrawn himself, and was gone." (Cant. v. 6.) There is a two-fold withdrawing; either, 1. In regard of grace, when God suspends the influence of his Spirit, and withholds the lively actings of grace. If the Spirit be gone, grace freezes into a chillness and indolence. Or, 2. A withdrawing in regard to comfort. When God withholds the sweet manifestations of his favour, he does not look with such a pleasant aspect, but veils his face, and seems to be quite gone from the soul.

God is just in all his withdrawals: we desert him before he deserts us. We desert God when we leave off close communion with him; when we desert his truths, and dare not appear for him; when we leave the guidance and conduct of his Word, and follow the deceitful light of our own corrupt affections and passions. We usually desert God first, therefore we have none to blame but ourselves.

Desertion is very sad; for as when the light is withdrawn, darkness follows in the air, so when God withdraws, there is darkness and sorrow in the soul. Desertion is an agony of conscience. God holds the soul over hell. "The arrows of the Almighty are within me, the poison whereof drinks up my spirits." (Job iv. 4.) It was a custom among the Persians in their wars to dip their arrows in the poison of serpents, to make them more deadly. Thus did God shoot the poisoned arrow of desertion into Job, under the wounds whereof his spirit lay bleeding. In times of desertion the people of God are apt to be dejected;—they dispute against themselves, and think that God hath quite cast them off; therefore I shall prescribe some comfort to the deserted soul. The mariner, when he hath no star to guide him, yet he hath light in his lantern, which is some help to him to see his compass; so, I shall lay down four consolations, which are as the mariner's lantern, to give some light when the poor soul is sailing in the dark of desertion, and wants the bright morning star.

1. None but the godly are capable of desertion.—Wicked men know not what God's love means, nor what it is to want it; they know what it is to want health, friends, trade, but not

what it is to want God's favour. Thou fearest thou art not God's child, because thou art deserted. The Lord cannot be said to withdraw his love from the wicked, because they never had it. The being deserted, evidences thee to be a child of God. How couldest thou complain that God has estranged himself, if thou hadst not sometimes received smiles and tokens of love from him?

2. There may be the seed of grace, where there is not the flower of joy.—The earth may want a crop of corn, yet may have a mine of gold within. A Christian may have grace within, though the sweet fruit of joy does not grow. Vessels at sea, that are richly fraught with jewels and spices, may be in the dark and tossed in the storm. A soul enriched with the treasures of grace, may yet be in the dark of desertion, and so tossed as to think it shall be cast away in the storm. David, in a state of dejection, prays, "Take not away thy Holy Spirit from me." (Ps. li. 11.) He does not pray, saith Augustine, Lord, give me thy Spirit—but, Take not away thy Spirit; so that still he had the Spirit of God remaining in him.

3. These desertions are but for a time.—Christ may withdraw, and leave the soul a while, but he will come again. "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee." (Isa. liv. 8.) When it is dead low water, the tide will come in again. "I will not always be wroth, for the Spirit should fail before me, and the souls which I have made." (Isa. lviii. 16.) The tender mother sets down her child in anger, but she will take it up again into her arms, and kiss it. God may put away the soul in anger, but he will take it up again into his dear embraces, and display the banner of love over it.

4. These desertions work for good to the godly.

Desertion cures the soul of sloth.—We find the spouse fallen upon the bed of sloth: "I sleep." (Cant. v. 2.) And presently Christ was gone: "My beloved had withdrawn himself." (Cant. v. 6.) Who will speak to one that is drowsy?

Desertion cures inordinate affection to the world.—"Love not the world." (1 John ii. 15.) We may hold the world as a posy in our hand,

but it must not lie too near our heart; we may use it as an inn where we take a bait, but it must not be our home. Perhaps these secular things steal away the heart too much. Good men are sometimes sick with a surfeit, and drunk with the luscious delights of prosperity; and having spotted their silver wings of grace, and much defaced God's image by rubbing it against the earth, the Lord, to recover them of this, hides his face in a cloud. This eclipse hath good effects—it darkens all the glory of the world, and causes it to disappear.

Desertion works for good, as it makes the saints prize God's countenance more than ever.—"Thy loving-kindness is better than life." (Ps. lxxiii. 3.) Yet the commonness of this mercy lessens it in our own esteem. When pearls grew common at Rome, they began to be slighted. God has no better way to make us value his love, than by withdrawing it a while. If the sun shone but once a-year, how would it be prized! when the soul hath been long benighted with desertion, oh, how welcome now is the return of the Sun of Righteousness!

Desertion works for good, as it is the means of imbittering sin to us.—Can there be a greater misery than to have God's displeasure? What makes hell, but the hiding of God's face? and what makes God hide his face, but sin? "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." (John xx. 13.) So our sins have taken away the Lord, and we know not where he is laid. The favour of God is the best jewel; it can sweeten a prison, and unsting death. Oh, how odious then is that sin which robs us of our jewel! Sin made God desert his temple. (Ezek. viii. 6.) Sin causes him to appear as an enemy, and dress himself in armour. This makes the soul pursue sin with a holy malice, and seek to be avenged of it. The deserted soul gives sin gall and vinegar to drink, and with the spear of mortification lets out the heart-blood of it.

Desertion works for good, as it sets the soul a-weeping for the loss of God.—When the sun is gone, the dew falls; and when God is gone, tears drop from the eyes. How was Micah troubled when he had lost his gods? "Ye have taken away my gods, and what have I more?" (Judg. xviii. 24.) So when God is gone, what have we more? It is not the harp and viol can comfort, when God is gone. Though it be sad to want God's presence, yet it is good to lament his absence.

Desertion sets the soul a-seeking after God.—When Christ was slept aside, the spouse pur-

sues after him—she seeks him "in the streets of the city." (Cant. iii. 2.) And not having found him, she makes a hue-and-cry after him: "Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?" (Cant. iii. 3.) The deserted soul sends up whole volleys of sighs and groans; it knocks at heaven's gate by prayer—it can have no peace till the golden beams of God's face shine.

Desertion puts the Christian upon inquiry.—He inquires the cause of God's departure; what is the accursed thing that hath made God angry? Perhaps pride, perhaps surfeit on ordinances, perhaps worldliness. "For the iniquity of his covetousness, was I wroth; I hid me." (Isa. lvii. 17.) Perhaps there is some secret sin allowed. A stone in the pipe hinders the current of water: so sin, lived in, hinders the sweet current of God's love. Thus conscience, as a blood-hound, having found out sin and overtaken it, this Achan is stoned to death.

Desertion works for good, as it gives us a sight of what Jesus Christ suffered for us.—If the sipping of the cup be so bitter, how bitter was that which Christ drank upon the cross? He drank a cup of deadly poison, which made him cry out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Matt. xxvii. 46. None can be so sensible of Christ's sufferings, none can be so fired with love to Christ, as those who have been humbled by desertion, and have been held over the flames of hell for a time.

Desertion works for good, as it prepares the saints for future comfort.—The nipping frosts prepare for spring flowers. It is God's way, first to cast down, then to comfort. (2 Cor. vii. 6.) When our Saviour had been fasting, then came the angels and ministered to him. When the Lord hath kept his people long fasting, then he sends the Comforter, and feeds them with the hidden manna. "Light is sown for the righteous." (Ps. xcvi. 11.) The saints' comforts may be hidden like seed under ground, but the seed is ripening, and will increase, and flourish into a crop.

These desertions work for good, as they will make heaven the sweeter to us.—Here our comforts are like the moon; sometimes they are in the full, sometimes in the wane. God shows himself to us a while, and then retires from us: how will this set off heaven the more, and make it more delightful and ravishing, when we shall have a constant aspect of love from God! (1 Thess. iv. 17.)

Thus we see desertions work for good. The Lord brings us into the deep of desertion, that he may not bring us into the deep of damna-

tion; he puts us into a seeming hell, that he may keep us from a real hell. God is fitting us for that time, when we shall enjoy his smiles for ever; when there shall be neither clouds in his face, or sun-setting; when Christ shall come and stay with his spouse, and the spouse shall never say more, "My beloved hath withdrawn himself."

THE WAYWARD SON.

(From the Memoirs of Andrew Fuller.)

It has not unfrequently been the lot of men the most eminently pious, to be tried with misconduct in their families. In this respect the case of Mr. Fuller, though in some of its details much more afflictive than that of his excellent friend Legh Richmond, in others strongly resembled it. Each lamented over the supposed loss of his first-born, under most distressing circumstances; yet to both of them God was gracious, enabling them to say, "This my son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found," and giving them cheering hope in the end.

On no point has the writer of these memoirs felt such painful hesitation as in determining relative to the presentation of the following records. Desirous, on the one hand, of avoiding any exposure of the faults of so near a relative, and, on the other, of exhibiting every circumstance strikingly eliciting the virtues of his revered parent, he would have suffered the former feeling to predominate, had not the details of the unhappy event already been given to the public. It is due, however, to the character of the departed youth, to remove an impression, too generally conceived, that he possessed an inveterate propensity to vicious and abandoned courses. This was not the case; his disposition was in many respects amiable; and amid all his wanderings, which arose from a restless instability of character, it does not appear that he abandoned himself to any of those grosser vices incident to a naval and military life.

In May 1796, a respectable situation was procured for him in London; which circumstance, with its result, is thus noticed in Mr. Fuller's diary:—

"May 12.—This day, my eldest son is gone to London, upon trial, at a warehouse belonging to Mr. B——. My heart has been much exercised about him. The child is sober and tender in his spirit; I find, too, he prays in private; but whether he be really godly, I know not. Sometimes he has expressed a desire after the ministry, but I always considered that as arising from the want of knowing himself. About a year and a half ago, I felt a very affecting time in pleading with God on his behalf. Nothing appeared to me so desirable for him as that he might be a servant of God. I felt my

heart much drawn out to devote him to the Lord, in whatever way he might employ him. Since that time, as he became of age for business, my thoughts have been much engaged on his behalf. As to giving him any idea of his ever being engaged in the ministry, it is what I carefully shun; and whether he ever will be is altogether uncertain. I know not whether he be a real Christian as yet, or, if he be, whether he will possess those qualifications which are requisite for that work; but this I have done, I have mentioned the exercises of my mind to Mr. B——, who is a godly man, and if at any future time within the next five or six years he should appear a proper object of encouragement for that work, he will readily give him up.

"I felt very tenderly last night and this morning in prayer. I cannot say—'God, before whom my fathers Abraham and Isaac did walk;' but I can say—'God, who hath fed me all my life long unto this day, the Angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lad.'

"July.—I perceive I have great unhappiness before me in my son, whose instability is continually appearing; he must leave London, and what to do with him I know not. I was lately earnestly engaged in prayer for him that he might be renewed in his spirit, and be the Lord's; and these words occurred to my mind—'Hear my prayer, O Lord, that goeth not forth out of feigned lips;' and I prayed them over many times."

Other situations were successively procured, but in none of them could he feel satisfied to remain. In a letter to a friend about this time, his father thus expresses himself:—

"My heart is almost broken. Let nothing that I said grieve you; but make allowance for your afflicted and distressed friend. When I lie down, a load almost insupportable depresses me. Mine eyes are kept waking, or if I get a little sleep, it is disturbed; and as soon as I awake, my load returns upon me.—'O Lord, I know not what to do; but mine eyes are up unto thee'—'Keep me, O my God, from sinful despondency.' Thou hast promised that 'all things shall work together for good to them that love thee'—'Fulfil thy promise, on which thou hast caused thy servant to hope.' O my God, this child which thou hast given me in charge, is wicked before thee, and is disobedient to me, and is plunging himself into ruin. Have mercy upon him, O Lord, and preserve him from evil. Bring him home to me; and not to me only, but also to thyself.

"If I see the children of other people, it aggravates my sorrow. Those who have had no instruction, no pious example, no warnings or counsels, are often seen to be steady and trusty; but my child, who has had all these advantages, is worthy of no trust to be placed in him. I am afraid he will go into the army, that sink of immorality; or, if not, that being

reduced to extremity, he will be tempted to steal. And oh, if he should get such a habit, what may not these weeping eyes witness, or this broken heart be called to endure! O my God, whither will my fears lead me! Have mercy upon me, a poor unhappy parent: have mercy upon him, a poor ungodly child!"

The former of these fears was realized; in 1798, he entered into the army, on which occasion his father thus writes to Dr. Ryland:—

"I have indeed had a sore trial in the affair you mention; but I do not recollect any trial of my life in which I had more of a spirit of prayer, and confidence in God. Many parts of Scripture were precious, particularly the following:—'O Lord, I know not what to do; but mine eyes are up unto thee'—'O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me'—'Commit thy way unto the Lord, and he shall bring it to pass'—'Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee'—'All things work together for good,' &c. Even while I knew not where he was, I felt stayed on the Lord, and had some degree of cheerful satisfaction that things would end well. I know not what is before me; but hitherto the Lord hath helped me; and still I feel resolved to hope in his mercy."

His discharge from the army was obtained on the ground of his being an apprentice; but he subsequently enlisted in the marines, soon after which he appeared sensible of his folly. The influence of early religious education was felt. Shocked at the heathenism of his present situation, and calling to remembrance the peaceful Sabbaths and pious instructions of home, he addressed his father, earnestly entreating him to use efforts for his liberation. This appeal to the piety and affection of a Christian parent was promptly responded to. His father's heart went forth to meet him, and he was once more restored to the bosom of his family.

Notwithstanding the influence of his mother-in-law, to whom, as well as to every other branch of the family, he was fondly attached, a dislike to business, increased by habits recently contracted, once more induced his departure.

"The sorrows of my heart," says his father, "have been increased, at different times, to a degree almost insupportable; yet I have hoped in God, and do still hope, that I shall see mercy for him in the end. The Lord knows that I have not sought *great things* for him, and that I have been more concerned for the *wicked* course he was following, than on account of the *meanness* of his taste.—'Oh may the Lord bring me out of this horrible pit, and put a new song in my mouth!'"

"My heart is oppressed; but yet I am supported. Yesterday, I fasted and prayed the day through. Many Scriptures were sweet to me; particularly Matt. xv. 25.—'Lord, help me!'—a petition in which a parent was heard for a child, after repeated repulses. And Ps.

xxxiii. 22. I believe I shall live to see good, in some way, come out of it. My soul is at rest in God."

Finding that he was bent on a sea-faring life, his father procured him a comfortable situation on board a merchant ship, apparently much to his satisfaction. The hopes which this new arrangement raised in the minds of his friends, were, however, suddenly destroyed, before he could join his ship, by the operation of the savage laws of impressment. Thus, against his inclination, he found himself once more on board a man-of-war, in the capacity of a common sailor.

In a few months an account was received by his friends of his having been tried for desertion, and sentenced to a most severe punishment, after the infliction of which he immediately expired!

"Oh!" says his agonized parent, "this is *heart-trouble*! In former cases, my sorrows found vent in tears; but now I can seldom weep. A kind of morbid heart-sickness preys upon me from day to day. Every object around me reminds of him! Ah! he was wicked! and mine eye was not over him to prevent it he was detected, and tried, and condemned; and I knew not he cried under his agonies; but I heard him not he expired, without an eye to pity, or a hand to help him. . . . 'O Absalom! my son! my son! would God I had died for thee, my son!'"

"Yet, O my soul! let me rather think of Aaron than of David. He 'held his peace' in a more trying case than mine. His sons were both slain, and slain by the *wrath of Heaven*: were *probably intoxicated* at the time; and all this *suddenly*, without anything to prepare the mind for such a trial! Well did he say, 'Such things have befallen me.'"

A few days brought the joyful intelligence that the report was an entire fabrication. "Blessed be God," says his father, "I find the above report is unfounded! I have received a letter from my poor boy. Well, he is yet alive, and within the reach of mercy."

Other and painful vicissitudes befell this unhappy young man, whose last station was among the marines, with whom he went on a voyage to Brazil. On his return, he addressed his father in the most pathetic terms, entreating one more written testimony of his forgiveness, urging that he was on the point of sailing for Lisbon; "whence," says he, "I may never return."

This was answered by an affecting epistle, of which the following extracts are all that can be found:—

"MY DEAR ROBERT,—I received with pleasure your dutiful letter, and would fain consider it as a symptom of a returning mind. I cannot but consider you as having been long under a sort of mental derangement, piercing yourself through, as well as me, with many sorrows. My prayer for you continually is, that the God of all grace and mercy may have mercy upon

you. You may be assured that I cherish no animosity against you. On the contrary, I do, from my heart, freely forgive you. But that which I long to see in you is repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ, without which there is no forgiveness from above.

"My dear son, you had advantages in early life; but, being continually in profligate company, you must be debased in mind, and, in a manner, reduced to a state of heathenism. In some of your letters, I have observed your dashing, as it were, against the rocks of fatalism; suggesting as if you thought you were appointed to such a course of life. In others, I find you flattering yourself that you are a penitent; when, perhaps, all the penitence you ever felt has been the occasional melancholy of remorse and fear.

"My dear son, I am now nearly fifty-five years old, and may soon expect to go the way of all the earth! But, before I die, let me teach you the good and the right way. 'Hear the instructions of a father.' You have had a large portion of God's preserving goodness, or you had, ere now, perished in your sins. Think of this, and give thanks to the Father of mercies, who has hitherto preserved you. Think, too, how you have requited him, and be ashamed for all that you have done. Nevertheless, do not despair! Far as you have gone, and low as you are sunk in sin, yet if hence you return to God, by Jesus Christ, you will find mercy. Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, even the chief of sinners. If you had been ever so sober and steady in your behaviour towards men, yet, without repentance toward God, and faith in Christ, you could not have been saved; and if you return to God by him, though your sins be great and aggravated, yet you will find mercy."

This affecting narrative cannot be better concluded, than in the words of the late Dr. Ryland:—"As this poor young man foreboded, this was his last voyage. He died off Lisbon, in March 1809, after a lingering illness, in which he had every attention paid him which his situation would admit.

"From the testimony of his captain, and one of his messmates, we learn that his conduct was good, and such as to procure him much respect; and, from letters addressed to his father and his sister, a short time before his death, we *hope* still better things; we hope he was led to see the error of his way, and to make the Lord his refuge from the tempest and the storm.

"His death, under such circumstances, was less painful to his friends than it would otherwise have been; and, in a sermon preached the Lord's-day after the intelligence was received, in allusion to this, from Rom. x. 8, 9, his father seemed to take comfort from three ideas; that, '1. The doctrine of free justification by the

death of Christ is suited to *sinners of all degrees*. It asks not how long, nor how often, nor how greatly we have sinned; if we confess our sin, *he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins*. 2 It is suited to the *helpless condition* of sinners. We have only to look and live. 3. It is suited to sinners in the *last extremity*. It answers to the promised mercy in Deut. iv. 29—'IF FROM THENCE thou seek the Lord thy God, thou shalt find him.' Some are far from home, and have no friend, in their dying moments, to speak a word of comfort but this is near! When Jonah was compassed about by the floods, when the billows and waves passed over him, he prayed to the Lord, and the Lord heard him'

"Here he was obliged to pause, and give vent to his feelings by weeping; and many of the congregation, who knew the cause, wept with him! His heart was full, and it was with difficulty he could conclude, with solemnly charging the sinner to apply for mercy ere it was too late; for if it were rejected, its having been so near, and so easy of access, would be a swift witness against him."

Does the eye of any one fall on these pages whose conscience tells him that he too, by his wickedness and folly, has well-nigh broken a parent's heart! Will he read in the above the record of a godly father's anguish, and ask himself whether he is willing that the agony of his parent should, through his means, be similar, and whether a father's tears and groans and wretchedness will be easily borne by his own awakened conscience, or will weigh lightly in the balance of judgment?

THE YOUNG COMMUNICANT.

(Letter from the late Rev. John Russell of Muthil to a Young Friend.)

You may think on the following things with regard to the Lord's supper:—

1. The divine authority of this ordinance. It was instituted by Christ himself, who is the Lord of glory; and this circumstance should deeply solemnize and affect our hearts.

2. The time when Christ appointed it—the night in which he was betrayed. We should think much of this circumstance; for Judas, who betrayed Christ, was an *apostle, a pretended disciple*, and, as our hearts are very deceitful, we should be very jealous over ourselves, lest, while we profess to love Christ, we should be *enemies to him in our hearts*. The night in which our Saviour was betrayed, was to himself a night of overwhelming sorrow; yet while his heart was full of sorrow, it overflowed with love to his people; and, as an evidence of his love, he instituted this ordinance for promoting the joy of his people in every age.

3. We should consider the great design of this or-

dinance—to show forth the death of Christ; and here we must think who Christ is—what was the cause of his death—what is the peculiar character and infinite value of that death. Christ is *true God*, but he became *man*. He was under no obligation to become *man*; but he was pleased, in infinite condescension, to unite our nature with himself. The punishment due to sin is death, not merely *the death of the body*, but what the Scripture calls *the death of the soul*; that is, an eternal separation from the love and favour of God, and an eternal suffering of his wrath. This is the death which all men, as sinners, have incurred. Had not Jesus died, we must all have perished for ever. In thinking on the death of Christ, we must always keep in view the original dignity of his character as the great God; and the whole course of obedience through which he passed before his death; especially we are to think of those deep sorrows which he endured in his soul—sorrows arising from an enlarged view of the holiness and justice of God—of the awful malignity of sin—of the extent of sin contracted by every individual of his elect people, for whom he died—deep impressions of almighty wrath—a violent conflict with Satan and infernal spirits. Christ died as a sacrifice of atonement; that is, to satisfy that justice of God which was offended by our sin. Jesus being God in our nature, his death possesses an infinite value, and purchased for us all the blessings which as sinners we need. We should think much of these blessings, and of the immense price which was paid for them. How great these blessings! such as restoration to the divine favour, adoption into the family of God, sanctifying grace, and eternal life in heaven. We should meditate on the great evil that is in sin, and cry for the Holy Spirit to convince us of sin—to clear up, and extend our views of the vile polluting nature of sin, and to bring home to our recollection our own individual sins, from the earliest period of our life. It is only as we get soul-affecting views of sin that our hearts can be affected with the love of Christ. We must also meditate on the love of the Father. The Father is to be considered as sustaining the character of Supreme Lawgiver and Righteous Judge. In this character he entered into covenant with Adam, and denounced a curse against him and all his posterity viewed as represented by him. Our fall and all its effects were foreseen by God from eternity; and from everlasting he pitched upon the objects he determined to save, and fixed the means, the wonderful means, by which their salvation should be accomplished. God the Father gave his own Son, with his own consent, to be the Saviour of the guilty. This is a delightful thought!—the whole plan of our salvation arranged and established from eternity—all springing from the *sovereign love* of the Father, the *equally sovereign love* of the Son, and the *equal love* of the *Holy Spirit*, who engaged from everlasting to apply the blessings of salvation.

This ordinance is called a *feast*, a *spiritual feast*—a feast for souls, and a feast for living souls: for the dead cannot feed. We are all naturally dead in sin, but the Spirit quickens dead souls, breathes upon the dry bones, and then they live. This new life

commences with union to Christ; he is the living one—a head of quickening influence to all who are brought into a saving connection with him. When this connection is formed, the Holy Spirit enters into the soul, and communicates new, holy, spiritual principles, faith, love, repentance, holy joy, holy fear, holy desires. The possession of these principles constitutes the hope of the soul; and we are called to approach the Lord's table in order, under divine influence, to get these new principles of divine life strengthened, established, and carried forward to perfection in heaven.

Would you wish to know your warrant or title to partake of the Lord's supper? you may ask yourself these questions which follow:—

1. Have I ever felt, or do I now feel, convictions of sin, of my own sinfulness, of the danger to which as a sinner I am liable, of my exposure to divine wrath?

2. Have I got a discovery of Christ such as I never had before? Does he appear to me glorious, precious, the one thing needful?

3. Have I fled to Christ as my all in all, convinced that in him I have all that my wants call for—that without him I am absolutely undone?

4. Have I ever seen a beauty in true religion, in getting my soul brought into conformity to the will of God?

5. Am I seeking after holiness? is this my uppermost desire, to be, to do, to suffer, all that God requires?

6. Am I willing, through grace, to take my part with the Lord's people, however afflicted or reproached?

7. Is it my real concern to be near to God, to be kept near to him, to fly from all sin, to feel the life of God in my soul, to enjoy God, and to serve him, and glorify him, while I live, when I die, and through eternity?

DREAMS, VISIONS, &c.*

DURING the various religious excitements which extended over the American States, under the preaching of different denominations, there was mingled with the good influence by which sinners were converted and reformed, no small degree of enthusiasm, which led the people to seek and expect extraordinary revelations, which were supposed to be granted in dreams or visions. Indeed, at one time, the leaders in a very general excitement, about the commencement of the revolutionary war, were impressed with the idea, that they possessed precisely the same gifts and powers which had been bestowed upon the apostles; and this enthusiastic idea would have spread widely, if they had not failed, in some private attempts, to work miracles. But the opinion, that certain persons had an extraordinary call from God to preach, and that they needed neither learning nor study to enable them to preach the gospel, continued to pre-

* From "Thoughts on Religious Experience," by Dr Alexander of Princeton.

vail for a long time; and this species of enthusiasm is not entirely passed away even to this day. Such preachers were much in the habit of declaiming in every sermon against letter-learning and college-bred ministers, and they seldom failed to inform their hearers that they had selected the subject of discourse after entering the pulpit; and some of them even gloried that they had never learned to read, as they believed that all learning interfered with the inspiration of the Spirit, which they were confident that they possessed. While this notion of an extraordinary call and immediate inspiration was common, it is not surprising that the people should have entertained wild opinions respecting the nature of conversion. As it was customary to give the narratives of religious experience in public, not only in the presence of the Church, but of a promiscuous assembly, there was a strong temptation to tell an extraordinary story; and the more miraculous it was, the higher evidence it was supposed to afford of being the work of God; concerning the genuineness of which the subject never expressed a doubt. Seldom was a narrative of experience heard which did not contain something supernatural; such as a remarkable prophetic dream; an open vision; a sudden and brilliant light shining around, as in the case of Paul; or an audible voice calling them by name, or uttering some text of Scripture, or some other encouraging words.

The philosophy of dreams is very little understood: and it is not our purpose to entertain or perplex the reader with any theories on the subject. Dreams have by some been divided into natural, divine, and diabolical. The wise man says, "A dream cometh through the multitude of business." Most dreams are undoubtedly the effect of the previous state of the mind, and of the peculiar circumstances and state of the body at the time. Most persons find their thoughts, in sleep, occupied with those things which gave them concern when awake; and every cause which disorders the stomach or nerves, gives a character to our dreams. Most persons have experienced the distress of feverish dreams. But there are sometimes remarkable dreams, which leave on the mind the strong impression that they have a meaning, and portend coming events. And that there have been dreams of this description, we learn from the authority of the Bible; and these prophetic dreams were not confined to the servants of God, as we learn from the instances of the butler and baker, in the prison of Pharaoh, and from the remarkable dream of Pharaoh himself. All these must have proceeded from some supernatural influence, as, when interpreted by Joseph, they clearly predicted future events, of which the persons dreaming had not the least knowledge. So, Nebuchadnezzar's dream contained a symbolical representation of future events of great

importance, which, however, neither he nor his wise men understood, but which was interpreted by Daniel, by divine inspiration. Why God so frequently made his communications to his servants by dreams, is not easily explained. Perhaps the mind is better prepared for such revelations, when external objects are entirely excluded; or, it might have been to obviate that terror and perturbation to which all men were subject, when an angel or spirit appeared to them.

Whether God ever now communicates any thing by dreams is much disputed. Many, no doubt, deceive themselves, by fancying that their dreams are supernatural; and some have been sadly deluded by trusting to dreams; and certainly people ought not to be encouraged to look for revelations in dreams. But there is nothing inconsistent with reason or Scripture, in supposing that, on some occasions, certain communications, intended for the warning or safety of the individual himself, or of others, may be made in dreams. To doubt of this, is to run counter to a vast body of testimony in every age. And if ideas, received in dreams, produce a salutary effect, in rendering the careless serious or the sorrowful comfortable, in the view of divine truth, very well; such dreams may be considered *providential*, if not divine. But if any are led by dreams to pursue a course repugnant to the dictates of common sense or the precepts of Scripture, such dreams may rightly be considered diabolical. Some persons have supposed that they experienced a change of mind while asleep. They have gone to rest with a heart unsubdued and unconverted, and their first waking thoughts have been of faith and love. Some have sunk to sleep, worn down with distress, and in their sleep have received comfort, as they supposed, from a believing view of Christ. Such changes are suspicious; but if they are proved to be genuine by the future life of the person, we should admit the possibility of God's giving a new heart, just as he does to the infant. Or, truth may be as distinctly impressed on persons' minds in sleep, as when they are awake. Some persons appear to have their faculties in more vigorous exercise, in some kinds of sleep, than when their senses are all exercised.

The Rev. John Fletcher, vicar of Madely, relates that he had a dream of the judgment-day, the effect of which was a deep and abiding impression of eternal things on his mind. As the scene was vividly painted on his imagination, and the representation of truth was as distinct and coherent as if he had been awake, it may be gratifying to the reader to have the account of it set before him. He had been variously exercised about religion before this. "I was," says he, "in this situation, when a dream, in which I am obliged to acknowledge the hand of God, roused me from my security. On a sudden the heavens were darkened, and clouds rolled along in

terrific majesty, and a thundering voice like a trumpet, which penetrated to the bowels of the earth, exclaimed, 'Arise, ye dead, and come out of your graves.' Instantly the earth and the sea gave up the dead which they contained, and the universe was crowded with living people who appeared to come out of their graves by millions. But what a difference among them! Some, convulsed with despair, endeavoured in vain to hide themselves in their tombs, and cried to the hills to fall on them, and the mountains to cover them from the face of the holy Judge; while others rose with seraphic wings above the earth which had been the theatre of their conflicts and their victory. Serenity was painted on their countenances, joy sparkled in their eyes, and dignity was impressed on every feature. My astonishment and terror were redoubled when I perceived myself raised up with this innumerable multitude into the vast regions of the air, from whence my affrighted eyes beheld this globe consumed by the flames, the heavens on fire, and the dissolving elements ready to pass away. But what did I feel, when I beheld the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven, in all the splendour of his glory, crowned with the charms of his mercy, and surrounded with the terrors of his justice! Ten thousand thousands went before him, and millions pressed upon his footsteps. All nature was silent. The wicked were condemned, and the sentence was pronounced—the air gave way under the feet of those who surrounded me—a yawning gulf received them, and closed upon them. At the same time He that sat upon the throne exclaimed, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.' 'Happy children of God!' I cried, 'you are exalted in triumph with your Redeemer, and my dazzled eyes will soon lose sight of you, in the blaze of light which surrounds you. Wretch that I am, what words can express the horrors of my situation?' A fixed and severe look from the Judge, as he departed, pierced me to the heart; and my anguish and confusion were extreme, when a brilliant personage, despatched from the celestial host, thus addressed me: 'Slothful servant, what dost thou here? Dost thou presume to follow the Son of God, whom thou hast served merely with thy lips, while thy heart was far from him? Show me the seal of thy salvation and the earnest of thy redemption. Examine thy heart, and see if thou canst discover there a real love to God, and a living faith to his Son? Ask thy conscience what were the motives of thy pretended good works? Dost thou not see that pride and self-love were the source of them? Dost thou not see that the fear of hell rather than the fear of offending God, restrained thee from sin?' After these words he paused; and regarding me with a compassionate air, seemed to await my reply. But conviction and terror closed my

mouth, and he thus resumed his discourse: 'Withhold no longer from God the glory which is due him. Turn to him with all thy heart, and become a new creature. Watch and pray, was the command of the Son of God; but instead of having done this by working out thy own salvation with fear and trembling, thou hast slept the sleep of security. At this very moment dost thou not sleep in that state of lethargy and spiritual death, from which the Word of God, the exhortations of his servants, and the strivings of his grace, have not been sufficient to deliver thee? Time is swallowed up in eternity. There is no more place for repentance. Thou hast obstinately refused to glorify God's mercy in Christ Jesus—go then, slothful servant, and glorify his justice.' Having uttered these words, he disappeared, and, at the same time, the air gave way under my feet—the abyss began to open—dreadful wallings assailed my ears, and a whirlwind of smoke surrounded me. The agitation of my mind and body awoke me, the horror of which nothing can equal, and the mere recollection of which still makes me tremble. O how happy I felt on awaking to find that I was still on the land of mercy, and the day of salvation! O my God, I cried, grant that this dream may continually influence my sentiments and my conduct! May it prove a powerful stimulus to excite me to prepare continually for the coming of my great Master!"

By this dream Mr. Fletcher was convinced that he had been indulging vain hopes, and that his mind was still unrenewed. His conviction of this truth, however, did not rest entirely nor chiefly on what had been told him in his dream, but he now set to work in sober earnest to examine his religious principles and motives by the Scriptures; and the more he examined the more fully was he convinced that he was yet in an unconverted state. From this time he began with all earnestness to seek for justification through the blood of Christ; and never rested until he found peace with God by a living faith in the truth and promises of God.

The dream of John Newton, which he had long before his conversion, when in the harbour of Venice, is probably known to most of our readers: "I thought," says he, "that it was night, and my watch upon the deck—a person came to me and brought me a ring, with an express charge to keep it carefully; assuring me that while I preserved that ring, I should be happy and successful; but if I lost or parted with it, I must expect nothing but trouble and misery. I accepted the present and the terms willingly, not in the least doubting my own care to preserve it, and highly gratified to have my happiness in my own keeping. I was engaged in these thoughts, when a second person came to me, and observing the ring on my finger, he took occasion to ask me some

questions concerning it. I readily told him its virtues, and his answer expressed a surprise at my weakness, in expecting such effects from a ring. I think he reasoned with me some time on the impossibility of the thing; and at length urged me in direct terms to throw it away. At first I was shocked at the proposal; but his insinuations prevailed. I began to reason and doubt, and at last plucked it off my finger, and dropped it over the ship's side into the water, which it had no sooner touched, than I saw, at the same instant, a terrible fire burst out from a range of mountains (the Alps) which appeared at some distance behind the city of Venice. I saw the hills as distinct as if awake, and that they were all in flames. I perceived too late my folly; and my tempter, with an air of insult, informed me that all the mercy God had in reserve for me was comprised in the ring, which I had wilfully thrown away. I trembled and was in great agony, and stood self-condemned, when a third person, or the same who gave me the ring, came to me and demanded the cause of my grief. He blamed my rashness, and asked me if I thought I should be wiser, if I had my ring again. I could hardly answer, but thought it gone beyond control. He went down under the water, and soon returned, bringing the ring with him. The moment he came on board, the flames were extinguished. I approached to receive the ring, but he refused to restore it, saying, 'If you should receive this ring again, you would soon bring yourself into the same distress. You are not able to keep it; but I will preserve it for you, and whenever it is needful will produce it in your behalf.' Upon this I awoke in a state of mind not to be described. I could hardly eat or sleep, or transact necessary business, for two or three days; but the impression soon wore off, and in a little time I totally forgot it, and I think it hardly occurred to my mind till several years afterwards."

I will conclude this *unsubstantial* discussion by citing the words of that remarkable young sage of remote antiquity, Elihu, the reprover of both Job and his friend, and the sublime defender of God and his dispensations. "For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed; then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction."

THE CHRISTIAN LIKE THE PALM.*

FEW trees can equal the palm in absolute usefulness. Its shadow refreshes the weary traveller; its sweet and abundant fruit restores his strength; and when his soul falleth him for thirst, its welcome telegraph announces, Here is water. The light-house of the wilderness—nature's simple hostelry: its beacon has darted life into many a glassy eye; and has for-

warded to his home, which he hardly hoped to see again, many a sinking wanderer;—so that glad associations and grateful offices have gone far to enhance its beauty. And in the tender mercy of God, there are distributed through the Church of Christ, and, consequently, through the world, many persons who, in beneficence, flourish like the palm. To do good and communicate they never forget. They cannot avoid it. It is now spontaneous with them; for God gave them the disposition when he gave them their new nature. Like a cool shadow in a scorching day, their counsel revives the perplexed, and their sympathy cheers the sad. Like the clustering dates ungrudgingly showered on the passenger, their generosity and hospitality are a boon to all who need them; and like the palm tree pointing to the hidden well, their sure direction guides the weary seeker to the Fountain where he drinks and lives for ever. Such an one was Barnabas, the Son of Consolation, in whose large heart and tender wisdom afflicted consciences and wounded spirits found the balm which healed them—"a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost." And such were Gaius, and Aquila, and Lydia, and Dorcas, whose willing roof and untiring bounty made Churches their debtors, and who found in the prayers of the poor their payment. And such was Philip the Evangelist, who put the timely question to the Ethiopian, and business-like and brother-like sat down in the chariot beside him, and pointed out so plainly that way to heaven which the earnest stranger was so fain to find. And such, in later times, have been many of the Church universal worthies: Bernard Gilpin, whose open hand and inviting door softened towards the gospel the rude heart of Northumberland; John Thornton, of whom it was remarked, "Were there but a thousand loving Christians of great opulence like-minded with him, the nation would be convinced of the good operation of the gospel;" William Wilberforce, who, in addition to countless acts of considerate philanthropy, sought out and sent to college young men of principle and promise, and saw his liberality rewarded when they became judges of the land, and distinguished ministers of the gospel; Howell Harris, who filled his Trevecca mansion with scores of disabled and destitute Christians, and, amidst the tears of a hundred adopted children, passed away to that beloved Saviour whom hungry he fed, and a stranger he had taken in; Mrs. Fletcher of Madely, who devoted her long widowhood to prayer and active kindness, and re-peopled her desolate home with orphans and the pious poor; John Newton, whose dusky Coleman Street chamber shone with a heavenly radiance in many a memory, for there, amid his affectionate explanations, the cross stood out to their tearful view, and for the first time they learned to find in a Saviour's side the double refuge from sin and from sorrow. And such, in your place and your measure, may each of you who are Christians at all aspire to become. "Herein is the Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." Kind looks, kind words, kind deeds; advice thoughtfully and honestly given;

* From a Tract in "Nisbet's Series," London.

trouble cheerfully taken; visits to the sick and the mourning, when your heart goes with you, and you are in a mood for prayer; gifts of your substance, large enough to make you interested in the cause to which you contribute, and intercessions as earnest as these gifts are cordial: such are true fruits of righteousness—such are the genuine produce of a thriving palm.

PASSAGES FROM DR. NEVINS.

"AN HONEST MAN IS THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD."

WHAT! Honesty the perfection of virtue? What! Is that the noblest creature of God, which is consistent with the most consummate selfishness, and which may exist in unjarring harmony with impiety towards God and cruelty towards men? Is rigid justice in one's dealings with his fellow-creatures the highest excellence of moral character? Why, it is the lowest on the list of the virtues. It is no compliment to a man to say that he is honest, because it is so shameful to be otherwise; and to say it of the dead, as the most that can be said of them, is very much like an insult to their memory. Such feeble praise is heavy censure. He must be poorly off for virtues who boasts of his honesty. But let it be understood, as the poet hath said, that honesty, is the perfection of virtue, and we know the consequence. Most men are satisfied to approach perfection. To be all but the noblest work of God, they think is doing well: for, according to this scheme, the man that is all but honest, is all but at the summit of virtue—all but the noblest work of God. The truth is, it is no very great doing to give every man his legal dues. It is our duty, and our glory, and our happiness, to give to others much more than their dues.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

Oh, the strange infatuation of men! What will be the next news from Europe? Which way the price of some staple commodity is likely next to fluctuate? Who will next be the chief magistrate?—are the questions which interest most men. But where are they going to pass their immortality? What is to be their state for ever? Whether are they maturing for heaven or hell?—are uninteresting inquiries.

PRAYER MEETINGS.

The want of concert in prayer, brings it to pass that we have no such influence accompanying the word preached as that which gave pungency and power to the sermon of Peter on the day of Pentecost. For ten days previous to that memorable morning, ay, and on that very morning up to the hour of the descent of the Spirit, the whole company of the disciples were all, with one accord, in one place, engaged in prayer and supplication. They were together, and agreed as touching the thing they should ask. I suppose every one made an exertion to be present. I suppose there was not one disciple unnecessarily absent from those meetings; nor from

that meeting which was called to pray for Peter's release: "Prayer was made of the Church for him." Suppose one-half or three-fourths of the Church had stayed at home, or gone to some place of worldly resort on that evening (for, shocking to relate! there were evening meetings, even at that early period), think you Peter would have been released, in answer to their prayers? Yet full that proportion of the members of our Churches absent themselves from our meetings for prayer. Yes, at least one-half or three-fourths of our Churches dissent, when the proposal is to pray for the revival of religion. There is no agreement as touching it, and hence it cannot be reasonably expected. There is not even a plurality in favour of it—no!—not half the Church in favour of a revival!—*the vote is carried to have none!*

I would not make any sweeping assertions, but I do not see how any one, who has grace even as a grain of mustard seed, can habitually and voluntarily be absent from the assemblies for social prayer.

Some never unite in any form of social prayer but on the Sabbath. To suit their hebdomadal devotions, that petition should have run, "Give us this week our weekly bread." But as it now is, by using it only one day in the week, we leave the supplies of the other six days unasked for. We acknowledge our dependence upon God for only a seventh part of our time.

CONVERSION.

The subject of a sudden and instantaneous conversion has given rise to much debate. The whole difficulty that has been gathered around this subject may be removed by making one obvious distinction. *Conversion* is sudden, is instantaneous; but *religion*, *piety*, or *sanctification*, is progressive. In other words, religion is progressive, but the first step in that progression is instantaneous.

I have long since ceased to marvel at the doctrine of regeneration.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

When men attend public worship but once on a Sabbath, and assign, as a reason, that they were reading the Bible, I suspect they could not have been reading the 95th Psalm, nor the 25th verse of the 11th chapter of Hebrews.

THE UNPAID VOW.

He was sick—he was near unto death—and the world was receding from him—and hope was like a dying taper—and sore as was the body's agony, it was not like that pang the soul felt when the prospect of parting was before it, and the remembrance of the sunny day and the starry night, and spring with all its awakened beauties, and the charm of friendship, and the exultant feeling of health, and the comfort of home, and all that enchains to life, all to be left behind, came to his heart—Oh! it was a confused mingling of pain, and regret, and dread. All was dark—all was wild. He "mourned sore like the dove—he chattered like the swallow." Then he cried unto God, and petitioned Jesus. And when

his strength failed, he moaned a piteous prayer, and "Oh!" he said, "if I might be spared, if God would but raise me up, I would sin no more, and I would never forget the goodness; I would be faithful, and my whole life should be a demonstration of my thankfulness." And God heard, and raised him up, and once more he went forth to the world. But the promise he made to his Maker he broke; and in the oath wherewith he bound his soul, he perjured himself; and when one reminded him of that which should have been *burned* upon his memory, he smiled. "My soul, come thou not into his secret: mine honour, be thou not joined to his assembly."

THE FUTURE.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow"—is a precept disregarded by him who prepares only to live, and not to die, on to-morrow. To take it for granted that you will die to-morrow, and to act as if it were certain, is equally presumptuous as to assume that you will live to-morrow, and to act accordingly. You may live through to-morrow. Then be prepared for it—prosecute your plans—pursue your business—be industrious and enterprising; but be not unmindful that there is another branch of the alternative. You may not live through to-morrow. Be prepared equally for that. I would have you equally prepared for to-morrow, whether it be a prolongation of time, or the beginning of eternity. It may be either. Are you prepared for it, whichever it be? To-morrow may introduce you into the presence of God, may close the account of life, may withdraw the offer of mercy, may cut short the opportunity of salvation. What if it should? Are you ready for that interview and that reckoning? Have you accepted the offer, and improved the opportunity? This day, whose hours are so rapidly passing away, may be to you the last day of grace. The invitation which the Saviour now addresses to you, may be the last he will ever make. Shall this day, then, be wasted? Shall this invitation be refused? To-night the door may shut. Reader, would it shut you in or out, *for ever*?

A SEAL OF PERMANENT HAPPINESS.

THE Lord's Supper, as a seal, distinguishes between permanent blessings and ephemeral enjoyments. All earthly things are changeable and transient. The flower has no sooner expanded its leaves and drawn admiring attention to their loveliness, than they fade and shrivel. The sun has no sooner reached his meridian altitude, than he begins to decline. The perfection of summer is the signal of its retirement, and points to adjacent autumn and approaching winter. Nor does it fare better with ourselves, the boasted lords of creation. "All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field." (Isa. xl. 6.) "Our fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever?" (Zech. i. 5.) The history of families becomes a history of bereavements: the world itself is a capacious cemetery, and is far more numerous peopled by the dead than by the living. "Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, Return, ye children of men. Thou carriest them away as with a flood." (Ps. xc. 3, 5.) But all is not fragile! here are en-

during and inalienable privileges. The heart that has become sick in the giddy whirl of temporal vicissitudes, may here find relief in the healing contemplation of imperishable treasures. The price paid for them bespeaks their infinite worth; and the seal affixed to them secures their eternal duration. Though hills and vales, cities and palaces, should vibrate with the proclamation of the preacher—"Vanity of vanities; all is vanity," very different accents are audible here. These emblems have a cheerful voice, and the ear of faith hears them saying, "Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation: ye shall not be ashamed nor confounded world without end." (Isa. xlv. 17.) "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee; neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." (Isa. liv. 10.)—*King*.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

"WHAT an excellent thing is knowledge!" said a sharp-looking, bustling little man, to one who was much older than himself. "Knowledge is an excellent thing," repeated he; "my boys know more at six and seven years old than I did at twelve. They can read all sorts of books, and talk on all sorts of subjects. The world is a great deal wiser than it used to be. Every body knows something of every thing now. Do you not think, sir, that knowledge is an excellent thing?"

"Why, sir," replied the old man, looking gravely, "that depends entirely on the use to which it is applied. It may be a blessing or a curse. Knowledge is only an increase of power, and power may be a bad as well as a good thing."

"That is what I cannot understand," said the bustling little man. "How can power be a bad thing?"

"I will tell you," meekly replied the old man, and thus went on: "When the power of a horse is under restraint, the animal is useful in bearing burdens, drawing loads, and carrying his master; but when that power is unrestrained, the horse breaks his bridle, dashes the carriage that he draws to pieces, or throws his rider."

"I see! I see!" said the little man.

"When the water of a large pond is properly conducted by trenches, it renders the fields around fertile; but when it bursts through his banks, it sweeps every thing before it, and destroys the produce of the field."

"I see! I see!" said the little man, "I see!"

"When a ship is steered aright, the sail that she hoists up enables her the sooner to get into port; but if steered wrong, the more sail she carries, the farther will she go out of her course."

"I see! I see!" said the little man, "I see clearly."

"Well, then," continued the old man, "if you see these things so clearly, I hope you can see, too, that knowledge to be a good thing, must be right applied. God's grace in the heart will render the knowledge of the head a blessing; but without this, it may prove to us no better than a curse."—*Todd*.

SOWING AND REAPING.

It is now some years since, that many of the young students at the college of Lausanne, in Switzerland, were in the habit of going into the neighbouring villages, in their daily walks, to distribute tracts, and to speak of the loving-kindness of the Lord Jesus to all who would listen to them. One of them, who in after days became a clergyman, went to preach in one of these villages. After the service was over, he saw one of the peasants who had been present, looking at him very attentively. The man at last came up to him, and asked if he had not in former years given away tracts in his neighbourhood. With some difficulty (the peasant carefully recalling the time, the place, and the circumstance) the preacher remembered that, at the time he was studying at Lausanne, he had, with a friend younger than himself, visited that very place for the purpose of distributing tracts. The peasant then said, "I was one of the people to whom you gave some. I was in the field, when I saw two young men coming towards me. They addressed me, and gave me a tract called the 'The Two Ways.' They likewise spoke to me with much earnestness about my soul, and about eternity; they expressed their best wishes for me, and then they took the road to the city, as if they had only come for that. As for me, I did not know what to think of the meeting. 'Ought I to read the little book? Should I throw it away without caring about it?' I said to myself, 'Here are two very young men, much younger than I am, who have come on purpose to bring me this book, although of an age when young men are generally thinking of very different things! And then, they talked so earnestly about the Bible—they seemed so impressed with what they said! This is very extraordinary! I must surely read the little book they have given me.' I went home and read it to my family. It struck us much; it was so short, so clear, and so simple. Some time after, I read it again and again. It roused up my conscience, and, as it were, prepared my soul for the preaching of the gospel, which God gave me an opportunity of hearing soon after. Now I and my four brothers are all at peace, seeking to serve the Lord, and the happiest family in the village."

THE BIBLE TRIUMPHING OVER INFIDELITY.

A MINISTER in calling at a house in one of his Bible visits, and finding that it was without a Bible, was assured by the woman that her husband would upon no account allow a Bible to remain inside his walls. He went away surprised and discouraged, but he determined not to give the unpromising case up. He paid a second visit, and took a Bible with him. He found the man at home, and, after making known his errand, the man begged, in an angry tone, that he would give himself no further trouble; "for there," said he, pointing to a large box, "there is my chest of truth." The minister, however, was resolved to cast his bread upon the waters, and left the Bible behind him. When he was gone, the man took up the Bible, not to read, but to destroy it! And ashamed to do this in the presence of his family, or any of the neighbours that might come in, he took it with him into the fields, intending to throw it into the river. But as he went along, he thought he would just take one look at it before he destroyed it, and see what it said. He read; and the word was made quick and

powerful, and he could not, he durst not, destroy it. He read again, and he began to feel the truths of the Bible all-important to him. But what was to be done? He was ashamed to take the Bible home again, or to be seen reading it; so he left it in an out-house, and went every now and then to read a little in private. At length he got courage to tell his wife how unhappy he was, and she sent him to the clergyman who had taken the Bible to his house, and whose instructions were blest to the full relief of his mind, and to his establishment in that blessed truth which he had before laboured to destroy. He soon set up family worship in his house, and was a surprise to all his neighbours. Well, the 5th of November drew on; and he said to his children, "My lads, you shall have a grand treat; I intend to make you a famous bonfire." The hour came, and he told his lads to help him to draw out his chest—his chest of truth; in which lay about ten pounds worth of infidel works, written by Thomas Paine and other ungodly men. All the contents of the box were torn up and thrown into the fire, and while they were blazing, the father and the children sung a hymn.

HOLINESS.

SAY not that thou hast royal blood in thy veins, and art-born of God, except thou canst prove thy pedigree, by daring to be holy in spite of men and devils.—*Gurnall*.

Gospel holiness includes a heart broken for sin, a heart broken off from sin, and a perpetual conflict with sin.—*Medley*.

To be holy is to put on Christ (Rom. xiii. 14), to resemble Christ in your spirit and carriage; as one man resembles another when he puts on his dress or imitates his manners.—*Hevey*.

As musk lying among linen perfumes it, so the real indwelling of God's Spirit imparts the sweet fragrantcy of holiness to the believer's heart, and tempers words and works.

Fragments.

WEALTH and worldly possessions are often a hurt and sore pull-back to Christian professors; like some soldiers who, when they once meet with a rich booty at the sacking of some town, are spoiled for fighting ever after.—*Gurnall*.

Praise will not draw the Christian out of a corner, nor fear drive him into one.

If God be obeyed, conversions must be sudden, for he commands to repent now.

The Church has endured a PAGAN and a PAPAL persecution. There remains for her an INFIDEL persecution—general, bitter, purifying, cementing.

When thou art at the greatest pinch, strength shall come. When the last handful of meal was dressing, then was the prophet sent to keep the widow's house.—*Gurnall*.

The late Rev. John Clark, of Frombe, was asked how he kept himself from being involved in quarrels. He answered, "By letting the angry person always have the quarrel to himself."

INFLUENCE OF FAMILY WORSHIP ON CHILDREN.

BY THE REV. J. W. ALEXANDER, NEW YORK.

THERE are many readers of these pages who, like the author, can go back to no period of recollection in which the worship of God was not duly observed under the parental roof; and they will agree in testifying that this is among the chief blessings for which they have to thank an ever-gracious Providence. If called upon to name the principal benefit of the institution, we should indicate its benign operation on the children of the house.

The simple fact, that parents and offspring meet together every morning and evening, for the word of God and prayer, is a great fact in household annals. It is the inscribing of God's name over the lintel of the door. It is the setting up of God's altar. The dwelling is marked as a house of prayer. Religion is thus made a substantive and prominent part of the domestic plan. The day is opened and closed in the name of the Lord. From the very dawn of reason, each little one grows up with a feeling that God must be honoured in every thing; that no business of life can proceed without Him; and that the day's work, or study, would be unsheltered, disorderly, and in a manner profane, but for this consecration. When such a child comes, in later years, to mingle with families where there is no worship, there is an unavoidable shudder, as if among heathen or infidel companions. In Greenland, when a stranger knocks at the door, he asks, "Is God in this house?" and if they answer, "Yes," he enters.

As prayer is the main part of all family worship, so the chief benefit to children is that they are the subjects of such prayer. As the great topic of the parent's heart is his offspring, so they will be his great burden at the throne of grace. And what is there, which the father and mother can ever do for their beloved ones, that may be compared with their bearing them to God in daily supplication? And when are they so likely to do this with melting affection, as when kneeling amidst the group of sons and daughters? And what prayers are more likely to be answered, than those which are offered thus? The direct influence of family prayer is then to bring down the benediction of Almighty God upon the children of the house. In saying this, though we should not add another

word, we adduce a sufficient and triumphant reason for the custom of our fathers. But there are incidental and collateral advantages which must not be overlooked.

Daily worship, in common, encourages children to acts of devotion. It reminds them, however giddy or careless they may be, that God is to be adored. In many ways it suggests to them the duty and blessedness of praying for themselves. They are here familiarized with what may be called the method of prayer; and have manifold petitions brought before their minds, which may afterwards be made their own. While the favoured circle is bowed down before God, there is scarcely a son or a daughter who will not sometimes be arrested by the voice of the father in supplication, and prompted to appropriate the petition. In many instances, we may suppose, the first believing prayer of the Christian youth ascend from the fireside. Slight impressions, otherwise transient, are thus fixed, and infant aspirations are carried up with the volume of domestic incense. Is it too much to say, that in this way family worship becomes the means of everlasting salvation to multitudes?

The confessions, thanksgivings, and petitions of a wise householder, will take their form and colour from the circumstances of his house. Unless enslaved to a rigid form, he cannot but vary his request with the changing condition of his family; and, therefore, he will naturally suit his words of devotion to the state of his children. It must be obvious, that in this way, even when prayer is most singly directed to its proper end, a number of incidental suggestions must occur, which will carry all the solemnity and pungency of exhortation, caution, and consolation. He who is prayed for, will know and feel that he is prayed for. Paths of duty will be indicated; dangers will be marked; sins will be arrayed before conscience; divine blessings will be set forth as infinitely desirable. By the same means, through God's blessing, incentives to piety will be reiterated, convictions deepened, and the object of faith placed in open light. Where all this is done day by day, the heart of the child must experience some affection, until it be steeled by habitual resistance.

The daily regular and solemn reading of God's holy Word, by a parent before his children, is one of the most powerful agencies of a Christian life. We are prone to undervalue this cause. It is a constant dropping, but it wears its mark into the rock. A family thus trained cannot be ignorant of the Word. The whole Scriptures come repeatedly before the mind. The most heedless child must observe and retain some portion of the sacred oracles: the most forgetful must treasure up some passages for life. No one part of juvenile education is more important. Between families thus instructed, and those where the Bible is not read, the contrast is striking. To deny such a source of influence to the youthful mind is an injustice, at the thought of which a professor of Christianity may well tremble. The filial affections are moulded by family worship. The child beholds the parent in a peculiar relation. Nowhere is the Christian father so venerable as where he leads his house in prayer. The tenderness of love is hallowed by the sanctity of reverence. A chastened awe is thrown about the familiar form, and parental dignity assumes a new and sacred aspect. There is surely nothing unnatural in the supposition that a froward child shall find it less easy to rebel against the rule of one whom he daily contemplates in an act of devotion. The children look more deeply into the parent's heart by the medium of family prayer. A single burst of genuine fatherly anxiety in the midst of ardent intercession may speak to the child a volume of long-hidden and travelling grief and love. Such words, uttered on the knees, though from the plain untutored man, are sometimes as arrows in the heart of unconverted youth. The child is forced to say within himself, "How can I offend against the father who daily wrestles with God in my behalf? How can I be careless about the soul, for which he is thus concerned?" And often, when separated from the domestic circle, has the wanderer bethought himself, My father and mother are now praying to God for their boy? He is little read in the human heart who fails to recognise here a great element of filial piety, or who refuses to believe that the tenderness of a child's attachment is increased by the stated worship of the household.

There is a kindred influence upon fraternal affection. Praying together is a certain means of attachment: those who pray for one another cannot but love. Think of it, and confess how impossible it is for sons and daughters, every

day, during all the sunny years of youth, to bow down side by side in common devotions and mutual intercessions, without feeling that their affection is rendered closer and holier by the very act. Brothers and sisters who have thus been led together to the throne of grace from infancy, are linked by ties unknown to the rest of the world.

Delightful as is the syllable *HOME*, it is made tenfold more so by prayer. The ancient *lares*, or gods of the house, were cherished, and their altar was the domestic hearth. They were vanity and a lie: "but our God is in the heavens." (Ps. cxv. 3.) The house of our childhood is always lovely; but the presence of the Almighty Protector makes it a sanctuary, and his altar causes home to be doubly home. However long we live, or however far we wander, it will ever abide in memory as the place of prayer, the cradle of our childlike devotions, the circle which enclosed father, and mother, and sister, and brother, in its sacred limit. Now that which adds to the charm and the influence of home, affords a mighty incentive to good, and a mighty check to evil. To make a child love his home, is to secure him against a thousand temptations. Families who live without God forego all such advantages and recollections. The domestic fireside no doubt has its charms, but it is shorn of its religious associations; it is less revered; we believe it is less loved.

In families where there is daily praise of God, in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, there is an additional influence on the young. At no age are we more impressed by music, and no music is so impressive as that which is the vehicle of devotion. The little imitative creatures begin to catch the melodies long before they can understand the words. Without any exception, they are delighted with this part of the service, and their proficiency is easy in proportion. No choir can be compared with that of a godly household, where old and young, day after day, and year after year, lift up the voice in harmony. Such strains give a jocund opening to the day, and cheer the harassed mind after labour is done. Sacred song tranquillizes and softens the mind, makes an opening for higher influences, and prepares voice and heart for the public praise of God. The practice is the more important, as it is well known, that in order to attain its perfection, the voice should be cultivated from an early age. Nor should we omit to mention the store of psalms and hymns which are thus

treasured in the memory. By this it is, even more than by public worship, that the Scottish peasantry to so great an extent have the old version of the Psalms by rote, in great part or in whole.

In the rearing of youth, nothing can be thought insignificant which goes to train the thoughts, or give strength and direction to the habits. It is by a repetition of perpetual, patient touches, small in themselves, that the straggling branches of the vine are led by the gardener to grow and spread aright; it is by ten thousand inappreciable dots and scratches, that the plate of the engraver is made to represent the portrait or the landscape. So it is by an ever-renewed application of right principles, that parental care, in the hand of sovereign grace, gives Christian habit to the infant mind. In so precious a work nothing is unimportant: we must give heed to the minutest influences, as we save the filings of gold and the dust of diamonds. For this reason we ascribe to domestic worship a large share in creating useful habits in the young. We scruple not to say that a child receives advantage by being led to do *any thing*, provided it be innocent, at stated times, with frequent repetition, and with proper care. The daily assembling of a household, at regular periods, for a religious purpose, directly tends to promote good habits. It is a useful lesson for the speechless babe, to acquire the patient stillness of the hour of prayer. It is good for a family to have a religious motive to early rising, and timely attention to personal neatness. It is something to have punctuality in the observance of two hours each day, enforced from the very dawn of life. Those who may be tempted to put this aside with a smile, should first institute a comparison in regard to these particulars, between any two families, of which one worships, and the other worships not. We are willing to abide by the result of the examination, for we are sure that in the latter will be found a great looseness of domestic arrangement, tardy rising, a slovenly toilet; a long irregular, time-wasting breakfast, more conformable to the modern fashion than to Christian usage; evenings without an affectionate rally of the house; and late hours of retiring, or no fixed hours at all.

Parents who may read these lines are respectfully invited to consider whether they do not owe it to their children to give them the daily worship of God. Especially are the sons and daughters of the Church, whose own youth was

hallowed by this constant observance, charged to recall their impressions of the past, and to reckon up the advantages which they are denying to their offspring.

Christian children must give account at the last day for the privilege of family prayer. It becomes them to be asking whether they are making use of the instrumentality. Customary means of this kind, we know, are apt to become formalities. When the family is gathered, the careless or drowsy child may hear as though he heard not, and kneel as though he knelt not; may attend to no syllable of God's Word, and join in no single petition; but let him remember that every instance of family worship affords a means of direct approach to the Most High, and thus a means of saving his soul. Blessed are those children who, early in their youthful days, remember the God of their fathers, and begin life by choosing him as the guide of their youth! To such, every act of worship is a solemnity and a delight, gradually ripening the soul for faithful service on earth, and for the praises of heaven. Most earnestly is it to be desired, that those who have been baptized, who have been catechized, who have been, during all their youth, embraced in the circle of domestic prayer, should now, when themselves placed at the head of families, carry forward the blessed institutions in which they have been reared, and convey the words of life to coming generations. "We will not hide them from their children, showing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord, and his strength, and his wonderful works that he hath done." (Ps. lxxviii. 4.)

ROSEMARKIE, FORTROSE, AND FORT-GEORGE.

BY THE REV. D. LANDBOROUGH, SALTCOATS.

THIS title is a comprehensive one; but I shall pass over the ground speedily. I shall begin with Rosemarkie, which was my *ne plus ultra* in my progress through Ross-shire. I shall not soon forget the delightful walk which I had around the village of Rosemarkie, on a Saturday evening in August 1845. My friend, the Rev. Mr. Dickie of Beith, and I had gone to Fortrose, where we were to be professionally engaged next day, and in the afternoon we accompanied another friend to Rosemarkie, which, though not a place of great magnitude, is beautifully situated, and is, moreover, an ancient borough. The most striking geological feature in the neighbourhood of Rosemarkie is certainly to be found in the pretty green hills in the neighbourhood of the town, which, the sections laid open to a great depth, at one place by the weather, at another place by the inroads of a bold stream, show us are composed of old red

sandstone, constituting what is rock in geological language, but is too crumbling to be honoured with the name of rock by a mason, as it is only red sand made to cohere by the admixture of clay. One of the pleasures arising from some knowledge of natural history is, the hope of discovering something rare or new when a person is in a part of the country that he has not before visited. Never till this day had I or my friend been so far north as Ross-shire; and after having examined for some time these immense masses of old red sand, or if you will, sandstone, we next turned our attention to the botany of these curious sand-constructed hills. Our scramble on the hill-side was very brief, and the only plants of interest that seemed to abound, were *Reseda lutea*, wild mignonette, and *Carduus Marianus*, milk thistle. The latter is a beautiful thistle, rare in Scotland in a wild state. It is distinguishable by the great recurved scales of the involucre, and still more by the pretty milky veins on its leaves. Popery has borrowed a good deal from Paganism. The Pagans had not got the length of the nebular theory. They had a simple method of accounting for the milky appearance of the galaxy, saying that it was produced by some drops of Juno's milk, and accordingly it was called *via lactea*, the milky way. This was too good a hint to be lost, and accordingly the Popish priesthood ascribed the beautiful flickering on the leaves of this thistle, to some drops of the Virgin Mary's milk; and it was consequently called *Carduus Marianus*, Mary's thistle.

I would much rather write the flora of sweet Rosemarkie Bay than of the pretty sandstone hills. From what we saw in a short space of time, I am sure that to a person who had leisure to pay repeated visits to it in favourable states of the tide, it would yield a rich list of beautiful algæ. The sun, I think, was set before we reached the shore, and yet, in the course of half-an-hour, during the latter part of which the light was fast failing us, we picked up a considerable number of interesting marine plants. As an encouragement to Ross-shire naturalists who may have more than half-an-hour to spend on the shore, I shall give a list of the algæ and zoophytes which, in a half-hour which seemed to fly over us with more than usual speed, we succeeded in picking up in Rosemarkie's pleasant bay:—*Rhodomela sulfusca*, *Cladostephus spongiosus*, *Furcellaria fustigata*, *Chordaria flagelliformis*, *Chondrus membranifolius*, *Conferia tortuosa*, *Ceramium rubrum*, *Enteromorpha compressa*, *Odonthalia dentata*, *Delesseria sanguinea*, *D. alata*, *D. sinuosa*, *Gigartina pupurescens*, *G. plicata*, *Polysiphonia parasitica*, *P. nigrescens*, *P. byssoides*, and *Puncturia plantaginifolia*. I shall pass unnamed some of the larger algæ, to be found almost anywhere on the shore. The zoophytes that we picked up were nearly as numerous as the algæ, viz.:—*Membranipora pilosa*, *M. stellulata*, *Valkeria cuscata*, *Lepralia unicornis*, *L. hyalina*, *Tubulipora patina*, *T. serpens*, *Cellepora pumicosa*, *Sertularia pumila*, *S. filicula*, *Flustra carnosus*, *Tubularia larynx*, *Crisia luxata*, *Cellularia ciliata*, and *Lepralia nitida*. The last two, particularly the *Lepralia*, were the finest specimens I had ever seen.

Late as it was when we returned to Fortrose, we went to see the remains of the old cathedral of Chanonry, knowing that probably we would not have another opportunity. A large apartment into which we were introduced had been the burying-place of the ancient bishops. To be in a ruined cathedral, in the place of graves and dead men's bones, in the sober hour of gloaming, is very much fitted to bring us into a meditative mood. The anthem had once loudly pealed among these Gothic pillars and under these vaulted roofs; but now silence—the silence of the grave reigned, except when it was broken by our guide in telling us the little that he knew of the history of the cathedral, or the name of some bishop who had reigned as hierarch there many centuries ago, but of whom no memorial now remained except his figure in pontifical garments on the sculptured stone. What is man? A vapour, a morning cloud, a vernal stream, sparkling in the sun, or spending its strength on the unshaken rocks, as it foams, and fumes, and thunders on; but soon to be lost in the mighty ocean, or more ingloriously to perish during the summer's drought. What are worldly fame and human grandeur? The most ancient of these bishops might think himself a great man, and might imagine that he would never be forgotten. "*Stat nominis umbra*." The grave-digger does know his name, but neither he nor any one else knows anything more respecting him, than we know of Jared. Nay, they know even less than we know of Jared. But who was Jared? some may say. The very question is humbling to the pride of man, for it shows us that a person may be great in the world's eye, and may live long, and yet may be almost if not altogether unknown to posterity. Is it not wonderful that it should be necessary to say, "Who was Jared?" when he was a man of renown we doubt not in his day; and when his day, with the exception of his grandson's, was the longest that has ever fallen to the lot of man, for he lived nine hundred sixty and two years; and yet we would not have even the brief record that *he lived and died*, had he not been the father of Enoch. There is a pretty sentiment expressed by one of Fingal's heroes, which may have had a place in the heart of Jared: "The strength of Morni's arm has failed. I attempt to draw the sword of my youth, but it remains in its place. I throw the spear, but it falls short of the mark. I feel the weight of my shield. We decay like the grass of the hill: our strength returns no more. I have a son, O Fingal! His soul has delighted in Morni's deeds. . . . His renown will be a light to my soul, in the dark hour of my departure. O that the name of Morni were forgot among the people! that the heroes would only say, 'Behold the father of Gaul.'" If such was Jared's wish, has it not been granted in the scriptural memorial of his son? "And Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him." "By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God." We know not respecting one of these old Popish bishops, that he left a worthy son; and if he had left sons or daughters, it would

have been to his shame, as contrary to the vows of perpetual celibacy, so that it would not have been by "marriage, which is honourable in all," but by concubinage, which would have been his disgrace. But, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*;" and since we have no record of the *bonum*, let us not conclude that there was the reverse. If even they, however, who rank high in society, are, generally speaking, so soon forgotten, can they who occupy humbler stations hope long to be remembered? Yes; the righteous, whatever be their rank, shall be held in everlasting remembrance. Their names are written in heaven; and though all that they ever said or did may soon be forgotten among men, a book of remembrance is written before the Lord for those who fear the Lord and think on his name; and every aspiration of piety, and every act of kindness, though it were but the giving of a crumb of bread or a cup of cold water to a needy follower of Jesus, from love to his Master, and in the spirit of brotherly affection, will form part of the annals of eternity, and in that great day when the books are opened, will, through grace, receive a great, even an everlasting reward.

On Monday morning we rose early, and, accompanied by our friend the Rev. Mr. Frazer of Fortrose, we had a delightful walk along the Moray Frith to the point opposite to Fort-George. As the frith contracts at this place, it is only about two miles across to the point on which the fort is placed in Inverness-shire. As there are always ferry-boats in readiness, we soon reached the fort. Had I judged of Fort-George by Fort-William and Fort-Augustus, which I had seen before, I would have formed a very inadequate opinion respecting it. This is a great fortress; I have even been told that it is the most regularly-constructed fortification in Britain. It has the complete command of the frith and of the harbour of Inverness. It contains barracks for the accommodation, I am told, of a thousand soldiers, though there was not in the fort at this time above a tenth of that number. On the fine green, inside of the walls, I gathered pretty specimens of *Gentiana campestris*; and on the walls I found some good mosses and lichens. Our limited time, however, did not allow us to remain long in this place of strength. We enjoyed the walk, both in going and returning. The tide was not in a favourable state; but I often lagged behind, as I was always falling in with something that attracted my attention. The great roots, for instance, of drifted tangle I found very generally covered with clusters of tubes formed of mud and sand, and which had evidently been the habitation of some living creatures. As I had not seen this before, I sent a portion of it to my excellent friend, Dr. George Johnston, the author of that most interesting and scientific book, the "*History of British Zoophytes*;" and I learned from him that it was *Sabellaria alveolata*. I got also a splendid specimen of gneiss on the shore, a rock which is very common in the north, though it is not met with in the west of Scotland. After breakfast we drove back to Inverness. The drive would furnish enough of descriptive matter to fill a page, but I shall refrain. In spite of the tolerably rapid rate at which we were advancing, my eye rested

with pleasure on some of the plants by the way-side. There was great abundance of juniper, which is generally found in more elevated situations. And there were gigantic specimens of *Galium verum*, yellow bed-straw. According to Lightfoot, the Highlanders employ the roots, and especially the bark of this plant, to dye red; boiling them with the yarn, and adding alum to fix the colour. Curtis says these roots yield a better red than madder. The plant is also used in the Highlands as a rennet to curdle milk, combined with the leaves of the stinging nettle and a little salt.* I could not help crying "Halt" to our charioteer as we were rapidly passing fine tufts of some yellow flower close to the sea-shore, not being able, so long as we were in motion, to conjecture what it was. I soon formed a fine bouquet of it, and found that it was *Saxifraga aizoides*, yellow mountain-saxifrage, a pretty plant, which soon carried me back more than a dozen years, as the last place I had gathered it was in a glen betwixt Loch-Goil-head and Inverary, during a very pleasant little excursion with two young Prussian divines, M. Gimbert and M. Westermere, and two of my Scottish brethren. Nothing sufficiently tempting to stop our progress presented itself till we came to Kessen Ferry, where, willing away the time till the passage-boat started, I found *Catantella opuntia*, with some other algæ, in great abundance on the sides of the pier. Soon, however, were we wafted across, and reached in safety the beautiful capital of the Highlands.

THE HAND OF THE AVENGER STAYED.

THE following incident is taken from the diary of Hans Egede Saabye, a grandson of the celebrated Hans Egede:—

It has ever been a law in Greenland, that murder, and particularly the murder of a father, must be avenged. About twenty years before the arrival of Saabye, a father had been murdered in the presence of his son, a lad of thirteen, in a most atrocious manner. The boy was not able then to avenge the crime, but the murderer was not forgotten. He left that part of the country, and kept the flame burning in his bosom twenty-five years, no suitable opportunity offering for revenge, as the man was high in influence and many near to defend him. At length his plan was laid, and, with some of his relations to assist him, he returned to the province of the murderer, who lived near the house of Saabye. There being no house unoccupied where they might remain, but one owned by Saabye, they requested it, and it was granted, without any remark, although he knew the object of their coming.

The son soon became interested in the kind missionary, and often visited his cabin, giving as his reason, "You are so amiable I cannot keep away from you." Two or three weeks after, he requested to know more of "the great Lord of heaven," of whom Saabye had spoken. His request was cheerfully granted. Soon it appeared that he and all his relatives were desirous of instruction, and ere long the son requested baptism. To this request the missionary answered, "Kunnuk (for that was his name), you know God; you know that he is good, that he loves you, and desires to make you happy; but he desires also that you shall obey him."

* Hooker's British Flora.

Kunnuk answered, "I love him—I will obey him." "His command is, 'Thou shalt not murder.'" The poor Greenlander was much affected and silent. "I know," said the missionary, "why you have come here with your relations; but this you must not do, if you wish to become a believer."

Agitated, he answered, "But he murdered my father!"

For a long time the missionary pressed this point, the poor awakened heathen promising to "kill *only one*." But this was not enough. "Thou shalt do no murder," Saabye insisted, was the command of the great Lord of heaven. He exhorted him to leave the murderer in the hand of God, to be punished in another world; but this was waiting too long for revenge. The missionary refused him baptism without obedience to the command. He retired to consult his friends. They urged him to revenge.

Saabye visited him, and, without referring to the subject, read those portions of Scripture and hymns teaching a quiet and forgiving temper. Some days after, Kunnuk came again to the cabin of Saabye. "I will," said he, "and I will not; I hear, and I do not hear. I never felt so before. I will forgive him, and I will not forgive him." The missionary told him, "When he would forgive, then his better spirit spoke; when he would not forgive, then his unconverted heart spoke." He then repeated to him the latter part of the life of Jesus, and his prayer for his murderers. A tear stood in his eye. "But he was better than I," said Kunnuk. "But God will give us strength," Saabye answered. He then read the martyrdom of Stephen, and his dying prayer for his enemies. Kunnuk dried his eyes, and said, "The wicked men! He is happy; he is certainly with God in heaven. My heart is so moved; but give me a little time; when I have brought the other heart to silence, I will come again." He soon returned with a joyful countenance, saying, "Now I am happy; I hate no more; I have forgiven; my wicked heart shall be silent." He and his wife having made a clear profession of faith in Christ, were baptized and received into the Church. Soon after, he sent the following note to the murderer of his father: "I am now a believer, and you have nothing to fear," and invited him to his house. The man came, and invited Kunnuk, in turn, to visit him. Contrary to the advice of friends, Kunnuk went, and, as he was returning home, he found a hole had been cut in his *kajak* (or boat) in order that he might be drowned. Kunnuk stepped out of the water, saying, "He is still afraid, though I will not harm him!"

What a noble example of self-conquest! What an illustrious exhibition of the power of the Gospel!

WALKER, TOPLADY, AND BERRIDGE.

(From the North British Review.)

IN the summer of 1746, SAMUEL WALKER came to be curate of the gay little capital of Western Cornwall. He was clever and accomplished—had learned from books the leading doctrines of Christianity; and whilst mainly anxious to be a popular preacher, and a favourite with his fashionable hearers, had a distinct desire to do them good—but did them none. The master of the grammar-school was a man of splendid scholarship, and the most famous teacher in that county, but much hated for his piety. One day Mr. Walker received from Mr. Conon a note, with a sum of money, requesting him to pay it

to the Custom-house. For his health he had been advised to drink some French wine, but on that smuggling coast could procure none on which duty had been paid. Wondering whether this tenderness of conscience pervaded all his character, Mr. Walker sought Mr. Conon's acquaintance, and was soon as completely enchained by the sweetness of his disposition, and the fascination of his intercourse, as he was awed and astonished by the purity and elevation of his conduct. It was from the good treasure of this good man's heart that Mr. Walker received the gospel. Having learned it, he proclaimed it. Truro was in an uproar. To hear of their general depravity, and to have urged on them repentance and the need of a new nature, by one who had so lately mingled in all their gaities, and been the soul of genteel amusement, was first startling, and then offensive. The squire was indignant; fine ladies sulked and tossed their heads; rude men interrupted him in the midst of his sermon; and the rector, repeatedly called to dismiss him, was only baffled by Mr. Walker's urbanity. But soon faithful preaching began to tell; and in Mr. Walker's case its intrinsic power was aided by his insight into character, and his ascendancy over men. In a few years upwards of eight hundred parishioners had called on him to ask what they must do for their souls' salvation; and his time was mainly occupied in instructing large classes of his hearers who wished to live godly, righteous, and sober in this evil world. The first fruit of his ministry was a dissolute youth who had been a soldier; and amongst this description of people he had his greatest success. One November, a body of troops arrived in his parish for winter quarters. He immediately commenced an afternoon sermon for their special benefit. He found them grossly ignorant. Of the seven best instructed six were Scotchmen, and the seventh an English Dissenter. And they were reluctant to come to hear him. At first, when marched to church, on arriving at the door, they turned and walked away. But when at last they came under the sound of his tender but energetic voice, the effect was instantaneous. With few exceptions, tears burst from every eye, and confessions of sin from almost every mouth. In less than nine weeks no fewer than two hundred and fifty had sought his private instructions; and though at first the officers were alarmed at such an outbreak of Methodism among their men, so evident was the improvement which took place—so rare had punishments become, and so promptly were commands obeyed—that the officers waited on Mr. Walker in a body, to thank him for the reformation he had effected in their ranks. On the morning of their march many of these brave fellows were heard praising God for having brought them under the sound of the gospel, and as they caught the last glimpses of the town, exclaimed "God bless Truro!" Indeed, Mr. Walker had

much of the military in his own composition. The disencumbered alertness of his life; the courage, frankness, and through-going of his character; the firmness with which he held his post; the practical valour with which he followed up his preaching; and the regimental order into which he had organized his people, bewrayed the captain in canonicals; as the hardness of his services, and his exulting loyalty to his Master, proclaimed the good soldier of Jesus Christ.

In the adjacent county of Devon, and in one of its sequestered parishes, with a few cottages sprinkled over it, mused and sang AUGUSTUS TOPLADY. When a lad of sixteen, and on a visit to Ireland, he had strolled into a barn where an illiterate layman was preaching, but preaching reconciliation to God through the death of his Son. The homely sermon took effect, and from that moment the gospel wielded all the powers of his brilliant and active mind. He was very learned. Universal history spread before his eye a familiar and delightful field; and at thirty-eight he died, more widely-read in Fathers and Reformers than most academic dignitaries can boast when their heads are hoary. He was learned, because he was active. Like a race-horse, all nerve and fire, his life was on tiptoe, and his delight was to get over the ground. He read fast, slept little, and often wrote like a whirlwind; and though the body was weak it did not obstruct him; for in his ecstatic exertions he seemed to leave it behind. His chief publications were controversy. Independently of his theological convictions, his philosophizing genius, his up-going fancy, and his devout dependent piety, were a multiform Calvinism; and by a necessity of nature, if religious at all, the religion of Toplady must have been one where the eye of God filled all, and the will of God wrought all. The doctrines which were to himself so plain, he was perhaps on this account less fitted to discuss with men of another make; and betwixt the strength of his own belief and the spurring haste of his over-ardent spirit, he gave his works a frequent air of scorning arrogance and keen contemptuousness. Perhaps, even with theologians of his own persuasion, his credit has been injured by the warmth of his invective; but on the same side it will not be easy to find treatises more acute or erudite—and both friends and foes must remember that to the writer his opinions were self-evident, and that in his devoutest moments he believed God's glory was involved in them. It was the polemic press which extorted this human bitterness from his spirit; in the pulpit's milder urgency nothing flowed but balm. His voice was music, and spirituality and elevation seemed to emanate from his ethereal countenance and light immortal form. His vivacity would have caught the listener's eye, and his soul-filled looks and movements would have

interpreted his language, had there not been such commanding solemnity in his tones as made apathy impossible, and such simplicity in his words that to hear was to understand. From easy explanations he advanced to rapid and conclusive arguments, and warmed into importunate exhortations, till consciences began to burn and feelings to take fire from his own kindled spirit, and himself and his hearers were together drowned in sympathetic tears. And for all the saving power of his preaching, dependent on the Holy Spirit's inward energy, it was remarkable how much was accomplished both at Broad Hemburg and afterwards in Orange Street, London. He was not only a polemic and a preacher, but a poet. He has left a few hymns, which the Church militant will not readily forget. "When languor and disease invade," "A debtor to mercy alone," "Rock of ages, cleft for me," "Deathless principle, arise;" these four combine tenderness and grandeur with theological fulness equal to any kindred compositions in modern language. It would seem as if the finished work were embalmed, and the lively hope exulting in every stanza; whilst each person of the glorious Godhead radiates majesty, grace, and holiness through each successive line. Nor is it any fault that their inspiration is all from above. Pegasus could not have borne aloft such thoughts and feelings; they are a freight for Gabriel's wing; and if not filigreed with human fancies, they are resplendent with the truths of God, and brim over with the joy and pathos of the heaven-born soul. However, to amass knowledge so fast, and give out so rapidly not only thought and learning, but warm emotion, was wasteful work. It was like bleeding the palm-tree; there flowed a generous sap which cheered the heart of all who tasted—but it killed the palm. Consumption struck him, and he died. But during that last illness he seemed to lie in glory's vestibule. To a friend's inquiry, with sparkling eye he answered, "Oh, my dear Sir, I cannot tell you the comforts I feel in my soul: they are past expression. The consolations of God are so abundant, that He leaves me nothing to pray for. My prayers are all converted into praise. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul." And within an hour of dying he called his friends, and asked if they could give him up; and when they said they could, tears of joy ran down his cheeks as he added, "Oh, what a blessing that you are made willing to give me over into the hands of my dear Redeemer, and part with me; for no mortal can live after the glories which God has manifested to my soul."

At Everton, in Bedfordshire, not far from the spot where John Bunyan had been a preacher and a prisoner, lived and laboured a man not unlike him, the most amusing and most affecting original of all this school.—JOHN BERRIDGE. For long a distinguished member of Clare Hall, Cambridge, and for many year studying fifteen

hours a-day, he had enriched his masculine understanding with all sorts of learning; and when at last he became a parish minister, he applied to his labours all the resources of a mind eminently practical, and all the vigour of a very honest one. But his success was small—so small that he began to suspect his mode was wrong. After prayer for light, it was one day borne in upon his mind, "Cease from thine own works—only believe;" and consulting his Concordance, he was surprised to see how many columns were required for the words *Faith* and *Believe*. Through this quaint inlet he found his way into the knowledge of the gospel, and the consequent love of the Saviour; and though hampered with academic standing and past the prime of life, he did not hesitate a moment to reverse his former preaching; and the efficacy of the Cross was soon seen in his altered parish. His mind was singular. So predominant was its Saxon alkali, that poetry, sentiment, and classical allusion, whatever else came into it, was sure to be neutralized into common sense—pathetic, humorous, or practical, as the case might be; and so strong was his fancy, that every idea in re-appearing sparkled into a metaphor or emblem. He thought in proverbs, and he spoke in parables; that granulated salt which is so popular with the English peasantry. And though his wit ran riot in his letters and his talk, when solemnized by the sight of the great congregation, and the recollection of their exigencies, it disappeared. It might still be the diamond point on the sharp arrows; but it was then too swift and subtle to be seen. The pith of piety—what keeps it living and makes it strong—is love to the Saviour. In this he always abounded. "My poor feeble heart droops when I think, write, or talk of anything but Jesus. Oh that I could get near Him, and live believably on Him! I would walk, and talk, and sit, and eat, and rest with Him. I would have my heart always doting on Him, and find itself ever present with Him." And it was this absorbing affection which in preaching enhanced all his powers, and subdued all his hazardous propensities. When ten or fifteen thousand people were gathered on a sloping field, he would mount the pulpit after Venn or Grimshaw had vacated it. A twinkle of friendly recognition darted from some eyes, and a smile of comic welcome was exchanged by others. Perhaps a merry thought was suspected in the corner of his lips, or seen salient on the very point of his peaked and curious nose. And he gave it wing. The light-hearted laughed, and those who knew no better hoped for fun. A devout stranger might have trembled and feared that it was going off in a pious farce. But no fear of Father Berridge. He knows where he is, and how he means to end. That pleasantry was intended for a nail, and see, it has fastened every ear to the pulpit-door. And now he proceeds in homely collo-

quy, till the bluntest boor is delighted at his own capacity, and is prepared to agree with what he says who makes so little parade and mystery. But was not that rather a home-thrust? "Yes, but it is fact; and sure enough the man is frank and honest;" and so the blow is borne with the best smile that can be twisted out of agony. "Nay, nay, he is getting personal, and without some purpose the bolts would not fly so true." And just when the hearer's suspicion is rising, and he begins to think of retreating, barbed and burning the arrow is through him. His soul is transfixed and his conscience is all on fire. And from the quiver gleaming to the cord these shafts of living Scripture fly so fast that in a few minutes it is all a field of slain. Such was the powerful, impact, and piercing sharpness of this great preacher's sentences—so suited to England's rustic auditories, and so divinely directed in their flight, that eloquence has seldom won such triumphs as the gospel won with the bow of old eccentric Berridge. Strong men in the surprise of sudden self-discovery, or in the joy of marvellous deliverance, would sink to the earth powerless or convulsed; and in one year of "campaigning" it is calculated that four thousand have been awakened to the worth of their souls and a sense of sin. He published a book, "The Christian World Unmasked," in which something of his close dealing and a good deal of his drollery survive. The idea of it is, a spiritual physician prescribing for a sinner ignorant of his own malady. "Gentle reader, lend me a chair, and I will sit down and talk a little with you. Give me leave to feel your pulse. Sick, indeed, sir, very sick of a mortal disease, which infects your whole mass of blood." After a good deal of alteration the patient consents to go into the matter, and submits to a survey of his life and character.

"Let me step into your closet, sir, and peep upon its furniture. My hands are pretty honest, you may trust me; and nothing will be found, I fear, to tempt a man to be a thief. Well, to be sure, what a filthy place is here! Never swept for certain, since you were christened! And what a fat idol stands skulking in the corner! A darling sin I warrant it! How it simpers, and seems as pleasant as a right eye! Can you find a *will* to part with it, or *strength* to pluck it out? And supposing you a match for this self-denial, can you so command your heart as to hate the sin you do forsake? This is certainly required: truth is called for in the inward parts: God will have sin not only cast aside, but cast aside with abhorrence. So he speaks. Ye that love the Lord, see that you hate evil."

Many readers might think our physician not only racy but rude. They must remember that his practice lay among farmers, and graziers, and ploughmen; and if they dislike his bluntness, they must remember his success.

THE PIOUS FINLAND COTTAGER.

Two gentlemen, connected with the Bible Society, making a short tour in Finland, passed through the village of Halleroa; calling at every house, and leaving one or other of their books. When they had nearly completed their visits, they were interrupted by a person who, running towards them, called out, "You have missed my house: you must come back." They assured him that they had been to every house in that part of the village through which they had passed. "No," said the man, "you have been in all the houses but mine, and you must visit me too." Being informed that the house of this man stood behind the other houses, they consented to retrace their steps; and found that they had indeed missed his house. They entered, and began to unpack their books; requesting at the same time, if convenient, that he would supply them with something to eat. The man stood beside them until they had opened their parcel, and he had received from them one of their books. It happened to be a Finnish hymn-book. He no sooner saw what it was, than he exclaimed, "Wife! wife! look!"—and began to sing, with all his might, the hymns contained in the book. His wife soon joined him; and every thing was forgotten, but the newly-found treasure. There they stood, both somewhat advanced in life, gazing on the book—their eyes filled with tears of joy—each of them having hold of it with one hand, while with the other they marked the time and cadence of the tune, which they sung in such a way as showed their hearts went with the song. After singing for some time, the man suddenly stopped, saying, in a tone of regret, "Oh! I had forgotten—you have not had your dinner;" and in a few minutes the table was covered with black bread, eggs, salt, and such provisions as the cottage could supply. Mean was the fare, but never were strangers made more welcome. Filled with astonishment, the gentlemen proceeded to inquire the reason of all this, and how he had been brought to take such a deep interest in religious matters. "I will soon tell you that," replied the man. "About four years ago, we were at the hay-market in St. Petersburg: a milk-woman came to the market; and holding up a large book, called out to some of her acquaintance, 'See, I have got this for one rouble!' My wife purchased either it or another, at the same price, and brought it home. My wife and I began to read it: we got deeply interested—sat up all night—read and wept, and read and wept, and read on. I was formerly a great drunkard, but I have never tasted spirits since;—and see how comfortable we are!"

The visitors found that their children could read both the Russ and the Finnish; and were also agreeably surprised to find an article of luxury, not always to be found in a peasant's cottage, in the form of a bookcase for the children's books.

Another friend to the cause visited them about three years since, and found things still in the same state—the pious peasant happy and contented, and teaching his children to remember their Creator in

the days of their youth; and proving that wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

A REPROOF TO AN UNGRATEFUL WORLD.

How few, alas! can we find so ingenuous as to praise the great Lord of this world's manor for all the mercies they hold of him! Some are such brutes, that, like swine, their nose is nailed to the trough in which they feed; they have not the use of their understanding so far as to lift up their eyes to heaven and say, "There dwells that God that provides this for me, that God by whom I live, and from whom I have my livelihood." You would count it a sad spectacle, to behold a man in a lethargy, with his reason so blasted by his disease that he knows not his friends, and takes no notice of those who bring his daily food. How many such senseless wretches are lying upon God's hands! Divine Providence ministers daily supplies to their necessities, but they take no notice of his care and goodness. Others there are that sacrilegiously set the crown of praise on their own head, which is due alone to God. Thus Nebuchadnezzar writes his own name upon his palace, and leaves God's out: "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty?" (Dan. iv. 30.) Proud wretch! was not every stone he used in that pile cut out of God's quarry; and did he not come upon God's ground for every morsel of sand? Thus the atheistical husbandman gives his plough more thanks than the God of heaven, who crowns the year with his goodness. The proud soldier stands upon his sword, daring to take the honour of his victory to himself, and not ascribe it to the Lord of hosts, who at pleasure gives and takes away the heart from the mighty. Yea, some, rather than God shall have it, will give it to any other. Thus Pope Adrian, in his blasphemous inscription on the gates of a college he built, abuseth God with Scripture language: "Utrecht planted me, Lovain watered me, and Cæsar gave the increase;" which made one write under: "It seems God did nothing for this man." Not that I think it unlawful to acknowledge our benefactors, as instruments in God's hands for our good; but to blot out the name of God, our chief founder, and admit the name of a creature, is a high piece of wickedness. I like that form which a good man used to his friend for kindness—"I bless God for you; I thank God and you." He that will exact more requires what we owe him not. Some, instead of returning thanks to God for his mercies, abuse them to his dishonour. It is not more sad than true, that the goodness of God with many serves but to feed their lusts; they eat and drink at God's cost, and then rise up to

play: no weapons will serve them to use but the mercies he hath given them. It is very bad if the tenant pays not his easy rent; but to destroy the trees on his landlord's ground is more intolerable; yet such outrages are daily practised with the mercies of God. Michael Balbus is infamous for his horrid ingratitude, who, the same night that the emperor had pardoned and released him, barbarously slew his saviour; and do not many, whom God lets out of the prison of affliction, lift up their traitorous knife at God, wounding his name with their oaths and drunkenness? Others who would be thought thankful, yet all the return they make is but windy praise; they honour him with their lips, and pour contempt upon him in their lives. O, it grates on God's ears when Jacob's voice is attended with Esau's rough hands! When I consider how the goodness of God is abused by the greatest part of mankind, I cannot but be of his mind who said, "The greatest miracle in the world is God's patience and bounty to an ungrateful world." If a prince had an enemy got into one of his towns, he doth not send them provision, but lays close siege to the place, and doth what he can to starve them. But the great God, that could in a moment destroy all his enemies, bears with them, and is at daily cost to maintain them. Well may he command us to bless them that curse us, who himself does good to the evil and unthankful. But think not, sinners, that you shall escape thus. God's mill goes slow, but grinds small; the more admirable his patience and bounty now is, the more dreadful and insupportable will that fury be which ariseth out of his abused goodness. There is nothing smother than the sea, yet when stirred into a tempest, nothing rageth more. There is nothing so sweet as the patience and goodness of God, and nothing so terrible as his wrath when it takes fire. Be, therefore, in the fear of God, stirred up to be-think yourselves what to do. It is the trick, they say, of insane persons, to spite their dearest friends most; but what madness is it in thee to fly in the face of God with thy sins, who hath done more for thee than all thy friends, and can do more against thee than all thy enemies! But the more to move thee,—*First*, Consider that God keeps an exact account of all his mercies. You cannot steal God's custom. He that could tell the prophet where his servant Gehazi had been, and what he had received of Naaman, will one day tell thee, to a farthing, every talent thou hast received of him. God not only keeps an account of thy sins, but of the mercies thou hast received; and thou must be answerable for both. *Secondly*, Consider how severely he hath dealt with those that never had so much mercy from him as thyself. If heathens are speechless in judgment, when God reckons with them for their mercies, O how confounded wilt thou be, that goest from gospel dispensations to hold up thy head at the

bar before the Judge of all the world! "They are without excuse, because that, when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were they thankful." (Rom. i. 20, 21.) If the heathen that was not thankful for his penny, cannot lift up his head in the day of the Lord, where wilt thou appear, that hast so many hundred talents in thy hand to answer for! But thou askest, how thou art to praise God for his mercies! Thou hast but one way to pay God, and it is a strange one, even by running deeper into his debt. What I mean is, that God who hath given thee life and being, who hath exercised unspeakable patience toward thee in his daily providence, and who hath preserved and maintained thee (although he has been most wretchedly abused by thee, and for it thy life has become forfeited to his justice), doth yet exhibit a greater mercy, even the Lord Jesus, whom, if thou wilt, with shame and sorrow for thy past sins, come unto, and accept as thy Lord and Saviour, then wilt thou be in a posture to give God praise for his other mercies. He that rejects this, can never be thankful for any. It is Christ alone can give thee a spirit of thankfulness: there is not a Christless person in the world but is unthankful. O what a blessed gospel is this, that teacheth us here to pay debts by running deeper into the score—to be thankful for less mercies, by accepting that which is infinitely greater!—*Gurnall*.

CONVICTIONS AND IMPRESSIONS.*

WE should examine our CONVICTIONS and IMPRESSIONS. The mind is capable of powerful emotion, and of emotion, too, which has spiritual things for its object. Many have had strong feelings of a religious kind, from which they have prematurely concluded that they were in a gracious state. Now it is possible that these convictions and impressions may exist in a very strong degree, and yet may not only be temporary, but likewise counterfeited. We may have the natural feelings of the soul awakened, and mistake these for the feelings of a renewed heart. We may have a fear of God, and that fear may be false, like that of those who feared the Lord and served other gods; we may have zeal for God, and that zeal be false, like that of Jehu, who said, "Come, see my zeal for the Lord of hosts;" much joy, and that joy false, like that of the stony-ground hearers, who, for a time, received the word with joy, and anon, when tribulation came, were offended; religious desires, and these desires false, like those of him who said: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his;" a relish for the Word of God, and that relish false, like that of Herod, who heard John gladly, and did many things, but was still unchanged and wicked; we may believe and wonder, and yet both may be false, as in the case of Simon Magus, who "believed and was baptized, and continued with Philip, and wondered, beholding the miracles and signs which were done;" we may repent, and yet that repentance may be false, like that of Judas, who

* From "The Duties of Secret Religion, Illustrated from Records of Christian Experience." By the Rev. David A. Sturrock, Midholm.

repented and went and hanged himself. How loud the call to self-examination!

All impressions made upon the mind which are genuine will have certain qualities. They will be produced by the *Holy Ghost, through means of the Gospel*. All that are produced by mere outward circumstances, such as eloquence, and sympathy with others, may be *feelings about religion*, but they are not *religious feelings*. Even that concern for our souls which is produced by the terrors of the law, is not of a saving kind—the law being the ministration of condemnation. It is not so much a dread of the consequences of sin, as a feeling of the exceeding evil that is *in sin itself*, which characterizes genuine conviction. The Holy Spirit, by the Gospel, shows the abominable nature of sin to the soul. Deep impressions of God's infinite majesty and holiness are also inseparably connected with genuine convictions. "Convictions of conscience," says President Edwards, "through the influences of God's Spirit, consist in convictions of sinfulness of heart and practice; and of the dreadfulness of sin as committed against a God of terrible majesty, infinite holiness and hatred of sin, and strict justice in punishing it. But some persons have frightful apprehensions of hell—a dreadful pit, ready to swallow them up—flames just ready to lay hold of them, and devils all around ready to seize them—who, at the same time, seem to have very little proper light of conscience, really convincing them of their sinfulness of heart and life. The devil, if permitted, can terrify men as well as the Spirit of God."

The impressions which are genuine will also be *permanent*. Many have had their softenings, and tremblings, and transitory goodness, and yet have, like Herod, Felix, and others, returned to take their fill of sin. Halyburton, in his *Memoirs*, narrates, "that in 1635, his mother being, by the heat of persecution, obliged to retire to Holland, he went along with her. While they were at sea, being in some real or apprehended danger, his conscience, which had for all the bygone ten years been fast asleep, began to awaken. No sooner," adds he, "was I come to land, and fixed at Rotterdam, but I verified what had been foretold by my mother. I forgot all my promises and resolutions. The unrenewed and corrupt heart, being free from the force put upon it by the natural conscience, under appearance of hazard, took its old course. I returned to former evils, and grew worse. Corruption, that had been dummed in for a little, having easily forced down all these mounds raised to hold it in, ran with the greater violence. At this time I wanted not frequent convictions. But they were only like the starts of a sleeping man, occasioned by some sudden noise; up he gets, but presently he is down, and faster asleep than before." He then enumerates eight means which he found to get rid of these convictions: He promised them a hearing afterwards; he frightened himself from a compliance by looking to their tendency, as they aimed to engage him to holiness; he withdrew from the means; gave his convictions fair promises; contented himself with slothful wishes; when very troublesome to him he endeavoured to meet his convictions of sin with some supposed goodness of heart; sometimes he endeavoured to diminish his sin as much as he could; and, lastly, he adds: "When these shifts failed, and they were still uneasy, I then betook myself to diversions, and they choked the word and convictions from it."

Sick-bed impressions have often been very powerful, but they are not always to be depended on. Their sincerity and value must be estimated by the change which they produce in the temper and conduct. This, indeed, is the special proof of religious

impressions and convictions. It is not so much their overpowering and absorbing nature as their *fruit*, which must determine their real character. There have been many melancholy instances of the spurious and ineffectual nature of death-bed impressions. The author of a work, entitled "The Sick Visitor's Assistant," records the following truly affecting yet authentic report: "A pious clergyman, for more than twenty years, kept an account of the sick persons he visited during that period. His parish was thickly peopled, and, of course, many of the parishioners, during his residence, were carried to their graves. A considerable number, however, recovered; and among these, 2,000 who, in immediate prospect of death, gave those evidences of a change of heart which, in the judgment of charity, were connected with everlasting salvation, supposing them to have died under the circumstances referred to. As, however, the tree is best known by its fruits, the sincerity of their death-bed repentance was yet to be tried, and all the promises and vows thus made to be fulfilled. Now, out of these 2,000 persons (who were evidently at the point of death, and had given apparent evidence of a sound repentance)—out of these 2,000 who recovered, *two*, only *two*, by their future lives, proved that their repentance was sincere, their conversion genuine. 1,998 returned to their former carnality, indifference, and sinfulness; and thus showed how little that repentance is to be depended upon which is merely extorted by the rack of conscience and the fear of death." "I pay more attention," says Mr. Booth, "to people's lives than to their deaths. In all the visits I have paid to the sick during the course of a long ministry, I never met with *one* (who was not previously serious) that ever recovered from what he supposed the brink of death, who afterwards performed his vows and became religious, notwithstanding the very great appearance there was in their favour when they thought they could not recover."

LOVE TO THE BIBLE.

An old man, a seller of blacking, took his stand for many years in a very crowded quarter of Paris. He was often observed to be occupied with some old book. A tract was given him, with which he was much pleased; others were then sent him by the same person. After a time, he expressed a wish for a Testament, and one was given him; and this made him anxious for the whole Bible. When he received it, he stood over it in ecstasy. "Where shall I begin in this world of wonders, in this treasure of treasures!" he exclaimed. "I want to know it all at once; and I fear to lose any part by beginning to read it wrong; give me a method!" This poor creature was only permitted by the police to sell his blacking after sunset; in the day he was occupied in preparing it; but after standing in the street till late, to obtain a few pence by his blacking, he devoted many hours of every night to studying and reading the Sacred Volume to his wife, by the light of a glimmering lamp, till one or two in the morning. It was astonishing to those who visited him, how rapidly he proceeded, not merely to read and comprehend, but even to compare different parts of the Word of God together. In a few months, at more than seventy years of age, he had obtained such a harmonious view of the Scriptures, as to be much better acquainted

with their historical contents than his Christian instructor. When he discovered the doctrine of justification by faith, he was overwhelmed with it, and he could not believe that any one had discovered it before, or, at least, so clearly as himself.

His wife, being ill, was obliged to go to the hospital, and her husband contrived to carry the Bible in a bundle of clothes, that he might read it to her. The priest soon heard of his having the Bible, and attempted to frighten him from reading it, offering him relief if he would give it up, and return to confession. He replied, "I should then be a hypocrite; I would rather die from want than become one. Since I read this book, I can no longer give up my conscience to another!" A lady, who called on him during a severe winter, found him in the greatest misery from the want of every comfort. She gave him some money to purchase firing. The old man attempted to fall on his knees to thank God for his great mercy in thus relieving him. The lady said, "But this need not surprise you: He that sent his own Son into the world to die for your soul, will surely care for the little wants of your perishing body." The poor creature elevated his eyes, with a very pleasing expression of face, and, after a pause, said, "Ah! madame, madame, there is the mystery; I cannot understand it! It is too great for my poor faculties!" "But you believe it?" "I adore it! May I tell you, madame, how my weak intelligence explains it? That God once made a beautiful and a perfect world: the evil spirit marred its loveliness; God could no longer say, in the complacency of his love, 'It is good;' still he loved his own work, and he must renovate it; and he did so in the form and work of his Son. These are my poor ideas." The poor man had the calamity, soon after this interview, to lose his wife. He then used to sit alone by the light of his lamp, which, in fact, was only a cup of oil with a floating wick, to seek company and solace in his "world of wonders," and "treasure of treasures."

COMPARISON NO CRITERION.

SOMETIMES perhaps thou hearest another Christian pray with much freedom, fluency, and movingness of expression, while thou canst hardly get out a few broken words in duty. Hence thou art ready to accuse thyself, and to admire him—as if the gilding of the key made it open the door the better.—*Gurnall*.

A COMMON PRETENCE.

A GENTLEMAN who had been active in aiding a missionary collection, was met the following day by one of different habits, who chided him for the folly of which he deemed him guilty, in giving to such an object, and in such profusion. It was folly, he said, to be sending heaps of money abroad, to be spent, no one knew how, while there were so many unemployed starving poor at home. "I will give five dollars to the poor, if you will give an equal sum," said the Christian friend. "I did not mean that," replied the objector; "but," continued he, "if you must go from home, why so far? Think of the

miserable poor of Ireland." "I will give five dollars to the poor of Ireland, if you will do the same." "I did not mean that either," was the reply. "No, it is neither this nor that, which this class of objectors exactly mean; but simply to veil their covetousness by blaming the proceedings of liberal men, whom, if they could not condemn, they must, for very shame, in some degree imitate."

Fragsments.

A LAW-SUIT was lately instituted in Spain, in which the heirs of a rich man sued the Church for the recovery of monies paid under the will of the deceased, to purchase, at the fair market price, twelve thousand masses for his soul. The priests, though they took the money, objected to the labour; and the pope, at their request, abridged it, pronouncing that twelve masses would be as beneficial as twelve thousand. The counsel for the Church, in answer to this allegation of non-performance of contract, produced the pope's certificate, that the soul had been delivered by the efficacy of those masses, and that value being thus received, there was not any breach of contract.

There are *three lights*—of nature, of grace, and of glory. One great difficulty, that of the wicked's prosperity, which so perplexed Job, Daniel, &c., gives way to a single ray of evangelical light, which reveals a future life of reward and punishment. As the light of grace clears up difficulties which the light of nature could not, so will the light of glory clear up such as the light of grace cannot.

Pharaoh never complained of his heart's hardness, it was so hard.

The rich are the treasures of God for other men. The honour of distribution is given to them.

If Christians are no more moral than Pagans, yet Christians are irreligiously so, while Pagans are religiously so. Christians have not the sanction of their religion for their immorality; Pagans have.

A famous *bandit*, lately executed in Spain, wore a hair-cloth shirt, and about his person was found a rosary, a prayer-book, and a lock of hair of St. Dominic, besides a poniard, &c. He always placed a cross beside the bodies of his murdered victims, that he might not, as he said, sacrifice the soul with the body. He used to strew flowers on their graves, and offer prayers for their brief continuance in purgatory. The cross placed by them had been blessed, and was intended to help them to repel Satan, if they died not in a state of grace.

Joy is exceedingly connatural to true living religion. There cannot be a greater demonstration of it than this, that there can be no state externally so bad, that can make their joy unseasonable. That must needs be a very strong, predominant, and prevailing principle in anything, which converts and turns that which is of an opposite nature into nutriment to itself. Such is the joy that can even feed upon and maintain itself out of afflictions. God's people can rejoice not only *when* they are afflicted, but *that* they are afflicted.

Life exhibits little more than a funeral procession, where friend follows friend; weeping to-day, and wept for to-morrow.—*Cecil*.

HINTS ON CHRIST'S HUMILIATION

BY THE REV. GEORGE M'CRIE, CLOLA.

WE can conceive that a person who took up the inspired records of the life of Christ with the expectation of finding an exemplification of suffering altogether matchless, should rise from the perusal of them with a feeling of disappointment, and this through a superficiality in his views of the subject. He might feel as if he could point to some who had endured stranger calamities in their life, and undergone a more terrible death. Such an impression would proceed upon the oversight of various circumstances necessary to be considered in order to have a right estimate of the sufferings of Christ. We might instance, for example, the circumstance that his severest sufferings were of a mental, and therefore invisible kind, arising from a sense of the liabilities of an elect world which he had undertaken, and on account of, which he felt as one who was obnoxious to the wrath of God, and subject to be dealt with accordingly. The question comes to be, Which is the heaviest kind of suffering—that which is mental, or that which rises from adversity in the external circumstances? for, if it be granted that the former is so, it will follow that the greatest sufferer is not necessarily he whose life, when recorded, reads most affectingly, since outward circumstances of distress admit of impressive representation, but no pen can adequately express the bigness of an inward agony. Now none can doubt that mental suffering is the most intense, and that of all the kinds of mental suffering, the greatest is that which springs from a sense of the wrath of an almighty God. We are persuaded, for instance, and indeed, we have the sanction of the Reformer's own authority for the fact, that all the troubles which *Luther* endured in public life, and which tell so impressing in narration, were as nothing to what he endured of the terrors of the Lord upon his conscience before he was brought to the knowledge of the secret of a sinner's free justification—although the record of this can occupy but a few sentences in the page of the historian. Or, who does not feel that poor *Cowper*, who passed in the aberration of his genius into the imagination that he was an outcast from the pity of the Saviour, and had sinned away the grace of the

Almighty, did in reality endure in his soul more suffering than is portrayed in the lives of men who have passed through the strangest outward calamities and vicissitudes? Or, let us make a hypothesis. Let us suppose that it were intimated by an infallible voice from heaven to any individual that he was doomed to undergo everlasting destruction—why, that fearful oracle would necessarily be the death-blow of his world's happiness; and though he should lead a life of uninterrupted peace outwardly, he would carry with him a secret which would wither up the vitals of his humanity, and render him *Magor-missabib*, a terror to himself and an astonishment to mankind. We maintain that our Lord, so long as he was in our world, had the perfect consciousness of being an object upon whom divine wrath rested. True, he had done no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth; but he had voluntarily placed himself in a position in which the whole liabilities of an elect world met upon him. It was no figment of the imagination when he felt himself to stand in that situation, and therefore, we say there was no need why he should be placed in circumstances outwardly terrible in order to make him wretched; for an arrow had pierced him, which separated him from the whole of mankind, being, as he was, smitten of God, stricken, and afflicted.

But the grand cause of that error which we are combating lies in the oversight of the Divinity of Christ, which is the fact that gives an extraordinary character to whatsoever he endured. What is the objection? "Why here," it is said, "is nothing that has not happened to thousands of good men before and after. We mistake, if we could not point to some who have endured greater calamities in their life, and died more terribly as to all outward circumstances." Granted, we may reply, for argument's sake; but heard you ever of such things being endured by a divine person? These objectors we would advise to fasten their argument upon the Socinians, upon whom it may tell with formidable effect. Granting, as they do, that Christ was a mere man, and being willing to allow what we concede, merely for argument's sake, that his sorrows were not

essentially different from those of other men—let them by all means be pressed with the question, Why the Scriptures attach such weight to his sorrows above all others? But for ourselves, asserting as we do the Divinity of Christ, we escape from it altogether. The simple fact, that he appeared at all in the investiture of humanity—that ever he tabernacled with men upon earth, becomes a wonder of humiliation when we consider that this was he who was in the form of God, and thought it not robbery to be equal with God. “He was in the world,” says the evangelist, “and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not.” Impressive exclamation! Where is the man, the most illustrious in the annals of recorded fame, of whom it could be said by way of commendation—“*He was in the world!*” With regard to other men, they must have acted an illustrious part upon earth before they can establish a claim to public admiration. It is no commendation of them to say simply that they are men; but when God brings in his only begotten Son, he says, “Let all the angels of God worship him;” and, “great without controversy is the mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh.”

We have sometimes thought that the great truth of the dignity of Christ's person has not been sufficiently kept in view when dwelling upon his history; and there are two passages in his life, which we design to bring at present more prominently under the notice of the reader, in order to verify the truth of this remark.

Let us advert, *first*, to that long interval of time which was spent by the Saviour under the roof of his parents in Nazareth. Altogether, our Lord was but thirty-three years and a-half in our world; and while only three and a-half years were employed in the exercise of his public ministry, the other thirty, constituting by much the largest portion of an existence so pregnant with the destinies of mankind, passed away in that lowly tenement without a single record left behind, even by the pen of inspiration, as to what was said by him or done by him. It is impossible that such an arrangement should have taken place without some great end being designed by it in the infinite wisdom of God for our instruction; and it is surely a *desideratum* in the practical improvement which has been made of the life of Christ, that so little has been said upon this, perhaps the most wonderful of all the facts connected with his life.

What a humiliation was here! He at whose name every knee should bow of things in heaven, or of things on earth, was then living unknown in this humble dwelling! Methinks I see him, as he passed occasionally through the streets of Nazareth, unnoted as any other of his fellow-townsmen, or as he sat alone at evening by the domestic hearth, while the eye of Him whomade and who upholds the universe rested upon him, as the Son of his eternal and ineffable complacency. Think of his daily occupation. For when it is said that during these years he was subject to his parents, it is against all likelihood to deny (and why should we deny it?) that he was occupied in plying the trade of carpentry. And what a thought is this! to revert from what was done by him as the Son of God in the creation of all things, and reflect on what was now done by him as the Son of man. The inhabitants of our own country were thrown at one time into astonishment by the intelligence that the emperor of a foreign state was working in disguise in one of the English dockyards, and the fact is one upon which the worldly imagination delights to dwell, partaking as it does of the marvellous; but, alas! men want the faith necessary to appreciate the infinitely greater wonders which occur in the history of our redemption. To suggest another reflection, what a trial was here of Christ's submission to the will of the Father! He was vested with immeasurable capacities of doing good, and we can all estimate what was the feeling of humanity (our Lord's was a true humanity) under the arrangement by which the Light of the world was hid in the bushel of the humble roof of Nazareth—by which for so long a period of years, he who was vested with Heaven's best gift of man, and had in himself the secret, so to speak, of the world's salvation, instead of being called out to walk in the high sphere which corresponded with that character, was commissioned to exemplify the lowly and every day duty of filial obedience. To compare small things with great, let us suppose that a man with missionary capabilities of a transcendent kind, and burning to go forth with the gospel to the extensive regions of China or Hindostan, should find, in the providence of God, that the duty he owed to his poor parents rendered it necessary that he should stay at home and occupy those hands for their support which might have ministered to the regeneration of an empire—if, in compliance with this providential call, felt to be

mysterious, but clearly recognised, he should bury the purest and the strongest of all passions in his breast—we say that this would be a great submission indeed, rendered unto Him who will have obedience rather than sacrifice—rather than the costliest unauthorized offering laid upon the altar of the world's evangelization.

We hope that all will perceive the bearing of these remarks upon the objection which we have supposed to be brought forward, to the effect that the sufferings of Christ were not of such an unparalleled nature as is generally maintained. For this objection might be attempted to be based especially upon that particular passage of his history now adverted to. Here it might be said was a long period of thirty years, by much the largest portion of his life, when he endured, to appearance, no suffering at all—when he was allowed to pass an undisturbed existence under the quiet asylum of a parent's roof—how much less suffering a lot was this than that of Joseph, for example, who, before he was permitted to enter upon his public course of usefulness, had to languish in one of the common prisons of Egypt? The answer is to be drawn from considerations such as we have mentioned; and with regard to any such example, by way of comparison, as this which we have supposed to be objected, it is a good instance of that forgetfulness we are too apt to indulge in, of the Divinity of Christ's person. An imprisonment, or some such vicissitude, may tell much upon the imagination, as in reference to one who is like unto ourselves, or it may tell much upon our carnal imaginations, which are apt to make more of physical than of moral suffering; but reflection will convince us that there was a truer grandeur of humiliation in Christ's subjection to the humble bonds of filial relationship, than had he been doomed to the heaviest chain of literal incarceration. For ourselves, we desire with the deepest reverence to bow before the wisdom of God which provided in this manner for the sublimest enforcement of the humbler duties of humanity, by the same arrangement which exemplified the profoundest condescension of Divinity.

We had intended to apply the same process of illustration to another passage of Christ's history—the closing scene of his life. But what we have to say upon this point we shall sum up in one brief paragraph.

Awful and affecting, then, as was the transaction at Calvary, the superficial observer may

be apt to conclude that, after all, it is not so dreadful a transaction as takes place when a sinner is called before the tribunal of almighty God, or finds himself enveloped in the drowning flames of Tophet. Yet this proceeds upon a complete misapprehension, as might be shown in many ways. The wrath of God constitutes the essence of supreme suffering wher ever it was endured—the mere locality where it is borne signifies little; so that it was but a poor circumstantial advantage to Christ that the cross was planted in Calvary, and not in that region where, after all, no darker sensation comes down upon the inhabitants, than that which extracted the cry, “Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?” But what we would further observe, before concluding, is, that, in finding fault with the particular form in which the suffering was made to fall upon the Surety, men go upon the very error which we have already condemned, of overlooking the Divinity of Christ's person. The heaviest punishment to the elect would have been to stand before the judgment-seat of God, for to man there is nothing more awful than to stand before the tribunal of the Almighty. But is was otherwise with regard to the Son of God. If he would yield the highest satisfaction to the law, then set him—not before the judgment-seat of his Father—for that would be to try him before his peers—that would be a dignified though an awful position; but set him before the bar of an earthly judge, and bear him away to a death which, with the accompaniment of the inward sense of God's wrath to the uttermost, partook of the deepest ignominy to which humanity can be degraded.

APOLOGIES FOR DISCONTENT ANSWERED.

(Concluded from page 394.)

THE SEVENTH APOLOGY.

THE next apology is—I meet with very great sufferings for the truth. Consider—

1. Your sufferings are not so great as your sins. Put these two in the balance, and see which weighs heaviest; where sin lies heavy, sufferings lie light. A carnal spirit makes more of his sufferings, and less of his sins; he looks upon one at the great end of the perspective, but upon the other at the little end of the perspective. The carnal heart cries, Take away the punishment; but a gracious heart cries, Take away the iniquity. (2 Sam. xxiv. 10.) The one saith, Never any one suffered as I have done; but the other saith, Never any one sinned as I have done. (Mic. vii. 9.)

2. Art thou under sufferings? Thou hast an opportunity to show the value and constancy of thy mind. Some of God's saints would have accounted it a great favour to have been honoured with martyrdom. One

said, "I am in prison till I am in prison." Thou countest that a trouble which others would have worn as an ensign of their glory.

3. Even those who have gone only upon the moral principles, have shown much constancy and contentment in their sufferings. Curtius being bravely mounted, and in armour, threw himself into a great gulf, that the city of Rome might, according to the oracle, be delivered from the pestilence; and we, having a divine oracle, That they who kill the body cannot hurt the soul, shall we not with much constancy and patience devote ourselves to injuries for religion, and rather suffer for the truth than the truth suffer for us? The decii among the Romans vowed themselves to death, that their legions and soldiers might be crowned with the honour of the victory. O what should we be content to suffer to make the truth victorious! Regulus having sworn that he would return to Carthage, though he knew there was a furnace heating for him there, yet not daring to infringe his oath, he did adventure to go. We then who are Christians, having made a vow to Christ in baptism, and so oft renewed it in the blessed sacrament, should with much content rather choose to suffer than violate our sacred oath. Thus the blessed martyrs, with what courage and cheerfulness did they yield up their souls to God! and when the fire was set to their bodies, yet their spirits were not at all fired with passion or discontent. Though others hurt the body, let them not the mind through discontent. Show by your heroic courage that you are above those troubles which you cannot be without.

THE EIGHTH APOLOGY.

The next apology is—*The prosperity of the wicked.* Answer. I confess it is so often, that the evil enjoy all the good, and the good endure all the evil. David, though a good man, stumbled at this, and had like to have fallen. (Ps. lxxiii. 2.) Well, be contented, for remember—

1. These are not the only things nor the best things; they are mercies without the pale; these are but acorns with which God feeds swine. You who are believers have more choice fruits—the olive, the pomegranate, the fruit which grows on the true Vine Jesus Christ. Others have the fat of the earth—you have the dew of heaven; they have a south land—you have the springs of living water which flow from Christ's love.

2. To see the wicked flourish is matter rather of pity than envy; it is all the heaven they must have. "Woe unto you that are rich! for ye have received your consolation." (Luke vi. 24.) Hence it was that David made it his solemn prayer, "Deliver my soul from the wicked; from men of the world, which have their portion in this life, and whose belly thou fillest with thy hid treasure." (Ps. xvii. 13, 14.) The words, methinks, are David's litany: "From men of the world, which have their portion in this life, good Lord, deliver me." When the wicked have eaten of their dainty dishes, there comes in a sad reckoning which will spoil all. The world is first musical, and then tragical. If you would have a man burn in hell, let him have enough of the fat of the earth. O remember, for every sand of mercy that runs out to the wicked, God puts a drop of wrath into his vial. Therefore, as that soldier said to his fellow, "Do you envy me my grapes? They cost me dear—I must die for them;" so I say, "Do you envy the wicked?" alas! their prosperity is like Haman's banquet before execution. If a man were to be hanged, would one envy to see him walk to the gallows through pleasant fields and fine galleries, or to see him go up the ladder in cloth of gold? The wicked may flourish in their gaiety a while; but when they flourish as the

grass, "it is that they shall be destroyed for ever." (Ps. xcii. 7.) This proud grass shall be mown down. Whatever a sinner enjoys, he hath a curse with it (Mal. ii. 2); and shall we envy? What if poisoned bread be given to dogs? The long furrows in the backs of the godly have a seed of blessing in them; when the table of the wicked becomes a snare, and their honour their halter.

THE NINTH APOLOGY.

The next apology that discontent makes for itself is—*The evils of the times.* The times are full of heresy and impiety, and this is that which troubles me. This apology consists of two branches, to which I shall answer—

1. The times are full of heresy. This is indeed sad. When the devil cannot by violence destroy the Church, he endeavours to poison it; when he cannot with Samson's fox-tails set the corn on fire, then he sows tares. As he labours to destroy the peace of the Church by division, so the truth of it by error. We may cry out, with Seneca, "We live in times when there is a sluice open to all novel opinions, and every man's opinion is his Bible." Well, this may make us mourn, but let us not murmur through discontent. Consider—

(1.) Error makes a discovery of men.

Error discovers such as are tainted and corrupt. When the leprosy broke forth in the forehead, then was the leper discovered. The devil is the father, and pride the mother of error; you never knew an erroneous man, but he was a proud man. Now, it is good that such men should be laid open, to the intent, first, that God's righteous judgments upon sinful men may be adored; secondly, that others who are free be not infected. I appeal to you, if there were a tavern in this city, where, under a pretence of selling wine, many hogsheads of poison were to be sold, were it not well that others should know of it, that they might not buy? It is good that those who have poisoned opinions should be known, that the people of God may not come near either the scent or taste of that poison.

Also, error is a touchstone to discover good men; it tries the gold. There must be heresies, "that they which are approved may be made manifest." (1 Cor. xi. 19.) Thus our love to Christ and zeal for truth doth appear. God shows who are the living fish, namely, such as swim against the stream; who are the sound sheep, namely, such as feed in the green pastures of the ordinances; who are the doves, namely, such as live in the best air, where the Spirit breathes. God sets a garland of honour upon these. "These are they which came out of great tribulation." (Rev. vii. 14.) So, these are they that have opposed the errors of the times; these are they that have preserved the purity of their conscience; who have kept their judgment sound, and their heart soft. God will have a trophy of honour set upon some of his saints; they shall be renowned for their sincerity, being like the cypress, which keeps its greenness and freshness in the winter season.

(2.) Be not sinfully discontented, for God can make the errors of the Church advantageous to truth. Thus the truths of God have come to be more confirmed; as it is in law, one man laying a false title to a piece of land, the true title hath by this means been the more searched into and ratified. Some had never so studied to defend the truth by the Scripture, if others had not endeavoured to overthrow it by sophistry; all the mists and fogs of error that have risen out of the bottomless pit, have made the glorious sun of truth to shine so much the brighter. Had not Arius and Sabellius broached their errors, the truth of those questions about the

blessed Trinity had never been so discussed and defended by Athanasius, Augustine, and others; had not the devil brought in so much of his princely darkness, the champions for truth had never run so fast to Scripture to light their lamps. So that God, who hath a wheel within a wheel, overrules these things wisely, and turns them to the best. Truth is a heavenly plant, that settles by shaking.

(3.) God raiseth the price of his truth the more; the very shreds and filings of truth are venerable. When there is much counterfeit metal abroad, we prize the true gold the more: the pure wine of truth is never more precious than when unsound doctrines are broached and vented.

(4.) Error makes us more thankful to God for the jewel of truth. When you see another infected with the plague, how thankful are you that God hath freed you from the infection! When we see others have the leprosy in the head, how thankful are we to God that he hath not given us over to believe a lie, and so be damned! It is a good use that may be made even of the error of the times, when it makes us more humble and thankful, adoring the free grace of God, who hath kept us from drinking of that deadly poison.

2. The second branch of the apology that discontent makes, is—The impiety of the times. I live and converse among the profane—"Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest." (Ps. lv. 6.) *Ans.* It is indeed sad to be mixed with the wicked. David "beheld the transgressors, and was grieved" (Ps. cxix. 158); and Lot, who was a bright star in a dark night, was vexed, or, as the word in the original may bear, wearied out, with the unclean conversation of the wicked. (2 Pet. ii. 7.) He made the sins of Sodom spears to pierce his own soul. We ought, if there be any spark of divine love in us, to be very sensible of the sins of others, and to have our hearts bleed for them; yet let us not break forth in murmuring or discontent, knowing that God in his providence hath permitted it, and surely not without some reasons: for,

(1.) The Lord makes the wicked a hedge to defend the godly; the wise God often makes those who are wicked and peaceable a means to safeguard his people from those who are wicked and cruel. The king of Babylon kept Jeremiah; and gave special order that he should be well looked to, and want nothing. (Jer. xxxix. 11, 12.) God sometimes makes brazen sinners to be brazen walls to defend his people.

(2.) God doth interline and mingle the wicked with the godly, that the godly may be a means to save the wicked. Such is the beauty of holiness, that it hath a magnetical force in it to allure and draw even the wicked. Sometimes God makes a believing husband a means to convert an unbelieving wife: "What knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband? or how knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt save thy wife?" (1 Cor. vii. 16.) The godly living among the wicked, by their prudent advice and pious example, have won them to the embracing of religion; if there were not some godly among the wicked, how, in a probable way, without a miracle, can we imagine that the wicked should be converted? Those who are now shining saints in heaven, sometimes served divers lusts. (Tit. iii. 3.) Paul, once a persecutor; Augustine, once a Manichee; Luther, once a monk: but by the holy carriage of the godly they were converted to the faith.

THE TENTH APOLOGY.

The next apology that discontent makes, is—*Lowness of parts and gifts.*

I cannot, saith the Christian, discourse with such fluency, nor pray with such elegance, as others.

Ans. 1. Grace is beyond gifts. Thou comparest thy grace with another's gifts. There is a vast difference. Grace without gifts is infinitely better than gifts without grace. In religion the vitals are best. Gifts are a more extrinsecal and common work of the Spirit, which is incident to reprobates; grace is a more distinguishing work, and is a jewel hung only upon the elect. Hast thou the seed of God, the holy anointing? Be content.

(1.) Thou sayest thou canst not discourse with such fluency as others.

Ans. Experiences in religion are beyond notions, and impressions beyond expressions. Judas, no doubt, could make a learned discourse about Christ; but well fared the woman in the Gospel that felt virtue coming out of him. (Luke viii. 46.) A sanctified heart is better than a silver tongue. There is as much difference between gifts and grace as between a tulip painted on the wall and one growing in the garden.

(2.) Thou sayest thou canst not pray with such elegance as others.

Ans. Prayer is a matter more of the heart than the head. In prayer it is not so much fluency prevails as fervency (James v. 16); nor is God so much taken with the elegance of speech as the efficacy of the Spirit. Humility is better than volubility. Here the mourner is the orator—sighs and groans are the best rhetoric.

Be not discontented; for God doth usually proportion a man's parts to the place where he calls him. Some are set in a higher sphere and function; their place requires more parts and abilities; but the most inferior member is useful in its place, and shall have a power delegated for the discharge of its peculiar office.

THE ELEVENTH APOLOGY.

The next apology is—*The troubles of the Church.* Alas! my disquiet and discontent is not so much for myself as the public. The Church of God suffers.

Ans. I confess it is sad, and we ought for this to hang our harps upon the willows. (Ps. cxxxvii. 2.) As a Christian must not be proud flesh, so neither dead flesh. When the Church of God suffers, he must sympathize. Jeremiah wept for the virgin daughter of Zion. We must feel our brethren's hard cords through our soft beds. In music, if one string be touched, all the rest sound: when God strikes upon our brethren, our bowels must sound as a harp (Isa. xvi. 11); feel sensibly, but do not give way to discontent. For consider—

1. God sits at the stern of his Church. (Ps. xlv. 5.) Sometimes it is a ship tossed upon the waves—"O thou afflicted and tossed" (Isa. liv. 11); but cannot God bring this ship to haven, though it meet with a storm upon the sea? The ship referred to, Luke viii. 24, was tossed, because sin was in it; but it was not overwhelmed, because Christ was in it. Christ is in the ship of his Church. Fear not sinking; the Church's anchor is cast in heaven. Do not we think God loves his Church, and takes as much care of it as we can? The names of the twelve tribes were on Aaron's breast; signifying how near to God's heart his people are. They are his "portion" (Deut. xxxii. 9); and shall that be lost? His "glory" (Isa. xlv. 13); and shall that be finally eclipsed? No, certainly, God can deliver his Church not only from, but by opposition; the Church's pangs shall help forward her deliverance.

2. God hath always propagated religion by sufferings. The foundation of the Church hath been laid in blood, and these showers of the blood of martyrs have ever made it more fruitful. Cain put the

knife to Abel's throat, and ever since the Church's veins have bled; but she is like the vine, which by bleeding grows; and like the palm-tree, which, the more weight is laid upon it, the higher it riseth. The holiness and patience of the saints under their persecutions, hath much added both to the growth of religion and the crown. Basil and Tertullian observe of the primitive martyrs, that divers of the heathens, seeing their zeal and constancy, turned Christians. Religion is the phoenix which hath always revived and flourished in the ashes of holy men. Isaiah was sawn asunder; Peter was crucified at Jerusalem with his head downwards; Cyprian, bishop of Carthage, and Polycarp of Smyrna, both martyred for religion; yea, evermore the truth hath been sealed by blood, and gloriously dispersed; whereupon Julian did forbear to persecute, not out of piety, but envy, because the Church grew so fast and multiplied, as Nazianzen well observes.

THE TWELFTH APOLOGY.

The twelfth apology that discontent makes for itself, is this—*It is not my trouble that dejects me, but it is my sins that do disquiet and discontent me.*

Ans. Be sure it is so; do not prevaricate with God and thy own soul. In true mourning for sin, when the present suffering is removed, yet the sorrow is not removed. But suppose the apology be real, and sin is the ground of your discontent; yet I answer, a man's disquiet about sin may be beyond its bounds in these three cases.

1. When it is disheartening—that is, when it sets up sin above mercy. If the Israelites had only pored upon their sting, and not looked up to the brazen serpent, they had never been healed. That sorrow for sin which drives us away from God, is not without sin, for there is despair in it. The soul hath so many tears in its eyes, that it cannot see Christ. Sorrow as sorrow doth not save (that were to make a Christ of our tears), but is useful as it is preparatory in the soul, making sin vile, and Christ precious. O look up to the brazen serpent, the Lord Jesus: a sight of his blood will revive; the medicine of his merits is broader than our wound.

It is Satan's policy, either to keep us from seeing our sins; or if we will needs see them, that we may be swallowed up of sorrow (2 Cor. ii. 7): either he would stupify us, or affright us; either keep the glass of the law from our eyes, or else draw out our sins in such crimson colours, that we may sink in the quicksands of despair.

2. When sorrow is indisposing, it untunes the heart for prayer, meditation, holy conference; it cloisters up the soul. This is not sorrow, but rather sullenness, and doth render a man not so much penitential as cynical.

3. When it is out of season. God bids us rejoice, and we hang our harps upon the willows; he bids us trust, and we cast ourselves down, and are brought even to the margin of despair. If Satan cannot keep us from mourning, he will be sure to put us upon it when it is least in season.

When God calls us in a special manner to be thankful for mercy, and to put on our white robes, then Satan will be putting us into mourning; and instead of a garment of praise, clothe us with a spirit of heaviness; so God loatheth the acknowledgment of a mercy, and we the comfort.

If thy sorrow hath tuned and fitted thee for Christ, if it hath raised in thee high prizeings of him, strong hungerings after him, sweet delight in him; this is as much as God requires, and a Christian doth but sin when he vexes and tortures himself further upon the rack of his own discontent.

And thus I hope I have answered the most material objections and apologies which this sin of discontent doth make for itself. I see no reason why a Christian should be discontented, unless for his discontent.—*Thomas Watson.*

ILLUSTRATIVE INCIDENTS.

WHO WOULD NOT PRAY?—WHO WOULD DELAY?

The following records are authentic. The incidents described in them are important, being illustrations of divine truth, and demonstrations of human duty. They are calculated to make the serious pause, and the foolish think: the former to pause and inquire, "What have I done for my neighbour? How easy it is to do good if we will!" the latter to think with concern, "What have I done for myself?—what if I should die as I have lived? Who can secure me repentance at last!" The former incident illustrates the sinner saved; the latter illustrates the case of the sinner (apparently) lost. The former the blessedness of seeking God's Holy Spirit; the latter, the awful misery of sinning that Divine Person away. The former teaches the lesson, "Who would not pray?" the latter asks the solemn question, "Who would delay?" The former shows us how merciful is God to man; the latter declares how unmerciful is man to himself.

We may further mention, for satisfaction, that the former of these two records has been already printed, although not in general circulation; the latter record has been communicated in manuscript, by the eye-witness of the painful incident referred to, a gentleman now resident in India.

The Lord grant his blessing with the perusal!

J. M. D.

I. WHO WOULD NOT PRAY?

"Behold! He prayeth!"

One Saturday evening in the autumn of 18—, a clergyman landed at Southampton, from the Cowes steam-packet. As the hour was late, he lost no time in inquiring for the public conveyances to Winchester; having engaged, on the following morning, to preach for a friend in that city. To his surprise and vexation, the London night coach was full; and although a stage would leave Southampton early in the morning, he was unwilling to travel on the Sabbath, if by any means it could be avoided. After some consideration within himself, as to the best course to be pursued under these circumstances, he rang the bell for the waiter, and sent him for a gig.

In a short time the waiter re-appeared, and announced that the vehicle was at the door. Accordingly, the gentleman took his seat, and

being very weary, wrapped his cloak round him, and leaned back to compose himself to a quiet nap. They had not, however, advanced far on the London road, before this injunction of holy writ came powerfully on his mind, "Be instant in season, and out of season."

This clergyman was accompanied by a stranger, and that stranger his inferior; he would only be in his society a few hours that evening, and then, perhaps, might never meet him again. Still, there was a low inward voice whispering, "Be instant in season, and out of season." He might have thought that his proper season would be in the pulpit, on Sunday morning, for serving God, and winning souls to salvation; but God knew that his work was not to be confined to the worship of a Sabbath morning. He knew that it might effectually be done in the journey of a Saturday night; and God, therefore, spoke quietly, yet forcibly, within his servant's mind, "Be instant in season, and out of season." Accordingly the following conversation took place:—

"What is your name, my good friend?"
 "My name's John Butler, sir," *Clergyman*.

"Have you lived long at Southampton, Butler?"

Butler. "Yes, sir; I was born at Southampton, and never lived anywhere else, sir." *C*. "And have you always been in this business—that is, a driver?" *B*. "Yes, sir; I was brought up in the stables." *C*. "Did you ever go to school, Butler?" *B*. Yes, sir; my mother sent me to the charity school for a month or two; but I never took much to my book, and so she gave it up; and after that I went along with my father into the stables and helped him a little." *C*. "I suppose, Butler, you often read the Bible at school?" *B*. "Why, sir, I never learned enough to read much, and I quite forget what it was we used to read out of." *C*. "But you have heard the Bible read in church, of course. Did you ever read that book out of which the minister reads at church?" *B*. "I can't say that I have, sir; for I don't often go there. I've too much to do for that. When a man has to get a bit of bread in these hard times, he has to work, sir, every day, and all the day. Why, sir, I'm obliged to be out with my horse and chaise all day; though, to be sure, I can't always get hired. Now, when I get back to-night, I shall just be able to rub down my horse and give him a feed o' corn, and then to go to bed. And I must clean my harness and wash the chaise to-morrow; for perhaps somebody will want to go out with it, and I can't take people out in a dirty chaise; they wouldn't like it, you know, sir." *C*. "Of course not, Butler; but you could leave the harness and chaise till Monday morning, and—" *B*. "Oh no, sir; that would be impossible. Why, what would the people say, if I should refuse to go out with them? They'd say they wouldn't have me any more; and then, sir, you know, I should lose all my custom; and what would become of

my family then?" *C*. "You had better offend your customers, than break God's commandment to 'Keep holy the Sabbath-day, and do no work in it.' But if you were to refuse those who came to hire you, and were to go to church and learn to read your Bible, I am sure you would succeed much better in the week, and be a much happier man." *B*. "Ah, sir, it's very easy to talk about being religious, and all that; but when a man has, as I say, to get his bread in these hard times, he can't keep at home o' Sundays." *C*. "But do you not know that you are sinning against God, and breaking one of his commandments in taking no thought of his day, and neglecting his Word? My good friend, you have a soul which must *very shortly* be either miserable for ever, or for ever happy; and, if you are not careful—Do you ever pray to God?" *B*. "Pray, sir! I don't know how to pray, or what to pray for; not but what they used to tell me I ought to pray." *C*. "Suppose, now, I were to give you a prayer, would you always offer it?" *B*. "Really, sir, I can't promise that; I've no time for saying prayers, sir, I've always too much to do." *C*. "Oh, yes, you can; the prayer I shall give you you can say at all times. When you're in the stable cleaning and feeding your horses, when you're waiting to be hired, and even when you're driving along the road, you can pray the prayer I shall teach you." *B*. "Well, sir, I can't recollect prayers; I never had a wonderful memory. I'm sure, sir, I shan't be able to say this prayer you talk about." *C*. "Oh, yes, you will; for I shall give you a very short prayer. There are only twelve words in it. 'O Lord God, for Jesus Christ's sake, grant me thy Holy Spirit.'" *B*. "Well, sir, that's short enough, to be sure. Let me see what is it, sir?" *C*. "I shall divide it into three parts for you. Now say it after me. 'O Lord God.'" *B*. "O Lord God." *C*. "For Jesus Christ's sake." *B*. "For Jesus Christ's sake." *C*. "Grant me thy Holy Spirit." *B*. "Grant me thy Holy Spirit." *C*. "Now try if you can say the whole." *B*. "O Lord God, for Jesus Christ's sake, grant me thy Holy Spirit." *C*. "Now do you know for what you are to pray? You are to say, 'O Lord God,' because he made you, and gives you daily your food and clothes, and keeps you alive. If he chose, he could this instant take away your breath, and then you would immediately die. And he can make you happy, and deserves that you should love Him, and has a right to your obedience. He will not only take care of your body, but will take care also of your soul; and because he loves your soul, has written the Bible, that you might know what to do to be quite happy in this world and the next." *B*. "Was the Bible then written, sir, to make us happy? I'm sure, sir, I didn't know that." *C*. "Yes, Butler, it certainly was; and the ten commandments, if you were to obey them, would make you per-

fectly happy." B. "Ah, sir, them ten commandments, I've not obeyed them, you say; and I'm sure, sir, no one ever could do all they bid us to do. Now, I've heard one of those people who go to church always, and read their Bible, and make a great many prayers, say, that if we should only *wish* to do wrong, we have broken the commandments. Why, sir, it is impossible to keep them so." C. "The person who told you that, was quite right; and if you pray as I tell you, you will find that she is quite right."

B. "Then I can't see how we're to be saved, sir." C. "When God saw that man could not keep the commandment, he sent Christ into the world that men might be saved, not by the works of the law, for if we offend but in one point, we are guilty of all; and though we may think that we keep that law, and obey it perfectly, what is our obedience—our fancied righteousness—in the sight of a pure and holy God? Verily, nothing better than, as the Bible tells us, filthy rags. How, then, can we be saved? Not by the works of the law, but by faith in Christ—by believing on him—coming to him; for Christ died on the cross to save sinners; and if we believe on him, we shall be saved. I wish you also to ask God for the Holy Spirit, because this Holy Spirit will teach you of Christ, and will show you how sinful you have been, and how necessary it is that you should flee to the cross of Christ for salvation; for, remember, by Christ alone can we poor sinners be saved. 'There is none other name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved, but the name of Jesus.' This Holy Spirit, too, will help you to do what is good; for, as I have told you, we are by nature so sinful that we can of ourselves do nothing good; it will also make you love your Bible, love prayer, and love all that's good." B. "Well, sir, and why do you say, 'For Jesus Christ's sake?'" C. "Because Jesus Christ told his disciples before he left this world, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, *believing*, ye shall receive.' God was displeased and angry with men on account of their sins; so much so, that 'no man can come unto him but by Christ.' Christ is our Friend, and he is God's Son; if, therefore, we ask God in the name of his Son, he will, out of love to his Son, grant us that which we ask him for." B. "I'm very much obliged to you, sir, and shall try to say this prayer over and over again, as often as I think of it."

Having thus, in a great measure, satisfied his conscience, the clergyman leaned back in the gig, and prayed earnestly that the seed he had been scattering in the heart of his companion might take deep root there, and bring forth abundant fruit to the glory of our Redeemer, and the salvation of an immortal soul. He knew that there lay in the path ten thousand obstacles—long and fixed habits of sin, utter darkness, and the society of evil and ungodly

men: but he knew God's power had converted Paul from being a persecutor of the Church, to one of its boldest and most zealous defenders; and he had himself experienced the same power in changing his own heart; and giving to him a love of Christ and repentance for sins, and a desire of holiness, when he was a careless, indifferent, and scoffing sinner. Besides, God's promise had been given, and his attribute was truth, and his nature was unchangeable. He besought him, therefore, by his own name, for his own Son's sake, in fulfilment of his promise, that this poor man's prayer might be answered; though he offered it almost in ignorance of the purport of its language; that he who hath not called the wise and the noble, and the mighty, to exemplify his glory, and make known his power, would now take a mean creature, full of darkness and full of sin, and make him a monument of his mercy, and a vessel for his praise. In these prayerful meditations, this watchful servant of our Lord passed the rest of his journey, which, though short, had been fraught with so much and deep interest. He well knew that a Paul might plant, and an Apollos water in vain, without the blessing of the great Husbandman; but he knew also, that this blessing would not be withheld to the faithful servant who scattered the seed in faith and hope. Might not his heart, too, have been animated when the cheering promise recurred, "He that watereth shall be watered himself?" and when his mind glanced through the vista of time to the now glorious fulfilment of it in a happy eternity, where "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, for ever and ever?"

Thus musing, they entered the city of Winchester, when John suddenly said, "Do you know, sir, that prayer you gave me I've been saying a great many times, and I've got it now quite perfect; and, sir, I've been determining in my own mind, sir, to say it as often as I can."

"I'm glad to hear you say so, John; and I have been praying for you that you may do so, and that God will hearken to your petition, and give that which will make you a more useful, a happier, and a better man. He will not forget you, John, if you do not forget him. May he bless you!"

With these words they parted; and the blessing followed him on whom it was invoked, as we shall discover by the sequel of our story.

Several years had passed since the night in which the conversation I have related took place; when the clergyman before mentioned had occasion once more to visit Southampton. Passing through one of the by-streets, he saw written in large letters over the door of a neat-looking house, "John Butler, licensed to let out gigs, chaises, and saddle-horses, on hire." The conversation he had held with the driver,

on the Winchester road, suddenly crossed his mind; and wondering whether this could be the same individual, he walked up to the house, and tapping at the door, inquired of a plainly-dressed, but respectable-looking woman, for John Butler.

"He is not at home, sir, but I think he may be in the stables. Johnny, go and see if your father's in the stable, and tell him a gentleman wants to speak to him directly; make haste, now, as fast as you can."

The little boy was just running out, in obedience to his mother's order, when John Butler came in; and, gazing for a moment on the stranger, he then rushed forward, and seizing both his hands with most affectionate earnestness, exclaimed, "God bless you, sir; arn't you the gentleman I drove over to Winchester some time ago? You taught me, sir, that short but blessed prayer—O Lord God, for Jesus Christ's sake, grant me thy Holy Spirit."

The clergyman answered him, "Yes, John, I am; and I hope you found all that I said was good, and all I foretold was true." B. "Oh, yes; the Lord bless you! I have, through the grace of God. I'm now a happy man, sir; and all my family, thank God, are happy too; and all through that good advice you gave me, and the prayer you taught me."

C. "Well, I'm glad of that. How did you first become really serious—when, that is, did you begin to *enjoy* religion?" B. "You shall hear all about it. I used to say this prayer over very often to myself, and said it as you told me, while I was at work, and at all sorts of times, sir. And so I went on for some time, till one Sunday it happened I wasn't hired, and I was loitering near the church, and so, as I had nothing to do, I thought I would just go in and see what was a-going on; and the prayers, sir, were just over, so the minister took his text, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' And then, sir, he proved to me how great a sinner I was, and that if I wasn't washed clean in Christ's blood, I never could be saved: and I began to think a good deal about my soul then, sir; and so, next Sunday I went again, and persuaded my wife to go, too; and ever since then we went always, sir, and I never afterwards went out on a Sunday with any one; never found that I *wanted* bread or clothes, and my wife will tell you how happy we have been ever since; and we always read a Bible which we have bought, and pray every night with our dear children; and God has indeed blessed us, sir." Then his wife joined with him in thanking the clergyman for his precious advice, and the sweet little prayer he had given her dear husband.

The clergyman blessed God for his faithfulness, and thanked him for his mercy, as the happy little family knelt around him while he supplicated a throne of grace on their behalf ere they parted.

Reader, pray this prayer; and may God grant you an answer for the sake of our Redeemer, Jesus Christ!

"Pray without ceasing!"

Prayer was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.

The Christian's heart his prayer indites,
He speaks as prompted from within;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in.

And shall we then in silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for our prayer?
My soul! thou hast a friend on high,
Ariæ, and try thy interest there!

If pain afflict, or wrong oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee—*Pray!*

Depend on Christ—thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not—his merits must prevail;
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done!

II. WHO WOULD DELAY?

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

Some years ago, I knew a very handsome accomplished lady, under thirty, and who had been for some years married. She had resided above two years in India; but being tired of this sultry climate, and having an ample private fortune of her own, she persuaded her husband to quit India, that they might go home and enjoy themselves in a more genial clime.

I sailed in the same ship with them from one of the Indian ports to London.

This lady was a very gay person, as was also her husband; indeed, their general deportment, and especially their desecration of the holy Sabbath, grieved me sadly. I often heard her play the guitar and sing most exquisitely, but had little reason to suppose that any of her songs were sacred melodies. How noble and how sweet is music, when used to set forth the praises of our kind Creator and Redeemer—of him who planteth the ear and giveth to music all its charms! and even profane music, as it is called, which treats of secular subjects, may be good, where that gracious God is not forgotten or insulted.

Novels of every kind were the favourite reading of this lady; dreams of earth!—while that Book which points out man's duty to God, and his prospects either of misery or of happiness beyond the grave, seemed wholly forgotten.

We approached the Cape, but did not touch there; for we passed on—in the month of *August*. At that season a north-west wind blows for weeks with a hurricane's violence, raising the billows mountains high—so that the homeward bound ship sometimes advances only two hundred miles in a whole fortnight: she carries only one or two small sails, more to keep the ship steady, than with any hope of making progress; while all the main deck, and even the

poop deck, is soaked by the spray or the waves.

On the 6th of August, before the wind and waves had begun to run so high, the husband surprised me by rushing into my cabin, and before he could explain his errand, bursting into tears. His lady had for some weeks been poorly, and now he informed me that her mind was affected; that her memory seemed to fail her, for she asked the same question twenty times over; and she eagerly inquired where she was, and whither she was going.

On the 8th, she sent for me; and when I came to her couch she said she feared she was dying, and wished to know what she must do to be saved. I told her, as clearly as I could, of a perfect Saviour and a willing God—while she repeated every sentence, as well as her own questions, upon her fingers, so as best to understand and remember what was said. She insisted, however, that for her there was no hope—that she must go to hell for ever. This she said rather carelessly, either because she neither understood nor really believed what she affected to say, or because her mind was then very weak. At last I left her for a time. In the evening I saw her again, and was glad to find that the loss of memory and confusion of ideas had left her, so that she was now quite rational. She said nothing whatever about religion, but a great deal about other things. I was afraid to introduce the unwelcome subject, lest I should occasion mental excitement and aggravate her complaint.

On Sunday the 9th, I conversed with her. She listened to what I said about sin and salvation; but she said she had committed the unpardonable sin, and that for her there was no hope. I prayed with her, and for her, to God the Saviour, the husband kneeling with us; but she did not appear to benefit by my efforts, for she either talked of her being a tolerably good person, or gave way to a deaf deep despair which would believe no good news of pardon or of grace.

I shall never forget that Sunday evening! It was a dark night, and the north-wester was blowing with a tempest's fury, roaring through the rigging and tossing the ship with such violent jerks, that it was most difficult either to stand, or sit, or lie. I was summoned to her cabin—she lay on her couch while I tried to assure her that the almighty God who presides in the storm is also the willing Saviour of the penitent who believes in Jesus; but she would hear only to gainsay, and disbelieve, and despair. At length she started up on her couch, and with her long black hair hanging down her neck, she wildly screamed out, pointing to the stern cabin windows, that she was now in HELL—and she cried out, "Oh, THE DEVIL! THE DEVIL!" The husband grasped his beloved wife, and kissed and shook her, saying, "Mary, Mary;" and while the nurse held her, he

kneeled down and cried to God, "O have mercy on my Mary!"

By-and-by she grew calm. I have nothing more that is terrible to describe. On the Monday I went and sat by her, while the husband was dining, and the nurse was with us. She was now gentle, playful, and affectionate, but quite crazed, for she fondly passed her fingers through my hair and said many strange things, and spoke of many persons and scenes with which I was wholly unacquainted.

On Sunday morning, the 23d August, she died. In her lucid intervals, when she had any, worldly, not religious, matters were ever on her lips; for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh; nor was it to be expected that one who, when in the full enjoyment of health and understanding, had wholly forgotten and put far away from her the things that concerned her everlasting peace, would easily or willingly give heed to them when reason was almost gone. It is not to be wondered at if God sometimes causes those who long mispend their reason and their affections upon earthly things, to spend their last days bereft of reason.

That Sunday there was a calm: and in the evening the funeral service was read, and the dead committed to the deep, amid the beauty and sublimity of grand ocean scenery. The evening was beautiful, after so many days and nights of clouds and storms; but in a few hours the hurricane again blew, and for days we were tossed about as before.

I presume not to decide what was the subsequent condition of that poor lady's soul, or where she is now. ETERNITY is now to her a solemn reality! and were she even in heaven, she would now entreat all her sisters on this earth to become "wise unto salvation," and that *immediately, WITHOUT DELAY!*

"Hear, and your soul shall live!" What you *are* is what the gospel respects in you; what you *need* is what the gospel offers; to wait, therefore, on the plea of not being good enough, and of wishing first to become better, is self-deceit, and a lie against the gospel. The best work you can now perform is to believe now, and to turn now; and, without this, all intended preparation is but condemnation. Nay, so far from gaining or becoming better by delay, you lose and become worse. Your heart becomes harder, your mind darker, your sin greater, your time shorter, your burden heavier, your love less, your terror more, heaven farther, hell nearer, God more angry, the Spirit more grieved, the Saviour more dimly seen, the gospel more powerless, ministers more faint, friends more despondent, prayer less importunate, providence more unfelt, the world stronger, the flesh sweeter, Satan mightier, and the drowsy slumber of the second and eternal death, now at hand, more frequent and irresistible! Then

shall that word be fulfilled, it may be, "I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh upon you! Ye shall call upon me, but I will not answer!" Reader! is that meant for you! What know you but it may!

Arise, flee—the way is before thee—hold on straight, but make speed; haste thee, haste thee! Behold that throne of grace. Behold that Mediator with the blood of sprinkling before it. See, He is an advocate—an intercessor for transgressors. Go up to him now in thine heart—put the catalogue of sin into his hand. See how he smiles over thee with love inexpressible! Receive the sprinkling of his blood on thy conscience. Now lift up thine eyes. He who sitteth on that throne unseen, is the eternal Father! He who led thee to this throne, is the blessed Spirit, the Comforter! He who now holds thee with a kinsman's hand before the throne is Jesus, the Saviour! and that blessing which is now issuing from the throne, is free, full present, and everlasting salvation by Him! Behold, "JESUS CHRIST is able to save unto the uttermost (or evermore) them that come unto God by him; seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them!" The Lord save thee, my reader!

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

(From the Pictorial Bible.)

"I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits."—ECCLES. ii. 5.

ABOUT one hour's journey to the south of Bethlehem is a small valley which offers the traditional and very probable site of one of Solomon's pleasure grounds, where, as here described, he made him "gardens, and orchards," and "pools of water." At the south end of this valley are considerable reservoirs, bearing the name of the Pools of Solomon, and supposed to be the "pools" mentioned in the next verse; and which is, with equal probability, conceived to be the place mentioned by Josephus, who, writing of Solomon, says: "There was, about fifty furlongs from Jerusalem, a certain place called Etham, very pleasant in fine gardens, and abounding in rivulets of water; thither he was wont to go forth every morning, sitting on high in his chariot." (*Antiq.*, viii. 7.) Below these pools runs another valley, narrow and rocky, about two miles in length, terminating in a close ravine. The mountains which enclose it are high, and run straight as palisades. The cultivable soil in the bottom of the valley varies in width, but rarely exceeds a hundred yards, and the rocks rise abruptly on either side. At something more than a quarter of a mile occurs the lower portion of a quadrangular building of coarse stone-work, thirty feet by twenty-one, the walls of which are six feet thick, and a small pipe, three inches in diameter, passes out on the side next the pools; but no other passage out can be discovered. A short distance beyond this the valley is set with fig trees, vines, and olives, the proprietors of which inhabit a few huts on the left, where are also some ruined arches of stone. From the foot of the rock beneath these ruins issues a transparent spring, which, passing onward in a copious stream, winds through the valley, irrigating and fertilizing in its course, while the rock over its source is cut into various forms.

This valley is supposed to have been the site of the gardens, and the enclosed fountain and spring to be those alluded to by Solomon in the text: "A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed." (*Cant.* iv. 12.) Hence the valley bears the name of Hortus Conclusus. Maundrell thinks the pools before referred to were very likely made by Solomon; "but for the gardens," he says, "one may safely affirm that, if Solomon made them in the rocky ground which is now assigned for them, he demonstrated greater power and wealth in finishing his design than he did wisdom in choosing the place for it." But Hasselquist, a better judge, says, "The place will well admit that Solomon might have formed a garden here, though it is not by nature an agreeable situation, being in a bottom; but perhaps this great prince might choose to improve nature by art, as many other potentates have done." The fact is, that a valley kept always verdant by the singular abundance of water, afforded peculiar advantages in this country for a pleasure ground. Mariti says, "Nature has still preserved its original fertility to the valley of Hortus Conclusus. Although but little cultivated, the soil still produces a tolerable quantity of cotton and various kinds of grain. There are also seen fine plantations of fruit-trees, affording the most juicy fruits of the country. Various flowers and many fragrant plants grow there naturally at all seasons—among which are thyme, rosemary, marjorum, sage, absinthium, persil, rue, ranunculuses, and anemones." De Breves, long before, bore similar testimony, though he was there in the very unfavourable month of July; he described the valley as "always green;" and, besides the plants just named, cultivated by nature's own kindly hand, he adds oranges, citrons, and pomegranates to the fruits which grow there. Zuallart says that several species of rare plants were found in the valley, and seems to insinuate the probability that they had been propagated from exotic plants which Solomon had introduced into his gardens. (See *Monro*, ii. 256; *De Breves*, p. 180; *Zuallart*, iv. 3; *Nau*, p. 444; *Maundrell*, p. 89; *Mariti*, ii. 388; *Hasselquist*, p. 145.)

"The abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep."—ECCLES. v. 12.

This is true in the East in a sense which would hardly suggest itself to an English reader. As there are no banks, or public offices, nor any inconvenient representatives of wealth, a man of substance is obliged to retain his accumulated property in the easily convertible forms of gold and jewels about his house; mostly in secret hiding-places known only to himself—he is under constant anxiety, which frequently disturbs his rest at night, lest the house should be broken into, and all his substance taken from him. His first object is to keep secret the fact that he has any treasures in his house; for if that becomes known, he has the increased care lest any special attention or involuntary movement of his own should indicate the place of its concealment; as he knows that he is closely watched for the purpose, and that thieves will seldom break in till they have contrived to learn in what hiding-place the wealth is concealed. The effects of a burglary in Europe is as nothing compared with this. We lose a few valuables, but the bulk of our property is safe in the bank, and we are not seriously affected by the loss. But in the East, if a man's house is broken into and plundered of the valuable property it contains, he is ruined; and the anxiety felt on the subject is proportionate to this consequence. What emphasis this gives to our Saviour's injunction: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust

do corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

"Let thy garments be always white; and let thy head lack no ointment."—ECCLES. IX. 8

Ward, in his "View of the Hindus," derives a neat illustration of this from the habits of that people. "This comparison loses all its force in Europe; but in India, where white cotton is the dress of all the inhabitants, and where the beauty of the garments consists, not in their shape, but in their being clean and white, the exhortation becomes strikingly proper. A Hindu catechist, addressing a native Christian on the necessity of correctness of conduct, said, 'See how welcome a person is whose garments are *white and clean*. Such let our conduct be, and then, though we have lost caste, such will be our reception.'"

WATCH ALWAYS.

Be always watchful, waiting for your change, "Like unto men that wait for their lord—that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately." Beware of slumbering and sleeping while the Bridegroom tarries. To be awakened out of spiritual slumber by a surprising call, to pass into the world of spirits, is a frightful thing; but he who is daily waiting for the coming of his Lord, shall comfortably receive the grim messenger, while he beholds him ushering in Him of whom he may confidently say, "This is my God, and I have waited for him." The way to die comfortably, is to die daily. Be often essaying, as it were, to die. Bring yourselves familiarly acquainted with death, by making many visits to the grave in serious meditations upon it. This was Job's practice: "I have made my bed in the darkness." Go thou and do likewise: and when death comes, thou shalt have nothing to do but lie down. "I have said to corruption, Thou art my father: to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister." Do thou so too, and thou wilt be the fitter to go home to their house. Be frequently reflecting upon your conduct, and considering what course of life you wish to be found in when death arrests you, and act accordingly. When you do the duties of your station in life, or are employed in acts of worship, think with yourselves that it may be this is the last opportunity; and therefore act as if you were never to do more of that kind. When you lie down at night, compose your spirits as if you were not to awake till the heavens be no more. And when you awake in the morning, consider that day as your last, and live accordingly. Surely that night cometh of which you will never see the morning, or that morning of which you will never see the night: but which of your mornings or nights will be such you know not.—*Boston*.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

O my soul! lovest thou the Lord Jesus? Canst thou say, The Lord knoweth that I love him? Yet, ask again the second time, O my soul, lovest thou the Lord Jesus? Canst thou again with Peter answer, Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee? But, that

thou mayest be sure, inquire again the third time, Tell me, O my soul, lovest thou indeed the Lord Jesus? for there are many that be mistaken, and think they love him, but they do not. Canst thou therefore appeal to God, and say, "Lord, thou knowest all things: thou knowest that I love thee?" I do not, indeed, love thee as thou hast loved me, yet I love thee: I do not love thee as much as others do, nor as much as I myself desire to do, and that is my grief and sorrow; but yet I love thee, and that is my peace and comfort. And I have these evidences of my love, that make me say, Lord, I love thee; for I hate that which is a grief unto thee, and that because it grieves thee. Lord, I love thee; for I am grieved at thy absence, and am rejoiced at thy presence. Lord, I love thee; for I love any that are like thee, that bear thy image and thy stamp upon their hearts. O my Lord, I love thee; for I love the place and duties where thou wert wont to warm thy people's hearts; but if thou be not there, I cannot take up contentedly with them, except I see thee. Lord, I do humbly say, I love thee; for I dare not deny but that I am grieved when thou art dishonoured by myself or others; though I grieve for this less than I should, because I love thee less than I ought. Lord, I love thee; for I desire to have a heart that should be willing to part with all for thee—things sinful in themselves at all times, and things lawful, when thou callest me to it. Once more, I humbly say I love thee; for I would have a heart to love, and long, and look for thy coming and appearance in thy glory.—*Doolittle*.

FOLLOW ON, IF YOU WOULD KNOW.

"THEN shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord." (Hos. vi. 3.)

The mysteries of Christ are not learned in a day. Some are in a good mood, may be, and they will look into the Bible, and read a chapter or two, and away they go for a week, and never practise it more; like some boys, if at school one day, truant all the week after. Is it any wonder such thrive not in knowledge? It is a good speech of Bernard, "The study of the Word and the reading of it, differ as much as the friendship of such who every day converse lovingly together doth from the acquaintance one hath with a stranger at an inn, or whom he salutes as he passeth by in the street. If you will get knowledge indeed, you must not only salute the Word now and then, but walk with it, and enter into daily converse with it."—*Gurnall*.

THE PROMISES.

GREAT for their extent, precious for their excellency—the promises are a cabinet of jewels—the promises are enriched with variety, and are suited to a Christian's present condition. Doth he want pardoning grace? there is a promise of blotting out sin. (Isa. xliii. 25.) Doth he want sanctifying grace? there is a promise of healing. (Hos. xiv. 4.) Doth he want corroborating grace? there is a promise of strength. (Isa. xli. 10.) And the adopted person may apply any of these promises. There is Christ and heaven in a promise; now he, being an heir of the promise, may lay a legal claim to it. An unbeliever hath nothing to do with these privileges. The promises are like a garden of flowers paled in and enclosed, which no stranger may gather, only the children of the family.—*Watson*.

THE TEXT OF EASY WORDS.

A CHAPTER FOR THE YOUNG.

"WELL, what a very easy text mama has set us to-day! Only look, Edward—there is but one word in it of more than one syllable, and that is very short and plain—E, A, R, I, Y, only five letters; I think I can say the text already, with only twice reading over: try if you can."

"Let me look at it," said Edward; "I have not read it yet. Oh, the 8th chapter of Proverbs and the 17th verse: 'I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me.' Well, that is an easy text. Let us count the words, and the letters in every word."

So Sophia and her brothers counted, and found that there were fifteen words; three words with five letters in each, seven words with four letters in each, one word of three letters, three words of two letters, and one of a single letter. Then Edward and Sophia read the text over two or three times, and said it to each other, till both could say it without missing a word. They were pleased to think that they had learned it so easily, and thought their mama would be pleased to hear how well they could say it.

But there was one thing they had not thought about; they had not thought about the *meaning* of the text. It is of little use for children to learn words, if they do not think about what the words mean. But it is a happy thing when children have good parents, who not only teach them to read the words of the Bible, but try to make them know what the Bible means, and what it says to *them*. Do not forget, dear children, that the Bible speaks to *you*. Ought you not to attend to what it says?

"'Tis God's own word which he has given,
To show your souls the way to heaven."

It was one Sabbath afternoon that Edward and Sophia were set to learn this text of easy words. Soon after tea, their papa, and their eldest brother and sister, went out to chapel. The children liked to spend an hour with their mama alone; so, as soon as they heard the street door shut, they ran to her, and said, "Now, mama, they are all gone;" then they set their mama's chair ready for her, and laid the Bible on the table. Their mother soon took her seat with the children, one on each side of her. When they had said their text, their mother tried to help them to understand

it; for, although plain and easy in its meaning, as well as its words, if those who read or repeat it do not attend and think about it, they will not be the wiser or the better. Now, if our young readers please to do so, they may fancy themselves each taking a seat beside Edward and Sophia, when they asked their mother a question, or gave answers to questions which she put to them. When you read a question, try to think of an answer, and then read what follows; perhaps it may make you notice plainly what you did not observe at first.

Do you know who it is that speaks in this text? It is what Jesus Christ, the Son of God, says. These words were written in the Bible many hundred years before Jesus Christ came into this world a little infant; and when he was grown up, he went about doing good, and at last died on the cross for the sins of men. He was then living with God his Father, in the glory of heaven; but he intended at the proper time to come down to earth as the Saviour of man, and he loved to think of it. Although he knew all that he would have to suffer, his heart was so set upon saving sinners, that he thought with delight of those parts of the earth where men would dwell, and where he intended to go himself, or send his servants to preach the gospel to them. The Holy Spirit taught the good man who wrote this part of the Bible, to put down what kind thoughts the Saviour had towards the children of men. The good people who lived then, were very glad to know a little about the Saviour whom God had promised to send. It was very little indeed, compared with all that Matthew and Mark, and Luke and John, and others have told us, who lived when Jesus really came down to the earth. But it was as much as God saw fit, then, to let them know: and they believed it, and rested their souls upon it, and were saved by Jesus, in the same way that we are, if we believe on him.

Have you thought to *whom* it is that the Saviour speaks or sends this message? He is so great and glorious himself, that it would be a great favour to speak in such a manner even to angels; but he stoops much lower than that—he says, "Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of men;" not

only to great men, and learned men, but to all the men in the world that read or hear it. None are shut out from the message, because they are too poor, or too mean, or too young. Indeed, there seems to have been great care taken to make it plain that the message belongs to the very youngest; and each child should take it to himself, just as much as though it had his own name written upon it. Edward and Sophia had several letters from their papa, when he was on a journey; and one from their grandmama, who lived a great way off. They were very much pleased with having these letters for their own, and wished to have them read to them over and over again. Their mama, when she was talking to them about the text of easy words, made them think about the letters from their friends, and told them that the text was like a letter from the great and gracious Saviour to each of them, and was as much theirs as if no other person had any thing to do with it.

Now, what does this message tell us? It tells us something concerning young people who are good and happy. Two things are said about themselves—how they feel, and what they do; and two things that the kind Saviour promises to them.

The first thing is, they love Christ.

How can we know whether we love Christ or not? Do you think you love your papa and mama, and brothers and sisters? Yes, you are sure you do. But you see them almost every day; and they are always doing kind things for you, and showing that they love you. You may have some friends whom you have not seen, and yet you love them. You have often heard your papa and mama speak about them, and say how kind and good they are; and when a letter comes from them they send their love to you. You think it very kind of them to mention little children like you. Perhaps, too, they may have sent you a present—a pretty book, or something else that gives you pleasure; and when you look at that you think of the kind friend that sent it, and feel love for him. Do you not?

Well, the Lord Jesus is greater, and better, and more worthy to be loved, than the best friend you have; and he has done much more for you than any one on earth can do. Only think of his great love in leaving his glorious home, and coming into this world on purpose to save sinners! And now, although he is far away, he does not forget them. No, he has prepared a place in heaven for all who love and

serve him; and he has given his Bible to teach the way, and sends the Holy Spirit to help his servants; and presently he is coming to fetch them to himself. Is not all this very great love and kindness? And ought we not to love him in return?

There are three sorts of people who do not love Christ. Mind what is here said about them; and I hope you will know that your feelings and conduct are not like theirs.

First, those who do not think about Jesus Christ. They do not care about their souls, or heaven, or hell; they do not read the Bible, nor mind what it tells them about a Saviour. They only care about this world, eating and drinking, wearing fine clothes, and taking their pleasure, and having plenty of money to buy what they wish for. These people do not love Christ; they neglect his great salvation.

Then, some people are proud, and think they can do without a Saviour. Instead of feeling humble as sinners, they trust in themselves that they are righteous, and boast of the good things that they do. They think that they are so good as to deserve heaven for their own sake. Oh, what a sad mistake. We are told in the Bible, that there is not a person in the whole world but is a sinner, and deserves to be sent to hell for his sins; instead of deserving to be taken to heaven for his goodness. But such people do not love Christ. No, they despise him, and offend him, and say in their hearts that he shall not reign over them.

And, thirdly, There are some people who love sin so much, that they will not part with it, even to be saved. They do not love Christ, because he will only save *sinners*, by turning them away from their sins, and making them good and holy. People who love sin, may think they would like to go to heaven when they die; but that is a great mistake. No one would be happy in heaven who does not love holiness and hate sin.

Those persons who do love Jesus Christ *think* often about him, and love to read the Bible that they may know more of his goodness and grace. They *pray* to him, and beg him to be their Saviour, to give them the pardon of their sins, and to turn them away from sin. They also *obey* him; for he says, "If you love me, keep my commands." They *trust* him, as Paul did, to take care of their souls, and bring them safe to heaven at last. They *desire* to be like him in character; for if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

Now, will you think very seriously to which

of these different classes you belong? To those who do not love Jesus Christ, or those who do love him?

The other thing that is said in the message, about good and happy people, is, that they *seek Christ early*. What is it to seek Christ? It is to desire in our hearts that he will be our teacher and Saviour; to read and hear his Word, and try to learn all we can about him; and not to be satisfied without finding him. You know what it is to seek a thing that we very much wish to obtain. When people have lost anything of value, they think a great deal about it, and search in every place where it is likely to be found. Edward and Sophia had known of a gold coin being dropped, which rolled away. They did not forget how carefully it was searched for, time after time; and at last what joy there was when, a long time afterwards, it was found. Their mama told them that she once saw a poor little child, who had wandered a long way from home; it was crying bitterly, and when any person spoke to it, to ask it where it came from, or any other question, it kept saying only, "I have lost my mother." Some kind people offered to take it into their house, and give it food; but although the poor child was both tired and hungry, it took no notice of anything that was said to it, but still walked on, crying, "I have lost my mother." This child was quite in earnest in seeking its mother, and at last it found her, or rather, she found it, for she had come out to seek her child directly it was missed.

Another story the children's mama told them about seeking. A man gave his son a field, and told him there was a great treasure hid in it; but he did not tell him the very spot where to look for it. So the son got up early in the morning, and began to dig in one corner of the field, and dug all day long. He kept on hard at work until night. The next morning early, he began digging again in another part, and so went on until he had dug over the whole field.

The children wished to know whether he found the treasure at last; their mama told them he did, although not just in the way he expected. He thought he was to find a chest of gold or diamonds, or something of that sort; but as he did not find them, he sowed the field with wheat, and by means of his diligent digging the ground was in such a good state that the wheat field gave a very rich crop, which was the treasure that the father meant his son would find. Now, you will understand what is meant by seeking. People who seek in earnest

very much desire to have what they seek: they think much about it, they do not grudge any trouble that it may cost, and they go on seeking until they find.

Now let us read a verse or two in the Book of Proverbs, where sincere desire to be truly wise and pious is spoken of thus by a pious father to his son:—

"My son, if thou wilt incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart to understanding; if thou seekest for it as silver, and searchest for it as hid treasure; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God. For the Lord giveth wisdom." (Prov. ii. 2-6.) When Jesus was on earth, many people sought him. The wise men came from the East, a very long journey, on purpose to see him; and God sent a star to go before them, and show them the way to where Jesus was. (Matt. ii.) Many sought him for the sake of being cured or fed. (John vi. 26; Luke vi. 19.) And some sought him for the saving of their souls. Some came and said to Philip, one of Christ's servants, "Sir, we would see Jesus." (John xii. 21.) Mary sat at his feet to hear his words; and Jesus said, she had chosen the good part which should not be taken from her. (Luke x. 39-42.) We have not a star now, nor a living apostle to guide us to Jesus, but we have his holy Word, and his house; and reading and hearing about Christ are proper ways of seeking him. And we must pray to him with all our hearts, and beg him to make himself known to us.

Then about seeking Christ *early*. It means, that we are to seek Christ earnestly with all our heart and soul—that we are to seek him above and before everything else. We had better lose everything in the world, and have Christ, than lose Christ, and have everything in the world. And it means, too, that the young should seek him very early in their days—the days of their youth. No child, who can read or hear this, is too young to seek Christ. Indeed, this kind text seems to be written on purpose to tell them so, and encourage them to begin seeking him without delay. Many have put off minding religion. They have thought it would be time enough when they were older. This was sad and sinful folly. And what do you suppose happened to those who thus put it off? Some of them never lived to the time they spoke of, when they thought they should be old enough to attend to religion. They died in the days of their youth. Remember you are not too young to die; and you are not too young

to seek Christ to be your Saviour, and take you to heaven. Some of them lived to grow up, and to grow old. But every year they lived they got to care more and more about the world; and were less inclined to seek Christ: and because, when Christ called them again and again, they would not listen to him, and give him their hearts, Christ bid them depart, for they were not fit for a place in his holy, happy heaven. A few of those who did not seek Christ when they were young sought him afterwards, and he was gracious and kind to receive them—he did not let them seek in vain. But when they came to know what a good friend Christ is to all who seek him, and what great happiness there is in his service, they were sorry as long as they lived that they had not begun to seek and serve him earlier. So, you may be sure, that the wisest and best thing for all to do, is to seek Christ early. Read the history of Josiah, who began to seek God when he was only eight years old, and what kind things are said to him: and say for yourself,

"Then why should I so long delay
What others learnt so soon?
I would not pass another day
Without this work begun."

Now the text of easy words tells us two things that Christ has said about those who love and seek him early. First, He says, "He loves them;" and next, that "They shall find him." What a very great honour and happiness it is to be loved of Christ! All who delight in his instructions and love to obey his commands, have a proof that Christ loves them. They love him, because he first loved them. (1 John iv. 9.) And Christ says that those who love him his Father will love, and he will love, and will come to them and make them happy in his presence (John xiv. 23); just as we are happy in the presence of a wise and good friend whom we very much love.

"They shall find him." Many people spend a great deal of time and labour in seeking what they never find. This is the case with all who seek this world for their portion, or seek happiness in sin. They have no real content or happiness, but are always crying after something else. But those who seek Christ, will surely have what they seek. He will be their teacher and their Saviour. He will guide them by his counsel, and afterward receive them to glory. "If thou seekest him, he will be found of thee." (1 Chron. xxix. 9.) If thou seekest true wisdom, then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the know-

ledge of God; for the Lord giveth wisdom. (Prov. ii. 5, 6.)

And now, dear young reader, it must be once more said to you, as it was to Edward and Sophia, that this kind message is sent to you. What answer will you give to it? Will you say, "No, I will not love Christ? I will not seek Christ? I will not have Christ to reign over me?" or, "If I seek him at all, I will not seek him early?" I am sure you would not say such shocking words with your lips; but remember Christ can read your hearts, and if you neglect religion, and love sin, your conduct says all this, if your tongue does not. Go alone, and think what a sad wicked heart you must have, if it does not love Christ, who has been so loving to you. Beg him to forgive your sins, to change your heart, and to help you now to seek and love him in the days of your youth.

Do you really wish to give a proper answer to this message? Then I will tell you what to say; and if you can say it with a sincere heart, then you are a happy child.

"When thou saidst, Seek my face, my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek." (Ps. xxvii. 8.) "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." (John xxi. 17.) "Look thou upon me, and be merciful unto me, as thou usest to do unto those that love thy name. Let thy mercies come also unto me, O Lord, even thy salvation, according to thy word." (Ps. cxix. 132, 41.)

ADAMS, GRIMSHAW, VENN, & ROMAINE.

(From the North British Review.)

OF the venerable THOMAS ADAMS little is recorded, except that he commenced his religious life a disciple of William Law, and was translated into the marvellous light of the gospel by reading the first six chapters of the Epistle to the Romans in Greek. He was exceedingly revered by his like-minded contemporaries; and some idea of his preaching may be formed from his printed discourses. They are essentially sermons on the heart, and are remarkable for their aphoristic force and faithful pungency. But his most interesting memorial is a posthumous volume of "Private Thoughts on Religion." These "Thoughts" are detached, but classified sentences on "God" and "Christ," on "Human Depravity," "Faith," "Good Works," "The Christian Life," and kindred subjects; and though neither so brilliant nor so broad as the "Thoughts of Pascal," they are more experimental and no less made for memory. "The Spirit's coming into the heart is the touch of Ithuriel's spear, and it starts up

a devil." "Christ is God, stooping to the senses, and speaking to the heart of man." "Christ comes with a blessing in each hand; forgiveness in one, and holiness in the other; and never gives either to any who will not take both." "Mankind are perpetually at variance by being all of one sect, viz., selfists." "A poor country parson fighting against the devil in his parish, has nobler ideas than Alexander had." "Not to sin, may be a bitter cross; to sin, is hell." "'Wilt thou be made whole?' is a trying question, when it comes to be well considered." Those who love laconic wisdom will find abundant specimens in this pithy manual. But it is not all pemican. Besides the essence of food, it contains extracts from bitter herbs; and some who might relish its portable dainties will not like its wholesome austerity.

In some respects the most apostolic of this band was WILLIAM GRIMSHAW. Like many in his day, he struggled through years of doubt and perplexity into that region of light and assurance where he spent the sequel of his fervent ministry. His parish, and the radiating centre of his ceaseless itinerancies, was Haworth, near Bradford, in Yorkshire; a bleak region, with a people as wild and almost as ignorant as the gorse on their hungry hills. From the time that the love of Christ took possession of his soul, Mr. Grimshaw gave to His service all the energies of his ardent mind and powerful frame. His health was firm, his spirit resolute, his understanding vigorous and practical, and having but one object, he continually pursued it, alike a stranger to fatigue and fear. With a slice of bread and an onion for his day's provision, he would trudge over the moors from dawn to summer-dusk in search of sheep in the wilderness, and after a night's rest in a hay-loft would resume the work. In one of his weekly circuits he would think it no hardship to preach from twenty to thirty times. When he overtook a stranger on the solitary road, if riding, he would dismount and talk to him, and rivet his kind and pathetic exhortation with a word of prayer; and into whatsoever company thrown, with all the simplicity of a single eye and the mild intrepidity of a good intention, he addressed himself to his Master's business. It was he who silenced the infidel nobleman with the frank rejoinder, "The fault is not so much in your Lordship's head as in your heart;" and many of his emphatic words haunted people's ears till they sought relief by coming to himself and confessing all their case. When his career began, so sottish were his people, that it was hardly possible to draw them out to worship, but Mr. Grimshaw's boldness and decision dragged them in. Whilst the psalm before sermon was singing, he would sally forth into the street and the ale-houses to look out for loiterers, and would chase them into the church; and one Sabbath morning a stranger riding through Haworth, and seeing some men

bolting out at the back-windows and scrambling over the garden-wall of a tavern, imagined that the house was on fire, till the cry, "The parson is coming," explained the panic. By dint of pains and courage, he conquered this heathenish parish; and such was the power which attended his preaching, that, in later life, instead of hunting through the streets for his hearers, when he opened his church for a short service at five in the summer mornings, it would be filled with shopmen and working people ready to commence their daily toil. And so strong was the attraction to his earnest sermons, that besides constant hearers who came from ten or twelve miles all round, the parsonage was often filled with Christian worthies who came on Saturday nights from distant towns. And when they crowded him out of his house into his barn, and out of the church into the churchyard, he was all in his glory, and got up on Monday morning early to brush the shoes of the far-come travellers. He was a gallant evangelist of the Baptist's school. Like the son of the desert, he was a man of a hardy build, and like him of a humble spirit; and like John, his joy was fulfilled when his Master increased. At last, in the midst of his brave and abundant exploits, a putrid fever, which, like Howard, he caught when engaged in a labour of love, came to summon him home. And when he was dead his parishioners came, and—fit funeral for a Christian hero—bore him away to the tomb amidst the voice of psalms.

But perhaps among all these holy men the completest and most gracious character was HENRY VENN of Huddersfield. Certainly we have learned to contemplate him with that patriarchal halo which surrounded and sanctified his peaceful old age; and we have listened to him only in his affectionate and fatherly correspondence; but, so far as we can gather, his piety was of that windsome type, which, if it be not easy to record, it were blessed to resemble. Simeon loved him dearly, and tried to write his life; but in the attempt to put it upon paper it all seemed to vanish. This fact is a good biography. No man can paint the summer. Venn's was a genial piety, full of fragrant warmth and ripening wisdom, but it was free from singularity. And his preaching was just this piety in the pulpit—thoughtful, benignant, and simple, the love of God that was shed abroad in his heart often appearing to shine from his person. But there were no dazzling passages, no startling nor amusing sallies. A rugged mountain, a copsy glen, a riven cedar, will make a landscape, but it is not easy to make a picture of a field of wheat. Mr. Venn had a rich and spontaneous mind, and from its affluent soil the crop came easily away, and ripened uniformly, and except that it yielded the bread of thousands, there is little more to tell. The popularity and power of his ministry are still among the traditions of the West Riding; how

the Socinian Club sent its cleverest member to caricature the preacher, but amidst the reverential throng, and under the solemn sermon, awed into the feeling, "surely God is in this place," he remained to confess his error and to recant his creed; how the "droves" of people came from the adjacent villages, and how neighbours would go home for miles together, so subdued that they could not speak a word. He published one book, "The Complete Duty of Man." It is excellent; but, like Wilberforce's "View," and other treatises of that period, it has fulfilled its function—the world needs something fresh, something older or something newer, something which our immediate predecessors have not common-placed. Still, it is an excellent treatise, a clear and engaging summary of practical divinity, and it did much good when new. Some instances came to Venn's own knowledge. Soon after its publication he was sitting at the window of an inn in the west of England. A man was driving some refractory pigs, and one of the waiters helped him, whilst the rest looked on and shouted with laughter. Mr. Venn, pleased with this benevolent trait, promised to send him a book, and sent him his own. Many years after, a gentleman staying at an inn in the same part of England, on Saturday night asked one of the servants if they ever went to a place of worship on Sunday. He was surprised to find that they were all required to go at least once a-day, and that the master of the house not only never failed to attend, but maintained constant family prayer. It turned out that he was the waiter who had helped the pig-driver; that he had married his former master's daughter; and that he, his wife, and some of their children, owed all their happiness to the "Complete Duty of Man." The gentleman told the landlord that he knew Mr. Venn, and soon intended to visit him, and in the joy of his heart the host charged him with a letter detailing all his happy history. And once at Helvoetsluys, when waiting for a fair wind to carry him to England, he accosted on the shore a gentleman whom he took for an Englishman; he was a Swede, but having lived long in England, knew the language well. He turned out to be a pious man, and asked Mr. Venn to sup with him. After much interesting conversation he opened his portmanteau, and brought out the book to which he said that he owed all his religious impressions. Mr. Venn recognised his own book, and it needed all his humility not to bewray the author.

WILLIAM ROMAINE began his course as Gresham Professor of Astronomy, and editor of the four folios of Calasio's Hebrew Concordance. But after he caught the evangelic fire he burned and shone for nearly fifty years—so far as the Establishment is concerned—the light of London. It needed all his strength of character to hold his ground and conquer opposi-

tion. He was appointed Assistant Morning Lecturer at St. George's, Hanover Square; but his fervent preaching brought a mob of people to that fashionable place of worship, and on the charge of having vulgarized the congregation and overcrowded the church, the rector removed him. He was popularly elected to the Evening Lectureship of St. Dunstan's; but the rector there took possession of the pulpit in the time of prayer, so as to exclude the fanatic. Lord Mansfield decided that after seven in the evening Mr. Romaine was entitled to the use of the church; so, till the clock struck seven, the church-wardens kept the doors firm shut, and by drenching them in rain and freezing them in frost, hoped to weary out the crowd. Failing in this, they refused to light the church; and Mr. Romaine often preached to his vast auditory with no light except the solitary candle which he held in his hand. But, "like another Cocles"—a comparison already fairly applied to him—"he was resolved to keep the pass, and, if the bridge fell, to leap into the Tiber." Though for years his stipend was only eighteen pounds, he wore home-spun cloth, and lived so plainly that they could not starve him out. And though they repeatedly dragged him to the courts of law they could not force him out. And though they sought occasion against him in regard to the canons, they could not get the bishop to turn him out. He held his post till, with much ado, he gained the pulpit of Blackfriars, and preached with unquenched fire till past four-score, the life, the walk, the triumph of faith. For a great while he was one of the sights of London, and people who came from Ireland and elsewhere to see Garrick act went to hear Romaine discourse; and many blessed the day which first drew their thoughtless steps to St. Dunstan's or St. Ann's. And in his more tranquil evening there was a cluster of pious citizens about Ludgate Hill and St. Paul's Churchyard who exceedingly revered the abrupt old man. Of all the churches in the capital, his was the one towards which most home-feeling flowed. It shed a Sabbath air through its environs, and the dingy lanes around it seemed to brighten in its religion of life and hope. Full of sober hearers and joyful worshippers, it was a source of substantial service to the neighbourhood in times of need; and whilst the warm focus to which provincial piety and travelled worth most readily repaired, it was the spot endeared to many a thankful memory as the Peniel where first they beheld that great sight, CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

THE BEST GARMENT.

WHEN the saints throng through the press and crowd of the creatures (for the world is a bushy and rank wood), thorns take hold of their garments, and retard them in their way. Faith looseth their garments, and riddeeth them of such thorny friends as

are too kind to them in their journey. Who diggeth for iron and tin in the earth with mattocks of gold? What wise man would make a web of cloth of gold a net to catch fish? Expenses should overgrow gains. There is much of the metal of heaven in the soul. Faith would forbid us to wear out the threads of this immortal spirit; such as are love, joy, fear, sorrow, upon pieces of corruptible clay. Alas! is it faith's light that setteth men a-work to make the soul a golden needle, and the precious powers and perfections thereof, threads of silver, to sew together pieces of sackcloth and old rotten rags? What better, I pray you, is the finest of the web in the whole system of creation? Certainly, the heavens must be a thread of better wool than the clay earth; yet, if you should break your immortal spirit, and bend all the acts to the highest extent of your affections, to conquer thousands of acres of ground in the heavens, and entitle your soul to that inheritance, as to your only patrimony without Christ, faith's daylight should discover to you, that this finest part of that web of creation, with which you desire to clothe your precious soul, is but base wool, and rotten thread, and though beautiful and well-dyed to the eye, yet, "The heavens, even all of them, shall wax old like a garment." (Ps. cii. 26.) And the wisdom of faith knoweth a shop, where there is a more excellent suit of clothes for the soul, and a more precious piece of the heaven to dwell in; even a house which is from heaven, with which you shall be clothed, when life shall eat up death and mortality. (2 Cor. v. 1, 2.)—*Rutherford.*

Sacred Poetry.

THE CHANGEFUL—THE UNCHANGING.

"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

I.

How beautiful thou art, O green bright Earth!
How sweet thy tones of music and of mirth!
Thou hast bright laughing halos poured from heaven;
Thou hast the cool, pale beams by moonlight given;
And stars that flash out from their jewelled skies,
And smile on thee, O Earth, with watchful eyes.

How beautiful! how beautiful!

Thou hast small flow'rets and green forest trees,
Old silent hills, and summer bird and breeze;
Thou hast the melody, so clear and sweet,
Of winds and waters, when their voices meet;
Thou hast bright faces round the clustered heath,
The infant's laugh—the songs of love and mirth.

How beautiful! how beautiful!

O Earth! thou home of lovely things and fair!
Hath CHANGE a dwelling midst thy beauty rare?
Go ask yon angry cloud that veils the sky;
Go ask yon bud that blossoms but to die;
Go ask the storm-wreathed hills, the leafless trees—
The turbid streams—the wildly surging seas!

How mournful! Oh, how mournful!

Go ask each cherished home of happy years!
The babe's sweet laugh hath changed to troubled tears;

The heart that clung to heart now clings no more;
Forsaken is the joyful love of yore;
Death calls the loving and the loved away,
And others fill their vacant seats to-day.

How changeful! Oh, how changeful!

II.

And dost thou, CHANGE! bear universal sway?
Can mortals pass not from thy realms away?
There was a day of darkness and of doom,
Which raised pale dwellers from the riven tomb;
When angels trembled, and men fearless gazed;
When on the quivering earth a Cross was raised!

How awful! Oh, how awful!

Upon that blood-red cross a MONARCH hung!
An "ELDER BROTHER'S" bleeding brow was wrung!
For man he bore the purpled gauds of scorn,
His kingly crown, a diadem of thorn!
His heart, which thrilled with love so deep, so strange,
For man was probed! Thou wert not *there*, O Change!

How wonderful! how wonderful!

Ah, no, HE cannot change, that SAVIOUR-KING!
Whose song triumphal saints and angels sing:
The same, when crushed to earth, his cross he bears—
The same, when soul-gemmed coronet he wears—
The same, when coming in his bright array—
The same, for ever, yesterday, to-day!

How glorious! how eternal!

—*Free Church Magazine.*

THE PILGRIM'S ARRIVAL.

"I SAW in my dream that this man went in at the gate; and lo! as he entered, he was transfigured, and he had raiment put on him that shone like gold. There were also that met him with harps and crowns and gave unto him; the harps to praise withal and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy; and that it was said unto him:—

"ENTER THOU INTO THE JOY OF OUR LORD." I also heard the man himself sing with a loud voice, saying, BLESSING AND HONOUR, AND GLORY, AND POWER BE UNTO HIM THAT SITTETH UPON THE THRONE AND UNTO THE LAMB FOR EVER AND EVER."

Turn now, dear fellow-pilgrim, animated and encouraged on thy way. Thou hast heard the songs of the redeemed; in the Apocalypse thou hast gone with John into the Celestial City; in the Pilgrim's Progress thou hast wished thyself with Bunyan among the crowned and shining ones, that cry, Holy! holy! holy! Go then and be faithful. Live in and upon Christ. Knock and weep, and watch and pray; but in all thy darkness (and darkness thou mayest have to encounter) never let the light of this vision be forgotten.

Hie thee on thy quiet way,
Patient watch the breaking dawn:
For the shadows flee away,
And the night will soon be gone.

Thy pilgrimage lies through the wilderness, a wilderness indeed; but the dear path to Christ's abode is there, and his light is shining. No pilgrim's rest is in this world, but there is a REST that remaineth for the people of God. Here we have no continuing city; but we seek one to come, a city which hath foundations that cannot be moved, whose Builder and Maker is God. Go, then, on thy way, singing as thou goest—

How happy is the Pilgrim's lot,
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell—
He only sojourns here.

This happiness in part is mine;
Already saved from low design,
From every creature-love!
Blessed with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.

The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that beastly pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

No foot of land do I possess;
No cottage in this wilderness;
A poor way-faring man;
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger to the world, unknown,
I all their goods despise:
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!

—Cheever.

ALLEGED TRIVIAL DETAILS IN THE BIBLE.

(From *Gausson's Theopneustia*.)

ONE of the passages which we have most frequently heard brought forward to justify a distinction between what is inspired in the Word of God, and what is not, is the recommendation of Paul to Timothy respecting the weakness of stomach, and other ailments with which this youthful disciple was afflicted. "Drink not only water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thy frequent infirmities." (1 Tim. v. 23.)

If, however, we look into this passage, what an admirable and lively revelation do we not find of the greatness of the apostolic vocation, and of the amiability of the Christian character! Remark, in the first place, that it is, as it were, in the temple of God that it has been uttered; for immediately before we have these solemn words:—"I speak to thee in the presence of God and the Saviour Jesus Christ, and of the elect angels, that thou observe these things without prejudice, doing nothing by partiality. Lay hands suddenly on no man; keep thy-

self pure. Drink not only water," &c. We here see that it is in the presence of their common Master, and of the holy angels, that Paul would address himself to his disciple: let us, therefore, enter into the same temple, in order to understand him, and place ourselves on the same heights, and range ourselves, like him, "before the Lord Jesus and his elect angels;" we should then quickly recognise how much these words reflect the beauty of the apostolic ministry, and the gracious dealings of the Lord towards his servants. The celebrated Chrysostom well understood this, when, preaching from these very words, he remarked, the most useful servants of God ought to be little surprised, if it frequently happen that their Lord judged it expedient to try them, as Timothy, by various bodily infirmities and weaknesses; by some thorn in the flesh, or by permitting some emissary of Satan to buffet them, in order, on the one hand, that they might be stirred up to the exercise of sympathy, gentleness, cordial affection, and tender compassion; and, on the other, to patience, self-denial, self-renunciation, and especially to prayer. Re-peruse, with seriousness, and by the light of the last day, this beautiful passage of the apostle, and you will have to admire how much precious instruction the Holy Ghost has given to us in the small space of a single verse, above what the pious Jerome has pointed out. How many words, and even chapters, would have been necessary to teach as much in any other form! You there learn, besides, for instance, the sobriety of the young and ardent Timothy; he had desired, like Paul, to bring his body under in service; he drank only water, and refrained from using wine. You will there see, also, with what tender and parental delicacy the apostle reproves either his imprudence or austerity carried too far. You will there see with what wisdom the Lord authorizes and invites, by these words, his children to take all necessary care of their health; at the same time, nevertheless, that he sees fit to visit them with bodily sickness. You will see, too, with what prophetic foresight this word, put into the mouth of an apostle, antecedently condemns those human traditions, which, in the lapse of time, would deny to the faithful, as an impurity, the use of wine. You will there see, sixthly, with what tender solicitude, sympathy, and truly paternal vigilance, the apostle Paul, in the midst of his high functions, and notwithstanding the overwhelming care of all the Churches (from Jerusalem to Illyria, and from Illyria as far as Spain), kept his eye upon the personal circumstances of his much-loved Timothy, and felt for his weakness of stomach, his frequent infirmities, and his imprudent neglect of needful aliment. And, finally, you will there learn an historical fact, which throws great light upon the nature of miraculous gifts. In spite of all Paul's interest for the ailments of Timothy, he had not the power of restoring him to health; not even Paul, who had so often healed the sick, and who had even raised the dead; because the apostles (and we learn it in this verse, as well as by the sickness of Epaphroditus) (Phil. ii. 27) had not received the permanent gift of miracles, any more than that of *theopneustia*; because it was necessary that this power should be renewed to them on each particular occasion.

But if all these lessons of the apostle are important, and if we thus receive them all so briefly, and in a manner so calculated to affect us, oh! how attractive and full of light do they become to a simple Christian's mind, as soon as he is convinced that it is not here the word of a good man merely, that it is not even that of an apostle only, but that it is the voice of his God, who would teach him so affectingly, sobriety, brotherly love, a tender interest

for the health of others, and the utility of afflictions and infirmities to the most zealous of the servants of God, and who, to teach us all these precious lessons, deigns to address us by the mouth of a frail creature!

We are often assailed in connection with the salutations with which Paul concludes his Epistles, and which (we are told) are, after all, but as the vain compliments which we habitually use at the close of our letters. There is nothing (it is added) in these unworthy of an apostle, but neither is there anything inspired. The Holy Spirit has therein left the pen of Paul at liberty, that he might give free expression to his personal affection, as a secretary would be left to himself to close, in the usual complimentary style, a letter, the subject-matter of which had been dictated to him. Look, for example, at the last chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. Is it not evident that the apostle devotes sixteen verses to the remembrance of his own personal friendships? Did the dry catalogue of all those individuals require the Holy Spirit's aid? The apostle mentions eighteen persons by name, without reckoning all those to whom he sends collective salutations in the households of Aquila, Narcissus, and Aristobulus. These verses cannot have required inspiration; at the utmost, they needed only that oversight of the Spirit of the Lord which was still exercised, even when the sacred writers were left to their own personalities.

We do not shrink from avowing, that it gives us pleasure to review, in this place, these sixteen verses which have been so repeatedly objected to; for, on the contrary, they are of the number of those passages in which divine wisdom is conspicuous; and if you examine them you will soon admire, with us, the exceeding richness, the condescension, and dignity of this mode of instruction; you will there find, under the most practical and artless form, the living picture of a primitive Church; you will there discover, with lively interest, the relations of its members one with another; and you will see to what high estimation the weakest and most ignorant among them could attain within its bosom.

See, in the first place, with what tender interest the apostle recommends to the love of the Church at Rome the humble woman who, from Corinth, it would appear, was journeying into Italy about her temporal affairs. She was a well-beloved sister, who had been devoted to the service of the saints, and who did not fear to open her house to many of the faithful, and to Paul himself, notwithstanding the perils of such hospitality. She was the servant of the Church at Cenchrea. The brethren at Rome are therefore called upon to receive her in the Lord, and to assist her in whatsoever she has need. See, in what follows, how forcible an example the apostle gives us, in a few words, of that Christian courtesy which ought to characterize the mutual relations of the children of God! Admire how, whilst passing so rapidly in review the brethren and sisters of the Church at Rome, he remembers to shed upon this "dry nomenclature," as it has been termed, the refreshing unction of his love! For each one of them, there are a few words of encouragement and tender esteem. He there recalls the generous hospitality of Phoebe; the risking of life on his behalf by Aquila and his companions; the honour of Epenetus, in being the first-fruits of Achaia unto Christ; the "much labour" bestowed on him by Mary; the recollection that his kinsmen Andronicus and Junia, were in Christ before him; his Christian love for Amplias; the evangelical labours of Urbane; the triefold delicacy of Apelles; the multiplied labours of Tryphena and Tryphosa in the Lord, and those of the beloved Persis. What an appeal, moreover, to the conscience of every serious reader, is this rapid cata-

logue! Behold, he should say to himself, the character of the faithful in the Church at Rome, to whom salutations were sent! And if the apostle were to address an epistle to the Church in which, for a season, I myself occupy a place, what would he say of me? Would my name have a place in it? Could he add that, like Phoebe, I welcomed the saints to my house?—that, like Aquila and Priscilla, I had meetings of Christians under my happy roof?—that, like Mary, I bestowed much labour on the ministers of the Lord; that I have suffered for Christ, like Andronicus and Junia; that I am a man approved in Christ, like Apelles; that I am elect in the Lord, like Rufus; that I am his fellow-helper, like Urbane; that I am in much service for the Lord, like Tryphena and Tryphosa; and that I labour much therein, like the beloved Persis?

But, above all, see what a lesson for Christian women is set forth in these admirable verses! In the simple familiarity of the salutations which close the epistle, how he shows them the high character of their vocation! What an important part is assigned them in the Church, and what a place in the heavens! Without having, as yet, even seen the city of Rome, Paul there mentions, by their own names, and as his fellow-helpers, as many as nine or ten women. Besides Phoebe, whom he first commends to them, there is the excellent Priscilla, that happy wife of Aquila, who went so far as to expose herself to the suffering of death for the apostle, and who enjoyed the gratitude of all the Gentile Churches; next, one named Mary, who had been very zealous in ministering to the apostles; then Tryphena and Tryphosa, who continued to labour in the Lord; then Persis, who was especially dear to him, and who had laboured much in the Lord; then Julia; then the sister of Nereus, who is perhaps Olympas; and, finally, we have the venerable mother of Rufus. And remark, by the way, with what respect he mentions this lady, and with what delicacy he salutes her with the tender name of MOTHER: "Salute Rufus, elect in the Lord, and his mother and mine!" Is not this an example of the Christian courtesy which he had recommended to the same Romans in the twelfth chapter of the epistle: "Salute Rufus, elect of God," he writes, "and his mother, who is ALSO MINE!" What a lovely pattern do these verses exhibit to husbands and wives, in the persons of Aquila and Priscilla! You here see them at Rome; you might have seen them, five years previously, driven out of Italy by the Emperor Claudius, arriving at Corinth, and receiving into their dwelling the apostle Paul; then, eighteen months afterwards, accompanying him into Asia, and dwelling at Ephesus, where they had a church in their house (1 Cor. xvi. 19), and where they assisted, with so much effect, the young and eloquent Apollos, who, notwithstanding his talents, was glad to avail himself of their Christian intercourse and love; and now that the death of Claudius had allowed the accession of Nero, you see them scarcely returned to Rome, when they consecrate their new abode to the Church of God. It was there that the saints assembled; and you here learn, from a passing expression, that both husband and wife had not hesitated to lay down their own necks for the life of Paul.

But besides all the lessons which are presented to our consciences in these sixteen brief verses, you may there farther learn two facts of paramount importance in the history of the Church. And, in the first place, you have the most unintentional and convincing evidence that, at this period, there was no question at Rome either of Peter, or of his episcopacy, or of his popedom, or of his primacy, or even of his presence. Do we not recognise a prophetic

foresight in the care which the Holy Spirit has here taken, to do, in this Epistle to the Romans, what is not done in either of the other fourteen of Paul's Epistles—closing it with a long list of the men and women, most esteemed, at that time, throughout the Church at Rome? We have here the apostle of the Gentiles, twenty years after the commencement of his ministry, writing to the saints at Rome, saluting as many as twenty-eight of them by name, and numerous others by collective designations, yet not sending a word to the Prince of the Apostles, or, as he is styled, the Vicar of Jesus Christ—to his superior, the head of the Universal Church, and founder of the Roman hierarchy! Peter was the apostle of the Circumcision, and not of the Gentiles (Gal. ii.): his post was at Jerusalem; it is there he must be sought; and it was there that Paul had always found him. On his first journey, three years after his conversion, Paul there visited him, and remained fifteen days in his house. (Gal. i. 18.) On his second journey (to be present at the first council) he again met him there. On his third journey thither, in the year 44, at the period of the death of Herod Agrippa, it was still there that Peter was dwelling. (Acts xiii. 1, 3.) On his fourth journey, seventeen years after his conversion (Gal. ii. 7), Paul again finds him there, discharging the office (and let this be especially noted) of an apostle, not of the Gentiles, but of the Circumcision. And when, finally, he is on his fifth and last journey, he writes to the Romans and to the Galatians; and then, in order that the whole Church might distinctly know that Peter is not at Rome, and never had been there, Paul takes care to salute by name all those who were most eminent among the saints in that city, even among the women. Where is the bishop of the Latin sect, in our day, who would venture to write an epistle of sixteen chapters to the Church of Rome, without saying a single word either of the pope, or of Peter, or a vicar of Jesus Christ?

But there is another historical fact yet more interesting, to the knowledge of which these same sixteen verses, which have been termed useless, particularly direct us. We see, in the details of these brief salutations, by what humble instruments, and yet to what an extent, the gospel had been established, in so short a time, in mighty Rome! No apostle had there set foot; yet, behold what had been accomplished by the unaided labours of travellers, artisans, merchants, women, slaves, and freed men—what progress the Word of God had made! Jesus Christ had disciples already in the palaces of the Jewish princes who were attached to the imperial court, and even among the Roman officers who were nearest to the person of Nero. Among those to whom Paul first desires his salutations, are "those of Aristobulus' household;" and, secondly, "they of the household of Narcissus, which are in the Lord." Now, the first of these was the distinguished brother of Agrippa the Great, and of the immodest Herodias; the second was the powerful favourite of the Emperor Claudius, who was not poisoned by Agrippina until the close of the year 54.

Oh! that all who are called Christians would for ever renounce the rash systems in which the words of Scripture are arraigned, and their fitness questioned; in which men dare to prune God's Bible of this word and that passage, to make (at least as far as such words and passages are concerned) a Bible of their own; in which they render themselves responsible for any amount of tampering with the Word, which daring commentators may ever venture upon! Why should not others do with an entire book what you have dared to do with a verse? What idea do they form of the sacred writers, to suppose

them capable of the senseless audacity of blending their own decisions with the oracles of the Almighty! We remember a poor idiot, a pensioner of one of our hospitals, whose hand-writing was, nevertheless, so good, that a minister of Geneva employed him to transcribe his sermons. Great, however, was the confusion of the latter when the manuscript was returned, to find that the poor fellow had thought proper to enrich every page by the introduction of his own thoughts. There is, however, far less distance between the idiot and the minister, though the latter should be holy as Daniel, and sublime as Isaiah, than from Daniel or Isaiah to the Eternal Wisdom.

"NOBODY ON EARTH CAN TELL THAT!"

THE hand of death had been at work in our town. Three had been hurried to their graves in quick succession. One of them, a man up in years, was cut off very suddenly; and his death caused considerable sensation. It was the topic of conversation in every circle. I happened the day after to meet an old man, whose bent form told that age and sickness had made great inroads upon his naturally strong constitution. We spoke of the sudden death. He told me, in the course of our conversation, that he himself had once been attacked by the same disease of which the old man died; and had been so ill that he was not expected to recover. I took the opportunity of asking him, "Where do you think you would have been now, if you had died then?" He replied very quickly, "*Oh, sir, nobody on earth could tell that!*" From my previous acquaintance with his character, I was already aware that he was a godless man; but I now discovered how he continued to keep his conscience quiet amidst all his carelessness. The whole matter of our eternal welfare was to him wrapped in doubt and uncertainty; and instead of being troubled at this, as he ought to have been, he was actually making it his excuse for indifference both to the doing of God's will and the seeking of His salvation. He had once been nigh unto death—he was just about to enter the eternal world, but was restored, by the mercy and forbearance of God, that he might be led to repentance. And yet, from that day till now, he has continued in carelessness and sin; and his reason for it is that no one can ever make sure of his soul's salvation. He evidently thus reasoned in his mind that, as the greatest attention to spiritual things still left the soul in darkness as to its safety, he need not give himself much trouble about the matter, as most likely he would, after all, fare just as well without any such anxiety—at any rate, nobody could tell. Only this he knew, that God was merciful. He very willingly, therefore, followed the bent of his sinful desires, and left the salvation of his soul, as a matter of little moment, unattended to.

If this deceit were uncommon, it would be less sad; but thousands are resting their souls upon it. Few there are of the careless, with whom we meet, but are more or less possessed by the idea. *But is it really true that nobody on earth can tell?* In other words, Is there no possibility of coming to a satisfactory conclusion regarding the state of our souls,

and our prospects for eternity? If it is impossible, how fearful, then, is our condition! Think of the value of the soul—of more worth than ten thousand worlds. Think what issues hang upon our state—heaven or hell—an eternity of bliss, or an eternity of woe! And yet we cannot tell whether we are in the way to the happiness of the one, or the misery of the other! Dreadful state! If such uncertainty hung about worldly matters, how would every effort be paralyzed! But can this be really the case? Is it true that it is impossible to know our state before God? We think not. To say that God has enraped this point in mystery, is to say that he has chosen to mock man. We know that he has interposed on behalf of sinners—He so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to die, that they might live. A way has been opened up to the Father, through the Lord Jesus, even for the guiltiest of all. God is now entreating them to be reconciled unto him. And yet, notwithstanding all this, according to these views, He has so ordered matters, that no one, though he gladly accepts the offered salvation—though by faith he leans upon the Lord Jesus, given as the sure foundation—shall know whether he is to be saved or lost! Can it be believed for a moment that God would thus so cruelly mock us? But surely it is vain to talk of there being any difficulty in the case of very many. Their lives tell, in language stronger than words, where they are going. If they live in utter disregard of spiritual things—if their minds are wholly filled with the world—if they do not love to pray—if they have no delight in God's Word—if His Sabbaths are a weariness to them—if they delight not to enter God's house, that they may enjoy his presence and receive his blessing—if the sweet calls of the gospel have to them no charms, nor the name of Jesus any preciousness—if these things are one and all distasteful to them—or if they are drunkards, or unclean, or dishonest, or liars—if they are, in short, *without God*—without his fear—without his love—then how can there be any doubt concerning such? How can they say that no one on earth can tell where they are going? There can be no doubt as to *what they are*; and there can be as little as to *their prospects*. It is clear that, in regard to them, all uncertainty is at an end. Such an one *cannot* be in the way to heaven. He *must* be in the way to hell. How can he, indeed, ever think of going to heaven? *What would he do there?* Heaven itself would be as hell to him.

Reader, are you such an one as I have here described? Do you know that you can, with *honesty*, lay claim to no other character? Be aroused, then, to a sense of your danger! You may have been wrapping up your prospects in obscurity; and, in the mist you yourself have raised have been saying, Peace, peace, to any whisper of conscience. You may have had your answer ready in times past to every alarm, "Nobody on earth can tell about these things." For ever put away such delusions! You can no longer doubt as to your state and prospects, your known *godlessness* telling you, in its every feature, that you are in the way to the place of woe! Open your eyes to your dreadful state. Count

everything of little importance in comparison with your soul's salvation. Lose not a moment in seeking deliverance through the Lord Jesus. O flee! lest death overtake you, and your ruin be forever sealed!

J. B. J.

HE THAT WOULD FIND MUST SEEK.

CHRIST's love is liberal, but yet it must be sued; and Christ, though he sell not his love for the penny-worth of our sweating and pains, yet we must dig low, for such a gold mine as Christ. Christ's love is wise. He holdeth us knocking, till our desire be love-sick for him, and knoweth that delays raise and heighten the market and rate of Christ. We under-rate anything that is at our elbow. Should Christ throw himself in our bosom and lap, while we are in a morning sleep, he should not have the marrow and flower of our esteem. It is good there be some fire in us meeting with water, while we seek after Christ. —*Rutherford*.

DEATH OF CHILDREN.

LETTER FROM THE REV. THOMAS BOSTON, ETTERICK,
TO MR. THOMAS HOG.

Etterick, May 22, 1726.

DEAR SIR,—I had yours with the much affecting account of your loss of a dear child. I travelled that gloomy road six times, and learned that God has other use for children than our comfort—an use far more honourable and happy for them; and the parents come to see it afterwards, that it is peculiar kindness, to the poor babes they were so early carried off. It likewise serves to let into that word in particular, in its sweetness, "I will be thy God, and the God of thy seed," while parents are taken up for the salvation of their dying little ones, and look about to see what the Word says with relation to the case. O do not grudge the freedom the Lord has used with you, in pitching upon a precious thing for himself, and taking it away. Both of you have offered your all to the Lord; and though, when it comes to the pinch, the heart is ready to misgive, yet in calm blood I am sure you will stand to the bargain, and check yourself for any semblance of repenting. The next time you see your child, you will see him shining white in glory, having been washed in the blood of the Lamb, who was an infant, a child, a boy, a youth, as well as a grown man; because he became a Saviour of infants, little children, &c., as well as of persons come of age. Perhaps his cries are not out of your or his mother's ears, but then you will see him capable of managing his harp as well as the saint that died a hundred years old. Ah! ah! why are we not thus fully satisfied, and acquiescing in the wise management of the great Counsellor, who puts clouds and darkness round about him, bidding us follow at his back through the cloud, promising an eternal uninterrupted sunshine on the other side? "Lord, increase our faith," is a petition we need to be often putting up; but I hope the Lord has taught you and your spouse resignation to the will of Him who does all things well; yet I find it is a difficult lesson to learn—the flesh still spurns and rises against the rod.

And, O! how difficult is it to get our *whys* and *hows* crucified, and to resolve all into, and rest satisfied in, infinite wisdom, tempered with new covenant love! Our affliction is returned to an extremity, and the storm has blown hard now for some time; but the Lord sits on the floods; and though it seems to be without all order, yet certainly there is an order in it, though imperceptible to our eyes, and the several drops keep their ranks according to the word of God's command.—I am, with the most endeared respect, yours, &c.

AN ADVICE TO A YOUNG MINISTER.

BY THE LATE REV. CHRISTMAS EVANS.

I AM an old man, my dear boy, and you are just entering the ministry. Let me now and here tell you one thing, and I commend it to your attention and memory. All the ministers that I have ever known, who have fallen into disgrace or into uselessness, *have been idle men*. I never am much afraid of a young minister, when I ascertain that he can, and does, *fairly sit down to his book*. There is Mr. —, of whom we were talking just now, a man of such unhappy temper, and who has loved for many years to meddle in all sorts of religious disputes and divisions; he would have long ago been utterly wrecked, had not his habits of industry saved him. He has stuck to his book, and that has kept him from many dishonours, which, had he been an idle man, must have by this time overwhelmed him. An idle man is in the way of every temptation; temptation has no need to seek him; *he is at the corner of the street, ready and waiting for it*. In the case of a minister of the gospel, this peril is multiplied by his position, his neglected duties, the temptations peculiar to his condition, and his own superior susceptibility. *Remember this—stick to your book*.

OUR FOOLISHNESS.

ALAS! how we preclude ourselves from the secret experiences of the tender mercies of our God, by the hardness of our hearts, and by the lightness and vanity of them! Oh, that indignity; our God still waiting to be gracious, to heap up more of his love to us; but we are busied in other things, and not at leisure to wait on him! Oh, what are they—these things that take us up? Great matters? Alas! sorry trifles, all day long; and when we are at leisure, yet we are not at leisure; for then we must take our ease, must go to sleep, and so still he is put off, and forced to retire, after he has stayed till “His head be filled with dew, and his locks with the drops of the night.”—*Leighton*.

PAUL AND JAMES.

THERE is not the smallest disagreement between Paul and James, in the matter of justification. They concur in one common sentiment—that the just shall live by a faith which worketh by love. Is it not by works that our natural body is proved to be alive? If there be no signs of pulse, no respiration, no warmth; in short, if there be no vital actions whatever, do we not pronounce the body dead? These actions are the proper proof that it is alive; yet they are not the *cause* of its life. The soul, which is the

source of these actions, is the cause of life: further, the more in number, vigour, and excellence, these actions are, the more thoroughly, we say, that body is alive. So in spiritual things.—*Wesselus*.

A DELUSION.

THERE has not, for these thousand years, been started a more mischievous, pestilential notion, than that God does not demand a perfect fulfilling of all his laws. This is directly to contradict Christ. God never alters his perfect law, though he pardons us when we break it. Observe, however, he does not pardon those who are asleep, but those who labour; those who fear, and who say with Job, “I know thou wilt not hold me innocent.” Never suppose that God does not require an exact regard to every tittle of his law; such a notion will soon engender pride, and make you despise that grace, through which his holy law, as a schoolmaster, should compel you to seek deliverance.—*Luther*.

THE “LITTLE FOXES.”

“Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes.”—CANT. ii. 15.

THE first risings of sinful thoughts and desires, and the beginning of trifling pursuits, are like the *little foxes*, which, if not taken, will spoil the vines. Trifling visits which waste much time, incur great expense, put the mind out of frame for devotion, and intrude on the hours that should be employed in meditation, self-examination, searching the Scripture, and secret prayer, are peculiarly injurious in this respect; and no good can arise from such unnecessary intercourse with worldly people, or with superficial professors, whose company is still more prejudicial. Specious deviations from the truth, which make a *little* allowance for the pride, avarice, vanity, or indolence of our hearts, and admit of some measure of conformity to the world, and to the discourse of those who are ever asking, *What harm is there in this or that? or, What need of this or that measure of diligence?* are little foxes, which spoil the vines, and which must be taken and removed out of the way, by private Christians and public teachers, who desire to be, or to see their people, fruitful branches of the living Vine. Even lawful and needful pursuits and recreations, when attended with excess or in expediency, “choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful,” for our vines have tender grapes.”—*Scott*.

Fragments.

Men compare themselves with men, and readily with the worst, and flatter themselves with that comparative betterness: this is not the way to see our spots, to look into the muddy streams of profane men's lives; but look into the clear fountain of the Word, and there we may both discern and wash them; and consider the infinite holiness of God, and this will humble us to the dust.

You have entered the ship with Christ; what do you look for? Fine weather? Rather expect winds, and tempests, and waves to cover the vessel till she begins to sink. This is the baptism with which you must be first baptized, and then the calm will follow, upon your awakening Christ, and imploring his help.—for sometimes he will appear to sleep for a season.—*Luther*.

THE REFUGE OF LIES.

BY ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, D.D., PRINCETON.

ALL men have some conviction of sin, which, at times, gives them pain. There are, to most, hours of serious reflection, when conscience will speak, and some refuge is felt to be desirable. If men could divest themselves of conscience, it would soon be done, and they would then sin without remorse or fear; but this is not easily nor soon effected. It requires a long course of obstinate sinning, aided by the blindness which error induces, to get the conscience so seared that it will be past feeling; when the wretch, abandoned of God, and given up to believe a lie, rushes forward through every species of crime to make sure his own damnation. For those who have reached this desperate state of hardness of heart and blindness of mind, it is not worth while to write, because they are already given up of God, and forsaken by the Holy Spirit, who no longer restrains them nor strives with them. Or, if they are not given up to judicial blindness, they are so filled with dark prejudices against religion, that they cannot be induced to read or hear anything on the subject. Most sinners, however, have their moments of compunction, and have their refuges for relief, to which they betake themselves when urged by the accusations of conscience.

1. The first attempt is to turn away the thoughts from the disagreeable subject; and to favour this effort, they run into the company of the gay and thoughtless, and engage in such amusements as have a tendency to exhilarate and fascinate the mind, and to drive away all serious reflection. If this giddy course could be kept up without any interruption, it would be a more effectual refuge from the accusations of conscience than it is found to be; but after enjoying a scene of dissipation or debauchery, there is commonly an interval of vacuity, and often of depression; so that the votary of pleasure experiences very painful feelings, rendered more bitter by a conviction that much sin has been committed, and that the course which he is pursuing must lead to the chambers of despair. The acuteness of these feelings will depend very much on the knowledge of religious truth in the mind. Men who have had early religious instruction, in these circumstances, suffer far more than those who, having been brought

up in ignorance of the nature and obligation of the law of God, have a very dim perception of the nature of sin, except in some of its most enormous acts. To these their ignorance is their source of ease; but where there is light in the mind, this covering is destroyed. Men, whose understandings have been enlightened by the knowledge of truth, cannot return to a state of ignorance; they cannot obliterate the ideas of religion which have been inculcated upon their tender minds. They must have some other refuge; and the one which most readily presents itself is some form of infidelity: and that form of it is embraced which they happen to meet with in some corrupting book, or from some infidel companion, or which they find it most easy to believe. Young men, who have grown up in ignorance, do not commonly feel much zeal in favour of any infidel scheme; those who become zealous advocates of errors of this description, are more frequently such as have had religious truth lodged in their minds. Many years since, when infidelity began first to be openly professed by many, there was a classical school, in which a number of young men of adult age were students. Part of these were connected with irreligious families, and knew nothing of religion except what they had heard at home in the way of contempt and ridicule; but another part were the sons of pious men, who had been diligently instructed in the doctrines and duties of religion, and had been kept under restraint. Some of these having been led by their vicious companions into evil practices, and suffering exquisitely from the lashes of a guilty conscience, found themselves in so much need of a refuge from remorse, that when infidel tracts and books were put into their hands, they seized upon them with eagerness, and swallowed the deleterious potion with evident satisfaction, and ceased not to read and collect arguments in favour of the Deistical opinions which they had embraced, and which they found so necessary to the ease of their consciences; whereas those who had never received any religious education, while they were well pleased with any opinions hostile to the Bible and religion, manifested no special zeal in behalf of these opinions. Their minds were already

much at ease, through their total ignorance of the law of God and of its awful sanctions. They took no pains to establish themselves in error, but took for granted everything which militated against the Christian religion.

Even when infidel opinions are not explicitly adopted in theory, there is often a state of mind contracted, which, in a great measure, answers the purpose of an infidel theory; that is, a practical disbelief of the threatenings of God's Word, or a vague hope that these will never be executed. Persons in this condition are shielded from conviction when they hear the terrors of the law denounced in preaching; they secretly give a negative to all these awful truths, and they take refuge in the same scepticism when their consciences become clamorous.

To such the scheme of the Universalists furnishes a welcome refuge. They do not wish to reject the Bible, since it comes to us so strongly attested; but while they reject infidelity professedly, they avail themselves of everything in that system of error which is calculated to relieve and soothe a guilty conscience. Universalism, therefore, in our day, has taken the place of open atheism and theoretical infidelity. Here the sinner finds a scheme, professing to be derived from divine revelation, which promises to all a complete immunity from future punishment. Universalists of the old school taught, that the impenitent sinner would be punished in the future world according to the just demerit of his sins; or, as others supposed, until his obstinacy was subdued, and he became truly penitent. And this punishment, they admitted, would not only be severe, but long-continued, even for ages of ages. There was but little in this scheme to comfort the man who was determined to cleave to his sins; but in the new school of Universalists, all the dread of future punishment is done away. They have made the wonderful discovery, that the Bible teaches that all the punishment of sin, however atrocious and long-continued, is confined to this life. This is the only scheme ever invented, which comes up fully to the wishes and feelings of sinners abandoned to iniquity. According to this, repentance would be folly, and all religion useless. The impious blasphemer may defy the Almighty, may die cursing his Maker, and breathing out vengeance against his fellow-men; but he incurs no penalty. He may depart in the full assurance that, as soon as he enters the eternal world, he will be admitted into heaven. How poorly such an one will be qualified to join

in the hallelujahs of that holy place, every one can see; yet the impious wretch, who spent his life in deeds of malice and wickedness, will receive as great a reward as the devout, humble, and benevolent Christian, who spent his life in doing good, and perhaps died for the honour of his Lord. But in proportion as this scheme is acceptable to ungodly men, it is difficult to be believed. Some determined sinners would give half they possess in the world to have it demonstrated to them; in illustration of which, the following fact may be mentioned:—When an Universalist preacher had finished his sermon, and he and his hearers had resorted to the tavern for refreshment, &c., an old drunkard said to the preacher, "I will give you my horse if you will only satisfy me of the truth of what you have preached to-day."

When men do not love the truth, they are often, in just judgment, given up "to believe a lie, that they may be damned, who have pleasure in unrighteousness." We need not be surprised, therefore, to see what monstrous absurdities men, under this dereliction, are capable of believing. Many suppose that no man in his senses can be an Atheist: but it is easier to be an Atheist than an Universalist of this class. Indeed, the system is more dangerous and destructive than blank Atheism; for the Atheist can promise nothing to impenitent sinners after death. They believe in no futurity; but the Universalist pretends to teach his disciples, and from the Bible too, that live as he may, and die as he may, 'it matters not how, even if his hand be reeking with his neighbour's blood, or what is as bad, with his own blood, shed by a suicidal hand, he shall be ushered into a holy heaven, into the immediate presence of a holy God. Oh! wonderful credulity of deluded men! Surely this is one of the "refuges of lies," which God will sweep away as with a hail storm.

2. But there are other false refuges into which those who read these lines may be in greater danger of falling. Many among us seem to live at ease, and to be well satisfied with themselves, because they have lived honest and moral lives. They are good neighbours, good members of society, kind and affectionate to their own families, and often contribute to the relief of the poor and distressed. Now it cannot be denied that these persons are worthy of praise as citizens, and that their characters are amiable in the respects mentioned; and it is painful to be obliged to say to such, If this be all the refuge which you have in the day of

judgment, you will not be able to stand. You look around and see multitudes whose conduct is far from being as correct as yours, and you are led to think, if you are in an unsafe condition, what will become of the world! And when one of this character is called away by death, the opinion is confidently expressed by many, that they have made a happy change, and are relieved from all their sorrows and pains. And for any one to express a doubt of the salvation of such persons, is deemed by most to be the height of uncharitableness. By this means the delusion is kept up, and whatever the preacher may say from the pulpit, this current opinion is received in preference, because it is pleasing to the feelings, and tends to lull the conscience into a profound sleep. If the sentiments of the great body of the people could be ascertained, it would be found that nine out of ten entertain the opinion, that if a person leads a moral life, is sober, just in his dealings, a good neighbour, and an affectionate husband and parent, his chance for heaven is as good, at least, as that of those who make a loud profession of religion, whose moral character, it is insinuated, is not better than that of those of whom a description has just been given. There are but two ways conceivable by which men can reach heaven. The one is by their own works; the other by the free and sovereign grace of God through a Redeemer. The first was the original method of life. It is the only one known to reason, and, therefore, men naturally cling to it; and mere doctrinal instruction does not remove them from this false ground. Ask such a one on a death-bed, "On what is your hope of heaven founded?" and he will say, "I have never injured any one; I have endeavoured to live an honest and upright life; and have often relieved the wants of the poor, and done other deeds of charity!" "But have you never sinned against God?" "O yes; we are all sinners, and I hope I am not worse than others." "But do you not know that it is written, 'Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them?' How do you expect to answer for your sins at the judgment?" "O! I trust in the mercy of God. If others can find mercy, I hope that I shall also." Not a word of a Mediator. No thought is entertained of the necessity of an expiatory sacrifice. No such feeling of the burden of sin as renders it necessary to come to the cross for relief. But if you mention Christ as the only foundation of a sinner's hope, they will of course assent to it;

but it is evident that they have never yet felt the need of Christ and his justifying righteousness. This refuge of trusting to our own good deeds and moral conduct is the ruin of thousands of souls. If this be a safe way to heaven, then, verily, Christ has died in vain; and all that is said in the Holy Scriptures of regeneration and sanctification, by the efficacious operations of the Spirit of God, may go for nothing. And when such persons come to die, they are not commonly alarmed. They have taken up the notion, that if they can only persuade themselves to be *willing to die*, that is a sign that they are fully prepared. And even if, on the near approach to eternity, they should feel some apprehension that all is not right, those fears are soon allayed by the counsel of surrounding friends, who encourage them to believe that there is no danger to persons who have lived as they have done. Alas! that such a soul-destroying delusion should be so common in the midst of gospel preaching. The effort of many, however, when their children or near friends are about to be taken away, is to keep religion entirely out of sight. Not a word is spoken to the dying person respecting preparation; and the access to the bed of the sick, of such as would be likely to mention such subjects, is carefully precluded. If the family has been accustomed to attend any place of worship, from the force of custom the minister may be sent for at the very last moment, when all instruction is out of the question: and then he is cautioned to say nothing which will disturb or alarm. In many cases, however, he is excluded from the sick room, under the pretext that the patient is in such a state as not to be able to converse; and he is obliged to be contented with offering up a short prayer. O the devices and stratagems of the devil to prevent the gospel from reaching the minds of the people! This refuge of lies is among the most dangerous, because the characters of the class now under consideration are so amiable and so respectable in the eyes of the world; but unless we renounce Christianity, we cannot believe that mere external morality and decency will ever take any one to heaven. If we seek salvation by our works, they must be perfect. We must love the Lord our God with all the heart, soul, mind, and strength, and our neighbour as ourselves, through our whole life, and never fail in one instance: who, then, can be saved by his own morality! And they who trust in this broken reed know nothing of the love of God by experience. And their external

actions, when weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, are found totally deficient. The whole of the duties which they owe to God have been neglected. And they have been guilty of slighting the offers of his mercy in the gospel, and by their trust in their own good deeds have cast contempt on the Son of God, who came down from heaven, and died on the cross, to save guilty sinners.

3. Some, not contented with mere morality, take refuge in a form of religion. We are warned in Scripture to beware of such as have a form of godliness, but deny its power; "who have a name that they live, and yet are dead." "Not every one," says Jesus, "who saith Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doth the will of my Father who is in heaven." Out of ten virgins, five were foolish, and took no oil in their vessels, and their lamps went out; and when the bridegroom came at midnight, they were not ready to go out and meet him; and when these foolish virgins applied for admittance after the door was shut, they met with an awful repulse. O wretched condition of formalists and false professors! They who are at ease in Zion should be alarmed, for there is a heavy woe denounced against them. At the approaching day of judgment none will be found in a more deplorable condition. Their disappointment will be terrible. They were confident of being received into heaven. They were esteemed to be Christians by the Church. They might have stood high as professors. Yea, some of those who will be found in this miserable company of false professors, are preachers of the gospel and workers of miracles. Our Lord represents them as pleading, in that day, the high privileges which they enjoyed, and the high standing which they held in the Church. "Then shall ye begin to say, We have eaten and drunk in thy presence, and thou hast taught in our streets." "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity." Look well to it, ye professors of religion, that you have not taken up with a mere "refuge of lies." Nothing better merits the name of a "refuge of lies," than a profession of religion where the vital power of godliness has been experienced; for every profession of this kind is, in a sort, "lying unto God." Whoever professes religion professes to love God, to believe in Christ,

and to repent of all sin: but the false professor has no true faith in Christ, has never repented of his sins, and has not the love of God in his heart. It is easy to deceive men, easy to deceive the elders of the Church, easy to deceive yourselves; but God you cannot deceive. And this your false refuge, He will sweep away as with a hail storm. O! reflect intime. How deplorable, how desperate, will be your condition when the midnight cry shall be heard, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh!" Examine carefully, I beseech you, whether your lamps are burning, or whether they are gone out. Look and see whether your vessels are filled with oil, or are empty. Now, while you are in the way, seek that grace which hitherto you have neglected. Your profession, in that coming day of account, will do you no good; it will only serve to increase your condemnation. You may say, "I have been a member of the Church from my birth: I have been baptized by a godly minister, and am descended from a long succession of pious ancestors: I have been admitted regularly to the table of the Lord; and my Christian character has never been called in question." All this, or what was equal to this, the Pharisees could have said. The Jews of our Saviour's time did take up with such a refuge; for John Baptist said to them, "Think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father, for God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham." And Christ said, "Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven."

4. I shall mention but one more "refuge of lies" into which many fly, and in which they feel themselves to be perfectly secure, and that is, "a false experience of religion." They are professors, too, and commonly flaming professors; but they are not mere formalists. They are not destitute of *heart religion*; but their feelings and affections, however lively, are not genuine, and they do not bring forth the fruits meet for repentance. The cases of such deceived souls are various, but one of the most common is this. The person has been awakened, and may have experienced pungent conviction for sin. He has been constrained to inquire with earnestness, "What must I do to be saved?" And while under these distressing convictions, and earnestly seeking deliverance, the thought has suddenly been suggested, and perhaps conveyed in Scripture language, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," or something of similar

import. Taking this to be a message from God, he is immediately filled with unutterable joy, from the persuasion that the curse is removed, and that heaven is sure. This suggestion, however, may have been from the enemy of souls, who endeavours to keep his subjects at ease in sin, but when they fall under conviction, his great aim is to deceive them by false hopes; and as he can make suggestions to the mind, and is accustomed to use the words of Scripture to answer his insidious purposes, there is no reason why he may not have it as one of his most successful devices to produce a false peace; and if he has power to influence at the same time the nervous system, so as to excite exhilaration, this will account for those extatic feelings of joy which many experience when no suggestion is made to the mind. Besides, by the power of sympathy, when there is great religious excitement in a congregation, the nerves being wound up for many days, there is commonly a natural reaction; so that feelings of great agony are apt to be succeeded by a kind of thrilling joy, which very much resembles that which is produced by inhaling the nitrous gas. Persons thus affected, experience a peculiar buoyancy of spirits, which prompts them to jump up; and, as they express it often, they feel as if they could fly. It is under nervous feelings of this kind, produced by strong religious impressions on the feelings and imagination, that whole assemblies sometimes are agitated with a wild, tumultuous joy, which is expressed by clapping the hands, and shouting Glory! glory! glory! and other similar expressions. Now this enthusiastic feeling is contagious. Persons, not before serious, are often drawn into the vortex; and experiencing an unusual excitement and exhilaration, their reason loses its dominion, and their modesty and reserve being overcome, they join in the common expressions of transport: and this sudden excitement, by many who profess to be teachers of others, is pronounced to be conversion. Scenes of this kind are not confined to one denomination, but are frequently witnessed at camp-meetings, and other protracted meetings where religious exercises are kept up for many days and nights. And it is not uncommon for persons thus affected to swoon away, or be agitated with spasmodic motions of the nerves; and in this excited state it is not wonderful that their imaginations should be taken for realities. It is, therefore, not wonderful, that ignorant persons of lively fancy think that they hear words

audibly spoken to them, and see a glorious light, or more commonly have a kind of vision of a dignified and beautiful person, whom they take to be the Saviour, and who they fondly imagine smiles upon them. It is enough to extort tears from the most phlegmatic, to think how many precious souls are led into this false refuge; and it is lamentable to observe how the ignorant populace are misled by teachers who persuade them that this is vital religion, and that all who make any objections, are cold-hearted formalists, and enemies of true religion.

JOHN NEWTON, &c.*

BESIDE the London Mansion House there is a church with two truncated square towers—the stumps of amputated steeples—suggesting St. Mary Woolnoth, and St. Mary Wool-Church-Haw. What is transacted in it now we cannot tell; but could the reader have visited it fifty years ago he would have seen in the heavy pulpit a somewhat heavy old man. With little warmth he muttered through a pious sermon—texts and trite remarks—till now and then some bright fancy or earnest feeling made a stiff animation overrun his seamy countenance, and rush out at his kind and beaming eyes. From the Lombard Street bankers and powdered merchants who lolled serenely at the end of various pews, it was evident that he was not deemed a Methodist. From the thin north-country visage which peered at him through catechetic spectacles, and waited for something wonderful which would not come, it was likely that he was a Calvinist, and that his fame had crossed the Tweed. And from the fond up-looking affection with which many of his hearers eyed him, you would have inferred that himself must be more interesting than his sermon. Go next Friday evening to No. 8, Coleman Street Buildings, and there, in a dusky parlour with some twenty people at tea, will you meet again the preacher. He has doffed the cassock, and in a sailor's blue jacket, on a three-legged stool, sits in solitary state at his own little table. The tea is done, and the pipe is smoked, and the Bible is placed where the tea-cup was. The guests draw nearer the oracular tripod, and the feast of wisdom and the flow of soul begin. He inquires if any one has got a question to ask; for these re-unions are meetings for business as well as for friendship. And two or three have come with their questions cut and dry. A retired old lady asks, "How far a Christian may lawfully conform to the world?" And the old sailor says many good things to guide her scrupulous conscience,

* We close in this Number our extracts from an admirable series of sketches, entitled "Simeon and his Predecessors," which appear as an article in the last Number of the *North British Review*, and which bear internal evidence of having come from the felicitous pen of the Rev. James Hamilton of London.

unless, indeed, she asked it for the sake of the young gentleman with the blue coat and frilled wrist-bands across the table. "When a Christian goes into the world because he sees it his *call*, yet while he feels it also his *cross*, it will not hurt him." Then guiding his discourse towards some of his city friends: "A Christian in the world is like a man transacting business in the rain; he will not suddenly leave his client because it rains; but the moment the business is done he is gone; as it is said in the Acts, 'Being let go, they went to their own company.'" This brings up Hannah More and her book, on the "Manners of the Great;" and the minister expresses his high opinion of Miss More. Some of the party do not know who she is, and he tells them that she is a gifted lady who used to be the intimate friend of Johnson, Horace, Walpole, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, the idol of the West-end grandees, and the writer of plays for Drury Lane; but who has lately come out with some faithful appeals to her aristocratic acquaintances on the subject of heart-religion, and which are making a great sensation. "Aweel," says a Scotch elder from Swallow Street, "Miss Moore is very tawlated, and I hope has got the root of the matter; but I misdoubt if there be not a laygal twang in her still." And in this remark he is heartily seconded by the spectacled Calvinist from Lesmahagow, who has been present all the time, but has not ventured to speak till he found in front this Ajax with his Westminster shield. And the minister smiles quaintly in acknowledgment that they are more than half right, but repeats his admiration and his hope for the accomplished authoress. And then he opens his Bible, and after singing one of the Olney hymns, reads the 18th chapter of the Acts. "You see that Apollos met with two candid people in the Church; that they neither ran away because he was *legal*, nor were carried away because he was *eloquent*." And after a short but fervent prayer, catholic, comprehensive, and experimental, and turning into devotion the substance of their colloquy, it is as late as nine o'clock, and the little party begins to separate. Some are evidently constant visitors. The taciturn gentleman who never spoke a word, but who, at every significant sentence, smacked his lips, as if he were clasping a casket over a gem, and meant to keep it, occupied a prescriptive chair, and so did the invalid lady who has ordered her sedan to Bedford Row. In leave-taking the host has a kind word for every one, and has a great deal to say to his north-country visitor. "I was a wild beast on the coast of Africa, but the Lord caught me and tamed me, and now you come to see me as people go to look at the lions in the Tower." Never was lion so entirely tamed as JOHN NEWTON. Commencing life as a desperado and dread-nought, and scaring his companions by his peerless profanity and heaven-daring wick-

edness, and then by his remarkable recovery, signaling the riches of God's grace, you might have expected a Boanerges to come out of the converted bucanier. But never was transformation more complete. Except the blue jacket at the fire-side, and a few sea-faring habits; except the lion's hide, nothing survived of the African lion. The Puritans would have said that the lion was slain, and that honey was found in its carcass. Affable and easy of access, his house was the resort of those who sought a skilful spiritual counsellor, and knowing it to be the form of service for which he was best fitted, instead of fretting at the constant interruption, or nervously absconding to some calm retreat, his consulting-room, in London's most trodden thoroughfare, was always open. And though he was sometimes disappointed in those of whom his confiding nature hoped too soon, his hopelessness was the very reason why others turned out so well. There was a time when Christian principle was a smoking flax in Claudius Buchanan and William Wilberforce; but on Newton's hearth, and under the afflatus of God's Spirit, it soon burst forth in flame. And if his conversation effected much, his correspondence accomplished more. His Narrative is wonderful, and his Hymns are very sweet; but his Letters make him eminent. Our theology supplies nothing that can rival them; and it is when we recollect how many quires of these epistles were yearly issuing from his study, that we perceive what an influential and useful man the rector of St. Mary's was. Many volumes are in print, and we have read others in manuscript. All are fresh and various, and all distinguished by the same playful sincerity and easy wisdom, and transfusive warmth. All are rich in experimental piety, and all radiant with gracious vivacity. The whole collection is a "Cardiphonia." They are all the utterance of the heart. And they will stand comparison with the happiest efforts of the most famous pens. For example, take up the Life and Correspondence of Hannah More, and how artificial does everything appear alongside of John Newton! Here is one of her own best specimens, religious and sparkling, a jet of spiritual champagne. And there is the effusion of some laudatory bishop, slow and sweet, like a cascade of treacle or a fall of honey. But here, amidst labour and painful art, is the well of watersurrounded with its native moss; nature, grace, wisdom, goodness—John Newton and nothing more. Except his own friend, Cowper, who was not a professed divine, no letters of that stiff century read so free, and none have preserved the writer's heart so well.

We might have noticed others. We would gladly have found a place for the Hon. and Rev. W. B. Cadogan, a name still dear to Reading, and another illustrious exception to the "not many noble." We should have sketched John William Fletcher, that saintly man and sera-

phic minister. And it would have been right to record the services of Joseph Milner at Hull, and his brother Isaac at Cambridge. It was by his Church History that the former served the cause of the gospel; and it was a great service to write the first history, not of popes and councils, but vital Christianity, and write it so well. Isaac brought to the defence of the gospel a name which was itself a tower of strength. The "Incomparable" Senior Wrangler, and gifted with a colossal intellect, he was nervous and indolent. In the cathedral of Carlisle he preached from time to time powerful sermons, which made a great impression; and the known identification of the Vice-chancellor with the evangelical cause, lent it a lofty sanction in Simeon's university. But he was remiss and shy, and seldom came out publicly. He ought to have been a Pharos; but he was a light-house with the shutters closed. A splendid illumination it was for his niece and Dr. Jowett, and a few favoured friends in the light-keeper's parlour; but his talents and principles together ought to have been the light of the world. Nor have we enumerated the conspicuous names in Wesleyism, and the old English Dissent, and the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, any one of which would have supplied a list as long, and in some respects as remarkable, as that now given. Nor have we specified the services of eminent minds among the laity, such as Cowper, who secured for evangelism an exalted place in English literature; and Wilberforce, who introduced it into Parliament; and Hannah More, who obtained an audience for it in the most sumptuous drawing-rooms, and by her tracts pioneered its entrance into countless cottages. These all fulfilled a function. Cowper was the first to show how purest taste and finest genius could co-exist with warmest love to Jesus Christ. His Task, and Hymns, and Letters, were the several arches of a bridge, which has since been traversed by Foster, Hall, and other pilgrims, who showed plainly inspiration in their steps and heaven in their eye. Wilberforce, by the combined movements for the reformation of morals and the abolition of slavery, set the example to the great philanthropic institutions of our day; and the ascendancy won by his personal worth and enchanting eloquence supplied the nucleus round which Bible and other societies were easily gathered. And the moralist of Barley Wood, by the sensible tone of her "Cheap Repository," and her educational victories among the young savages of Cheddar, gave an active and useful direction to feminine piety. Besides all which, her clever and pointed essays helped to expose hollow profession, and turn on evangelical motives in channels of self-denying industry. The connecting isthmus between the old "Duty of Man," and Romaine's "Life of Faith," may be found in the "Practical Piety" of Hannah More.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

(From the Pictorial Bible.)

ECCLESIASTES XII.

This chapter contains a very striking and interesting picture of the infirmities of age under a variety of strong, but appropriate figures. It has attracted great attention, and has perhaps received a larger amount of illustration, variously applied, than any portion of Scripture of equal extent. It has often been considered to form an *allegorical* description of old age, and its final close in death. But an allegory is a representation of *one* thing, which is intended to excite the representation of another thing—as where the vine is chosen by the Psalmist to depict the condition of the Hebrew people. Whereas, in the present chapter, no ruling and predominant object is selected for the comparison; but a variety of images are mingled together, to form a vivid description of venerable but complaining age. "It is not therefore," observes Mr. Holden, "strictly speaking, an allegory; and cannot, without great caution, be subjected to the rules of allegorical interpretation. It is to be considered only as a highly figurative and poetical representation of old age, in which the various infirmities and ineffectualities of that period of life are portrayed by a great variety of images, in themselves unconnected, yet mutually tending to identify the prototype." We are disposed to agree with the same author, that there is no adequate foundation for the very elaborate, scientific, and medical investigation to which the description has been subjected by Scheuchzer in his *Physica Sacra*, Dr. Mead, in his *Medica Sacra*, Dr. Smith in his *Solomon's Portraiture of Old Age*, and other distinguished writers. "It is," he observes, "more just to consider it as a highly-finished picture of the pains and debilities consequent upon decaying nature; delineated, indeed, by a skilful hand and glowing imagination, but only intended to exhibit such effects of age as naturally suggest themselves to a sagacious and observing mind. It is therefore improper to explain by the aid of (modern) medical science a poetical description which requires a popular illustration, founded on Asiatic customs and the nature of figurative language."

"Verse 2, *'While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened.'*"—This figure, derived from the observation of the sun, moon, &c., is thought by many to refer to the decay of the powers and faculties of the mind; but others, among whom is Holden, think that it is intended as a general statement of the pains and miseries of age, serving as an introduction to the more specific details which follow.

"Nor the clouds return after the rain."—As clouds and rain do not appear during the summer in Judea, we may well understand this image to be taken from the winter season, denoting the succession of pains and infirmities, which so often attend the winter of life.

Verse 3, *'In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened.'*

"The keepers of the house."—Probably the hands and arms are intended, as being to the body what guards and keepers are to a palace; or rather, perhaps, so called as providing for the sustenance of the house or body. How they "tremble" in old age is well known. The Targum, followed by many, conceives the ribs to be intended; but they do not tremble, and indeed become more fixed in age than in youth.

"The strong men."—As an incurvation of the spine is one of the infirmities of old age, some think that

the vertebræ of the back are here meant. But it seems more probable that the lower limbs, which bow and totter beneath the aged, are denoted.

"*The grinders.*"—The allusion is apparently derived from the females who daily grind the corn required for the day. It thus denotes the teeth which masticate and grind down the food for the stomach.

"*Those that look out of the windows.*"—This undoubtedly denotes the eyes, which in old age become dimmed or "darkened."

Verse 4. "*And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low.*"—This appears to refer to the act of eating, which, in consequence of the loss of teeth, is usually performed by aged persons with closed lips; and then also the gums, with their smooth surfaces, are obliged to perform the office of the teeth, masticating the food with slow and silent labour, which is probably what is meant by the low sound of the grinding.

"*And he shall rise up at the voice of the bird.*"—Some suppose the cock to be meant, and that the text denotes that the aged sleep so unquietly that they wake and rise at the cock-crowing. This has, however, the defect of not being true, since the aged are not remarkable for early rising. The text does not necessarily denote that they arise from the bed at the voice of the bird, but that they are roused by it; and as people of any age may be roused by the crowing of the cock, we are disposed to take the word rendered "a bird," in its usual signification as denoting a sparrow, or any small bird; and we shall then have the sense that the aged sleep so unsoundly that the twittering of the smallest birds will suffice to rouse them.

"*And all the daughters of music shall be brought low.*"—Some refer this to the non-enjoyment of the songs of the singing-women, which is one of the circumstances by which old Barzillai describes the infirmities of age. (2 Sam. xix. 35.) But we are much more disposed to agree with those who suppose it to apply to the decay of the organs employed in the production and enjoyment of music.

5. "*Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way.*"—This and the following clause doubtless apply to the difficulty which the aged find in ascending high places, as well as to the timidity which the consciousness of their infirm condition leads them to exhibit when they venture to walk out in the public ways; and which, in the narrow streets of the East, is necessarily more marked than with us.

"*And the almond-tree shall flourish.*"—As the almond-tree has white blossoms, this is generally supposed to refer to the white hair of aged persons.

"*And the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail.*"—By the word rendered "grasshopper," a species of locust is doubtless intended. Locusts are eaten in the East, and doubtless were so by the Jews; and as then it was probably the smallest creature eaten by them, this may explain why it is selected to denote that the least weight is a burden to a very aged man. Some, however, think that a comparison of an old person to a locust is implied; and they would translate, "The locust is a burden to itself." This opinion has been advocated by Dr. Smith, whose explanation has been summed up by Parkhurst: "The dry, shrunk, shrivelled, crumpling, scraggy old man—his backbone sticking out, his knees projecting forward, his arms backward, his head downward, and the apophyses, or bunching parts of the bones, in general enlarged—is very aptly described by that insect. And from this exact likeness, without all doubt, arose the fable of Tithonus, that, *living to an extreme old age*, he was at last turned into a grasshopper."

Such a comparison is not so fanciful as might ap-

pear at first sight; for not only has it often occurred spontaneously to ourselves, when examining the locust, but it is actually a current comparison at this day in the East. The idea appears to have been also familiar to the classical ancients, for we find some engraved gems in which an emaciated old man is evidently represented by a locust walking erect on its hind legs, and in which all the characteristics enumerated above are brought out with truly singular effect.

"*Because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.*"—The preceding portion of this remarkable description refers to old age; and we now come to another class of circumstances, descriptive of what attends and denotes death itself. The change of subject is clearly announced by the present clause, which refers probably to the attendance of actual or hired mourners. We have an interesting illustration of this subject, copied from an oblong Egyptian tablet in the collection of Sig. Giovanni d'Athanasii, in whose catalogue we have the following description: "When this object was at Rome, Rosellini stated it to be his opinion, that the subject on it was intended as a representation of a Jewish funeral procession, and a tablet to one of that sect. This opinion is greatly supported by the total dissimilarity of the figures here represented to those found in the sepulchral tablets of the Egyptians, and also from the peculiar costume in which they are habited. It has likewise been advanced, that it only forms a portion of a procession, which fact does not at all appear conclusive. It probably represents an entire family of Jews, following the ashes or portions of the body of the deceased contained in the case before them; and, from an examination of the stone, it has evidently formed one end of a complete tablet. The entire absence of the usual symbols and Egyptian deities tends strongly to prove the correctness of Rosellini's opinion."

It is quite clear that the tablet does not represent an Egyptian procession; but that we should consider it a Jewish one, is not perhaps equally evident. Whether so or not, its proximity of time and place renders it an interesting relic in the way of illustration, particularly as it does, more than any other ancient remain which we have seen, exhibit some of the funeral customs distinctly mentioned in Scripture—such, for instance, as that of throwing dust upon the head. The mourning action in some of the figures clearly denotes the funeral character of the procession.

6. "*Or ever the silver cord be loosed.*"—This is usually interpreted of that resplendent white cord (the spinal marrow) which passes through the entire length of the backbone, and which is very liable to be relaxed and weakened in old age, or a part thereof altogether broken in its functions, producing the various paralytic complaints, the tremors and debilities, to which the aged are so frequently subject.

"*Or the golden bowl be broken.*"—This is commonly understood of the skull; and some pains have been taken to discover the source of the epithet "golden." There is, however, no occasion to suppose that it refers to colour or any physical circumstance; but we may conclude it to be a term of excellence, denoting the importance of the skull and its invaluable contents.

"*Or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.*"—The usual explanation of these terms is, that the *pitcher* denotes the large canals which issue from the heart, and receive therefrom the blood as from a fountain; that the *fountain* is the right ventricle of the heart, and the *cistern* the left ventricle; and that the *wheel* is the great artery

called the *aorta*. For the reasons stated in the introduction, we think these definite conclusions very uncertain and probably fallacious. In their literal import, the series of images is evidently suggested by some one of the hydraulic processes for raising water from wells and cisterns by wheels, which are here described under Prov. xx. 5, and which certainly—as in the Persian wheel and the taboot—exhibit considerable analogy to the process observed in the diffusion of blood through the body, to which the present text is supposed to refer. We cannot, however, think that anything more is intended than to indicate by figures, suggesting a general resemblance to the action of the vital system, the cessation at death of the functions involved in that action. To make an elaborate application of the discoveries of modern science, in order to elicit a most recondite and doubtful meaning from the details of a popular and poetical comparison—intended only to suggest a general idea, the accuracy of which, to the extent which it goes, has never been questioned—is little better than ingenious trifling, which, from the forced and unsatisfactory character of its results, is scarcely calculated to be of any real use, but rather of disservice, in the work of Biblical illustration. The explanations to which we refer necessarily assume that Solomon was acquainted with the circulation of the blood—that great secret which Harvey, at a late day, is supposed to have discovered. This opinion is indeed advocated by Witsius, Hottinger, Scheuchzer, Smith, and others; and Bishop Horsley says the passage cannot be easily explained on any other supposition. But the question is not what Solomon knew, but what was so well known to the people as to be intelligible even through the veil of highly figurative language; and no one contends that this was in ancient times a subject of common knowledge. Mr. Duten, in his “Inquiry into the Origin of the Discoveries attributed to the Moderns,” endeavours to prove that the circulation of the blood was known to Hippocrates and some other old physicians and philosophers; but the expressions cited by him seem at the most only to show that something of a circulation of the vital fluid was dimly suspected, while the principle and mode of operation was altogether unknown; and we certainly should not be disposed to contend that some such idea as the bare existence of a circulation might not be known to the Hebrews, and alluded to by Solomon.

Verse 11. “*The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd*.”—This is considered a very difficult verse, particularly as it respects the words rendered “masters of assemblies.” The explanation of that eminent rabbinical scholar, Dr. Lightfoot, deserves attention. “I am mistaken if the servants that attend about the flock under the shepherd are not called by the owner of them, those that fold the sheep; at least if the sheepfold itself be not so called. And I would render the words, by way of paraphrase, thus: ‘The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by those that gather the flocks into the fold; *goads*, to drive away the thief or the wild beast; and *nails*, to preserve the flock whole and in good repair; which *nails* and *goads* are furnished by the chief master of the flock for these uses.’” (Heb. and Talm. Exercitations, John x. 3.) The mention of the “chief shepherd” would certainly suggest a pastoral sense for the *nails* and the *goads*. But by a careful examination of the original, it will appear that the reference to the nails, to which the words of the wise are compared, as being fastened by the “masters of assemblies,” is not strictly correct. The words of the wise are rather compared to goads and to deeply infixed nails; and

then it is added, as an independent clause, but having reference to the same subject, what Boothroyd renders: “The *collectors* (of these sayings of the wise) were appointed by one shepherd;” or, as Hales, “the *master collections* were given by one shepherd;” or, as Holden, “the *collectors* have published them from one shepherd.” We should like to take this last version; but, instead of “collectors,” would, with the authorized version, read “masters of assemblies;” whom we may understand, after the rabbinical writers, to have been persons who were *members* of the assemblies of wise men. This will bring out the very intelligible sense, that these members of the assemblies made known to others the instructions they received from Solomon, who is probably to be understood by the “chief shepherd,” the title of of “shepherd” being frequently applied to kings, guides, and instructors. But it is possible that the heavenly Shepherd himself is denoted by this title; and then Solomon is to be understood as one of the wise men who made known the precepts received from Him.

POPERY AS IT IS.

A GENTLEMAN writing from Montreal, in Lower Canada, makes the following statements:—

It is difficult for a Protestant, whose mind has never been under the dominion of traditions, and priests, and ghostly confessors, to conceive the stupidity and degradation which oppress the common people here. He is disposed at first to look upon the whole religious routine as a broad farce, got up for the amusement of the people; and not a reality, a verity, which they believe, and which is, indeed, the only reality around them. But a little closer observation convinces him that they are as sincerely devout in the midst of their images and relics, and masses, as the Pagan among his idols of wood and stone.

As an illustration of this remark, I will mention some exhibitions which are made in the “Bishop’s Church” in this city. This church is visited by strangers almost as much as the noted Cathedral, it being generally understood that its paintings are of a much higher order than found elsewhere, while the relics are of a most extraordinary character and virtue.

After examining the paintings (among which was a blasphemous representation of the Trinity—an old man, a younger man, and a dove), the attendant inquired if we would see the “holy martyr,” and then led us to a side altar. Under this altar was a tomb concealed from the vulgar gaze, and opened only when an impression is to be produced upon the astonished spectator. As we approached the altar, the door of the tomb was opened most reverently, and there lay exposed to our view a holy saint who was martyred for his faith in the first century, and who had been lying hid in the tombs of Rome till a few years since. While a French priest of Montreal was in Rome, this body was discovered as fresh and beautiful as at the moment it surrendered its spirit, eighteen hundred years ago; and with

the sanction of the pope, and the joy and admiration of the people, it was transported to this country. And here it lies in solemn state, the countenance calm and uncommonly beautiful, the throat cut from ear to ear, and the wound as fresh and bright as when the knife did its bloody work, and the whole body exhibiting the beauty, without the deformity, of death. It is one of the most beautiful *wax figures* ever made, though, after all, it is not capable of deceiving any one, unless his mind is prepared for anything.

I took up, as I thought, a printed description of the saint, which was lying before the altar, and found myself reading a prayer to the martyr, thanking him for his great condescension in coming to this far distant land that he might take it under his own special guardianship, and most fervently imploring his intercession with the Virgin and her Son, in behalf of the suppliant.

I turned to the attendant and asked him if he was sure this was the same body that was martyred so many years since; and the expression of his face, as well as the language of his lips, showed how much I had shocked him by suggesting even a doubt of the matter. He evidently believed that it was the same body, as much as he believed in his own existence; and the whole people think like him in relation to this lying wonder. Is it possible? I asked myself. Why do they believe? Oh, *the priest says so!* And they do not dare to go any farther. They stand and gaze upon this body with fear and awe, without daring to touch it, to examine it, to analyze it, and to know for themselves the truth or the falsehood.

Disgusted and sick at heart, I was turning away, when the attendant directed our attention to other wonders under another altar on the other side of the church. We followed him, and were soon gazing upon the most holy bones of a most holy saint, who had many ages since sealed his testimony to the faith of the Church with his precious blood. These bones were spread out in a glass case, and interspersed with artificial flowers, and receiving the most reverent homage from devout worshippers. And why should they not? Have they not wrought miracles? Did they not heal some of the sick in Montreal during the last winter? The priest said so, and the people believed it. And why should they not believe? Alas for human nature! How much easier it is, apparently, to crowd such absurdities into the minds of sinners, than it is to lead them to see and appreciate the simple and intelligible gospel of Christ!

Now we talk of the sincerity of the priesthood, and the necessity of charity. But I say let our charity be discriminating, and never confound truth with error. The poor people are indeed worthy of all our kindest feelings, our

warmest sympathies and prayers. But do not these priests know that that martyr is a grand lie and humbug? and do they not know that when they attribute miraculous power to the miserable bones in their church, they are guilty of a most stupendous fraud in the face of Heaven? The more intelligent Roman Catholic people, doubtless, see their fraud, and are at heart Infidels; while the majority, duped by such absurdities, become more sincerely devoted to their religion, and more bigoted in their opposition to the Bible. I cannot think of their servile subjection to the priesthood, and of their prospective conversion to the truth, without exclaiming, "With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible!"

Another form of superstition, evidently on the increase here, is devotion to the cross—not the doctrine of the cross, but the material cross of wood, or of silver, or of gold. It is by no means uncommon to see a huge wooden cross erected in front of dwelling-houses in the country, and in such cases it doubtless becomes their guardian divinity. One such I saw between Lachine and this city, standing in the front door-yard, and attracting the notice of all passers-by. I suppose this feeling towards the cross has been greatly augmented by the act of their bishop not long since. He has erected a very large and beautiful cross upon a high mountain, some twenty miles from Montreal, where it may catch the first rays of the morning, and reflect the last light of the setting sun, which "lingers and plays upon its summit." When I first saw it, I was sailing on the St. Lawrence, a short distance below Montreal. The sun was going down in the west, pouring a flood of light upon the green fields on either side of the river, and covering the distant mountain with the garment of his glory. Suddenly my eye caught the gilded cross upon the highest point of the mountain, standing out in bold relief against the sky. It was a splendid spectacle, but one poorly adapted to remind one of the "accursed tree" on which the Son of God expiated the sins of men. The mind, with such external representations before it, does not think of sin, of guilt, of condemnation, of redemption, of holiness, and of a pure and sinless heaven. It is arrested by the external, and rests in it. Superstition may be strengthened, but that worship which consists not in being at Jerusalem, or Samaria, or in any mountain, but in having the spirit right before God, is not promoted or enjoyed. Canada is covered all over with crosses. When will the time come that Christ will dwell in the hearts of this people, the hope of glory?

A VOICE OF LOVE.

THE gospel, in the intention of it, is nothing but love. "A voice of joy, a voice of gladness, a voice

of the bridegroom, and a voice of the bride; a voice of them that shall say God is good, and his mercy endures for ever." (Jer. xxxiii. 11.) This is the gospel, and you see that there is nothing in it but joy and gladness. The gospel is a salutation of love, of the sweetest love; it holds forth bosoming love—that is, marriage love. "A voice of the bride and the bridegroom," saith the text; that is, the strongest love—glorious love. It holds forth love not to last for a little while, but to last as marriage love—yea, to last longer than that can do. "Mercy enduring for ever," saith the text, which is rich and glorious, that will hold its strength and warmth; it is a breast and bosom worth the being in—that will never be cold.

THE LONGING.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER.

OH! this vale of gloom and sadness
Which the cold mist creeps around!
High my heart would leap with gladness,
Could I break its prison-bound!
Green in light yon hills are lying,
Bright with ever-shining day:
O for wings! how swiftly flying
To the hills I'd speed away!

Music thence steals on my hearing,
Sweet and holy, pure and calm;
And the light-winged winds are bearing
Dewy breath of fragrant balm;
Ripe the golden fruits are glowing
Through the leaves intensely green:
Yonder flowers in splendour glowing,
Winter storms have never seen.

There the sun from golden fountains
Floods with light the breezy air,
Cool and fresh from yonder mountains—
O how bless'd the dwellers there!
There I may not go!—for flashing
Fierce between a torrent boils;
From its waters wildly dashing,
Back my shuddering soul recoils.

Lo! unmanned a bark is steering
Through the waters' whirl and strife!
Board her, dauntless and unfearing,
For her sails have soul and life!
Hope and faith—let these be near thee;
Go, nor pledge of life demand;
MIRACLE alone may bear thee
To the glorious WONDER LAND.

W. S. M.

THE FOLLOWERS OF BALAAM.

BALAAM was convinced—stopt with a drawn sword from heaven, and yet would on; the ass could not go, and yet Balaam would. God lames and slays things under us, that we ride with our affections like mad men, and yet we have no mind to alight and come off them: things we dote upon, God, by some stroke or other upon them, makes them speak in our conscience like that ass to Balaam. Why wilt thou on, O my soul, any farther this way? Death

is before thee, the sword of God's displeasure is drawn, and at thy breast because of this wicked motion. Stop, sinner, now, stop now; cast thine eye another way towards Christ, and see what is in him—taste how good and gracious he is. No, I will not; I will have the other bout; I will spur a little farther, and see to the utmost, if I can curse Israel, and get that great pay proffered. There is a perfection of misery as well as of felicity; and this forementioned is it: when a sinner will pursue his sin to the utmost, go to the end of long-suffering, then wrath comes inevitably upon him, and to the utmost; when the man says that his sin shall outlive every object, ere it shall cease, and rides every horse to death, to fetch and find out pleasures to keep his lust alive; then God says that this lust shall outlive the man too, and then it outlives all indeed, when the soul is rid to death. As there is a never pardoning of sin till the soul die, so there is a never subduing of sin (for these are necessarily subordinate) till the soul die—never a taking off the love of sin from the soul, till the soul grow sick and die in love.—*Lockyer.*

THE ONLY RESOURCE.

(Being the Experience of the Rev. J. Hervey, Author of *Meditations*, &c.)

I now begin to see I have been labouring in the fire, and wearying myself for very vanity, while I have attempted to establish my own righteousness. I trusted I knew not what, while I trusted in some imaginary good deeds of my own: these are no hiding-places from the storm—they are a refuge of lies. If I had the meekness of Moses, the patience of Job, the zeal of St. Paul, and the love of St. John, I durst not advance the least plea to everlasting life on this footing. But as for my own beggarly performances, wretched righteousness, gracious adorable Immanuel! I am ashamed, I am grieved, that I should thrust them into the place of thy divine, thy unconceivable precious obedience! My schemes are altered; I now desire to work in my blessed Master's service; not for life, but from love. I believe that Jesus Christ, the incarnate God, is my Saviour: that he has done all I was bound to perform, and suffered all that I was condemned to suffer; and so has procured a full, final, and everlasting salvation for a poor condemned sinner. Now if at any time I am fervent in devotion, seem to be in a gracious frame, or am enabled to abound in the work of the Lord, I endeavour to put no confidence in these bruised reeds, but rest upon the Rock of Ages. Not in these, blessed Jesus, but in the robes of thy righteousness, let me be found, when God calls the heavens from above and the earth, that they may judge the people! When, on the other hand, I feel myself most deplorably dead and deficient, when I am apt to sigh for my unprofitableness, and cry out with the prophet, "My leanness, my leanness!" I no longer comfort myself with saying, "Be ye of good cheer, soul; the Lord only requires sincere obedience, and perhaps to-morrow may be better than to-day, and more abundant in the work of holiness." Jesus is now become my salvation, and this my song in the house of my pilgrimage: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? though im-

perfect in thyself, thou art complete in the Head; and though poor in thyself, thou art rich in thy divine Surety. The righteousness of thy obedience, O Lord, my Redeemer, is everlasting. If overtaken by sin or overcome by temptation, I dare not, as formerly, call to mind my righteous deeds, and so think to commute with divine justice, or to quit scores for my offences by my duties. I do not ease my conscience; or, to be reconciled to God, promise stricter watchfulness, more alms, and renewed fastings. No; in such circumstances, O my soul, turn neither to the right nor to the left, but fly instantly to Him whom God has set forth to be a propitiation; hide in his wounded side and be safe, wash in his streaming blood and be clean."

THE FAMILY.

It is not more true that the infant brood grows to the power of caring for themselves in the nest, than that men are formed into the habits of life in the family. It is the earliest, cheapest, safest, and mightiest institution for this purpose. Hence it is the special object of assault from the gathering hordes of disorganizing reformers in our day. On every side, under the guidance of the St. Simons, Fouriers, and Owens, we hear the outcry against the domestic temple, "Raze it, raze it, even to the foundations thereof." Ignorant of the true sources of pauperism and oppression, our puling pseudo-philanthropists are in perpetual agitation about the wrongs of labour, the rights of women, and the reconstruction of society. "Association," such as they propose, would pluck away the hearth-stone and break the marriage-ring. Forgetful of the homely sentence, that the largest house is not large enough for two families, they would take down all partitions, throw a whole community into one, cashier the natural guardians of infancy, and subject masses of youth, in phalanxes, to the regimental drill of a newly-invented education. As bubble after bubble explodes, and successive prophets of Socialism fall into deserved contempt, it is hoped that the world will become satisfied with the constitution which dates as far back as Paradise.—*Rev. J. W. Alexander,*

"MY SON, GIVE ME THINE HEART."

Is it a wicked heart, and a wandering heart, an unbelieving heart, a deceitful heart? Is it the heart of Manasseh in compact with Satan? Is it the heart of Mary Magdalene, out of which were cast seven devils? Is it the worst heart in all the world, and the worst heart that ever was in the world? A hard heart, a stout heart, a stony heart, a heart full of hell, and a heart like the devil? It is even the heart that He is seeking and courting this day. He engages to give you a new heart and a new spirit; and, if you sign his engagement with your heart, saying, Content, Lord, he will make your heart to his mind by degrees; and your heart shall be according to his heart. What, say you, is that possible, that he is courting such a heart as mine? Would it not be presumption for such an one as me, vile, filthy, black, and ugly me, to trust for so much good at the hand of such an one as Christ? What, man!—when God calls, is it presumption in you to answer his call? No; it is the greatest presumption in the world to set his call at naught, and refuse his kind embraces, when he offers to take you into his very heart. When Christ offered to wash Peter's feet, O did it not ill become him to say,

"Lord, thou shalt never wash my feet?" (John xiii. 8.) Be your feet ever so dirty, and your heart ever so black, you have the more need to let Christ wash you.—*Ralph Erskine.*

TEMPTATION.

THAT temptation that at first is but a little cloud as big as a man's hand, may quickly overspread the whole heaven. Our engaging in sin is the motion of a stone down hill—"it strengthens itself by going," and the longer it runs, the more violent. Beware of the smallest beginnings of temptation. No wise man will neglect or slight the smallest spark of fire, especially if he see it among barrels of gunpowder. You carry gunpowder about you—oh take heed of sparks.—*Flavel.*

THE TOLLING BELL.

I CONFESS (said a faithful servant of God) that I seldom hear the bell toll for one that is dead but conscience asks me, What hast thou done for the saving of that soul before it left the body? There is one more gone into eternity; what didst thou do to prepare him for it? and what testimony must he give to the Judge concerning thee?—*Baxter.*

TO BE WITH CHRIST.

"FATHER, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." (John xvii. 24.)

To be "with me where I am," there is distance removed; to "behold my glory," there is darkness removed. Darkness and distance now create doubts and fears; but doubts and fears will then take wings and fly away, never to return again; for the face of the covering shall be entirely removed.—*Ralph Erskine.*

Fragments.

It is not great talents God blesses, so much as great likeness to Jesus. A holy minister is an awful weapon in the hands of God.

A heated iron, though blunt, will pierce its way even where a much sharper instrument, if it be cold, cannot penetrate. So, if only our ministers be filled with the Spirit who is like fire, they will pierce into the hardest hearts, where the sharpest wits cannot find their way.

A Christian should be like a river, that fertilizes while it runs—carrying ships, and all that floats upon its bosom, along with it to the ocean.

Alas! we do not weary God now with our wrestlings, but with our sins.

A calm hour with God is worth a whole lifetime with man.

Do not fear the frown of the world. When a blind man comes against you in the street, you are not angry at him; you say he is blind, poor man, or he would not have hurt me. So you may say of the poor world when they speak evil of Christians—they are blind.—*Mr. Cheyne.*

THE HIGHLAND KITCHEN-MAID:

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF MR. HECTOR M'PHAIL.

BY THE REV. T. M'KENZIE FRASER, YESTER.

THERE is scarce a single district now-a-days, Highland, Lowland, populous, desert, bare, or beautiful, through which we cannot find a cheap and speedy means of transit. We have our omnibuses, mails, and stage-coaches, for the road; passage-boats for our canals; steamers for our lochs and ferries; and last, speediest, and in the end cheapest of all, the railway locomotive dashes on, shot-like, on its iron pathway, hurrying us through mountain and rock, across river and valley, alike over moor-land and meadow, through the city and the field. It was not so, however, in the days of good old Hector M'Phail, still the unforgotten pastor of Resolis. Stage-coaches, canal-boats, steamers, and railways, were alike unthought of in those latitudes and times; so that, however long and tedious the journey, however desolate and dangerous the roads, in the still comparatively lawless state of the Highland district,* Mr. M'Phail's only resource was his shaggy little white steed, the close companion of his apostolic wanderings. O that faithful little bearer of the remarkable man of God, what a wondrous biography must it have had! How many a weary mile had it cheerfully trudged on its master's almost endless messages of mercy and love! Where is the moor or mountain of its native Ross of which the solitudes, however lonely, have not been trodden by its trusty feet! Even the bleak Slochd-muic, from whose dark and frowning precipices the eye of my own childhood turned shudderingly away as I asked of her who sat beside me, "Is this the *old* world, mama?"—even it, though buried deep in the gloomy glens of Badenoch, had echoed to the patter of its weary tread. To how many a fervent prayer, unheard by human ear, has it been called to listen! How many a dialogue, to be remembered throughout eternity, has its sagacity occasioned between its votarist master and a fellow-sinner! How many are the hours of searching self-examination, or silent study, or close communion with its master's God, that had been spent upon its back! Where was the

shepherd or the cotter that knew it not, as he saw by the moonbeam's light its white form move across the moor! And how many a night has its weather-beaten rider been forced to throw the reins upon its neck, and to screen himself with his well-worn cloak against the pitiless fury of the storm, while neither pelting sleet nor drifting snow could blind the sharp eyes of his little steed, nor hinder it from bearing its sainted burden to the door of his moorland home!

Our story, however, dates far on in the month of May, a few days before the meeting of the General Assembly of the Scottish Establishment, to which Mr. M'Phail was proceeding, as a commissioner from the Presbytery of Chanonry. Travelling at the rate of from thirty to forty miles a-day, his journey would occupy a full week, and would frequently oblige him to pass the night in the then by no means comfortable inns upon the Highland road. It will not surprise any of my readers to be told that it was Mr. M'Phail's invariable practice to hold family worship in these houses, and to insist upon the attendance of every individual inmate. Resting one night at a little inn amid the wild hills of Inverness-shire, he summoned, as usual, the family together for devotional purposes. When all had been seated, the Bibles produced, and the group were waiting the commencement of the devotions, Mr. M'Phail looked around him and asked whether every inmate of the house were present. The landlord replied in the affirmative.

"All?" again inquired the minister.

"Yes," answered the host, "we are all here; there is a little lassie in the kitchen, but we never think of asking her in, for she is so dirty that she is not fit to be seen."

"Then call in the lassie," said Mr. M'Phail, laying down the Bible which he had opened; "we will wait till she comes."

The landlord apologized. The minister was peremptory. "The scullery maid had a soul, and a very precious one," he said; "if she was not in the habit of being summoned to family worship, all the greater was her need of joining

* The date of our story cannot have been much later than the memorable '45.

them now." Not one word would he utter until she came. Let her, then, be called in.

The host at length consented; the kitchen girl was taken in to join the circle, and the evening worship proceeded.

After the devotions were concluded, Mr. M'Phail called the little girl aside, and began to question her about her soul and its eternal interests. He found her in a state of the most deplorable ignorance.

"Who made you?" asked the minister, putting the usual introductory question to a child.

The girl did not know.

"Do you know that you have a soul?"

"No; I never heard that I had one. What is a soul?"

"Do you ever pray?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Well, I am going to Edinburgh, and I will bring you a little neck-kерchief if you promise to say a prayer that I will teach you; it is very short, there are only four words in it—'*Lord, show me MYSELF*;' and if you repeat this night and morning I will not forget to bring you what I have promised."

The little kitchen-maid was delighted; a new piece of dress was a phenomenon she had rarely witnessed. The idea was enchanting; the condition was easy; the promise was given with all the energy of young expectancy; and Mr. M'Phail, after explaining, no doubt, the meaning and force of the prayer, retired to rest, and next morning resumed his journey.

My object is not to write a life, either in whole or in part, of Mr. M'Phail, otherwise it might be interesting to ascertain the precise date of his journey, so as to discover the character and proceedings of the Assembly in which he sat. Every one, however, must be aware that the visit of a Ross-shire minister to the metropolis is a sort of triennial era, even in these days of easy transport. Call this, and commission that, have to be executed; and, if one be known to possess the least degree of the obliging in his character—*satagit rerum*—he has his hands full. Nevertheless, Mr. M'Phail did not forget the Highland inn and its little menial; but, relying upon the fulfilment of her promise, purchased the trifling present that was to make her happy.

Again, then, we accompany the devoted minister to the wild mountains of Badenoch, and at the close of a mild June evening reach the lonely Highland inn. The white pony, now sleek and shining with metropolitan fare and a whole fortnight's idleness, is safely housed, and

the minister, ere he permits supper to touch his lips, summons the household to the worship of God. Again, however, the little kitchen maid is absent, and again he inquires the cause. But it is now a different reason that withholds her.

"Indeed, sir," replied the hostess to Mr. M'Phail's inquiry, "she has been of little use since you were here; she has done nothing but sit and cry night and day, and now she is so weak and exhausted that she cannot rise from her bed."

"O my good woman, let me see the girl immediately," exclaimed the minister, instantly divining the reason of her grief.

He was conducted to a hole beneath the stairs, where the little creature lay upon a straw bed, a picture of mental agony and spiritual distress.

"Well, my child," said the amiable man, affectionately addressing her, "here is the neck-kерchief I have brought you from Edinburgh; I hope you have done what you promised, and said the prayer that I taught you."

"O no, sir, no, I can never take your present; a dear gift it has been to me: you taught me a prayer that God has answered in an awful way; *He has shown me myself*, and O what a sight that is! Minister, minister, what shall I do?"*

I need not say how rejoiced the faithful man of God was to see that the spirit of Jehovah had been dealing with this young soul, and that, although still operating as a "spirit of bondage" in the production of a true though partial and imperfect faith, there were yet such hopeful signs that, ere long, He would exhibit himself as "the Spirit of adoption," generating in her heart a full and perfect trust, and leading her to cry, "Abba, Father." But how reconcile such an experience with the strange opinion which denies to the Holy Ghost any *special* agency in conversion, giving to each of the human race a certain modicum of influence, to be communicated only through the medium of the Word! Whence had this child derived, in the course of little more than a fortnight, and through the use of such a prayer, this experimental acquaintance with her own heart, far deeper and more correct than the author of the "*Γνωθι σεαυτον*" ever attained? Read the Word she could not; sympathy of feeling in the careless household was out of the question;

* Of course, the conversation is to be understood as having been carried on in Gaelic. This will account for the correctness of the language used by the little girl, for in Gaelic not even a child commits a grammatical error.

whence, then, that mysterious ray which all at once illumed the darkened chamber of the soul, and as it shot its clear strong light through the once benighted understanding, exposed in all its barrenness the deformity of SELF? It was the SPIRIT OF GOD that wrought independently of the Word, and coming into "warm contact" with her living soul in a manner altogether *special*, and hitherto unknown by herself or a carnal world. It was "the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but *she* knew him, for he dwelt *with* her and was *in* her." On no other principle can we account for the fact, that one, but a few weeks ago so totally ignorant that she had asked "What is a soul?" should now have been able to pursue that most difficult and severe of all subjective mental processes—the reflex inspection of self. Now, this is no fictitious case got up for the occasion; "I tell but what was told to me;" but who that reads it can deny the absolute necessity of a *special* agency and a *personal* and *immediate* indwelling of the blessed Spirit sent forth into the soul in answer to the prayer: "Lord, show me myself?"

After some further conversation, Mr. M'Phail opened up to the distressed girl the great gospel method of salvation, and closed the interview by recommending the use of another, and equally short and comprehensive prayer: "*Lord, show me THYSELF.*" Next morning the minister was once again on his way to his still distant home. But he had "cast his bread upon the waters;" did he ever "find it again after many days?"

Many years had passed since this memorable journey, and the vigorous and wiry minister, who could ride forty miles a day for a week without intermission, was now become an old and feeble man, worn out in his Master's service, scarcely any longer "spending," because already "spent," for Christ. One day his servant intimated that a stranger was desirous to speak with him. Permission being given, a respectable matronly woman was ushered into the study, carrying a large parcel in her hand.

"You will scarcely know me, Mr. M'Phail," said the person, with a modest and deferential air.

The minister replied that he certainly did not recognise her.

"Do you remember a little scullery maid at — inn, in whose soul you once took a deep interest upon your journey to Edinburgh?"

Mr. M'Phail had a perfect recollection of the events.

"I was that little girl; you taught me two short but most expressive prayers. By the first I was brought to feel my need of a Saviour; by the second I was led to behold that Saviour himself, and to view Jehovah in the character of a reconciled God and Father in Christ. I am now respectably married, and comfortably settled in life; and although the mother of a numerous family, have travelled far to see your face, and to cheer you, by telling with my own lips the glorious things which, by your means, the Lord has been pleased to do for my soul."

Before parting with Mr. M'Phail she entreated his acceptance of the parcel she carried, which contained a large web of linen of her own spinning, made long before, for the purpose of being presented to the blessed and beloved old man, should she ever be permitted to see his face in the flesh once more.

She lived for many years, not only a consistent character, but an eminently holy Christian.

Fain would I add a few of the many reflections which this striking anecdote has occasioned me. But I am not preaching a sermon, I am writing a simple story. Yet one short question to the reader ere I close. Friend, hast thou ever seen *THYSELF*? Has the hideous pollution of thy *inner SELF* ever been disclosed to thee in but a tithe of its real intensity and guilt? If not, thou hast never felt thy need of a Saviour from sin, and we have yet to begin with thee at the very starting point of experience, and to teach thee the prayer: "*Lord, show me MYSELF.*"

THE RIGTHEOUS HAPPY IN LIFE, AND HAPPY IN DEATH.

BY THE REV. JOHN FAIRBAIRN, ALLANTON.

"THE fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." It is the gate by which a man enters upon a happy life. If he enter not by this gate, he is not a wise man, and he cannot be a happy man. This is spoken of true wisdom and true happiness. One may seemingly be both wise and happy without the fear of the Lord. He may be very wise for this world, and apparently happy in this world, and yet have nothing of the fear of the Lord in his heart. A man who schemes and provides for this world only, can never be accounted wise by any one who considers that this world is but an initiatory stage in man's existence—the first and the shortest stage of it; and also that the future is to take its complexion from the manner in which man thinks and acts and lives in this world. If a man overlook or neglect the higher elements and responsibilities of his na-

ture, and live only for the present, he evinces a wickedness and recklessness which are the opposite of wisdom, and he must be written down a fool, even though in many respects he is a man of great sagacity. Unless a man live and act according to fixed principles, he lives in the dark, and goes recklessly. To live according to fixed principles, is much. It gives decision to the character. You can depend upon such a person. If you know his principles, you know what he will do, and what he will not do. He is a steady light, not a wandering meteor. To live, however, according to fixed principles, is not enough. Unless they be sound and true principles, they will not lead to a good landing-place. Some seem to think it is enough if a man be really sincere and honest in his principles. With such the nature of the principles is held to be a subordinate matter; in fact, a matter of no very vital consequence. If only he be firmly convinced in his own mind, and implicitly follow his convictions, it is enough. This is a very false judgment. Bad principles, firmly and devoutly cherished and acted out, will produce manifold evil to society, and be the ruin of their devotee. Unless our principles are those of the truth of God, they will work our destruction; and we shall as certainly be ruined by them, however deep our conviction of their truth may have been, and however straightforward our course on the path they pointed out, as if we had acted and lived by mere impulse, and without any fixed principles of conduct. All things shall come to their consummation according to the scheme which God has laid down. Whatever is counter to that scheme, shall be thrown out and removed. If a man walk not according to divine direction, but according to his own notion of things, he shall find in the end that he has miscalculated, and that it is a miscalculation that cannot be corrected. He has lost his opportunity, and lived worse than in vain. The order of things proceeds as it has been ordained, and admits not of adjustment to the views which men, in their wickedness or carelessness, take of it.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." It conducts a man in the ordained path of happiness. There are three ways in which men live. Some by hap-hazard; some by the light of nature; some according to the fear of the Lord, or in the way Scripture directs. Each of the classes seeks happiness; for what else can man propose to himself or seek after? Not much can be said about the first of these ways, except that it is a way as dangerous as it is absurd. Reason has nothing to do with it. Reason is discarded, and the reins put into the hands of appetite and impulse. The present appetite or impulse is followed, reckless of the consequences. It proceeds upon the idea that there is not a moral government of the world—that man has no account to render.

It is practical atheism. The second way is more rational, inasmuch as the being of God and the responsibilities of man are, after a fashion, admitted. Reason and conscience are in some measure taken into the council, and have a share in the government; reason and conscience, however, it must be remarked, not enlightened by the Word of God, but just as they are. Those who follow this way of life, set up their own notions of things as the rule and standard by which man will be dealt with by God. They expect that events respecting the future judgment and condition of men will square with their notions of them, and that they, of course, shall be happy. The third way of life approves itself as the proper one. The comparison must be between it and the second; for the first is so irrational that it cannot be considered. The third is distinguished from the second by several important particulars. Some of the more important of these must be mentioned. Recognising the claim of Scripture, it seeks to follow whatever is there revealed. There is, indeed, in the second, or, at any rate, on the part of many that follow it, a nominal recognition of the Scriptures as of divine authority. It cannot be called more than a nominal recognition of them. That it is not a real and sincere recognition, is manifest from the way in which Scripture is explained away, or set aside, and the Scripture scheme of things rejected. In the third, there is a real recognition of Scripture as the word and revelation of God, and as containing the very truth of God regarding every thing stated in them. It will be seen that, this being the case, reason and conscience are placed in a different standing from that which they occupy in the second. Reason, in all matters beyond its reach, puts itself at the disposal of faith. It confesses to its own utter want of ability to determine what God can do or will do in his government of sinful creatures, and cordially submits to be taught concerning these by that authority which it has previously satisfied itself is divine. Difficulties do not revolt it, for these are in respect to matters which man's unaided intelligence cannot reach—on which, though man might speculate, he cannot, without palpable folly and presumption, decide. Conscience also submits to the discipline of the Word. Uninformed by the Word of God, conscience retains a measure of power to distinguish between good and evil. This is of its essence. Ceasing thus to distinguish, it would cease to be. Yet it has lost much, and been a great sufferer by the fall. We are not, however, to measure the extent to which it perceives and admonishes by the actions of men; for there is often, almost always, a disparity between them. Men do not act as their conscience, deficient and faulty as it is, directs. It will be seen that the real recognition of the Scriptures as the truth of God, wonderfully

enlarges the sphere of conscience, and binds it to many things which formerly it was at large from. The conscience of the Gentile, equally with that of the Jew, forbade murder or theft, and threatened the visitation of God's hand upon the perpetration of them. The Gentile, who knew nothing of the Sabbath, could have no compunctions about the breach of it. The conscience of the Jew had. So also in New Testament times, there are many things lying upon the conscience of him who really recognises Scripture as the Word of God, of which his conscience who does not, or who only does so nominally, takes no cognizance. Whatever God commands or forbids in Scripture, exercises the conscience of him who seeks to live according to Scripture. There are points of difference between the second and third of the above-named schemes of life, and any one who chooses to follow out the practical results to which they lead, will see how totally different the habits of thought and action will be of him who pursues the one, from those of him who pursues the other: the one living, whether he does or does not nominally recognise the Scriptures as of divine authority, according to his own notion of things; the other, according to the schemes of things set forth in Scripture: the one having perfect confidence in his own understanding, reason, and conscience as a perfect guide in all matters, whether touching God's nature or government; the other having no such confidence, but in all things that touch God's nature, and the particulars of his government, deferring implicitly to what God in his Word has revealed concerning these all-important subjects.

This living in faith of revealed truth, or in the fear of the Lord, is the beginning of wisdom. It is profitable for all things, having the promise of the life that now is and of the life which is to come. It has the promise of the life which now is: "Thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt thou compass him as with a shield"—"God is in the generation of the righteous"—"The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth them"—"The Lord upholdeth the righteous"—"He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved"—"The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree"—"The righteous shall inherit the land"—"Light is sown for the righteous"—"The Lord will bless his people with peace." These, and many other passages to the same effect, show that the condition of the righteous upon earth is a good and prosperous condition; and that godliness has the promise of the life that now is. "The promise of the life that now is," by that expression we are not, of course, to understand wealth and honours in this present world, but that state of mind and prospects which gives real happiness. Wicked men, at the height of worldly prosperity, are not made truly happy by it. The happiness of righteous men, when they are at the height of worldly

prosperity, is not the birth of that goodly worldly condition. It consists in their experience of the face of God reconciled, in their experience of the love and grace of the Lord their Saviour, and in the blessed hopes of future glory. It is only in the fear of the Lord that this experience can be had, which makes glad and happy even here below. So that godliness has the promise of the life that now is.

The trials of the present life are incident to all men. Let us suppose that they are distributed equally amongst all classes of men, and that those who feared the Lord have as much of the visitation of these trials as any other class. Let us next consider those helps and mitigations which come as abatements. The man who in his hour of need has most of these, both as to number and solidity, is the man who has the greatest amount of happiness. Those who live according to the manner first described, do, in the time of trial, fall back upon their elasticity of mind and upon the indulgence of appetite. Often the time that follows a trial is with them the time of their greatest excess. They seek in such indulgence to obliterate the recollection of their misfortune, and shun the painful thoughts to which it gives rise. These thoughts might result in some good to them were they patiently entertained and prosecuted. But being painful, they seek, with all diligent haste, to escape from them; and that which, if it had been rightly laid to heart, might have been of the greatest use, only renders them more reckless. Those, again, who belong to the second class, seek comfort from considerations such as the following: That trials are appointed for all men, and that in enduring them they are undergoing the common lot; also from vague reflections and acknowledgments that all events take place under the providence of God, who is infinitely wise and good. The last-named resource is one from which they derive much comfort. The comfort of the believer is of a much more solid and satisfactory kind. He looks unto God not only as infinitely wise and holy—he has a view of God in the full extent of his revealed character; and then he looks to God as to his heavenly Father, reconciled to him through Christ Jesus. This is the basis of his consolation, that the trials he meets with in life are most gracious and wise appointments of his heavenly Father towards him—of his Father who cares for him, and watches at all times over his welfare, and makes all things work together for his good. Besides, there is the well-grounded hope for the future. This world is not his home. His home is in heaven. A blessed immortality awaits him. This hope, which is strong and most surely founded, is of mighty influence to sustain him in all that happens to him below. It throws sunshine over the darkest events, and cheers him on in his journey Zion-ward. With unspeakable

delight he searches out the promises of God recorded in Scripture, and lays hold of them with a strong and vigorous grasp, and out of them extracts great comfort and peace: for to him they are all blessed realities, the very truth of God which shall stand and endure, and never be removed. Trial is to him a process by which his faith and patience, and all other Christian graces, are exercised and strengthened. It is the exercise of these graces that gives delight to the true Christian. In proportion to their strength and activity, his delight is heightened and made more intense. By trial he is brought nearer to God, and set upon seeking closer and more intimate fellowship with him. In this way trial becomes a blessing to him, and its bitterness is in a great measure extracted.

The latter end of the righteous man is peace. The fear of the Lord gives a happy life, and a comfortable death. The first of the above-named schemes of life makes no preparation for death. It does not take the future into its calculation. The things "that belong to peace" are excluded. At the hour of death, those who have followed it are unconcerned, or they are in great trouble and horror of conscience, or they seek to lay desperate hold of some palliative. Not unfrequently the first of these states of mind is that in which they are found. Some seem to think that sickness and death shall dispel all delusions in which men may have lived. It is an error, at least it is far from being a universal truth. "As men live, so shall they die." Often it is not till after death that such delusions are dissipated. Before death they may, after death they must. Those who have followed the second scheme of life very often die also as they have lived. They often, which is quite natural, manifest in death great tenacity in cleaving to the scheme of things which their own reason has chalked out for them, and great reluctance to have the Scripture view of things presented to them. Sometimes, again, it will happen that they then see the utter insufficiency of reason to calculate and decide on what shall be, and become conscious that they have believed a lie. Then the state of mind in which they are is terrible beyond description. But the latter end of the righteous man is peace. He has a true interest in Christ Jesus. He has seen the sufficiency of Jesus' work, and has long ago taken Christ as all his hope and salvation. He has in all things sought to defer to the Lord's way, and, through grace, to walk in it. That which he expects to happen to him, is not the fancy of his own mind, but the precise thing revealed in Scripture. His faith is in active operation. He has experienced the faithfulness and truth of God in many instances during his life, and he has abundant confidence that what he is about to experience shall be in accordance to what Scripture teaches. Thus he is at peace.

His peace is quite a different thing from indifference, or presumptuous ignorance. It is a peace resulting from that confidence in the grace of Christ, and the faithfulness of God, already referred to—a joyful anticipation of the light which is sown for the righteous. He expects shortly to be with the Lord. It is peace unspeakable, and full of glory.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

"And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water."—ISA. XXXV. 7.

THE original of the word rendered "parched ground" is *sarab*, which is the very word used in Arabic to express what we, after the French, usually know by the name of the *mirage*. This phenomenon, which is most common in sandy, desert countries, is an illusive appearance of pools and lakes of water, in places where water is most needed and least likely to occur. This phenomenon, which is produced by the reflection of salient objects on the oblique rays of the sun, refracted by the heat of the burning soil, offers so perfect a delusion in all its circumstances, that the most forewarned and experienced travellers are deceived by it, as are even the natives of the deserts, when not sufficiently acquainted with the locality in which it appears to be aware that no water actually exists. No one can imagine, without actual experience, the delight and eager expectation, followed by the most intense and bitter disappointment, which the appearance of the *sarab* often occasions to travelling parties, particularly when the supply of water which they are obliged to carry with them upon their camels is nearly or quite exhausted.

"Still the same burning sun! no cloud in heaven!

The hot air quivers, and the sultry mist

Floats o'er the desert, with a show

Of distant waters mocking their distress."

The following reference to this delusion occurs in the Koran: "But as to the unbelievers, their works are like a vapour in the plain, which the thirsty traveller thinketh to be water, until, when he cometh thereto, he findeth it to be nothing." Major Skinner, in his "Journey Overland to India," gives this description of the appearance of the *sarab* in that very desert, between Palestine and the Euphrates, which probably supplied the images which the prophet employs: "About noon the most perfect deception that can be conceived exhilarated our spirits, and promised an early resting-place. We had observed a slight mirage two or three times before, but this day it surpassed all I have ever fancied. Although aware that these appearances have often led people astray, I could not bring myself to believe that this was unreal. The Arabs were doubtful, and said that, as we had found water yesterday, it was not improbable that we should find some to-day. The seeming lake was broken in several parts by little islands of sand, that gave strength to the delusion. The dromedaries of the sheikhs at length reached its borders, and appeared to us to have commenced to ford as they advanced and became more surrounded by the

vapour. I thought they had got into deep water, and moved with greater caution. In passing over the sand-banks their figures were reflected in the water. So convinced was Mr. Calman of its reality, that he dismounted and walked towards the deepest part of it, which was on the right hand. He followed the deceitful lake for a long time, and to our sight was strolling on its bank, his shadow stretching to a great length beyond. There was not a breath of wind; it was a sultry day, and such a one as would have added dreadfully to the disappointment if we had been at any time without water." The Scottish Missionary Deputation also noticed the phenomenon when in Egypt: "In the distance we observed the well-known phenomenon of the mirage, to which the prophet Isaiah is supposed to allude: 'The parched ground shall become (really) a pool.' (Isa. xxxv. 7.) At one time we saw what appeared to be a calm flowing water, reflecting from its unruffled surface the trees growing on its banks, while some object in the background assumed the appearance of a splendid residence amidst a grove of trees. At another time there appeared castles embosomed in a forest of palms, with a lake of clear water stretched between us and them. Generally, the mirage may be well known by its continually shifting the view, and by the hazy movement of the atmosphere over the apparent waters."

Another traveller (Lieutenant Wellsted) describes the same appearance as seen by him in the lowlands of Sinai: "During the early part of the day we several times beheld the phenomenon of the mirage, or false water of the desert. Its resemblance to a diminutive lake was certainly very striking, since it not only reflected the bushes on its margin, but had something of the ripple of water, and was streaked by those narrow, shining particles of light observable on the surface of lakes when viewed from a distance."

"The idea of the prophet," says Dr. Robinson, "if he refers, as I suppose he does, to this phenomenon, is exceedingly beautiful. It is that the *mirage*, which has the appearance only of a sheet of water, and which often deceives the traveller, shall become a *real* lake; that there shall be hereafter no deception, no illusion; that man, like a traveller on pathless sands, weary and thirsty, shall no more be deluded and deceived by false appearances and unreal hopes. The hopes and promises which this world can furnish are as delusive as is the *mirage* to the thirsty and exhausted traveller. Man approaches them, and like that delusive appearance they recede or vanish. If they are still seen, they are always at a distance; and he follows the false and delusive appearance till he comes to the end of life. But the blessings of religion, the promises of God through the Messiah, are like *real* lakes of water, running streams to the thirsty traveller. They never deceive, never recede, never vanish, never are unsatisfactory. Man may approach them, knowing that there is no illusion; he may satisfy his wants, and still the supply is unexhausted and inexhaustible. Others also may approach the same fountain of pure joy, with as much freedom as other travellers may approach the running stream in the desert."

YOUNG MEN AND THE SABBATH.

YOUNG men in great cities are particularly tempted to violate the holy Sabbath.

The Sabbath is not only God's appointment, but it was made for man; and man cannot do without it, if he wish to attain the great end of his creation. The body, worn down by the hurry, the toil, the excitement of the week, needs it for its repose, and for recruiting its powers. The intellect, constantly called out during the week, needs it for a reposing place: and the heart, anxious, corroded, disturbed during the week, needs the Sabbath to hallow its beatings, and to lift its desires to a better city.

Whether you find man on the farm, giving his muscle and his sinew to honourable toil; or on the ocean, guiding his ship to the distant part of the earth; or in the study, cultivating his mind, and storing the intellect with knowledge; or in the counting-house, calculating and balancing losses and gains; or whether you find him in the cabinet, laying great schemes, and great plans, and tasking his powers to their utmost—you find him withering under his burdens, if he does not keep the Sabbath as a sacred time. The experiment has been made most abundantly, in all departments of life; and it is fully settled that the man or the beast that rests on the Lord's day, can accomplish more, and endure more, than by spending seven days each week in his duties.

The same is emphatically true of men in business. An attentive merchant remarked, that for twenty-five years he had watched those in New York who kept their counting-houses open on the Sabbath, and that they had all failed, without a single exception. And if you will examine the question in this, or any other great city, you will very seldom find the merchant, or the bank, that takes the Sabbath to square up its books, who do not, sooner or later, become involved in most serious disasters. "We have no Sabbath here, in our business," said the captain of one of our western steam-boats, to a sailor who could not conscientiously work on the Sabbath, in taking in and unlading goods. The man was discharged, though promised higher wages if he would return and violate the Sabbath. The sailor went to Europe, and on his arrival, the first paper he took up informed him that the steam-boat which "knew no Sabbath," had blown up, and nearly one hundred lives were destroyed!

Dr. Johnson, who will long, if not for many generations, bear the title of "great," made for himself the following rules in regard to the Sabbath:—

1. That he would rise early on the Sabbath, and to that end, would retire early on Saturday night.
2. That he would engage in some unusual devotion in the morning.
3. That he would examine the tenor of his life during the week that was gone, and mark his advances in religion, or recession from it.
4. That he would read the Scriptures methodically, with such helps as were at hand.
5. That he would go to church twice.
6. That he would read books of divinity, either speculative or practical.
7. That he would instruct his family.
8. That he would wear off by meditation the worldly soil contracted during the week.

Without stopping to inquire how many or how few at this day will think me waning in light, I have no hesitation in saying that I believe the Sabbath to be not only a special and a perpetual appointment of God, but I believe it one which he specially blesses by his providence; and that when the history of men comes to be read in the eternal world, it will be found that those who honoured the Sabbath the

most uniformly through life, have been the most prospered and blessed in this life; and that the following account, which was related to me on the best authority, is only one among thousands of similar cases:—

In one of our large cities, some years since, there was a poor boy, an apprentice in an apothecary's shop. He was very poor, but conscientious; and it was his solemn vow on leaving home, that he would keep the Sabbath holy. As his finances were very slender, his master one day gave him a receipt for making blacking, and loaned him money sufficient to get a few boxes made, with the assurance that he should have all the profits. The boy got his blacking done, and placed it in the windows, but nobody came in to purchase, till on Sabbath morning, when a gentleman came in, and in great haste demanded a box of the blacking. The youth put out his hand to take it, —and then recollected that it was the Sabbath! Very reluctantly his arm fell, and his tongue unwillingly informed the customer that he could not sell it on the Sabbath! The boy went to church; but even there the image of his lost bargain haunted him, till at last he told the tempter that he had done right, and would do so again! On opening the shop early on Monday morning, a man came in, looked at the blacking, and at once purchased all the lad had. He then paid for the materials and boxes, and found he had just a dollar left, probably the first dollar he ever called his own. With more faith and fortitude than most possess, he takes his dollar, and in a few minutes has paid it to the Bible Society! His first and only dollar—to the Bible Society!—feeling that *he* is safe who honours God with the first of his increase. From these principles he has never varied, and he is now a most prosperous and a very wealthy man. Was he wise in honouring God's Sabbath and God's Word when the temptation was very strong to do otherwise?

The testimony of Sir Matthew Hale, the Chief Justice of England, ought to be written in letters of gold, and hung up in the chamber of every young man in the great city. He says, "that of all the persons who were convicted of capital crimes while he was on the bench, he found few only who would not confess, on inquiry, that they begun their career of wickedness by a neglect of the duties of the Sabbath, and vicious conduct on that day." The same distinguished judge, after years of experience, gives the following testimony in regard to himself: "I have found, by a strict and diligent observation, that a due observing the duty of this day, hath ever had joined to it a blessing upon the rest of my time; and the week that hath been so begun, hath been blessed and prosperous to me. And, on the other side, when I have been negligent of the duties of this day, the rest of the week hath been unsuccessful and unhappy to my secular employments; so that I could easily make an estimate of my success in my own secular employments the week following, by the manner of observing this day; and this I do not write lightly or inconsiderately, but upon a long and sound observation and experience."

The temptation to the young man in the great city to break the Sabbath is inexpressibly great. He has scores of companions who are old in the business of desecrating that holy day; they know where the cheapest boats and the cheapest cars start from, and for a few pence they can in a few minutes be out in the open country, where they can breathe free, speak free, and act free from all restraint. The very little respect which they have for one another is a small restraint. They lay plans to spend the next and the next Sabbath still more agreeably, till at length it is their *habit* to violate the Sabbath. And the young man

who has cut away from the restraints and influences of the Sabbath, has gone far in the path to ruin. He will not absolutely deny that there is a God, but he will deny his accountability to him; and he who cuts himself off from accountability to God, will not long feel greatly pressed by his accountability to man. There is no other foundation on which you can rear responsibility in the human heart. Hence, if I wanted to take a young man, and make of him a terrible and a loathsome character—one who would spurn every human control, and gnash his teeth against human laws, and kick against any attempt to cover his shame and pollution—I would begin the work by destroying in that young man his reverence for the Sabbath; and when I had got him so that he would trample under foot this positive institution of God, I should have no fear but he would quickly turn his back upon all others, till he became a monster in sin, and a terrific tool in the hands of the great Destroyer. To commit important trusts to a man who throws off his accountability to his God, is putting jewels, which you are sending to a distance, in a deep box whose top is put on with great care, but whose bottom is fallen out. Possibly they may be so crowded in, and the box be carried so carefully that they will not be lost; but it is much safer to be sure that the box has a good bottom to it. And he who feels that he can trust to his own strength of character, or principles, or education, when he refuses to feel accountable to the omniscient One, is, in the language of the Bible, a fool.

But I almost fear I am offending the infinite God when I speak to young men, and appeal to such motives as character, and success, and prosperity, and blessings for time. I stand on higher ground; and I have higher and holier motives to urge; and I tell them that when they cast off the authority of God, and begin to do it by casting away his Sabbaths, they have assumed the fearful responsibility of taking the destiny of a deathless spirit into their own hands. I say to that young man whose hopes now begin to open—whose heart to pant for future good—who is about deciding the question whether he will be a well-dressed animal, or a being of thought—whether he will be a creature of time, and live for this world alone, or whether the whole of his existence shall be taken into the account—I say to him, that he has more involved in these decisions than merely the questions which relate to a life that may end tomorrow; he has now the forming of a character, and the training of a spirit committed to him, which will eternally be an angel of light, or a demon in sin and guilt. That burning, restless, turbid soul tells of its own immortality. It is on its way to eternity, to carry there the habits, the feelings, the character here acquired. God has placed it under his laws and his commands; and so long as you obey these, your destiny is safe. But it is an easy matter to let the soul out from under his authority—and hundreds can aid you to do it; but when once done, a world cannot insure your ever coming back. A feeble hand may raise the bars and let a lion out of his cage, and from under the authority of his keepers; but no human hand can catch him and lead him back. So long as you keep the Sabbath, you have placed yourself under God's blessing—you have the shield of Omnipotence thrown over you, and all the fiery darts of the adversary fall harmless at your feet; but when you have laid that aside, you have publicly said to your God that you are ready and willing to take your own eternal destiny out of his hands. Oh! when you decide to throw away the Sabbath, you have decided to add another hand to those already busy in cutting the only cords that hold this republic together; you are taking off that which binds men to

obey human laws; you are deciding that your wisdom is greater than the wisdom of Him who made the Sabbath for man; you are putting out the light which God hath kindled by which to guide you through this dark world to the world of perfect light; you are staking your strength against His cause, your arm against His omnipotence.

Take away the moral influence of the Sabbath, feeble as it is in our great cities, and there is no other check, or stay, or prop to society. You can show no other means by which you can create, or keep conscience enough to preserve society; for there would be no crimes so gross that it would not find admirers, no impurity so beastly that it would not find shameless supporters, and no guilt so dark that it would not unblushingly walk abroad at noon-day. Oh! my young countrymen, by the love of that civil freedom which our fathers thought cheaply purchased with their blood—by these free institutions, the wonder and the admiration of the world—by the hopes of those parents and friends whose hearts and souls are bound up in our prosperity—by the love of that Redeemer, who purchased your soul at the cost of his own blood—by the hopes of that eternal life which awaits the child of God beyond the grave—and by the joys or the sorrows which will there surely and eternally be yours—I do beseech you, throw not away the Sabbath of God! Make it your palladium—your hiding-place from danger and storms, and your Mizpath—the watch-tower of your salvation: then shall a thousand fall on your right hand, and ten thousand on your left, but you shall never be moved. The name of God will everlastingly defend you.—*Dr. Todd of Philadelphia.*

THE WORD IS POWERFUL.

AN INCIDENT.

(From a Missionary Tour by Dr. Cesar Malan of Geneva.)

THE faithfulness of God was the subject of our conversation during tea. We spoke also of the necessity of extending our Christian influence, first by earnest prayer, and then by visits, by the lending or giving of good books, and especially by simply and boldly seizing on every opportunity to speak of Jesus, and to bring forward his Word. "That is the thing I have most confidence in," said the master of the house, who was a practical Christian, and possessed a thoughtful mind—"It is the Word of God which is the power of God; and I desire, above all things, to see it spread; for God will always give it an invincible efficacy." "Among many other proofs of this," said the missionary, "I shall relate to you an interesting one. I was travelling between Paris and Bourdeaux, and had just left Angouleme when a smart and showy young man stepped into the coupé of the diligence where I was, and seated himself between me and another traveller. He saluted me with politeness; and, after the first customary words, said to me, "Sir, I think you are from Paris?" "I left it the day before yesterday," I replied. "And I am sure," he continued, "you must have seen the Huguenots? What a wonderful production it is!—So original!—Every one is flying to it!—Were you not enchanted?" "The Huguenots?" replied I, putting my hand into the pocket of the coach, where I had put the New Testament which I read on my journey, "I have here what the Huguenots

held as their greatest treasure." The young man exclaimed, with surprise, "The treasure of the Huguenots! What may that be, I pray?" I presented the book to him, he read its title, and returned it to me immediately, saying, with contempt, "O, as for that book, it is good for nobody, I think, but old women and people of weak minds." "I know, sir," replied I, with feeling, "that it is excellent for me, who certainly am not an old woman. As to my mind, I shall say nothing—you can judge of that." The young man blushed, and said, with some confusion, "A thousand pardons, sir, if I have offended you by my foolish expression; but allow me to speak quite freely, and to tell you that I cannot comprehend how a man of sense and intelligence, such as (with respect) I acknowledge you to be, can approve of, and, above all, believe in such a production. Voltaire, at least, did not do so; and certainly he did not fail in either mind, information, or good sense." And hereupon the disciple of such a master brought forward, with abundance of malice, the invectives of philosophy against the Galilean and his doctrine. The incarnation, miracles, prophecies, the death, and, above all, the pretended resurrection of the reputed son of Joseph, were passed in review; and the conclusion of the whole argument was a song of triumph over the reason and the wisdom of the present age. The young infidel was overjoyed. He believed me reduced to silence, and completely overthrown; for I had listened to all he had advanced without saying a word.

When he had finished, I confess I was tempted to oppose weapon to weapon, and to reply to the impertinence of Voltaire by vigorous arguments from a better logic than his. But the words of the Holy Book came to my mind, "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds, casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." Leaving, therefore, in its scabbard of clay the feeble sword of my reason, I seized that of the Spirit, the Word of God, and replied in these simple words: "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost—in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine into them." "Yes, yes," replied the young man; "that is what your book says: but where is its authority? That is the question." "If any man will do the will of God," I continued, "he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether Christ speaks of himself." "That is to say," answered the young man, "that all the learned men, the academicians, the philosophers—in short, every man of sense and judgment in society, the very elite of rational beings, is only a mass of villains, of Infidels—or, rather, Atheists—of scoundrels, because they cannot subscribe to the mysteries, not to say the absurdities, of a book scarcely known to any but the lowest people."

"The faith of the Christian," replied I, "stands not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God;

who hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the vile, and the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things which are: and as to the unbeliever, God says, that he is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God; and the Gospel adds, that such a man shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

"Very well, sir," replied the young man with bitterness, "my portion, according to your opinion, is quite settled; and it is," added he, with a sneer, "it is hell, with its eternal flames, is it not, that awaits me? and along with me all the flower of the human kind. I thank you for your charity."

"It is not I, sir," I replied with calmness; "it is God himself who says that the name of Jesus is the only name under heaven given among men by which they can be saved; and it is Jesus also that says to you, as to every sinner, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but shall have eternal life. You hear this—you hear those words of love and of kindness."

The young man said nothing, but frowned. His countenance was sad, and he remained for a long time silent. Night came on; he still remained silent, and I supposed that his discontent would last till he should fall asleep; when, turning suddenly towards me, he said, with deep feeling, "Where could I procure a copy of the book you have been reading? for—yes—I ought to read it—I begin to believe that possibly I may be wrong, and you right. I regret also, sir, the very inconsiderate language that"—"Oh, sir," said I, interrupting him, "I beg you will make no apology; and since you already feel that the Word of God is superior to that of the philosophers—of Voltaire, for instance—let us have some talk, if you please, about that Word, which you will allow me to present to you as soon as we arrive at Bourdeaux." From that happy moment our conversation was easy and overflowing; and it was not till after we had discussed all the vital doctrines of Christianity that we resigned ourselves to sleep.

The next day my young companion was serene, cordial, and perfectly frank; and before we parted, he took me by the hand, saying, "You remember, I hope, the promise you was so kind as to make to me: here is the name of my hotel." "In a few minutes," replied I, "the most valuable of books shall be put into your hands." I related what I have told you to the friend to whose house I was going, and who immediately went to the hotel of the young traveller in order to present him with a Bible, which he accompanied with his blessing. He let him know, also, that that day and the following I was to expound some portions of the Scriptures at religious meetings, where he would be most welcome.

This invitation was not in vain. That same evening the young Voltarian, with his Bible in his hand, took his place among some pious people who came to hear the gospel. The following day he returned

at the same hour; and, after the service, he came to me, and said, with emotion—"No, sir, you cannot know all the good this book has already done me, or all the pleasure I have had in hearing you both yesterday and just now. All, from this time, this book shall be my study—my only study." "And to-morrow," said I to him, "what are you to do? it is the king's fete, and there will be a grand ball, and much gaiety; of course you will be invited?" "I have already refused the invitation," said the young disciple, with firmness. "I shall not appear there. In the morning I shall go and hear you, since you are to preach in the temple; in the evening I shall return here, if it please God, and hear you again."

He did indeed come; and, for the first time, this most accomplished young man, who heretofore had made the theatre or the ball his chief pleasure, found his greatest enjoyment in serving God in his temple, and meeting in the evening some humble worshippers of the same Galilean who he had been taught, by Voltaire, his master, to despise.

That evening I took leave of this young friend of the truth. He testified anew his gratitude to me, and his desire that my wishes concerning him might be fulfilled. He declared, before many witnesses, that he believed the Bible to be the word of God, that he adored the Saviour, and that he wished to live and die a Christian.

HAVE A PLACE FOR PRAYER.

WE do not need to enter the closet in order to find the Lord. He is ever near to us. But we enter it in order to escape from distractions, and in order to regain those associations, and, it may be, to surround ourselves with those mementoes, which we formerly found helpful to our prayers. One who has great powers of abstraction may take refuge from surrounding bustle in the depths of his own spirit, and pass along the crowded streets in the perpetual hermitage of his own self-seclusion, undiverted and undistracted by all that is whirling round him. But few have this talent of inward sequestration—this power to make a closet of themselves; and, in order to find for their thoughts a peaceful sanctuary, they must find for their persons a tranquil asylum. It little matters where or what it is. Isaac went out into the field, and Jacob plied his night-long prayer beside the running brook. Abraham planted a grove, and, in the cool shadow of his oaks at Beersheba, he called on the name of the Lord. Abraham's servant knelt down beside his camel; and it would appear, from some of his psalms, that a cave, a mountain fastness, or a cavern in the rocks, was David's frequent oratory. Peter had chosen for his place of prayer the quiet and airy roof of his sea-side lodging, when the messengers of Cornelius found him. It would seem that the open air—the noiseless amplitude of the "solitary place"—the hill-side, with the stars above, and

the shadowy world below—the fragrant stillness of the garden when evening had dismissed the labourers, were the places where the Man of Sorrows loved to pray. It was in the old church of Ayr that John Welsh was wont, all alone, to wrestle with the angel of the covenant; and we have stood in the wild rock-cleft where Peden found frequent refuge from his persecutors, and whence he caused his cry to ascend “unto the Lord most high.” It does not need four walls and a bolted door to make a place of prayer. Retirement, and silence, and a sequestered spirit will create it anywhere. By the shore of the sounding sea—in the depths of the forest—in the remoteness of the green and sunny upland, or the balmy peacefulness of the garden bower—nay, amidst the dust of the dingy ware-room, or the cobwebs of the owl-haunted barn—in the jolting corner of the crowded stage, or the unnoticed nook of the travellers’ room, you have only to shut your eyes, and seclude your spirit, and you have created a closet there. It is a closet wherever the soul finds itself alone with God.

But, besides a still and silent place, it is important to have a stated place for prayer—“thy” closet—thy familiar and frequented place. Although places have not so much influence on us as persons, their influence is great. There are places where we would like to be when trial comes—places where we should like to be if we are to sicken and be laid aside—places where we should like to die—and places where we find it most congenial and delightful to pray. Homes of the spirit they are—places that seem to understand us, and be in sympathy with us—places that have, as it were, imbibed, and do still retain, something of the joys we once tasted in them—places which make bereavement less awful, loneliness less desolate, happiness more intense, and heaven more near. When Elijah came to Sarepta, and found the son of the widow dead, he snatched the child from the bosom of the weeping mother, and carried him “to the loft where he abode, and laid him on his own bed.” And there “he cried unto the Lord, O Lord, my God, let this child’s soul come into him again.” He felt as if this loft, where he had so often prayed before, was the likeliest place for prayer now—the place where he might penetrate into Jehovah’s nearest presence, and procure an unprecedented blessing. And on this principle, perhaps, it was that David, when tidings came of the death of Absalom, hasted up to “the chamber over the gate.” His heart was breaking, and lest it should split altogether in his unutterable sorrow, he sped away to the place where he had found lesser sorrows lightened; and, as he staggered up into this secret sanctuary, passionate grief began to give place to prayer, “O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I

had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!” And this is the best consecration any sanctuary or secret chamber can acquire—the consciousness that there you have met with God, and the hope instinctive that there you may meet him yet again. Happy are you if there be a house of prayer, or a private dwelling, which awakens in you, as you near it, a rush of holy feelings or happy recollections—a sanctuary round which a constant Sabbath shines, and a perpetual air of heaven reposes. And happy are you if, in your residence there be a room—however sombre the stranger may think it—which you cannot enter without a secret comfort suffusing your spirit; a room where, in dreariest moments, you feel that you are not friendless, and in darkest days that you are not hopeless; a room in which memory has built its Peniels and Ebenezers—its memorials of ecstatic hours and answered petitions; a chamber which you abandon with regret when called to quit the dwelling, as if in leaving it you left the gate of heaven—the closet where you used to shut to the door, and pray to your Father in secret, and feel that he was hearing you.—*Mount of Olives.*

THE TONGUES OF THE UNGODLY.

THE tongues of the ungodly are but as besoms to sweep off the dust which is ready to cleave to the graces of the saints. Satan is a declared enemy against Christ and holiness. Christ is beyond his reach, and therefore he throws his dirt at those whom he perceives to resemble Christ most. These he delights to worry by the way, though he cannot prevent them from arriving in due season at their journey’s end. He will make free with their reputation, if he cannot touch their souls. The tongues of the ungodly are, as it were, suspended to his girdle; “and he saith to one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to his servant, Do this, and he doeth it.”—*Rowland.*

FAULTS WITH HEAVEN.

THE unregenerate would find fault with heaven on several accounts. As, (1.) That it is a strange country. Heaven is the renewed man’s native country: his Father is in heaven, “his mother is Jerusalem, which is above.” He is born from above. Heaven is his home, therefore he looks upon himself as a stranger on this earth: “They desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.” But the unregenerate man is the man of the earth, “written in the earth;” therefore he “minds earthly things.” There is a peculiar sweetness in our native soil; and hardly are men drawn to leave it, and dwell in a strange country. In no case does that prevail more than in this: for unrenewed men would quit their pretensions to heaven, were it not that they see they cannot make a better of it. (2.) There is nothing there of what they most delight in, as most agreeable to the carnal heart: “And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth.” When Mohammed gave out paradise to be a place of sensual delights,

his religion was greedily embraced; for that is the heaven men naturally choose. If the covetous man could get bags full of gold there, and the voluptuous man could promise himself his sensual delights there, they might be reconciled to heaven, and be meet for it too; but since it is not so, though they may utter fair words about it, truly it has little of their hearts.

(3.) Every corner there is filled with that which of all things they have the least liking of; and that is holiness, perfect holiness. It is true there is joy in heaven, but it is holy joy; there are pleasures in heaven, but they are holy pleasures; there are places to stand by in heaven, but it is holy ground. That holiness that casts up in every place, and in every thing there, would mar all to the unregenerate. (4.)

Were they carried thither, they would not only change their place, but they would change their company too. Truly they would never like the company there, who care not for communion with God here; nor value the fellowship of his people, at least in the vitals of practical godliness. Many, indeed, mix themselves with the godly on earth, to procure a name to themselves, and to cover the naughtiness of their hearts; but that cannot be managed there.

(5.) They would never like the employment of heaven, they care so little for it now. The business of the saints there would be an intolerable burden to them, seeing it is not agreeable to their nature. To be taken up in beholding, admiring, and praising Him that sitteth on the throne, and of the Lamb, would be work unsuitable, and therefore unsavoury to an unrenewed soul. (6.) They would find this fault with it, that the whole is of everlasting continuance. This would be a killing ingredient in it to them. How would such, as now account the Sabbath-day a burden, brook the celebrating of an everlasting Sabbath in the heavens!—*Boston.*

WHAT MADNESS!

WHAT desperate madness is it for sinners to go on in their sinful course! What is it but to heap coals of fire on thine own head, to lay more and more fuel to the fire of wrath, to "treasure up unto thyself wrath against the day of wrath?" Thou mayest perish "when his wrath is kindled but a little." Why wilt thou increase it yet more? Thou art already bound with such cords of death as will not easily be loosed. What need is there of more? Stand, careless sinner, and consider this.—*Ibid.*

"GIVE DILIGENCE TO MAKE YOUR CALLING AND ELECTION SURE."

In the world men are careful and painful enough to make assurance of lands and goods to themselves and to their posterity. What a shame is it then for us, that we should be slack in making sure to ourselves the election of God, which is more worth than all the world beside! And if we shall continue to be slack herein, the leases of our lands and houses, and all other temporal assurances, shall be bills of accusation against us at the day of judgment to condemn us.—*Perkins.*

THE SLEEPER.

ARE not men asleep? What is a state of sleep, but one of ignorance concerning all that is surrounding us? Suppose a case. A man lies down to rest; he leaves all quiet in his house; he falls into refreshing slumbers; and while he sleeps robbers enter his dwelling—he minds it not: they plunder his most valuable property—he thinks nothing of it. Perhaps he is in the midst of some splendid dream; he imagines that he has secured permanent advantages, that he has gained large accessions of wealth, which will make him easy for the remainder of his days; or he is enjoying some exquisite pleasure of this life, and his sleep is very sweet and pleasant to his soul: but the robbers carry off his property, and, the owner still sleeping in his imagined happiness, they set fire to his house. He still perceives not his danger, till the flames spreading upward, he sinks in the general destruction, and awakes in the midst of that fire which consumes and destroys him.

O unconverted sinner, this is thy case; here, here is the picture of the soul asleep in sin. The great plunderer, Satan, is in your dwelling, and robbing you of your best treasures. The very fire of disease and death is lighted to consume you, and yet you are asleep!—*Bickersteth.*

COMFORT.

DOTH thine own weakness discourage thee? hath not God engaged for that too? so lay over that care upon him: hath He not spoken of "strengthening the weak hands, and feeble knees, and that the lame shall leap as an hart" (Isa. xxxv. 3-6)? and though there is nothing in thyself but unrighteousness and weakness, yet there is in Him for thee, "righteousness and strength." (Isa. xiv. 24.) When thou art ready to faint, a look to Him will revive; a believing look draws in of His strength to thy soul, and renews it. (Isa. xl. 29.) And know, the more tender and weak thou art, the more tender He is over thee, and the more strong will He be in thee. "He feeds his flock like a shepherd," and the weakest he is most careful of; "they are carried in his arms and in his bosom" (Isa. xl. 11); and it is easy for the feeblest to go so.—*Leighton.*

THE TRINITY.

He who goes about to speak of the mystery of the Trinity, and does it by words, and names of man's invention; talking of essences, and existences, hypostases, and personalities, priority in co-equality, and unity in pluralities, may amuse himself, and build a tabernacle in his head, and talk something—he knows not what; but the renewed man, that feels the power of the Father, and to whom the Son is become wisdom, sanctification, and redemption—in whose heart the love of the Spirit of God is shed abroad—this man, though he understand nothing of what is unintelligible, yet he alone truly understands the Christian doctrine of the Trinity.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

A MISTAKE.

HERE lies the grand mistake of many poor, but precious souls: they are afraid to believe, lest it should be presumption, because they have not, as yet, comfort, joy, love, &c., not considering, that this is to look for the fruit before the tree be planted. Beware of looking for any peace or joy previous to your believing; and let this be uppermost in your mind.—*Fletcher.*

A STUDY CONCERNING THE EXCELLENCY OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN MACDONALD, CALCUTTA.

READER! do not carelessly pass by this article. Have respect unto the name prefixed, the name of JESUS CHRIST, our blessed Redeemer: and if this imperfect study should have the effect of exciting or reviving within thee one worthy thought concerning HIM, that thought may do thee good, when thy gold and silver have gone to thine heirs, and thy bones shall have mouldered into dust within the dark and silent tomb. God be with thee!

The Christian is so called from his attachment to Christ. He has chosen Him as that object by which he shall be distinguished, by whose glory he shall be glorified, and by whose love he shall be constrained. Esteem is the basis of this glorying and love; and that esteem rests, in its turn, on the exceeding excellency of Christ above all other objects known by the Christian. This knowledge of the excellency of Jesus Christ, is the internal light of a Christian's soul; and surely it is well to communicate to the world something of this blessed light, in as far as it is communicable from man to man. The "saint" is not so irrational a being as many suppose; he *can* give a reason for his hope, and also for his fond preference of ONE to all.

Why, then, does the Christian prefer Christ to all? and the knowledge therefore of Christ to all other science in the world?

1. The true *image of God* is known in Christ Jesus. He is called "The image of the invisible God"—"the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person." Yea, Christ himself says, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; how sayest thou then, Show us the Father!" He was "God manifest in the flesh," dwelling amongst men, and revealing to them Godhead through the medium of humanity. The world has been in pursuit of an image of God; but in vain. Its wise men have been groping after some intellectual likeness of the Almighty; but they have become fools in their effort—they have all failed, and have all sinned in their proud failure. Yet the Christian, without an effort, has received that which the world could not find, nor the whole universe contrive. In his blessed

Lord, he knows his God; and therefore he exclaims, "My Lord, and my God!" He needs not to ransack the heights above, or the depths beneath, to find out the Almighty;—he needs not lengthened trains of reasoning, or boundless flights of imagination, in order to explore the perfections of the Supreme:—he shuts his door; he opens his Gospel; he approaches to Jesus of Nazareth, by faith communing with him as his Lord;—he sees God, and is satisfied. Especially in the cross does he see the glory of Jehovah, and understand the character of Him with whom he has to do;—he admires the sovereignty, wisdom, holiness, righteousness, truth, love, mercy, and goodness, displayed in the sacrifice of his Lord: and he is filled with a joyful and satisfying knowledge of God, such as transcends all human expression. Blessed is the man who hath thus "God in Christ," "dwelling in his heart by faith," as the supreme object of his acquaintance and fellowship!

2. The Lord Jesus Christ is known to the saints as an *almighty Saviour*; and how excellent is such knowledge! The importance of an acquaintanceship often depends on the circumstances in which we are placed. If we are sick, we value the acquaintance of a physician; if in debt, of a rich and benevolent man; if ignorant, of a skilful and learned instructor; if in danger, of a strong, wise, and intrepid friend, who will plunge into fire or water and deliver us. Now our chief character is that of *sin*; our chief danger that of hell; our chief want is that of salvation; and our chief benefit that of a Saviour. Now this last we have in Christ. His very name is "Jesus," the "Saviour." He is sent by the Father, and is anointed by the Holy Ghost: thus is he appointed by God. He is divine, and represents the rights of Godhead—He is human, and upholds the interests of man. He is full of grace to attract, of wisdom to direct, and of power to execute. He was, he is, and he shall be for evermore. He has fulfilled the law; he has endured the curse; he has vanquished death; he has purchased life; he has entered heaven; and he makes himself known by his gospel on earth. Believers take refuge in him—they glory in his atoning blood

—they rejoice in his justifying righteousness—they pursue after the enjoyment of his glory! When they are sin-sick, what so sweet to them as the knowledge of the Saviour! When they fear hell, what so precious as the knowledge of their blessed Redeemer! These are feelings, and this is experience, into which the world enters not, neither can enter. The man of mere worldly science comes hither; and, looking for a moment at this employment of the saints, turns aside with scorn. But here the believer dwells, even under the pavilion of present salvation, with a present Saviour; and says, “What is all other knowledge to me as a sinner?—what can the sun, moon, and stars do for me?—what can all men do for me?—what can all angels do for me?—what can the universe do for me as a sinner? Blessed be thou, O Christ Jesus, my Lord! the knowledge of the universe is as dross compared with the knowledge of thee!”

3. In the person of Christ Jesus our Lord, we are introduced to the acquaintance of a most *loving friend*. Pure love actuated him, and still actuates him, as our almighty Saviour. This love is everlasting, unchanging, infinite, and unsolicited—it found nothing lovely in us, it gives everything that is lovely to us. Although Christ is the Son of God, yet he became the Son of man, our kinsman—bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh; and thus he possesses the most exquisite human sympathies. He knows weakness and sorrow; he knows pain and death; he knows the anger of God, and the curse of the law, and the penalties of hell; and he made himself acquainted with these for our sakes. “Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends;” yet the Son of God hath done this for us. He is great, but we are mean; he is rich, but we are poor; he is wise, but we are fools; he is good, but we are evil; he is blessed, but we are wretched; he is glorious, but we are vile. Yet is he our dear and affectionate friend. He was our friend in purpose, before the world was made; he is our friend now that we exist in deed; and he will be our friend in perpetuity, as long as eternity endures. This friend dwelt amongst us. He died for us. He rose again on our behalf, and he lives for evermore to bless us. Oh blessed are they who name the Son of God for their friend, the Son of man for their bosom companion! Oh lovely Jesus, what friend is like to thee!—so meek, gentle, humble, merciful, forbearing, constant, intimate, ready, willing, affectionate, and ever loving as

ever lovely! How blessed are the men who know thee, and walk with thee, as their friend! What solitude is dull, what privation is sad, what pain is keen, what potion is bitter, what fire is hot, what water is deep, when the Friend of sinners is with us! Science is but a dumb-waiter in the day of trouble, and philosophy is but a funeral mute in the hour of death;—but Christ is the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother—the Friend who lives by our needs. Is it wonderful that Paul accounted all earthly acquaintanceships to be but dross compared with this! Well may the Church glory and say, “This is my beloved, and this is my friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem.”

4. Christians do know and enjoy in Christ Jesus a most gracious *Master*. We are dependent and subordinate creatures; we are also made for activity; we need, therefore, to be employed as servants under a Master. Jesus, as “God manifest in the flesh,” is the believer’s Lord. He has supreme authority in himself, and he has purchased his people to be his own property. They “are not their own”—they “are bought with a price;” therefore do they “serve their Lord in their bodies and spirits, which are his.” But they are imperfect and sinful servants; they need, therefore, a gracious Master, who will not enter into judgment with them, but forgive and forbear towards them. Such is Christ. His person is lovely, his service blessed, his recompense glorious. Paul said of him, “His love constraineth me;” and John, “His commands are not grievous to be borne.” His yoke is ease itself—his burden lightness—his work is rest indeed. When the former slaves of self, Satan, and the world enter his service, it is to them as freedom—joyful emancipation; they are filled with peace and joy unspeakable. He is ever near to them—his eye is ever upon them; he helps the weak—he instructs the ignorant—he bears with the feeble-minded—he chastens the froward—humbles the conceited—comforts the sorrowful—confirms the holy—moderates the joyful—and blesses the meek and patient. His work is man’s good and God’s glory; his reward is man’s perfection and divine blessedness. He ever lives, is everywhere present, and is always the same: he is God—he is man—he is our Lord and kinsman—our God and our Saviour. Oh how glorious is the knowledge of such a Master!—how blessed the experience of a life devoted to his service! Who would not follow him, who would not serve him, who would not die in his cause? Happy, happy is the man

who is all the day employed in the service of Jesus, and who knows no work but his! Well, well may he say, "Yea, doubtless I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Master—he is so good, so wise, so great, so humble, so mighty, so tender, so holy, so kind, so righteous, so merciful, so steadfast, so considerate, so glorious, so sympathetic, that I cannot but glory in him unto the very death."

5. A perfect *example of character* is presented to us in the life of Christ. This elsewhere is undiscoverable; for Jesus was not only man—perfect man—but he was also God dwelling in man. He was thus incorruptible and infallible in his very constitution: in the fountain of his character he was divine; in its medium, or channel of exercise, human. In him was every perfection of Godhead, in him every grace of manhood—the source of the law and the end of the law in one dwelt in him. His thoughts were perfect thoughts—his words were perfect words—his acts were perfect acts. His character was glorious, and it was also lovely—yea, love was its glory. There were seen in him the tenderness of the infant, the softness of the child, the warmth of the youth, the maturity of the man. He was meek, and yet bold; humble, yet majestic; gracious, yet righteous; forgiving, yet authoritative; courteous, yet independent; affectionate, yet faithful. He did good, but forbid its fame—he performed miracles, yet sought not their glory—he lived for God and for man, and sacrificed himself on their behalf in the end, yet was he silent in his deed. He died as a sufferer, in true agony—he died as a conqueror, in true victory—he rose from the grave as the same Jesus—he ascended into glory as the same Christ—and he is now in the highest heavens, the "same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever!" Oh Blessed One! thou only perfect unfallen One that ever trode this earth, how shall we speak of thee as we ought! Be thou our "pillar of cloud" by day—our "pillar of fire" by night. Dwell, oh dwell in our sight! Be the light of our eyes, and the guide of our weary, wandering, stumbling feet! Blessed and glorious Exemplar! happy is the man that knoweth thee! well may his soul rest from its heavy toils, for he hath found the home of holiness and peace—well may he sell all that he hath, for he hath found the Pearl of great price! There is perhaps nothing pertaining to Christ so despised amongst us as his example! **Arise, then, and study your Lord's character—**

draw near to his person, sit at his feet, hang on his words, drink his Spirit, do his works, and walk in his steps.

6. To know Jesus Christ is to know *heaven* begun on earth. The chief glory of heaven is that of Jesus Christ at the right hand of God. The chief fellowship of heaven is the Lamb that sitteth on the midst of the throne. The chief song is to Him that "loved and washed us in his blood." The character of Christ is the character of heaven. The mind of Christ is the mind of heaven. The people of Christ are the people of heaven. Union to Christ is the key of heaven. The love of Christ is the power of heaven. Obedience to Christ is the test of entrance to heaven. The knowledge of Christ is the very passport to heaven; for Christ will say to the rejected ones, "Depart from me—I never knew you—ye had no fellowship with me—I knew you not as my acquaintances or my friends!" How blessed are they who already know the place to which they go, and where they are to dwell for ever!—who have a daily foretaste of bliss and glory in the company of their beloved Friend and Lord!—who can say of life that it is Christ, of death that it is gain!—who regard departure from this life as presence with Jesus—and who look forward to eternity as being with the Lord Christ for evermore! Yet such is the blessedness of that man who counts all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord; to him earth is Jesus known by faith, and heaven is Jesus known by sight. How slight the transition, how glorious the change!

7. But we must now briefly sum up. We are still the creatures of time and space; and we must sum up the theme of eternity in one short hour. Christ is "*All and in all*" to his people, until they reach heavenly glory. Whatever they need as sinners to save them; whatever they need as believers to confirm them; whatever they need as children to mature, or as men to perfect them, is contained in Christ Jesus. He is their prophet, priest, and king—their "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." He is their father, brother, husband, and kinsman—Redeemer. They live in him, they die in him, they sleep in him, they rise in him. He is their advocate, and intercessor, and representative. When they form new ties on earth, he blesses them; when these ties are sundered, he supplies them. Thus is he the husband of the widow, and the guardian of the orphan, and the inheritance of

him that hath no possession on the earth. He is the head of the body, the life of the soul, the delight of the whole man. But there is one engrossing relationship and a final one in which Christ stands to his people—he is their *Judge*. To his word they appeal now; at his throne they shall appear hereafter. By him shall they be openly acknowledged and acquitted in the day of judgment, and by his sentence shall they enter into the kingdom prepared for them before the foundation of the world. He himself also shall bear testimony as their chief *Witness*; and O! happy are the people who have the Son of God as a witness for them in the great and terrible day of the Lord!

Reader! do we possess the excellent knowledge of this Christ? Have we personal acquaintance and true fellowship with him? Once we were strangers to him—do we now know him? Do we know him by his gospel, by his Spirit, and by the experience of his grace? Have we trusted in him? are we now serving him? are we suffering for his sake? are we applying to him for all that we need? Have we fellowship with him as the image of God to us—as the Saviour of sinners—as an affectionate friend—as a gracious master—as a perfect example—as heaven begun—as all in all to us for grace and glory? Oh! can we thus know Christ and not feel it, neither be conscious of the effects of such knowledge? If ye know him in deed and in truth, then do ye love him, and trust in him, and delight in him, and serve him, and glory in him—do ye not so? Do ye not seek his love more than gold, and desire his grace as sweeter than the honey-comb? Can ye be happy when he is displeased? can ye rejoice when he withdraws the sense of his presence from you? Is not his likeness your pursuit, and conformity to him your only ambition? Do you not regard his cause as your own, and his glory as also yours? Do you not love the Bible that introduced you to him, and the gospel that manifested his love? Do you not bless the Father who gave him, and the Holy Spirit who revealed him? Do you not value the providence of God which makes him precious to you, and the ordinances that bring nigh to you his rich salvation? Oh, yes, we believe it is so with some of our readers! Your hearts glow under the sound of his name. Few ye may be, but blessed. Go, increase in this knowledge until earthly science shall seem but as your kneading-trough, and worldly business as the servant that minis-

ters your daily food. Go, walk with your Lord, until you shall feel, and the world shall see, that the Son of God dwelleth in you, and you in him—until heaven shall seem more desirable than earth, and until the intensity of your faith has prepared you for the ecstacy of beatific sight!

And, oh! come, ye poor ignorant worldlings, that know not this “Pearl of great price!” come ye and buy without money and without price! What avail all your possessions, if ye possess not salvation? What benefit will ye derive at last from all your friendships, if ye enjoy not the friendship of a Saviour? Will the sun enlighten you in the way to heaven, or the moon disclose to you the road to hell? Will the stars reveal to your eyes the contents of eternity, or can the lightnings make known to you a judgment to come? Will science justify you? Can business sanctify you? Has the world died for you? Ye must leave this world as naked as ye entered it. What, then, will avail all that ye must leave behind you, or all that which worms shall eat? Be wise, my fellow-men—be wise; sell all that ye have, rise up, and follow Christ. Behold Him that will lead you out from the curse—from sin—from death—from all evil. Behold Him that will even now receive you, as a Saviour—receive you as you now are, and make you to be what now you are not! Behold Him who waits to receive your guilt, and to give his own righteousness—who will give himself to you, whilst you give yourself to him. Are you a persecutor? Come—for so was Paul. Are you injurious? Come—so was Paul. Are you a blasphemer? Come—so was Paul. Whatever you be, come! leave all that heap of vain dross, and come, and you will know the Christ, the Son of the living God. He will introduce you to the Father, and he will send to you the Holy Spirit. Happy then shalt thou be, O sinner!—Haste thee, haste thee—lose not even a day, or an hour of such bliss; haste thee—and the Lord be with thee!

A LOST BOOK.

A TRANSLATION of an Italian work, entitled “The Benefit of Christ’s Death: or, The Glorious Riches of God’s Free Grace, which every true Believer receives by Jesus Christ, and him Crucified,” has recently been published by the Religious Tract Society. A preface by the Rev. John Ayre, states some curious and interesting particulars regarding it:—

Antonio dalla Paglia, or, as he more generally called himself, Aonio Paleario, was born about the year 1500, at Veroli, in the Campagna di Roma.

He studied under eminent masters, and was soon noticed as an accomplished scholar. He acquired the friendship of many of the learned of his age and country, and also of those dignified ecclesiastics whose religious views were esteemed the most moderate. Among these may be named the Cardinals Sadolet and Pole, who were thought—the last of them particularly—to favour the Reformation.

After passing several years in Rome, Paleario removed to Sienna, where he married a lady, by whom he left two sons and two daughters. By the senate of Sienna he was appointed public teacher of Greek and Latin, and he also lectured on philosophy and the belles lettres. His diligent study of the Scriptures, and of the works of the German divines, imbued his instructions with a spirit very different from the lectures of his colleagues; and this, while it gratified his pupils, provoked the anger of the authorities. Cardinal Sadolet represented to him the danger he incurred, and advised him to yield to the times, and at least clothe his notions in more cautious language. But such advice little suited the zealous mind of Paleario; and he continued to assert his opinions with the greatest freedom. His conduct was therefore watched, and every stratagem employed to fasten the crime of heresy upon him. Thus, because he had exposed the hypocrisy of an ecclesiastic assiduous in his prostrations at the shrine of a saint while evading the payment of his debts, Paleario was represented as an impious wretch, who dishonoured the blessed saints. A remarkable proof is afforded, in one of his letters, of the real ground of opposition to him. "Cotta," says he, "asserts that, if I am allowed to live, there will not be a vestige of religion left in the city. Why? Because, being asked one day what was the first ground on which men should rest their salvation? I replied, 'Christ!' Being asked what was the second, I replied, 'Christ!' and being asked what was the third, I still replied, 'Christ!'"

The charges against him were brought to a point by the publication, in 1543, of his treatise of the "Benefit of Christ's Death." The vast reputation which it had, and the eagerness with which it was read, being in the Italian language, increased the virulence of his opponents. Otho Melius Cotta, above mentioned, was his most determined enemy; and with this person three hundred leagued themselves in a resolution to destroy Paleario; and, in order to insure his condemnation, twelve of these were selected to bear witness against him. He had, in consequence, to defend himself before the senate of Sienna, which he did with so much spirit, that for the moment his defence was successful. "There are some," said he, "so censorious as to be displeased when we give the highest praise to the Author and God of our salvation, Christ, the King of all nations and people. For writing in the Tuscan language to show what great benefits accrue to mankind from his death, a criminal accusation has been made against me. Is it possible to utter or conceive anything more shameful? I said that, since He in whom divinity resided has poured out his life's blood so lovingly for our salvation, we ought not to doubt the good-will of Heaven, but may promise ourselves the greatest tranquillity and peace. I affirmed, agreeably to the most unquestionable monuments of antiquity, that those who turn their souls to Christ crucified, commit themselves to him by faith, acquiesce in the promises, and cleave with assured faith to Him who cannot deceive, are delivered from all evil, and enjoy a full pardon of all their sins. These things appeared so grievous, so detestable, so execrable, to the twelve, I cannot call them men, but inhuman beasts, that they judged that the author should be

committed to the flames. If I must undergo this punishment for the aforesaid testimony (for I deem it a testimony, rather than a libel), then, senators, nothing more happy can befall me. In such times as these I do not think a Christian ought to die in his bed. To be accused, to be dragged to prison, to be scourged, to be hung up by the neck, to be sewed up in a sack, to be exposed to wild beasts, is little: let me be roasted before a fire, provided only the truth be brought to light by such a death."

Though disappointed for the time, Paleario's accusers were not inclined to let him rest; he was, therefore, soon after obliged to quit Sienna. Being invited by the senate of Lucca, he repaired to that city, where he taught, and acted on solemn occasions as orator to the republic. One of his former enemies however—Machus, called Blaterone (the Babbler)—followed him to this place, and being anew confounded by the eloquence and noble bearing of Paleario, sought revenge on him through the Dominicans at Rome. But he had friends in the conclave, who for the present stifled the charges of his accuser.

The income of his post at Lucca appears to have been scarcely sufficient for the creditable maintenance of his family; and he had the trial of seeing his wife endure privations to which she had been unaccustomed. After remaining, therefore, for about ten years in his office, he accepted a more advantageous proposal from the senate of Milan. This was to become professor of eloquence, with a liberal salary and various privileges, and here he might have expected to spend the remainder of his life. But the toils of the persecutors were now fast thickening around the Reformed; and Paleario, after several years of peril, was just, in 1566, deliberating about a removal to Bologna, when, on the accession of Pius V. to the Papal chair, the accusation against the author of "The Benefit of Christ's Death" was directed to be re-heard. He was then seized by the inquisitor, Angelo di Cremona, conveyed to Rome, and committed a close prisoner to the Torre Nona.

The charges against him were disposed under the following four heads:—That he denied purgatory; that he disapproved of the burial of the dead in churches, and preferred the ancient Roman mode of sepulture without the walls of the cities; that he ridiculed the monastic life; and, lastly, that he ascribed justification solely to faith in the mercy of God forgiving our sins through Jesus Christ. In his examinations he appears to have manifested great firmness. When questioned by the cardinals of the Inquisition, he addressed them (it is an enemy who reports his words): "Seeing that your eminences have so many credible witnesses against me, it is unnecessary for you to give yourselves or me longer trouble. I am resolved to act according to the advice of the blessed Apostle Peter, when he says, 'Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps: who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth: who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously.' Proceed, then, to give judgment: pronounce sentence on Aonio, and thus gratify his adversaries and fulfil your office." Judgment was given, and he was condemned, after more than three years' imprisonment, to be suspended on a gibbet, and his body to be committed to the flames; though, according to some authorities, he was burned alive.

The Romanists, according to their frequent practice in such cases, pretended that Aonio was repentant, and died in the communion of their Church. And there is a minute to this effect extant, which purports to be an official document of the Dominicans who attended him in his last moments. But this

assertion is refuted by an author, Laderchius, who drew his materials from the records of the Inquisition, and who says, "When it appeared that this son of Belial was obstinate and refractory, and could by no means be recovered from the darkness of error to the light of truth, he was deservedly delivered to the fire, that, after suffering its momentary pains here, he might be found in everlasting flames hereafter." Indeed, the last letters which Paleario wrote to his family, on the morning of his death, sufficiently show the falsity of the pretended recantation. They would, we may readily conclude, have expressed his contrition, had he felt any, for opposing the Popish doctrines. These letters to his wife and children are as follow:—

"My dearest Wife,—I would not wish that you should receive sorrow from my pleasure, nor ill from my good. The hour is now come when I must pass from this life to my Lord and Father and God. I depart as joyfully as if I were going to the nuptials of the Son of the great King, which I have always prayed my Lord to grant me through his goodness and infinite mercy. Wherefore, my dearest wife, comfort yourself with the will of God and with my resignation, and attend to the desponding family which still survives, training them up, and preserving them in the fear of God, and being to them both father and mother. I am now an old man of seventy years, and useless. Our children must provide for themselves by their virtue and industry, and lead an honourable life. God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, be with your spirit!—Thy husband,

"AONIO PALEARIO."

"Rome, July 3, 1570."

"Lampridio and Fedro, beloved Children,—These my very courteous lords do not abate in their kindness to me even at this extremity, and give me permission to write to you. It pleases God to call me to himself by this means, which may appear to you harsh and painful; but, if you regard it properly, as happening with my full resignation and pleasure, you will acquiesce in the will of God, as you have hitherto done. Virtue and industry I leave you for a patrimony, along with the little property you already possess. I do not leave you in debt: many are always asking when they ought to give. You were freed more than eighteen years ago: you are not bound for my debts. If you are called upon to discharge them, have recourse to his excellency the Duke, who will not see you wronged. I have requested from Luca Pridio an account of what is due to me, and what I am owing. With the dowry of your mother, bring up your little sister as God shall give you grace. Salute Aspasia and sister Aonilla, my beloved daughters in the Lord. My hour approaches. The Spirit of God console and preserve you in his grace!—Your father,

"AONIO PALEARIO,"

"Rome, July 3, 1570."

The superscription was, "To his dearest wife, Marietta Paleario, and to his beloved sons Lampridio and Fedro Paleario, at the hill of Valdenza, in the suburbs of St. Caterina."

After these last farewells, he rendered up himself to the tormentors, and entered his eternal rest.

Many of the works of Aonio Paleario are extant; but the treatise on "The Benefit of the Death of Christ" is not included in any collection of them, probably because it appeared anonymously. The original title was "Trattato utilissimo del beneficio de Giesu Christo crucifisso verso i Christiani. Venetis, apud Bernardinum de Bindonis. Anno Do. 1543." Its publication attracted great attention;

and it was attributed by some to Cardinal Pole, supposed at that time, as already observed, to favour the doctrines of the Reformation.

"Many are of opinion," says Vergario, "that there is scarcely a book of this age, or at least, in the Italian language, so sweet, so pious, so simple, and so well-fitted to instruct the ignorant and weak, especially in the doctrine of justification. I will say more: Reginald Pole, the British cardinal, and the intimate friend of Morone, was esteemed the author of that book, or partly so; at least it is known that he, with Flaminio, Priuli, and his other friends, defended and circulated it." So great was its popularity that forty thousand copies are said to have been sold in six years; and it was translated into several other languages. It was, however, as before noticed, particularly distasteful to the Romish authorities; and consequently the most strenuous attempts were made to suppress it. It is forbidden by the various prohibitory indexes, in which the title only is recited, without Paleario's name; indeed, in one index, it is ranked amongst the books of which the authors were not certainly known. How successful the attempts to suppress this treatise were, shall be told in the words of Mr. T. B. Macaulay. In a paper published in the *Edinburgh Review* for October 1840, entitled "The Revolutions of the Papacy," he says, "It was not on moral influence alone that the Church relied. In Spain and Italy the civil sword was unsparingly employed in her support. The Inquisition was armed with new powers, and inspired with a new energy. If Protestantism, or the semblance of Protestantism, showed itself in any quarter, it was instantly met, not by party teasing persecution, but by persecution of that sort which bows down and crushes all but a very few select spirits. Whoever was suspected of heresy, whatever his rank, his learning, or his reputation, was to purge himself to the satisfaction of a severe and vigilant tribunal, or to die by fire. Heretical books were sought out and destroyed with unsparing rigour. Works which were once in every house were so effectually suppressed, that no copy of them is now to be found in the most extensive libraries. One book in particular, entitled 'Of the Benefit of the Death of Christ,' had this fate. It was written in Tuscan, was many times republished, and was eagerly read in every part of Italy. But the Inquisitors detected in it the Lutheran doctrine of justification by faith alone. *They proscribed it; and it is now as utterly lost as the second decade of Livy.*"

Such, indeed, has been the opinion, repeatedly expressed, of other writers; and no copy of the original Italian work is known to exist. It is quite possible that it still may lurk in some unexplored recesses; but there is no certainty of this being the case. It was, however, translated into Spanish and French; and Dr. McCre, in his valuable "History of the Reformation in Italy," showed that an English version had been made not later than the year 1577. It was this statement that attracted the attention of the present editor, and induced him to make researches for a book which he felt persuaded must survive in its English dress. He was successful, three or four years ago, in finding the copy of the fourth English edition, from which this volume is now printed; and he has since ascertained the existence of two other copies. It is very probable that more may from time to time be discovered.

This English translation was made, not from the Italian original, but from the French version; and it would appear, from the translator's preface, that he was ignorant of the name of the author. His own initials (A. G.) only are given; but it may be supposed that these letters designate Arthur Golding,

who was long and laboriously employed in Queen Elizabeth's reign in rendering into English the works of several of the foreign Reformers, of the Latin classics, and of other writers. That the translation, however, here given is really that of Paleario's work, is proved both by its agreement with Paleario's own description of it in his defence already cited before the senate of Sienna, and by the testimony of Riederer, who appears, according to Dr. McCre's statement, to have seen the original, and who has supplied a detailed account of it.

"BEHOLD THE MAN!"

JOHN XIX. 5.

"Behold the man!" the Roman cried—

And with his thorn-crowned head,
And purple robe of mockery,
Immanuel forth was led.

Messiah stood on that dread spot,
But blinded Judah knew Him not.

"Behold the man!" come, let us gaze,
And, as we gaze, adore;

Behold the Lamb of God, who all

Our sins and sorrows bore!
Oh! length and breadth, and depth and height,
Of love, how vast, how infinite!

"Behold the man!" Almighty Judge,

Behold Him as He stands,
And say, hath he not fully paid
Thy law's most stern demands;
And look on us in this thy Son,
Thine own anointed Holy One.

"Behold the man!" thou self-condemned,

Thou conscience-stricken soul;
Look unto Him and be thou saved—
Thy faith shall make thee whole.
Under his shadow thou shalt find
True peace to calm thy troubled mind.

"Behold the man!" ye who have sought

The shelter of His breast,
Ye who have felt that He indeed
Gives to the weary rest,
When pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Beset by dangers, doubts, and fears.

Behold Him oft! for every look

Fresh vigour shall impart,
And living streams of grace infuse
Into your sinking heart,
Till by life's full and flowing river,
Before His throne, you stand for ever.

—Free Church Magazine.

panied may be of service to readers, both among ministers and private members of the Church:—]

You will indulge me, brethren, with a moment to say a few words to him whose consecration to the office of missionary bishop is now to take place. You can little conceive with what a special and most affectionate interest the speaker will participate in this solemnity. A little of it may be explained by the following brief relation:—

It is now nearly thirteen years since a very remarkable work of grace occurred in the Military Academy of the United States. During a condition of almost universal indifference to religion and of wide-spread infidelity, against which the efforts of the ministry of one man, set for the defence of the gospel, seemed for a long time to make not the least way; suddenly almost, in a very few days, many minds, without communication with one another, and without personal intercourse with the minister, appeared deeply, and almost simultaneously interested in the great matters of eternal life. Officers as well as cadets participated in this, and to such an extent, that the minister's study was soon occupied every evening with assemblies, composed of both, for prayer and the exposition of the Word of God; and a serious impression, more or less deep and abiding, was spread over a large part of the whole military community. Several became at that period very decided soldiers of Christ. Many others received impressions then, which God has since ripened into manifest and energetic piety. Many more received the seed of the word, in whom, though it seemed to die, it has since, under the continued influence of the Spirit, sprung up and brought forth fruit. Some are still in military life. Others have been, long since, adorning the Christian profession in the ministry of the gospel.

The very first appearance of this work of grace, so remarkably and singularly the work of God, was the coming of a cadet, alone and most unexpected, to introduce himself to the chaplain, and unburden the sorrows of a contrite heart. All around him was coldness and scepticism. To speak decidedly in favour of religion, was then so unusual in the Academy, that it made one singular. To converse with the chaplain on that subject, had not yet been ventured by any, except out of opposition to the truth. That any would appear there seriously seeking eternal life, even the chaplain was afraid to hope. But the darkest of the night is nearest the dawn. A cadet did venture to come, in open day, to the chaplain's study, too deeply concerned to heed what would be said of him. He was personally unknown to the chaplain. His message he tried to utter, but he could not. Again he tried, and again; but the heart was too full for speech. At length it was: "*Tell me what must I do—I have come about my soul. I know not what I want—I am entirely in the dark. What must I seek? where must I go?*" Such was the first declaration of one who for some days had been awakened under the preaching and reading of the truth. A sermon preached on the Scriptures, and a tract, sent at a venture, from the chaplain's study to whomsoever it might meet, had been blessed to his soul.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF PROVIDENCE.

[The following forms the conclusion of a remarkable sermon, delivered some years ago by the good Bishop McIlwaine of Ohio, at the consecration of the Rev. Mr. Polk, missionary in Arkansas, United States. The narrative which it embodies is of singular interest, as an illustration of the ways of Providence; and the fervent exhortations by which it is accom-

Doubts and cavils were all abandoned. Implicit submission seemed his engrossing principle. From that moment the young man appeared to take up the cross, and to stand decidedly and boldly on the Lord's side. The singular and very prominent evidence of the hand of God in this case, was very greatly blessed to others. By-and-by, he professed Christ in the sacrament of baptism, which was administered to him, with others, recently turned to the Lord, in the chapel of the Military Academy, and in the presence of all the corps. After graduating at that institution, and leaving the army, he passed through a regular course of study for the holy ministry, and was successively ordained deacon and presbyter. Many years have since elapsed. The chaplain has since been called to a high order in the ministry, and more enlarged responsibilities in the Church. The cadet, meanwhile, after many vicissitudes of active duty and disabling ill health, supposed he had settled himself for the rest of his life, as a preacher and pastor to an humble and obscure congregation of negroes, whom he had collected together from neighbouring plantations; to whom, living entirely upon his own pecuniary means, he appropriated a part of his own house for a church, and to whose eternal interest he had chosen cheerfully and happily to devote himself, as their spiritual father, with no emolument but their salvation. But such was just the true spirit for the highest of all vocations in the Church. To be a servant of servants, is the very school in which to prepare for the chief ministry, under Him who took on him the form of a servant. The Church needed a missionary bishop for a vast field for great self-denial, for untiring patience, for courageous enterprise. Here was directed to the self-appointed pastor of that humble congregation. With most impressive unanimity did she call him away to a work, not indeed of more dignified duty, but of more eminent responsibility; not indeed of more exquisite satisfaction to a Christian's heart (for what can give a true Christian heart more exquisite satisfaction than to lead such of the poor to Christ?), but of severer trials, and vastly greater difficulties and hardships. Counting the cost, he has not dared to decline it. Regarding the call as of God, he has embraced the promised grace, and is now ready to be offered. And thus the chaplain has here met the beloved cadet again, seeing and adoring the end of the Lord in that remarkable beginning; and now, with unspeakable thankfulness to God for what he here witnesses, may he say to this candidate, elect, for labour and sacrifice, in the words of St. Paul to his beloved disciple: "Thou therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. And the things thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men who shall be able to teach others also." I call you *son*, in affectionate recollection of the past. I call you *brother* now, in affectionate consideration of the present and the future. Dear, beloved brother, I see plainly in prospect the hardness you are to endure. I mean not hardness to the body. Of this, indeed, you will have no lack in your wide circuits of travel and labour. But this is not the cross I speak of. Hard-

ness to the Spirit, I mean; trials of patience and faith, and love and meekness; trials of the heart, painful and constant—such as Jesus knew so acutely, because his spirit was so pure, his heart so tender, his sense of the hatefulness of sin so deep—trials, such as you will feel acutely, in proportion as you attain towards the purity and elevation of the mind of your dear Master. But "God hath not given us the spirit of fear." "Be thou partaker of the afflictions of the gospel, according to the power of God." "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." Be ever looking unto him, glorious Captain of your salvation!—ever considering him who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself; have in him the simple confidence of a good soldier; show the implicit obedience, the patient watchfulness, the intrepid zeal, the entire devotedness of a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Your strength is all in him. It is enough. Use it. It waits your call. Draw upon that right hand of power, till you are "*strong in the Lord*." Carry the spirit of the pastor of that congregation of slaves, the spirit of a servant of servants, into the highest walks of your office. A ruler by commission, be always the servant of all in spirit and in work. Wash the disciples' feet. Do anything to bring sinners to the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost. Count all things but loss, that the lost may "win Christ, and be found in him." Be yourself an example of the plainest, the most pointed, distinct, earnest, and constant preaching of Christ. This, and the raising up and sending out of others to the same work, is the high vocation to which you are called. Strive to surround yourself with a ministry after this pattern—a ministry of men schooled in the experience of the preciousness of Christ; schooled in the mind of Christ; taught of God how to set him forth to the consciences and hearts, to the wants, and fears, and woes, of this lost and blinded race. "Lay hands suddenly on no man." Aim indeed at a numerous ministry, because absolutely needed. Aim, infinitely more, at a ministry full of the Holy Ghost; knowing Christ, teaching Christ, following Christ; ready to endure all things for Christ and his kingdom. When difficulties thicken, and helpers are few, and the wilderness is dark and dry, remember that you do not minister to others without being ministered unto; you have a "*good Shepherd*"—out of sight, but always near; ever holding you with his right hand. Jesus ministereth to you. Let him minister. Open your whole soul to the working of his silent, all-subduing ministry. It will lift up your heart, and fill you with peace, and make your wilderness and solitary place be glad.

Finally, Remember the time is short. The six working days of this short week will soon be over—the everlasting Sabbath will soon begin. Labour hard. The work is great; but what we do must be done quickly. "We must give ourselves continually to prayer and the ministry of the word." We look "for the appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." Watch and work! With a father's heart, I pray for you; with a brother's heart, I pray for you; commending you to God and the word of his grace. "The God of peace, who brought again from

the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

THE SABBATH QUESTION.

A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE OF THE RIGHTEOUS.*

To those who are God's children in this land, I would, in the name of our common Saviour, who is the Lord of the Sabbath-day, address

A WORD OF EXHORTATION.

I. PRIZE THE LORD'S-DAY.—The more that others despise and trample on it, love you it all the more. The louder the storm of blasphemy howls around you, sit the closer at the feet of Jesus. "He must reign till he has put all enemies under his feet." Diligently improve all holy time. It should be the busiest day of the seven—but only in the business of eternity. Avoid sin on that holy day. God's children should avoid sin every day, but most of all on the Lord's-day. It is a day of double cursing as well as of double blessing. The world will have to answer dreadfully for sins committed in holy time. Spend the Lord's-day in the Lord's presence. Spend it as a day in heaven. Spend much of it in praise and in works of mercy, as Jesus did.

II. DEFEND THE LORD'S-DAY.—Lift up a calm, undaunted testimony against all the profanations of the Lord's-day. Use all your influence, whether as a statesman, a magistrate, a master, a father, or a friend, both publicly and privately, to defend the entire Lord's-day. This duty is laid upon you in the Fourth Commandment. Never see the Sabbath broken without reproving the breaker of it. Even worldly men, with all their pride and contempt for us, cannot endure to be convicted of Sabbath-breaking. Always remember God and the Bible are on your side, and that you will soon see these men cursing their own sin and folly when too late. Let all God's children in Scotland lift up a united testimony, especially against these three public profanations of the Lord's-day:—

1. *The keeping open of Reading-rooms.*—In this town, and in all the large towns of Scotland, I am told, you may find in the public reading-rooms many of our men of business turning over the newspapers and magazines at all hours of the Lord's-day; and, especially on Sabbath evenings, many of these places are filled like a little church. Ah, guilty men! how plainly you show that you are on the broad road that leadeth to destruction. If you were a murderer or an adulterer, perhaps you would not dare to deny this. Do you not know, and all the sophistry of hell cannot disprove it, that the same God who said, "Thou shalt not kill," said also, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy?" The murderer who is dragged to the gibbet, and the polished Sabbath-breaker, are one in the sight of God.

2. *The keeping open of Public-houses.*—Public-houses are the curse of Scotland. I never see a sign, "Licensed to sell spirits," without thinking that it is a license to ruin souls. They are the yawning avenues to poverty and rags in this life, and, as another has said, "the short cut to hell." Is it to be tamely borne in this land of light and reformation,

that these pest-houses and dens of iniquity—these man-traps for precious souls—shall be open on the Sabbath—nay, that they shall be enriched and kept afloat by this unholy traffic, many of them declaring that they could not keep up their shop if it were not for the Sabbath market-day? Surely we may well say, "Cursed is the gain made on that day." Poor wretched man! Do you know that every penny that rings upon your counter on that day will yet eat your flesh as if it were fire—that every drop of liquid poison swallowed in your gas-lit palaces will only serve to kindle up the flame of "the fire that is not quenched."

3. *Sunday Trains upon the Railway.*—A majority of the Directors of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway have shown their determination, in a manner that has shocked all good men, to open the railway on the Lord's-day.* The sluices of infidelity have been opened at the same time, and floods of blasphemous tracts are pouring over the land, decrying the holy day of the blessed God, as if there were no eye in Heaven, no King on Zion hill, no day of reckoning.

Christian countrymen, awake! and filled, by the same spirit that delivered our country from the dark superstitions of Rome, let us beat back the incoming tide of infidelity and enmity to the Sabbath.

Guilty men! who, under Satan, are leading on the deep dark phalanx of Sabbath-breakers, yours is a solemn position. You are *robbers*;—you rob God of his holy day. You are *murderers*;—you murder the souls of your servants. God said, "Thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy servant;" but you compel your servants to break God's law, and to sell their souls for gain. You are *sinners against light*. Your Bible and your catechism, the words of godly parents, perhaps now in the Sabbath above, and the loud remonstrances of God-fearing men, are ringing in your ears, while you perpetrate this deed of shame, and glory in it. You are *traitors to your country*. The law of your country declares that you should "observe a holy rest all that day from your own words, works, and thoughts;" and yet you scout it as an antiquated superstition. Was it not Sabbath-breaking that made God cast away Israel?" And yet you would bring the same curse on Scotland now. You are *moral suicides*, stabbing your own souls, proclaiming to the world that you are not the Lord's people, and hurrying on your souls to meet the Sabbath-breaker's doom.

In conclusion, I propose, for the calm consideration of all sober-minded men, the following

SERIOUS QUESTIONS.

1. Can you name one godly minister, of any denomination in all Scotland, who does not hold the duty of the entire sanctification of the Lord's-day?

2. Did you ever meet with a lively believer in any country under heaven—one who loved Christ, and lived a holy life—who did not delight in keeping holy to God the entire Lord's-day?

3. Is it wise to take the interpretation of God's will concerning the Lord's-day from "men of the world," from infidels, scoffers, men of unholy lives, men who are sand-blind in all divine things, men who are the enemies of all righteousness, who quote Scripture freely, as Satan did, to deceive and betray?

4. If, in opposition to the uniform testimony of

* This is happily no longer the case so far as concerns the Railway mentioned. But there are Directors of other Railways in Scotland, as well as in England, to whom it is, unfortunately, too applicable.

* From "I love the Lord's-day," by the late Rev. R. M. McChesney.

God's wisest and holiest servants—against the plain warnings of God's Word—against the very words of your catechism, learned beside your mother's knee—and against the voice of your outraged conscience—you join the ranks of the Sabbath-breakers, will not this be a *sin against light*—will it not lie heavy on your soul upon your death-bed—will it not meet you in the judgment-day?

Praying that these words of truth and soberness may be owned of God, and carried home to your hearts with divine power—I remain, dear fellow-countrymen, your souls' well-wisher, &c.

A SABBATH IN SPAIN.

(From "Glimpses of the Old World," by the late Rev. Dr. Clark of Philadelphia.)

THE climate of Malaga, especially in winter, I should think, was unusually fine. The weather, while I was there, which was about the first of January, was mild and bland as a summer's day. I also spent a Sabbath here. I never before witnessed such an entire desecration of the day of sacred rest. It seemed to me, that among the vast crowds that peopled this place, there were none that feared God or regarded his institutions. All the shops and stores seemed to be open as on any other day. The markets and Alameda were filled with men and women engaged in occupations of business or amusement; ships were unloading their freight, and the open warehouses receiving it; merchants were in their counting-rooms transacting their business, as though God had not said, "*Remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy.*" Bills were posted announcing that the theatre would be open at seven o'clock. The idle and dissipated were lounging around the streets, crowding around the wharves, or sitting at the door of some *café* playing cards. All places seemed to be full of activity and life, but the lonely and desolate temples of the Lord. I scarcely need tell you that I sought in vain for a Protestant church in Malaga: such an establishment, if I mistake not, is unknown in Spain.

I went to one of the Catholic parish churches, the one most highly spoken of in Malaga, the Church of St. Jago. The edifice was beautiful, being richly ornamented with gilded ceilings, fine paintings, and statuary. The people, however, assembled there, were fed with husks—with an empty pantomime of crossings and ringing of bells, and bearing aloft of burning tapers: at midnight, of prostrations before images, and endless genuflections. Mass was said or sung in a language which the people did not understand. There was no living voice of instruction to guide erring sinners to the cross—no intelligible form of sound words, to lift the hearts of the assembled worshippers in devout adoration to the Lord. I was sickened by the scene. I turned from the gaudy-decked priest and his attendants to examine the congregation. There was scarcely a well-dressed man among the number, and I should think, from their attire, but a very few ladies belonging to the more cultivated classes of society. The mass of the congregation consisted of beggars, attracted here by the hopes of obtaining alms, and of quite the lower class of people. On my way to my lodgings I stopped at several other churches, and found the state of things there precisely what I had seen at St. Jago's, except in the edifices there was not so much external splendour. I have been informed, from an intelligent source, that one reason of this desertion of the churches in Spain, is, that the more cultivated classes of people have become disgusted

with the empty forms of Popery, and the licentious and immoral lives of many of those who minister at the altar, and that the general tendency among this class now is to scepticism and infidelity—a contempt and rejection of all religion. How far this remark applies to Spain generally, I am unable to say. It is precisely the course which I should think things would take. It is precisely the course which things did take in France, just before the reign of terror and blood in that land.

The cathedral is the great charm of Malaga. I should have gone there on Sunday morning, but the services were held at a very early hour. As soon as its bell announced the commencement of vespers, or the evening service, I directed my steps thither. The exterior of this magnificent edifice is in an unfinished state, having never been completed according to the original plan; but even in its present state it is very imposing. The interior is beautifully finished. The floor is a pavement of marble; every square slab being alternately white and brown. Four rows of immense columns or pilasters, thirty-two in all, run through the whole length of this building, supporting the roof, and from the exterior rows are recessed back on each side eight little chapels, shut in by an iron pale, and adorned with pictures and images. The high altar and pulpit are incrustured with fine marble, and the choir ornamented in a style of peculiar elegance. The length of the building I should think at least three hundred, and breadth two hundred feet.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when I went to the cathedral. The light at this hour was but imperfectly admitted through the small and obstructed windows, into the spacious courts of this vast sanctuary. In a short time after I entered, every thing seemed wrapped in the dusky hue of twilight. A few solitary worshippers were seen here and there before an altar, or an image of the Virgin, bowed down in silence. In the choir were suspended some thirty burning lamps, and two or three solitary wax tapers were lit before the high altar. The voice of chanters now arose from the choir, and at intervals the majestic organ, with its vast swell of thundering sound, poured forth a tide of music that thrilled upon the ear of the listener. I should think there were from thirty to forty choristers, canons, and ecclesiastics in the choir, joining in the vespers. But, alas! where was the congregation assembled to adore the God of the Sabbath? Where were the sinners awakened and led to the crucified One? Where was the voice of instruction, guiding the flock in the way of life?

There were not twenty persons present in the whole cathedral, with the exception of the sacerdotal band of performers in the choir. The exercises were not calculated to instruct, as the psalms chanted were in Latin, and the persons present seemed to view them in no other light than as a sort of Sunday afternoon treat of fine music.

I turned away, and paced the dusky aisles of this majestic cathedral in bitterness of spirit, at the thought of the inadequate means afforded in the Roman Catholic Church for the guidance of immortal spirits in the way everlasting. Oh when will the light of divine truth—of a simple and unadulterated gospel—again shine upon Spain, and upon entire Papal Christendom? What armies of priests this Church has, that pass a lazy existence, saying over daily a few Latin prayers—singing their matins and vespers, and spending the rest of the time in eating and drinking, in sleep and indolence, while millions under their care are perishing for lack of knowledge, because they never heard the simple truth as it is in Jesus!

"LAST YEAR I WOULD HAVE SOUGHT
THE REDEEMER."

(Related by an American Minister, in "Henry's
Letters to a Friend.")

AN accomplished and amiable young woman in the town of —, had been deeply affected by a sense of her spiritual danger. She was the only child of a fond and affectionate parent. The depression which accompanied her discovery of guilt and depravity awakened all the jealousies of her father. He dreaded the loss of that sprightliness and vivacity which constituted the life of his domestic circle. He was startled by the answers which his questions elicited; while he foresaw, or thought he foresaw, an encroachment on the hitherto unbroken tranquillity of a deceived heart. Efforts were made to remove the cause of disquietude; but they were such efforts as unsanctified wisdom directed. The Bible, at last—O, how little may a parent know the far-reaching of the deed, when he snatches the Word of life from the hand of a child!—the Bible, and other books of religion, were removed from her possession, and their place was supplied by works of fiction. An excursion of pleasure was proposed and declined. An offer of gayer amusement shared the same fate. Promises, remonstrances, and threatenings followed; and the father's infatuated perseverance at last brought compliance. Alas! how little may a parent be aware that he is decking his offspring with the fillets of death, and leading her to the sacrifice, like a follower of Moloch? The end was accomplished: all thoughts of piety, and all concern for the immortal future, vanished together. But, in less than a year, the gaudy deception was completely exploded! The fascinating and gay L—M— was prostrated by a fever that bade defiance to medical skill. The approach of death was unequivocal; and the countenance of every attendant fell, as if they had heard the flight of his arrow. I see, even now, that look, directed to the father, by the dying martyr of folly. The glazing eye was dim in hopelessness; and yet there seemed a something in its expiring rays that told reproof, and tenderness, and terror in the same glance. And that voice—its tone was decided, but sepulchral still—"My father! last year I would have sought the Redeemer. Father, your child is—" Eternity heard the remainder of the sentence, for it was not uttered in time. The wretched survivor now saw before him the fruit of a disorder whose seeds had been sown when his delighted look followed the steps of his idol in the maze of a dance. O how often, when I have witnessed the earthly wisdom of a parent banishing the thoughts of eternity, have I dwelt on that expression, which seemed the last reflection from a season of departed hope, "Last year I would have sought the Redeemer!"

THE INFIDEL ANSWERED.

A FEW months since, a well-known minister of the Presbyterian Church delivered a series of discourses against Infidelity, in a town in Louisiana, on the Red

River, some of the citizens of which were known to be sceptical. A few days afterward he took passage in a steamer ascending the Mississippi, and found on board several of the citizens of that town, among whom was a disciple of Tom Paine, noted as the ringleader of a band of infidels. So soon as he discovered the minister, he commenced his horrid blasphemies; and when he perceived him reading at one of the tables, he proposed to his companions to go with him to the opposite side of the table and listen to some stories that he had to tell upon religion and religious men, which he said would annoy the old preacher. Quite a number, prompted by curiosity, gathered around him to listen to his vulgar stories and anecdotes, all of which were pointed against the Bible and its ministers. The preacher did not raise his eyes from the book which he was reading, nor appear to be in the least disconcerted by the presence of the rabble. At length the infidel walked up to him, and rudely slapping him on the shoulder, said: "Old fellow, what do you think of these things?" He calmly pointed out of the door, and said: "Do you see that beautiful landscape spread out in such quiet loveliness before you?" "Yes." "It has a variety of flowers, plants, and shrubs, that are calculated to fill the beholder with delight." "Yes." "Well, if you were to send out a dove, he would pass over that scene and see in it all that was beautiful and lovely, and delight himself in gazing at and admiring it; but if you were to send out a buzzard over precisely the same scene, he would see in it nothing to fix his attention, unless he could find some rotten carcass that would be loathsome to all other animals. He would alight and gloat upon it with exquisite pleasure." "Do you mean to compare me to a buzzard, sir?" said the infidel, colouring very deeply. "I made no allusion to you, sir," said the minister very quietly. The infidel walked off in confusion, and went by the name of "The Buzzard" during the remainder of the passage.—*Presbyterian Herald.*

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

MR. W— had come up from his residence at Rouen to attend the anniversaries of the benevolent societies at Paris. During the meetings he felt peculiarly distressed at the idea of his having done so little for the glory of Christ. Through the reports of the various societies which were on this occasion read, he was led to see the wants of a dying world. He was engaged from one end of the week to the other in his counting-room, pursuing secular ends, and doing comparatively nothing for Christ. While under peculiar depression from such a train of reflections, Mr. De Felice arose to address the meeting. This gentleman is now a professor in the University at Montauban, and is associated with the Monods, the Malans, and the D'Aubignés in carrying on the great work of evangelizing the French nation. In the course of his remarks, he spoke of the good that was often silently done, by the benevolent efforts of individuals who might remain till death totally unconscious of the unspeakable benefit they had conferred. In illustration of this remark, he referred to a premium that was offered by some unknown individual, for the best essay that should be written on the utility of Bible Societies. He himself was then a student at Strasbourg, and in sentiment a thorough-going Neologist.

Seeing this notice in some periodical, rather as a matter of amusement than otherwise, he thought he would try his hand. In attempting to write on the subject, he was obliged to acquaint himself with the truths of the Sacred Scriptures, and see their various practical bearings. His mind was thus brought into direct contact with the divine Word, and he soon felt its subduing power. Before his essay was finished, he had become a new man in Christ Jesus, and all his plans for life were changed. From that moment he determined to devote all his powers to the business of making known "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

This narration fell with thrilling power upon the ear of our friend Mr. W——, for although Mr. De Felice was unacquainted with the fact, Mr. W—— was the individual who had offered the premium for the essay. He now felt humbled and rebuked for the recent depression which had clouded his mind, and at once determined to go on in faith, doing all that he could for the spread of the gospel, leaving consequences entirely with the Lord.—*Clark's "Glimpses,"* &c.

RISEN WITH CHRIST.

(From an Old Author.)

"Ye are risen with him, through the faith of the operation of God."—Col. ii. 12.

Who are risen with Christ? All the members of his mystical body; he is their head and representative. They are all mystically risen with him. But they have no knowledge or comfort of this till another resurrection is experienced by them. This is what the apostle here alludes to. This is by faith. As soon as any poor sinner knows, understands, and believes, that Christ died for our offences, and was raised again for our justification, that soul is actually risen with Christ.

Here behold—1. The preciousness of faith. 2. Of whose operation it is. 3. The glorious effects it hath upon the heart and life. It brings Christ into the soul. It causes the soul to ascend up to Christ. Thus this living, powerful, influencing grace, which is the work of the Holy Ghost, is distinguished from a dead faith, a lifeless assent, a barren notion, which floats in the heads of carnal professors. Examine yourselves. Prove and try your faith. Is it from Christ above? Then it leads your hearts and affections from things below to Christ above. Be not deceived. Take not up with a notion of faith in your head, instead of the grace of faith in your heart. The former will leave you just where it found you—in your sins, with the love of the world reigning in your heart; the riches, honours, and pleasures of the world, your idols and your pursuits; and yourself, only a poor, cold-hearted, formal professor. Oh how many of this sort abound! They differ from the rest of the world only in notion and speculation, in tongue and doctrine. Lord Jesus, forbid that this should be our state. If we have the faith of the operation of God the Holy Ghost, our souls will be fired with the love of Christ, our hearts will burn with ardent love to him, his truths, his people, and his cause. We shall delight to live above with him, and long to reign eternally in his presence. We shall consider the body as our prison, overcome the world as our enemy, and treat all things with contempt in comparison of fellowship with our God and Saviour. If we are not at all times thus happy, at least we shall hunger and thirst after it. Risen souls

are earnestly concerned to have doctrines brought into heart experience and life influence. Oh, Sun of Righteousness, let us feel thy warm, enlivening beams upon our hearts, that we may not grow cold, formal, and languid before thee! Thine is the power.

OUR STRENGTH.

THE believer's strength lies where it can never be lost. His salvation is an effect of Omnipotence itself which nothing can defeat. And, while he leans not either upon self or the creature, no created power can hurt him. Indeed, as Dr. Sibbes has excellently remarked, "Since the fall, God will not trust us with our own salvation; but it is both *purchased and kept* by Christ for us, and we for it, through a faith which is wrought by the power of God." Christ is *Jehovah* to all the *hosts* of his creatures; but in a peculiar manner, he is *Jehovah*, full of grace and of truth, to the hosts of his redeemed. Through the greatness of his might, and *not their own*, none of these, no, not one, can possibly fail.—*Serle*.

GET NEAR JESUS.

You seem not to have a clear view of the happiness of the beloved of Jesus, or at least of your privilege of loving him again. Your dulness in private prayer arises from the want of familiar friendship with Jesus. To obviate it, go to your closet as if you were going to meet the dearest friend you ever had; cast yourself at his feet, bemoan your coldness before him, extol his love to you, till your heart break with a desire to love Him, yea, till it actually melt with his love. Be you the importunate widow, and get your Lord to avenge you of your adversary—I mean your cold heart.—*Fletcher*.

THE LITTLE CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

THE morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.
All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near thy side.
O make thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see thy face.

INCONSISTENCIES.

CHRIST's real people are his servants, his subjects, his friends. But of many of his professed people it may be said, What strange servants! always at work for themselves; doing nothing for their Master! What singular subjects! taking the reins of government into their own hands, and making their own will a law unto themselves. What heartless friends! preferring the company of the vain, and the friendship of the world, above communion with God!—*Nevins*.

DIVERSE VIEWS OF RELIGION, AND THE ONLY TRUE ONE.

BY THE REV. ROBERT NEWSTEAD, MANCHESTER.

"What is written in the law? how readest thou?"—
LUKE X. 26.

THESE two important questions would be differently answered by different men, especially by a nominal Jew and a nominal Christian. Proposed by our Lord to one who inquired what he must *do* to inherit eternal life, in order probably to awaken conviction in his mind of human inability, and to produce reflections that should lead him into the right way, they seem to say, How does the law, with which thou oughtest to be familiar, determine the matter? How understandest thou what is written there on this great subject? It is, however, no part of our present purpose to pursue this important subject in connection with its context, but rather viewing the questions apart from their original application, and considering them, as they really are, one solemn interrogation (though, in a reiterative form, common to the Sacred Scriptures), and as asking the reader, *How dost thou estimate the claims of a spiritual religion?* This is a very important inquiry, and might be most interestingly carried out; for it is obvious that Christianity itself is received under different aspects by different men, according to their various views, characters, prejudices, education, constitution, &c.

Some men, for instance, appear to view religion chiefly through the medium of their IMAGINATION, dwelling on what may be called the *poetry* of RELIGION. To them the Gothic pile, the pealing organ, the dim religious light, are indispensable; the priestly stole, the white-robed choristers, the long procession, must be the picturesque accompaniments of their devotional acts, making the way to heaven, as one has well observed, a kind of "sentimental journey"—a sort of ruminating, meditative, absorbing religion, of the contemplative or mystic cast, far more ideal than practical, and very little, on the whole, directed to the common calls and claims of human life as it is. Such appears to be the *staple* of modern Puseyism, as it is called—something which plays around the imagination without (necessarily) touching the heart. Such a religion may amuse, it may even *delight*, but it does not purify, because it recognises no *regenerating* process,

no fall in Adam, no mercy in CHRIST; no repentant faith, no converting grace, no conformity to the divine image. Persons of this cast read the BIBLE very much as they would read the "*Paradise Lost*," or any other fine production of a religious or moral cast. They hear the gospel through a set of feelings which associate more with the imposing exterior of the minister, his oratorical powers, his brilliant imagery or splendid illustrations; these, far more than the doctrine of the cross or the heart-searching character of an Evangelical ministry, attend persons thus influenced. An "intellectual" minister, an "intelligent" and "respectable" congregation, are expressions often in their mouth; a gifted, rather than a gracious ministry, is the object of their idolatry—they must have the *beautiful* or the *sublime*. How strikingly are such erroneous views corrected by the holy apostle, who, while "the Greeks sought after wisdom"—the wisdom of this world—exclaims, "And I, brethren, when I came unto you, came not with excellency of speech, or of wisdom, declaring unto you THE TESTIMONY OF GOD. For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified. That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God."

Another man looks at religion in a *merely* DOCTRINAL point of view: eagerly contends for what he has adopted as a *creed*, and is always in imminent danger of bringing down the Scriptures to his creed, instead of carrying up his creed to the Scriptures. He is principally anxious to be correct in *doctrine*; frequently takes a high stand for high points, and defends them with a zeal worthy of being employed on religion *as a whole*, but ill employed in contending for an exclusive system. To *believe* aright is his principal anxiety. Now it is obvious that a very important part of true religion must be excluded from the contemplation of such a man. The *preceptive* and *practical* parts of divine truth are the very fruits and consequences of correct doctrine; and unless *both* are blended in one, there must be always an imperfect idea of the religion of Christ.

Other men, again, rejecting both the highly imaginative and the higher doctrinal views,

go to an exactly opposite extreme, and look at the *whole* of religion as consisting in DOING JUSTLY and loving mercy. These are for *practical* views and duties; for a *philanthropic* religion; are anxious rather about the *bodies* than the souls of their neighbours. Such persons advocate the building of hospitals and asylums rather than the diffusion of Bibles and the sending forth of missionaries, pointing you to the Epistle of St. James and the latter part of the 25th chapter of St. Matthew, as proofs that they are right, in attaching *undue* importance to their views of what religion ought to be. It is impossible not to *suspect* even a mistake here. All that such persons seem to want is, a mind thoroughly imbued with a correct view of how the *doctrinal* character of the gospel gives life and energy to the *preceptive* part of it. They require to be persuaded that our Lord and St. James both speak of good works, not as the *whole* of religion, but as a blessed *RESULT* of *believing with the heart* the doctrines of salvation; that *both pre-suppose* the existence of a divinely imparted principle of inward humble reliance upon the atoning blood and sacrificial death of CHRIST, producing that divine change in the human character from which "all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works, do proceed."

It is readily admitted that there are some excellencies in *all* these views of religion; but to make the *true* one, they must all melt and harmonize together, like the colours of the rainbow. The *doctrine* of the one, the *practice* of the other, the *devotion* of the third—all must *blend*. Doubtless, they are all inculcated in the Holy Scriptures; but through the infirmity of man they are received *partially* and exclusively, and are seldom allowed to amalgamate and fall into *one beautiful whole*.

The only *proper state of mind* in which a man is likely to gain true views of religion is, that in which he comes, taught and drawn by the SPIRIT of GOD, to the Sacred Volume, to find ease for a burdened conscience, the *pardon* of sin, escape from condemnation, rest for the soul; in a word, it is he who comes to the temple of religion anxiously to inquire "What must I do to be saved?" who is likely to see with a truly enlightened eye how "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself;" and so making it the *basis* of all true religion, that he himself, through the Christian atonement, must *first* of all be RECONCILED TO GOD."

It is quite possible that a religion which teaches all *moral* excellencies, and even gives

the most correct *doctrinal* views, may at the same time, leave the heart *untouched*, and bring nothing, absolutely nothing, home to the soul and to the conscience of a truly *experimental* kind, as to three grand institutes of the New Testament, indispensably essential to a sinner's salvation, viz., "Except ye *repent*, ye shall all likewise perish"—"Except a man be *born again* he cannot see the kingdom of God"—"Without *holiness* no man shall see the Lord." But, "How understandest thou" these things?

In all true religion *both* tables of the law must have a place. The LOVE of GOD and the LOVE of MAN are alike essential to the interpretation and application of both. For, inasmuch as "love is the fulfilling of the law," it is written, near the solemn questions at the head of this paper, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with *ALL* thy heart, and with *ALL* thy soul, and with *ALL* thy strength, and with *ALL* thy mind, *AND* thy neighbour as thyself." Well did our gracious Master declare, "On these two commands depend all that is written in the Law and in the Prophets." *Doctrines* must go along with *practice*, precepts must be followed by obedience. "*Believe* and thou shalt be saved"—"This *do* and thou shalt live"—"What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder"—"If ye *love* me, keep my commandments." The Christian religion is one of LOVING OBEDIENCE. It is an economy of *grace*, but it is also a *rule of duty*. This is the love of God, that we keep his commandments. "This is the work of God, that we believe on Him whom he hath sent."

When once a man has become convinced of his sinful state, by nature and practice, has been brought to true repentance, has "fled for refuge" to Christ our Saviour, has apprehended a conscious remission of sins, through faith in the Christian atonement, it is marvellous how divine truth is *correctly* impressed upon his heart; for his Teacher is the Eternal SPIRIT of truth. He receives an unction from the Holy One; he is then "led by the SPIRIT of GOD, because become a son of God;" and will not put any part of religion in its wrong place, or as a *substitute* for another part equally important. He will, from conscious love to God, be *constrained* to serve Him, and thus the *doctrine* which he believes becomes influential on his *practice*. With his *heart* he *believes*, with his *life* he *obeys*, and *both* these by the Eternal Spirit of truth and love. This is the true religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. May we ever be enabled to say, "So we preached, and so ye believed." AMEN.

THE SEVERE DENUNCIATION.

"MOTHER," said a little boy who had been accustomed to bring all his difficulties to his mother, and who had never met either with rebuke for his intrusion, or ridicule for his mistakes—"mother, I have been told at school that the Jews were commanded by God to stone all their naughty children to death. Is it true?"

"No, my dear; certainly not."

"One of our school boys told me it was. His father had beaten him—oh! so very much, that his clothes stuck to his shoulders with blood, and he could hardly move his hand to write. He could not help crying with pain; and he said that his father told him he had not given him half what he deserved—nor half what he would give him the next time; and that if he had been a little Jew he would have been stoned to death."

"I am very sorry that he should have acted so badly as to require such severe punishment; and I am sure it is, to a kind parent, the most painful part of his duty to inflict punishment. But I think the little boy's father must have mistaken the statements of the Bible on the subject, or that what he said was misunderstood by the child. There is, however, among the laws of God, given by Moses to the people of Israel, one of a very remarkable character, which, I think, must have been referred to. You shall read it. Find the Book of Deuteronomy, the 21st chapter, and read from the 18th to the end of the 21st verse."

"If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that, when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them: then shall his father and his mother lay hold on him, and bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto the gate of his place; and they shall say unto the elders of his city, This our son is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our voice; he is a glutton and a drunkard. And all the men of his city shall stone him with stones, that he die: so shalt thou put evil away from among you; and all Israel shall hear and fear."

As the little boy read these verses he became very pale, tears started in his eyes, and closing the book, he said, "O mother, how very, very shocking!"

MOTHER—Yes, it is shocking; and some wicked men, who did not love the Bible, have tried to make it appear that such a law could

not have been given by a merciful God. But this is altogether a wrong way of reasoning. It is not for us ignorant, sinful creatures to presume that we know what God ought to do. When we are puzzled and perplexed with anything in the Bible, we should rather say, "It certainly must be right; because it is what God himself has said or done, and he cannot do wrong. I must try to learn what it is intended to teach me; and I must pray that God would help me to understand and do his will." I once heard a good minister say, "Mystery in the word and ways of God is only another name for my ignorance. The moment I become humble all becomes right." If, in such a spirit, we inquire a little into the meaning of the ancient law which has surprised and distressed you, we shall find that under apparent severity there is hid great wisdom and mercy.

The best laws are those that tend to prevent crimes and punishments. This law was, no doubt, intended so to act, and we have reason to believe that it did act effectually; for we have no instance recorded of its ever being put in execution. We do not know of any youth being put to death in virtue of it.

BOY—That is very different from what Robert Thompson told me. He said his father told him that all the disobedient children were put to death.

MOTHER—Quite different. The law was designed and adapted to warn children against disobedience to parents, and against the beginning of other sinful courses which would in many ways lead to misery and ruin. It would also remind parents to be attentive to their duty in carefully instructing and watching over their children; training them to be obedient; not improperly indulging them; correcting them when needful, and checking the first buddings of vice, as well as constantly setting them a good example, and praying for them. A parent would say, "O if I neglect my duty to my little children, and let them have their own way, instead of showing my love to them, it would be acting as if I hated them, and meant to bring them up for destruction. Then, if hereafter they were punished for great crimes, I should reproach myself on account of their guilt and misery." And a child would say, "I must obey my parents. If I begin to be disobedient in little things, I may become so very wicked as to deserve the dreadful punishment of the stubborn and rebellious son." If the law thus served to keep both parents and children to their duty, and to guard them against trans-

gression, it should not be accounted cruel, but righteous and merciful. You know we have on our street door two strong bolts, an iron bar, and a chain. Do you know what they are for?

Boy—To keep people from getting in to rob and injure us.

MOTHER—It is not cruel, but kind to others, as well as to ourselves, to take proper means of security. No person is inconvenienced by them, except such as would come with a bad intention; and it is better for them, as well as for us, that they should be kept from carrying out their wicked designs. Indeed, if these precautions were neglected, and thieves should get in, we should reproach ourselves not only with having occasioned our own loss and injury, but also with being accessory to the sin and punishment of others, by making it easy for them to do wrong.

Boy—Do you think it never was intended that any children should be put to death by this law?

MOTHER—It would be wrong and presumptuous to say that; but we may venture to say—because the whole tenor of the Word of God supports it—that all the threatenings of God are given with the merciful design of preventing their accomplishment, by warning sinners to avoid them, and flee from the wrath to come. God desires not the death of sinners, but rather that they should turn from their wickedness, and live. (Ezek. xxxiii. 1; 2 Pet. iii. 9.) Whether or not the particular law that you have just read was ever carried into execution, there are several things in it which have been overlooked by those who presumed to find fault with its severity. Attend to me while I try to explain them. *First*, It was not a mere child that was subject to the dreadful punishment, but one that was of an age fully to understand the wickedness of his rebellious and stubborn conduct, and the consequences to which it exposed him. *Second*, It was not for a single offence that he was liable to punishment, but for a course of wilful, obstinate rebellion and wickedness. *Third*, He was not exposed to the severity of the law, till every gentle means had been tried in vain. His parents are supposed to have instructed, commanded, reproved, expostulated, and chastened him, but he was bent upon wickedness. He stubbornly refused to hearken to anything that might be said to him for his good, to turn at rebuke, or to yield to correction. He was hardened in sin. *Fourth*, His vices were such as would corrupt others;

and in mercy to society in general, one obstinate offender was to receive the just punishment of his crimes, that his evil example might be removed, and that all Israel might hear and fear, and turn from similar wickedness. *Fifth*, Who were to be his accusers? No other than his own parents; and not one of them only, but his father and his mother. Parents in general dearly love their children, and are likely to think better of them than they deserve—to hide their misconduct rather than publish it, and to secure them from punishment rather than expose them to it; or if one parent was of a harsh, unkind, and unforgiving temper, the other would most likely try to soften anger, and prevent harsh measures. Before both could agree in giving up their son, it must be supposed that he had risen to such a pitch of wickedness, as that a sense of their duty to God and to society compelled them, though with bleeding hearts, to give up the incorrigible offender. *Sixth*, Even when the parents accused their son, they could not condemn him. His wickedness must be proved before the elders or judges, and when they had given sentence, all the men of his city must concur in executing it. So that every precaution was taken to prevent the law being abused, and to render it effectual as a warning, rather than as an infliction.

Boy—Is that the law still, mother?

MOTHER—No; all the laws that belonged to the Jews alone, were done away when Jesus Christ came into the world, and died for the sins of men. The moral laws, those which teach us what is right and wrong, belong to all mankind, and can never alter. But the punishments inflicted among the people of Israel are no longer inflicted. Different nations have their own laws, and they punish offences according to the injury which those offences inflict upon men as members of society. As sins against God, they are not generally punished in this life. But every sin, unless it be repented of, and pardoned through the precious blood of Christ, will be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power. (2 Thess. i. 9.)

Now, I should like you to remember some things that this remarkable law strikingly teaches; and then I will mention two other passages of Scripture that seem to have a reference to it—which is very affecting and instructive. *First*, Disobedience to parents must be regarded in the sight of God as a very great sin, since he saw fit to denounce so severe a

punishment against it; and it is not less criminal or less provoking to him now, though offenders generally escape punishment in this world. *Second*, This law is a warning against the indulgence of greediness in eating and drinking. You see the "stubborn and rebellious son" is supposed to be "a glutton and a drunkard." These vices very often go together. Good parents are very careful to keep their children out of the way of temptation to intemperance, and to warn them against being seduced into it. (Prov. xxiii. 19, 20, xxxi. 4, 5.) Many who are now confirmed drunkards, if they were to speak the truth, would tell that the first drop of liquor they ever tasted was in disobedience to their parents' counsel; and when once persons take to habits of drinking, they soon forget every law, especially that fundamental law of honouring their parents; and there is no degree of insolence and wickedness to which they may not arrive. Drunkenness is a most hardening as well as a most disgraceful vice. *Third*, It may remind us of the danger of bad companions, for though this is not expressly mentioned, it is fairly implied; and perhaps there never was an instance of a thoroughly disobedient rebellious son, given to gluttony and drunkenness, that had not encouraged and hardened himself in sin, by the countenance and example of wicked companions: and "a companion of fools shall be destroyed." And then, *Fourth*, Be afraid of the beginnings of sin. No man becomes wicked all at once; but one little act of disobedience—one feeling of rebellion cherished—once yielding to sinful indulgence, may be the beginning of a course of gross wickedness, and end in everlasting ruin. Will you try to keep these things in mind?

Boy—Yes, mother, I will; and thank you for telling me about them.

MOTHER—I promised to mention two other passages of Scripture which seems to have an allusion to this law. The Apostle Paul, when writing to the Hebrews, having spoken of the subjection of children to the commands and corrections of their earthly parents, says, "Shall we not much rather be in subjection to the Father of spirits, and live?" Disobedience to earthly parents was connected with death. Subjection to a heavenly Parent is connected with life. (Heb. xii. 9.) God has been pleased to take upon himself the character of a Father, and we owe him the duty of children. If we are disobedient and rebellious, we deserve sorer punishment than the stubborn son, who was pro-

nounced worthy of death under Moses' law; but if we are subject to our heavenly Father, he can bestow upon us better blessings than the kindest earthly parent. Do you know what is meant by being subject to God?

Boy—Obeying him, is it not?

MOTHER—Have you always done this, my dear boy?

Boy—No, mother; I have often disobeyed.

MOTHER—What a mercy it is that God has provided a way for those who have disobeyed, to return and be forgiven!

Boy—Yes, for the sake of Jesus Christ.

MOTHER—True; and those who are subject to God thankfully embrace his great salvation by Jesus Christ. Many persons are too proud to do this. They want to save themselves, and to have their sins pardoned, and heaven bestowed upon them for their own doings. Such people are "stubborn and rebellious;" they "go about to establish their own righteousness, and do not submit themselves to the righteousness of God. (Rom. x. 3.) They are not in subjection to the Father of spirits; and they have no life—they are exposed to death.

Boy—Mother, I do like that verse so very much—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arm I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all."

MOTHER—So do I, my child. May it be in each of us the sincere expression of subjection to God's method of salvation!—Then we must live in obedience to the commands which God has given us for a rule of life. We must try to do the will of God from the heart, and to please him in all things; and beg the Holy Spirit to help our weakness, and conform us more and more to the will and the image of our heavenly Father.—And when it pleases God to afflict us, we must submit, as a child to the correction of a wise and kind parent who chastens in love, and for the good of his child. This, I think, is being subject to the Father of spirits. I said there was another place, indeed there are two, which bring to mind the law we have been speaking about. One expresses the tender compassion of God towards his rebellious children, and his reluctance to give them up. It is expressed in such language as a kind parent might be supposed to have used, when the wickedness of his son had almost driven him to give him up to destruction: "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee, Israel? how shall I make thee as

Admah! How shall I set thee as Zeboim? (cities which have been destroyed.) I will not execute the fierceness of mine anger, I will not return to destroy Ephraim: for I am God, and not man; the Holy One in the midst of thee: and I will not enter the city." (Hos. xi. 8, 9.) The other passage, in like manner, expresses the readiness of our gracious God to receive and forgive his rebellious children, and how he observes with joy the first feeling of penitence and desire to return: "I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself thus: Thou hast chastised me, and I was chastened, as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke: turn thou me, and I shall be turned; for thou art the Lord my God. Is Ephraim my dear son? is he a pleasant child? for since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still: therefore, my bowels are troubled for him; I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord." (Jer. xxxi. 18, 20.) Before you go to bed, we will read that sweet parable which our gracious Saviour has given, to teach us the tender mercies of a forgiving God.—Perhaps the young reader also, in connection with the foregoing remarks, will read, and think, and pray, over the parable of the prodigal son. (Luke xv.) And since, whether his onward conduct has been more moral and amiable, or more offensive and disgraceful, he doubtless is a sinner, may he be one of those who awaken joy in heaven as well as on earth—as a "sinner that repenteth," that "was dead, and is alive again, and was lost, and is found!"

WEEP! A LIGHT IS DIM!

(From the Calcutta Christian Observer.)

"Beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."—Isa. lxi. 3.

WEEP! a light is dim,

A Christian's soul is fled;

But not a tear for him,

The bless'd, the risen dead!

Weep for her, whose soul is heavy

Nigh to death, in yonder bower,

Smitten like the summer lily

By the thunder shower.

Fled the love that shower'd its glory

O'er her heart, and fed her life;

The freshness from her soul has faded,

The brightness of her brow is shaded,

Lone, bereaved, of all unaided—

Weep for the forsaken wife!

Deep horror will be with her in the night—

Too deep for prayer!

Come, Mother Earth, bring all thy gay and bright

To wile away her care;

Or bid thy wise ones, in their pride of might,
Give peace unto the desolate, and light

The blackness of despair!—

They are not *thine*, the three that conquer Death,
Hope, Love, and Faith!

Lo! all motionless she lies,
With pale cold lips and closed eyes,
Statue-like, but for that brow
With its crushing weight of woe—

Weep, oh weep!

Soon will pass her soul's wild hour

Of unnatural sleep;

Soon the storm in all its power

O'er her head will sweep!

Who shall raise the flower again,

From its bed of dust and rain?

Who shall comfort the forsaken?

Who shall say to Hope, "Awaken?"

HE! 'tis HE! The Lord of Life,

Will be with her ere the morrow,

Helping in the fearful strife

That must be 'twixt Faith and Sorrow;

He who binds the bruised reed

Will be with her in her need!

Oft in thunder-storm, and cloud,

Comes the genial rain;

Oft from darkness, ebon-brow'd,

Leaps the sun again;

Oft when human hearts are riven,

There is joy in heaven!

M.

A SCENE IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

WHEN the islands of the Pacific Ocean were first discovered by Europeans, some of the natives were found very timid and friendly; while others were fierce, treacherous, and warlike. For many years after their discovery, these islands were visited only by those who were on voyages of discovery, or who were in the pursuit of gain. The natives were treated with great inhumanity; and drunken seamen, rioting through their villages and trampling upon all laws of right doing, soon introduced all the vices of civilized life, to be added to those of the savage state. The natives generally became exasperated, and were ever watching for opportunities to cut off the ships and massacre the seamen. A Nantucket whale-ship was at one time wrecked upon one of the Feejee Islands. The crew escaped, in their boats, to the shore; and before they were discovered by the natives, succeeded in constructing a fort for their defence. The natives, however, soon found them; and after a long and bloody battle all of the sailors were slain, except two little boys, whose lives were spared. One, after the lapse of many years, escaped on board a whale-ship which stopped at the island. The other has never been heard from.

Such was the condition of these islands

when the American missionaries, taking their lives in their hands, went among them to Christianize the inhabitants. The missionaries were ridiculed, opposed, and traduced by thousands at home, and they endured every species of privation and hardship from the habitations of cruelty in the midst of which they took up their abode. God smiled, however, upon their exertions, and soon these wild men and women turned from their idols and their sins, and cultivated the arts of peace.

A few years after the missionaries had commenced their labours, an American whale-ship came in sight of an unknown island in the Pacific Ocean. They had been for six months cruising in search of their gigantic game, without having seen any land. Scurvy, that terrible scourge of seamen, had seized one after another of the crew, till there were not enough left in health to navigate the vessel in safety. Scurvy is a disease caused by living a long time upon salted provisions, without any vegetables; and the sufferers are almost immediately restored to health, when they can breathe the fresh air of the land, and eat freely of fruits and herbs. Here was this ship, several thousand miles from the South American coast. The crew were emaciated and dying. Before them rose, in all the beauty of tropical luxuriance, one of those islands of the ocean, which appear to the mariner, weary with gazing for months upon the wide waste of waters, like the garden of Eden. But they dared not approach those shores. A foe, more treacherous and dreadful than disease, they apprehended there. The club of the savage, and the demoniacal revels of the cannibals dancing and shouting around their roasting victims, were more to be dreaded than death by slow and lingering approaches in the ship. They dared not draw near the shore, for they were too feeble to prevent the natives, should they come out in large numbers in their canoes, from climbing up the sides and taking possession of the ship. But with the glass they could distinctly see the clear streams of water, foaming down their channels in the mountains. Meadows faded away in the distance, enchanting the eye with their shady groves and their rich verdure. The cocoa-nut tree reared its graceful head upon the beach, laden with its precious and its life-giving treasures. And forests rich with tropical fruits, juicy and luscious, were everywhere spread around. These emaciated and dying men crawled from their berths and gazed with wistful eyes upon this tantalizing scene. Slowly they were borne along by a gentle breeze, and forest-crowned headlands, and luxuriant valleys and groves, bending beneath the burden of fruit, glided by, like the changes of a kaleidoscope, and still no canoe pushed out from the shore, and no huts of the natives were to be seen. They began to cherish the hope that the island might be uninhabited, and

cautiously approached it. But ere long they saw canoes upon the beach, and smoke here and there ascending from the cocoa-nut groves. And still, to their astonishment, no natives made their appearance, and no sound of human voices reached them from the shore. As they rounded a promontory, which opened before them a quiet and lovely bay, a thickly clustered village of the natives burst upon their view, and in the centre of it was reared a Christian church. A simultaneous shout of joy rang through the ship, as the cry passed from stem to stern, *The missionaries are here!* It was the Sabbath, and the natives had learned the Divine command, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." And the temptation of a ship entering the bay did not lure a single canoe to leave the shore. The crew were almost crazed with joy at this sudden change in their prospects. They speedily cast anchor, furled their sails, and entering the ship's boats, went on shore. As soon as the natives were informed of their sick and suffering condition, they received them with the utmost hospitality, and supplied them with all the fresh fruit and vegetables they could need.

The next day the natives aided the emaciated crew in taking a sail from the ship, and spreading a large tent upon the green grass on the banks of a mountain stream. And here the crew reposed in inexpressible luxury. They bathed their limbs in the pure water, and quaffed it, in its coolness and its freshness, like Elysian nectar. They rolled with childish glee upon the green grass. Cocoa-nuts and bananas, and lemons and oranges, and other luscious fruits of the tropics, were brought to them in great abundance by the friendly natives. In a few days, the disease which had brought so many of them to the verge of the grave, began to disappear. The missionaries, from their little stock of medicines, administered to their wants; and treated them with fraternal kindness. In the course of two or three weeks, all were restored to health and vigour. They filled their casks with fresh water; laid in stores of vegetables; supplied themselves with pigs and poultry; and then, with invigorated bodies and rejoicing spirits, they raised their anchors and unfurled their sails, and departed on their adventurous way. Thus is fulfilled the declaration of Scripture, that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." The labours of these missionaries were not only instrumental in promoting the moral elevation, and we hope the final salvation, of these uncivilized men, but they also saved the lives of these seamen, and secured the success of the voyage upon which they had embarked.

What a different world would this be, could the spirit of Christian brotherhood pervade the hearts of all its inhabitants! Could woe, oppression, and injustice cease, and every man

look upon his fellow-man as a friend, the larger portion of the sorrows of humanity would disappear for ever. And none are doing more to hasten the advent of this happy day, than those who are aiding by their personal example, influence, and means, to extend throughout the world the religion of Jesus Christ.

CULLODEN.

BY THE REV. DAVID LANDBOROUGH, SALTCOATS.

I HAD only part of a day to spend in rambling, and I resolved to make the most of it. Having been asked by the hospitable family to pay a visit at Culloden House, I went out to breakfast. My worthy friend, the Rev. Mr. McNab, who is resident there, did everything to add to my happiness. There are many interesting things in the house. There are some good paintings; and in the library there are many valuable books, and several that acquire an additional interest by having once belonged to Thomson, the poet of the Seasons, having his name inscribed in his own handwriting. Thomson had been very intimate with the Rev. Mr. Murdoch, who had been tutor in the Culloden family, and was afterwards a clergyman of the Church of England. He had also been intimate with young Culloden; and the bard, it is said, is characterized in the following stanzas of the "Castle of Indolence":—

"A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard besems,
Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still and nature's pleasing themes
Poured forth his unpremeditated strain;
The world forsaking with a calm disdain:
Here laughed he, careless in his easy seat;
Here quaffed, encircled with the joyous train;
Oft moralizing sage: his ditty sweet
He loathed much to write, nor cared to repeat."

Only the first two lines of the stanza were written by the poet; the others were written by one of his poetical friends.

There is much that is interesting in Culloden House, but my time for inspection was brief. In the dining-room I saw what seems to be regarded by the family as the greatest curiosity in the house—the staff of Prince Charles. It is a fine straight hazel rod, torn up by the roots in some Highland glen, and the fragment of the root forming the head of the staff, has been carved into a Janus-like image, being the conjoined heads of Wisdom and Folly. They look different ways, and seem disposed to part company, but they are bound together by the neck. Whether the Highland sculptor meant to compliment his prince we know not; but the head and countenance of Wisdom are noble—bearing, it may be, some resemblance to his profile, and certainly the prince enjoyed the benefit of majestic appearance. Phrenology was not then in vogue, and yet this head-piece of Wisdom is well imagined, and made to tower into grandeur in the upper regions of the cranium. Folly has a very unintellectual countenance; and the cranium is very scanty in its developments. The capacious head of Wisdom rises far above the *stranky* pate of Folly, and forms a finely rounded

rest for the head to lean on. That day was to prove that the prince rested on what had the appearance of wisdom, but was not true wisdom itself; and even this carved image of Wisdom was on that day left behind, and has remained for a century as a monument which might have this inscription:—

"*Magnis cecidit ausis.*"

On the 14th April, 1746, Prince Charles having assembled his men in Inverness, led them out with colours flying and pipes playing to the parks around Culloden House, where they bivouacked for the night. Next morning he led them a few miles farther, and drew them up in battle array on Drummossie Moor, to receive the Duke of Cumberland, who was thought to be advancing towards them from Nairn. After breakfast, I wished of course to visit Drummossie Moor. The gig which brought me from Inverness had been sent back, and Mr. McNab and I set out for the moor in the family carriage, which had been kindly ordered. Drummossie or Culloden Moor is intentionally allowed to continue in the same wild uncultivated state in which it was at the time of the battle; and at the distance of a century, it was not possible, without considerable emotion, to stand on the very ground where, on the 16th April, 1746, in one little hour, the destiny of Britain might be said to be determined. The Highlanders had returned to the moor that morning, from an unsuccessful attempt to surprise the duke's army; and, worn out with marching all night, and ready to perish for hunger, they were again drawn up on the moor to await the enemy. It is not my intention to give anything like an account of the dreadful conflict on that eventful day, but I cannot refrain from quoting a graphic paragraph from "Chambers's History of the Rebellion":—

"The actions and event were, throughout, quite as dreadful as the mental emotion which urged it. Notwithstanding that the three files of the front line of English poured forth their incessant fire of musketry—notwithstanding that the cannon, now loaded with grape-shot, swept the field as with a hail-storm—notwithstanding the flank fire of Wolfe's regiment—onward, onward went the Highlanders, flinging themselves into, rather than rushing upon, the lines of the enemy, which indeed they did not see for smoke, till involved among their weapons. All that carnage, all that despair could do, was done. They did not fight like living or reasoning creatures, but like machines under the influence of some uncontrollable principle of action. The howl of the advance, the scream of the onset, the thunders of the musketry, and the din of the trumpets and drums, confounded one sense, while the flash of the fire-arms and the glitter of the brandished broadswords dazzled and bewildered another. It was a moment of dreadful and agonizing suspense, but only a moment; for the whirlwind does not sweep the forest with greater rapidity than the Highlanders cleared the line. They swept through and over that frail barrier almost as easily and instantaneously as the bounding cavalcade brushes through the morning labours of the gossamer which stretch across its path. Not,

however, with the same unconsciousness of the event. Almost every man in their front rank, chief and gentleman, fell before the deadly weapons which they had braved; and although the enemy gave way, it was not till every bayonet was bent and bloody with the strife.*

"When the first line had been completely swept aside, the assailants continued their impetuous advance till they came near the second, when, being almost annihilated by a profuse and well-directed fire, the shattered remains of what had been but an hour before a numerous and confident force, at last submitted to destiny, by giving way and flying. Still a few rushed on, resolved rather to die than thus forfeit their well-acquired and dearly-estimated honour. They rushed on, but not a man ever came in contact with the enemy. The last survivor perished as he reached the points of the bayonets."

We then stood on that wild moor, which had once been the scene of such bloody strife and carnage. All now was quiet and silent; but it was the quietness of death—the silence of the grave. There the grave had opened her greedy mouth, and closed it on hundreds. Insatiate! for days she continued her bloody banquet. Braver men never fell than were then hewed down in masses. Where a most vigorous attack had been made, their bodies were afterwards found in layers three and four feet deep. Where they fell there were they buried. Hundreds were cast into the same pit; and a large green mound still marks the spot where the battle raged hottest. Several mounds of smaller dimensions are still to be seen; they are green spots in the bleak moor, but it is the blood of the bravest that has banished the native heath, and has for a century kept these mounds so verdant. Long, long were they watered with tears, and long, in many a Highland glen, would the widowed, and the fatherless, and the childless think with bleeding hearts on these crowded grave-pits of the slain. We found the guide on the field, a respectable old Highlander, whose father, when a boy, had witnessed the conflict, and whose grandfather, as one of the combatants, had played his part in the battle. He pointed out to us the position of the two armies, and the spot where the final struggle took place. "There," said he, "did the Highlanders make their last charge on the English *Canaanites* [cannoniers], and there hundreds of the bravest fell." He took us also to the Prince's stone, on which he stood during the battle, and from which, bewildered and in tears, he could with difficulty be induced to retreat, so reluctant was he to believe that his bright hopes were blasted, and that everything was irretrievably lost. We stood on the stone, and gathered from it some funereal-hued lichen, with which it was partly covered. We were taken also to the Duke's stone, a large boulder on the other side of the moor, from which, with savage-

delight, he had beheld the bloody work of destruction; and though I detested the hyæna-hearted monster, I gathered from the stone some lurid tufts of *Alectoria jubata* (rock-hair), waving as in gloomy triumph; and from the heath around the stone some creeping *Lycopodium* (wolf's foot), where a crueller than the most cruel ravening wolf had, in the moment of disgracefully-abused victory, stood. I am not a Jacobite: had I been a minister in those days, I trust I would have been one of those who, at the peril of their lives, prayed for a Protestant king; and I regard the victory then obtained as a most signal interposition of Providence in behalf of Britain, of which we are still reaping the benefit in the present day. But I abominate cold-blooded cruelty. In the morning of the day I had stood in an under-storey apartment, then, it is said, an open court, in Culloden House, into which nineteen Highland officers, dangerously wounded, had been cast after the battle, where they remained, with wounds undressed, for two days, and on the third, with three others that had been seized, were all, if I understand the record, ranged against a wall, and fired on without mercy; and such as were not killed outright were, according to orders, massacred by the soldiers—one only, who had been left as dead, recovering from his seemingly deadly wounds, and surviving to tell the dreadful tale. Knowing much that is recorded of the Duke of Cumberland's remorseless cruelty, of which this is only a sample, he would be cold-hearted indeed whose blood did not boil with honest indignation. The scenes that accompanied and followed the victory of Culloden form one of the darkest in the history of our land.

Might not the fidelity of the Highlanders to their beloved prince put to shame many professing Christians? Not only did they glory in him in the day of prosperity, but when the clouds of adversity had gathered thick around him—when, as an outlaw and a proscribed fugitive, he wandered in cold, and hunger, and nakedness, from glen to glen, and from cave to cave—when a high price was set on his head—no bribe on earth could induce one of them to betray him. Even then most willingly did they suffer for him; and, to effect the safety of their hunted prince, they would have considered it an honour and a happiness to die. O! is it thus that we love Zion's Prince and Saviour, who is indeed altogether lovely? Are we ready to say, Lord, we are thine; truly we are thine? What dost thou require us to do or to suffer for thy name's sake? We account it all honour for thy sake to endure tribulation; yea, we count not our life dear to us so that we may show forth our Redeemer's praise!

Another scriptural lesson, "Trust not in princes," may be impressed on our hearts by the events of those times, and especially by the treatment from the Court and Government, experienced by Lord President Duncan Forbes of Culloden, under God, without any doubt the chief instrument in saving the country.

We shall close this already too long paper by an interesting extract from an excellent article, "The Jacobites," in the 10th number of the *North British*

* At the very time that we were on the field, a man who was digging on the moor at a little distance, found, and gave to me, an antique weapon of war, somewhat betwixt a bayonet and a spear-head, which bore marks of having been employed in that furious onset. The point on one side was torn away, and the hard iron deeply marked as by being pushed against something still harder.

Review: "Enough has not been said of the man who saved his country by the seasonable energy of an unconquerable resolution. A few traditional anecdotes, confined to the gentlemen of the law, give a faint idea of the great accomplishments of Duncan Forbes; but his exertions for the public good, when paralysis overtook the councils of Government, and when incapacity led its armies, are lost in the conciseness of general history, and have been deemed unworthy of separate record. Had this man not directed the measures which his wisdom planned—composed, reconciled, united, and animated with his own energetic spirit the lagging loyalty of the people—restrained, by prudent counsel, the prudent among the Jacobites, or, by the terror of the law, influenced the mass who were only accessible through their fears—the whole Highlands would have been in arms. The number is not exaggerated which limits to 10,000 the clans whom the exertions of Forbes kept from following the Chevalier. 'But for his indefatigable exertions,' says Mr. Klose, 'the House of Hanover would infallibly have been driven from the British throne.' He received his reward in the ruin of his fortune, which he had spent in supplying the troops of the nation, and of which he never received re-payment. He exerted his influence to stay the massacre which followed the victory of Culloden, and found his humanity regarded as intrusive. He heard the cry of wailing throughout the glens without the ability to succour; and he who had braved the storm, and pitched the vessel in safety to her harbour, was thrown aside as a wreck when the danger ceased. The treatment, though it could not subdue his patriotism, broke his spirits, and hurried him to his grave."

We are tempted to add the noble testimony of Sir James Macintosh, in his review of the Culloden Papers: "There are various lords and lairds who make but a shabby figure in this collection; but our great pride and consolation is in the ever-dear honour and open heart of him to whom they address themselves. For Duncan Forbes no descendant will ever have to blush or feel ashamed; and the perusal of this book will prove that Scotland, ever since she ceased to be a separate kingdom, has had at least one statesman whose principles were as pure as his understanding was enlightened, and whose concern for his country was not so much as suspected to be quickened by any regard to his own power or emoluments."*

BAPTISTE YEROUSHALMY.

THE late Dr. Clark of Philadelphia gives the following account of a converted Israelite which he met at Malta:—

His parents were a Jewish family of wealth and influence, residing at Constantinople. There Baptiste was born, and spent his early days. His father, a banker, and possessing abundant means, gave his children every opportunity of education.

The manner in which Baptiste first became acquainted with the doctrines of Christianity, was the following:—

His elder brother was taking lessons in the Syriac language, of an Armenian Christian, who intentionally put a Hebrew New Testament in his way. This brother brought the book home, but ascertaining what it was, became highly offended, and requested Baptiste to carry it back to his instructor. Baptiste thought he would look into the book, which he did, and was particularly struck with some parts of it, though, upon the whole, he felt offended at its contents. About this time he became acquainted with two young Jews, who professed to have been recently converted to Christianity through the Armenian Christians, and were of course disowned by their countrymen.

Baptiste, like the rest of the Jews, believed them insincere, and actuated by selfish and worldly motives. Upon further acquaintance, however, he became particularly interested in them, and tried to reason them out of their belief. This acquaintance-ship continued and grew apace. These friends persuaded Baptiste to take a copy of the New Testament and examine it. He did so, and read as far as our Saviour's sermon on the mount, where he says, "I came not to destroy, but to fulfil the law." He instantly closed the book, and carried it in triumph to the young men, pointing out to them this passage, at the same time remarking, that this declaration was totally inconsistent with his acts, which put an end to the law. They wisely evaded a controversy, and begged him to read on till he had finished the whole of the New Testament, writing down his objections as he proceeded, which they would undertake to answer, when he had got through. He consented to this proposition, and went on through the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles. As he proceeded, he was much astonished to find such copious quotations from the Old Testament, and to see how strikingly they applied to events recorded in the New Testament. Though he had often read the Old Testament, he determined he would read it again, comparing it, as he went on, with the history recorded in the New Testament. This course of reading he followed for about three months, making the prophecies which relate to the time and manner of Christ's coming, with the prominent attributes of his character, the particular subject of his study. As he went on he was more and more confounded at the coincidences between the prophecies and the character and history of Jesus.

Already had conviction begun to fasten upon his mind. The more he read, and thought, and prayed, the deeper conviction sunk down into his mind. He at length could resist the truth no longer. He was now convinced that Christ had come, and that Jesus of Nazareth was the Messiah. At first he was somewhat staggered at the doctrine of the Trinity, and of the atonement. But the stumbling-block was soon removed. He now believed, and, with Thomas, could look up to Christ and exclaim—"My Lord, and my God!"

He was at this time about seventeen years of age. He felt exceedingly anxious to be baptized, though he knew it would be attended with no small personal danger. Still he felt that he was ready to give up all for Christ. He thought he had fully counted the cost, and, if necessary, was ready to die for that Redeemer who had bought him with his blood. He therefore went to the Armenian bishop, and asked baptism at his hands. The venerable prelate received him with kindness, but told him that such an act would involve them both in consequences that might prove fatal, on account of the rank and influence of the family to which Baptiste belonged.

At length, however, the bishop yielded to the

* Edinburgh Review.

arguments of the young convert, and consented to administer this holy ordinance to him privately, in the house of a Christian friend. After receiving this solemn rite, and taking, as his Christian appellation, the name of Baptiste, he wrote, from the bosom of this family, where he had been initiated into the Christian fold, a letter to his parents, apprising them of the honest convictions of his mind, of the step he had taken, and of his future determination to live and die a Christian. He also told them that he desired to return to the shelter of the parental roof, if he could be admitted there, and be allowed to enjoy his religion. His parents peremptorily refused to receive him upon these conditions.

For a short time all things remained quiet. Others who had been secretly convinced, were emboldened to declare themselves on the side of Christ. Already ten individuals had taken this step, and more were preparing to do it. The Jews, however, now became alarmed, and persecution began. At their instigation, Baptiste and several other converted Jews were summoned to appear before the grand vizier. Large bribes were put into his hands, and he therefore refused to hear their defence, but immediately proceeded to pronounce sentence of death upon each one of them. They were then carried to prison, where they were shut in by thick stone walls, to await the day of their execution. Their situation was one full of horror. They had no place to lie down, even upon the damp earth—no friends were near to comfort them—their fate seemed inevitable, and the day in which they were to die was rapidly speeding on. Their hope and trust, however, were in God. They were suffering for Christ, who had suffered for them. They cast all their care upon him, and were comforted. He provided a way for their escape.

An Armenian Christian, high in favour with the sultan, interceded for these condemned Christian converts, and got their sentence changed into perpetual banishment to Cæsarea. The Armenian Christians were then held responsible for the carrying out of this sentence. Baptiste and his companions were not aware of this, and furthermore supposed that their banishment was merely temporary.

Baptiste had previously met with a Protestant missionary from Beyroot, who had told him that, if ever circumstances favoured it, he wished he would come to him. Two years of their weary exile had now passed away, and all these converts felt anxious to get away from Cæsarea. Baptiste, and two other friends with whom he was particularly intimate, formed a plan of escape. They were, however, each to go off without letting each other know the time or manner of their escape, so that, if arrested and examined, they might not have it in their power to give information against each other. One difficulty, however, seemed to stand in the way of carrying out their plan. They were so reduced in pecuniary means, that it seemed impossible for them to take the course necessary to effect their escape. But on applying to the Armenian Christians, they received a sum adequate to their wants. Baptiste with this money bought a horse, and hired a man to act as his guide, to conduct him out of the town and neighbourhood. He also purchased a mask, by which he could perfectly disguise himself. He waited till the silent hour of midnight, and then, after having fervently commended himself to the protection of the Triune God, he sallied forth out of the city with his mask and guide. As he rode on, he accidentally took the road that led to Tarsus, where he arrived in safety, and there providentially came across the very missionary who had invited him, if circumstances favoured, to come to him. This mis-

sionary now received him as though he had been a brother, and then communicated the astonishing fact that one of those intimate friends who had also resolved to flee from Cæsarea, and of whose fate he was entirely ignorant, had only the night before arrived in the same way in Tarsus, and was now on board a vessel in the harbour, bound for Smyrna. Baptiste went directly to the vessel, and there, to his utter astonishment, met his friend. They both fell upon their knees, and gave praise to God for their wonderful deliverance. They arrived safe in Smyrna, and there the way was opened, in a most signal and providential manner, for Baptiste to go to England. Friends were there raised up for him. He had spent several years in study at Oxford, and was now on his way back to his native land, in the employ of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews. At present he could proceed no farther east, as he had been banished from the Turkish empire. He had hopes of getting a protection through the English ambassador, by which he would be permitted to visit Constantinople and Smyrna, without any personal risk. If he failed in this, he purposed to remain, for the present, at Malta.

He remarked, that there were many Jews throughout the East convinced in their hearts of the truth of Christianity, and would openly embrace the Christian faith, were they not deterred by fear. He also remarked, that, during his absence, he had written home to his parents, and received an answer to his letter; his friends supposing, from the affectionate style of his letter, that he had returned to Judaism. When he wrote back, and undeceived them, assuring them that he should live and die a Christian, his parents instantly refused to hold any further communication. As he spoke of this, and the subsequent death of his father, the tears gushed from his eyes, and told at how great a price he had given up home and country, parents and friends, for the sake of Christ.

AN UNEXPECTED SERMON.

SERMONS are not always preached from the pulpit, for the other day I unexpectedly heard a very good one under the portico of a theatre in the Strand. It was an odd place, to be sure, but a smart shower had driven me there for shelter, and soon after an old man took shelter there also, who began to talk of the best things. "Sir," said he, "I am eighty-two years of age, and God has graciously given me, among many mercies, the mercy of being made sensible of his goodness. I remember, sir, in my boyhood, hearing an aged minister declare from the pulpit, that when he was forty years old he considered himself so good, that he believed the temptations of Satan had no power over him; but when he was threescore and ten, he was obliged to confess that *Satan had a bait for old birds still*. I am, sir, as I told you, eighty-two; and, as the minister found at threescore years and ten, so I find at eighty-two, that I am a poor, weak, worthless creature, totally dependent on God's goodness and grace, feeling every day of my life that *Satan has a bait for old birds still*."

The conversation of this aged Christian much interested me; and as the rain continued, he narrated many little occurrences which had taken place in his life, to strengthen his dependence on God, and to

confirm his faith in the glorious gospel of his Son Jesus Christ.

"It happened, sir," said he, "on one occasion, while going out with my milk cans, for I was then in the milk trade, that a man, a dreadful swearer, was cursing himself in a fearful manner. So, stepping up to him, I said, 'Friend, do you know what Amen means?' 'To be sure I do,' said he; 'it means So be it.' 'Then,' said I, 'how angry you would be if any one should say Amen to the curses you have pronounced against your poor eyes and precious limbs. If God should happen to say Amen, what will become of you?' I happened to mention the circumstance to my neighbours, when, some time after, one of them told me that a man had just been admitted a member of a neighbouring church, who stated that a reproof given him by a milkman, for swearing, had been the means which God had used to convince him of sin, and to incline him to seek for mercy at the cross of Christ. Thus you see, sir, that God can make the weak words of the weakest believer strong in turning men from darkness to light, and in adding to his Church such as shall be saved."

—*Tract Magazine.*

A THREAD.

ONCE, in the progress of a revival among his church in Portland, after having repeatedly invited meetings at his house of those who wished to seek religion, Dr. Payson one day gave an invitation to all those young persons who did not intend to seek religion. Any one—who did not know the Doctor—would be surprised to hear that thirty or forty came. He had a very pleasant, social interview with them, saying nothing about the subject of religion, until just as they were about to leave, he closed a very few plain and simple remarks in the following manner:—

"Suppose you should see, coming down from heaven, a very fine thread, so fine as to be almost invisible, and it should come and very gently attach itself to you. You knew, we suppose, that it came from God. Should you dare to put out your hand, and brush it away?"

He dwelt a few minutes upon this idea, until every one had a clear and fixed conception of it, and of the hardihood which any one would manifest who should openly break off even such a tie.

"Now," continued he, "just such a slender, delicate thread has come from God to you this afternoon. You do not feel, you say, any interest in religion; but by coming here this afternoon, God has fastened one little thread upon you all: it is very weak and frail, and you can, in a moment, brush it away. But you certainly will not do so. Welcome it, and it will enlarge and strengthen itself, until it become a golden chain to bind you for ever to God?"

PARTING WITH SIN.

MEN flatter themselves in their sins, and think when they have gone thus and thus far, they will then give over and stop at their pleasure. But sin never can find a fit place to stop at. These are but the foolish conceits of children, who seeing that the heavens in the horizon seem to touch the earth, resolve to go to the place where they suppose they meet, but when they come there they find the distance still the same. So is it with the foolish hearts

of men. They think, After so much gain, honour, or pleasure, I shall have my fill, and will then give over. But as long as the fountain within is not stopped, the pursuits of lust will be as violent at last as at first, like him in the fable that sat on the bank, expecting when the water in the river would all have run by. So men think their lusts will at last grow dry, and that they shall then easily step over them to God; yet the truth is, that the outrageous sinful desires of the heart will grow stronger and stronger, even as a river, the farther it goes from the fountain, does often spread itself the wider. The heart is as strongly set upon its own sin as any creature is upon its own motion. "They set their heart," saith the prophet Hosea, "on their iniquities." "The heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil," saith Solomon. As impossible is it for lust to stop itself as for the sea to give over swelling, or the fire to cease devouring fit matter that is before it.

JUST TO FORGIVE.

You do not take in a full impression of gospel security, if you only believe that God is merciful, and has forgiven you. You are called further to believe that God is righteous, and has justified you. You have a warrant to put on the righteousness of Christ, as a robe and as a diadem, and to go to the throne of grace with the petition of "Look upon me in the face of Him who hath fulfilled all righteousness." You are furnished with such a measure of righteousness as God can accept without letting down a single attribute which belongs to Him. The truth, and the justice, and the holiness, which stand in such threatening array against the sinner who is out of Christ, now form into a shield and a hiding-place around him; and, while he who trusts in the general mercy of God, does so at the expense of his whole character, he who trusts in the mercy of God, which hath appeared unto all men, through the Saviour, offers in that act of confidence, an homage to every perfection of the Divinity, and has every perfection of the Divinity on his side.—*Charnock.*

SENTENCES FROM GURNALL.

THE traveller, when taken in a storm, can stand patiently under a tree while it rains, because he hopes it is but a shower, and sees it clear up in one part of the heavens while it is dark in another. Providence, I am sure, is never so dark and cloudy but hope can see fair weather coming from the promise.

Take heed sinners: fetch not encouragement from God's Word, nor forge God's hand to bear you out! No sin is little, but the least sin amounts to blasphemy when thou committest it on a Scripture pretence.

Converse with the saints who have the Spirit of God in them. Those who would learn a foreign language associate with men of the country whose natural tongue it is. The Holy Spirit may make the discourses they breathe forth vital and quickening to thee.

Sins of commission are usual punishments for sins of omission. He that leaves a duty, may fear to be left to commit a crime.

PSALMODY, AS A PART OF FAMILY-WORSHIP.

BY J. W. ALEXANDER, D.D., NEW YORK.

Good Mr. Philip Henry used to say, that the singing of God's people, at family-worship, was a way to hold forth godliness to such as pass by their windows, like Rahab's scarlet thread. Sacred song is an instituted means of giving expression to every high religious emotion. It has been adopted for this purpose in every form of religion known among men. Concerning its fitness for this end, in the great assembly, there has been no controversy in the Church. Never was the glory of divine song more exalted than in the ancient temple service. It was at once admitted into the primitive assemblies, and has prevailed in all Christian Churches. "In singing the praises of God," says the Directory for Worship, "we are to sing with the spirit, and with the understanding also; making melody in our hearts unto the Lord. It is also proper that we cultivate some knowledge of the rules of music, that we may praise God in a becoming manner with our voices, as well as with our hearts." There has been no difference of judgment on this point in any of the Reformed Churches. But we ask attention to the assertion, that there is no argument for sacred music in the church, which does not hold equally good in the family. Though this part of the service has fallen out of the practice of many households, and (strangely enough) extensively in those regions where scientific music has been most boastfully cultivated, the judgment of our Church on this subject is explicit: "It is the duty of Christians to praise God by singing psalms or hymns, publicly in the church, *as also privately in the family.*" There is no reason for the one which is not a reason for the other. If a congregation has its joys and other elevated emotions, so has a family. If a congregation has cause to give utterance to these with "the voice of melody," so has a family. If a congregation has voices which are fitted for this work, so has a family. In truth, what is a family but a domestic congregation, or "church in the house?"

Domestic psalmody is promotive of devotion. It is an exercise in which the voices of all join in the expression of sentiments which should be experienced by all. We trust we shall not be called upon to prove that the singing of

God's praise is eminently conducive to the awakening and maintenance of holy affections, and that it has been in every age employed by the Holy Spirit for this purpose. But we beg consideration of the statement, that this is as true of the family as of the church. The peculiar exercises of soul which belong to families, as such, find expression in sacred song, no less than those which belong to public assemblies. The godly sorrow, the trust, the adoration, the thanks, of a household, seem to require this channel for their flow.

Psalmody is a means of Christian instruction. In the early Church, many of the hymns were compendious formulas of doctrine; and such has been the case in every succeeding age. "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, *teaching and admonishing one another* in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." In this view, it is wise to seize upon sacred poetry as a means of fastening truth on the infant mind; and the daily practice of the family will, beyond anything else, familiarize the young with the choicest spiritual songs. In order that this may take place most fully, the selection should be careful, and the number of hymns so used should not be too large. Where so much depends on repetition, there may be an inordinate passion for variety. A small circle of well-adapted psalms and hymns is better than a great multitude, and the suggestion derives new importance from the extraordinary augmentation of our stock of religious compositions in verse.

The happy influence of spiritual songs is illustrated in the early Churches of Germany. Luther was himself a poet and a musician, and he bestowed on his country many of her noblest hymns, and some of her finest melodies. In his writings he often alludes to this as one of the chosen agencies in the work of Reformation; and this not merely in the church, but by the way-side and at home. He relates that, in the earlier part of his labours, he was moved to tears by hearing a wandering beggar, under his window, sing a hymn, which has since become famous, but which Luther had never before heard. The remarkable cultivation of music among the United Brethren, is

only the extension, by Zinzendorf, of this attachment to sacred song which was encouraged by Luther. The impress still remains. Wherever you meet the German Christian, you find him charged with those noble and evangelical compositions. Even the emigrant, in his *blouse*, is sure, if a disciple, to carry across the sea, in his wallet, the black-covered hymn-book.

The same thing is observable among our Presbyterian forefathers, and their descendants in Scotland and Ireland. They praised God in their families. Usually having the metrical psalms at the end of their pocket-Bibles, they were familiar with them from youth; and they held them in more reverence as conceiving them to be a literal version of the Word of God.

The use of psalmody in family-worship we believe to have been almost universal in the old Presbyterian Church of Scotland, as it has been laudably kept up till this day. That it tended, in a high degree, to increase the interest of all concerned in the service, and to promote Christian knowledge and sound piety, we cannot for a moment doubt. The homely old version, with a small number of ancient airs, of great plainness, serenity, and sweetness, some of which still linger in our churches, was familiar to every man, woman, and child.

The Wesleyans in Great Britain, and their Methodist brethren in America, have beyond all others done justice to the animating power of sacred song, in public and in the house; and we may learn a lesson from them. Differing from them as we do, in several important points, we shall, nevertheless, always hold ourselves ready to give them just praise for the Christian vivacity of their services; and we hazard whatever may be at stake of reputation for taste, when we say, that after some opportunities of listening to what is regarded as the choicest music which has come to us from abroad, we have felt more of the genuine power of harmonious sounds, when the voices of "the great congregation" have united in sending up a volume of song, than from orchestral clangour, or the artistic combinations of "stringed instruments and organs."

It is a remarkable fact, that in those circles of the religious world which consider themselves the most accomplished, there are many families where sacred music receives no separate attention. We enter the saloons of wealth, professedly consecrated to God, and our eyes are greeted by the piano-forte, the guitar, the organ, or the harp, and by piles of complicated

and fashionable music. But when the hour of family-worship arrives, no hymn of praise ascends to God. Those cultivated voices, so cunning in *solfeggio* and "Italian trills," are dumb for all but this world's song. Our Christian daughters, practising for hours a-day under great masters of singing, are sometimes unwilling to lend their aid even in the house of God. We solemnly commend this subject to those who preside over the education of youth.

Some are ready to say that psalmody cannot be maintained with ease in domestic worship, because in many instances a majority of those present are children. It is strange that this objection should arise at the very period in which, above all that have preceded, juvenile instruction in music has been pursued with success. The concurrent testimony of all who have most largely examined and experimented on the matter, is, that no child has been found (unless in case of organic defect) which could not be taught to sing. No school, of the higher class, ventures to exclude vocal music from its course of study. Not a word need be said concerning this, to such as are familiar with the extraordinary labours of Mr. Hastings, or have attended the public exhibitions of Mr. Bradbury and others, in some of which no less than five hundred children have appeared at once, in the admirable performance of the most celebrated compositions of the great masters. A much simpler cultivation would suffice for all that we require.

Family-worship affords the most happy means of bringing forward infant voices in the praise of God. We have known children who joined, without false intonation, in the family psalm, before they could distinctly articulate a word. It is almost always an attractive and delightful part of the worship, to youthful minds, and hence contributes to endear the household-meeting, and the circle of home. Above all, it makes this early impression, that the voice is to be trained for the glory of God, as its best and happiest office.

The use of psalmody in domestic worship, tends to the improvement of this part of divine service in public. We may push the art and exquisite harmony of choirs, or select companies, to any degree of advancement, however high, yet the great end will not be attained, until we secure the united voices of the whole congregation. Every method which discourages or postpones this, however agreeable to human taste, is a snare, which should be deprecated. So long as great numbers, in the body of a

church, feel at liberty to depute this part of religion to others, the worship of God is abridged of its rightful claim. We believe that the revival of psalmody in the house, would contribute to train voices for the sanctuary. In order to have this effect, it should not be left to take care of itself, or be executed in a careless random way. Some pains should be taken to select suitable tunes, and to make every member of the household familiar with them. This might be done by means of an occasional hour of musical instruction, such as is implied in the injunction which we have already cited from our Directory. But the daily exercise itself is a school of music; and we have never known a family in which it was common, that did not attain to some excellence in this department.

No religious duty can be conducted aright unless the heart be in it; and there are special reasons why the thoughts and affections should be tempted to wander in the singing of God's praise. How few, even in the largest worshipping assemblies, show, by their demeanour, that the words which are on their lips, or on the lips of their substitutes, in the work of praise, are addressed to the present and heart-searching Jehovah? The soul may be entirely taken up in the secular and musical part of the psalmody. No pains can be too great, which may result in the awakening of solemn consideration in the minds of those who join in singing praise. Every symptom of levity should be repressed. An occasional remark, if solemnly and appropriately thrown in, before engaging in this duty, might often have a good effect. It is an offence against God, to address him in words of high moment, while, perhaps, we have no thought of their meaning, still less any sympathy with their sentiment. Each of us should learn to say with sincerity, "I will sing with my spirit, I will sing with the understanding also."

It would be a peculiar pleasure to the writer of these lines, if he could know that he had succeeded in bringing the vocal praise of God into the daily worship of even a single household. Those who make the experiment, will find a new spring of delight gushing out under the domestic vine and fig tree. They will rejoice in a fresh sweetener of their toils and anxieties, and a powerful instrument for quieting and training the souls of their children. It is mournful to think, that a service which was so precious to our ancestors, and which they made sacrifices to enjoy, even when under the sword of persecution, should die out of many

Christian families in these days of peace, when there is no lack of worldly rejoicings, "and the harp, and the viol, the tabret, and pipe, and wine, are in their feasts." There may be days in which we have scarcely the heart to sing, by reason of deep anguish, but such are not the days of most. "Is any merry? let him sing psalms." Before we totally hush the voice of thanksgiving in our tabernacle, let us break or banish the instruments of worldly music. No law can be laid down for those who, have not the control of their own time, or those who, after every effort, are convinced that it is impossible for them to sing; but we would advise a shortening of other services, rather than the total omission of this. Such as have the abundance of leisure should honour God by the psalm, and "make the voice of his praise to be heard."

ON THE QUALIFICATIONS OF A GOSPEL MINISTER.

BY THE REV. DAVID LANDSEBOROUGH, SALTCOATS.

"Give me the priest these graces shall possess—
Of an ambassador the first address—
A father's tenderness—a shepherd's care—
A leader's courage which the cross can bear—
A ruler's awe—a watchman's wakeful eye—
A pilot's skill, the helm in storms to ply—
A fisher's patience—and a labourer's toil—
A guide's dexterity to disembroil—
A prophet's inspiration from above—
A teacher's knowledge—and a Saviour's love."

BISHOP KENN.

THOUGH this is a most important subject, it is one on which I enter with considerable reluctance, not only because I am sensible that I cannot do it justice, but because, even by the very imperfect sketch that I shall attempt to give of the qualifications of a minister of the gospel, I shall stand self-condemned, from the conviction that I am so greatly deficient in these requisite qualifications. The subject is an extensive one, and might fill volumes. I shall study brevity, however, in touching on what seem to me the chief qualifications.

1. That a person be at all qualified to be a Christian minister, it is necessary that he be a Christian man—that he be a converted person.

No person will dispute the truth of the following important remarks which we find in Newton's works: "None but He who made the world can make a minister of the gospel. If a young man has capacity, culture and application may make him a scholar, a philosopher, or an orator; but a true minister must have certain principles, motives, feelings, and aims, which no industry or endeavours of men can either acquire or communicate. They must be given from above, or they cannot be received." The very names that are given to a gospel minister in the New Testament, the very office which he holds, and the very work in which he is called to engage, show that spiritual-mindedness and holiness of char-

acter are indispensable requisites. He is called a "man of God." The Apostle Paul, in addressing Timothy, says, "And thou, O man of God." He is called "a servant of God," "the servant of Jesus Christ." An unrenewed person cannot be a man of God—cannot be a servant of Jesus Christ, in the exalted sense in which that title is given in Scripture to the ministers of the everlasting gospel. Every man in his natural, unrenewed state, is the vassal of Satan; he is his captive, his slave, and in one way or another he must serve him as his master. "Know ye not that ye are his servants to whom ye obey, whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?" How unqualified is an unrenewed person for being an efficient minister of the gospel of Jesus! He does not obey Christ as his master, and how, then, can he be his servant? "The carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." It is the duty of the minister of the gospel to pull down the strongholds of Satan; but will the servant of Satan seek the overthrow of his master's kingdom? It is the duty of the minister to instruct those committed to his charge in the doctrines and duties of our most holy faith; but ill-fitted, if unrenewed, must he be for this, when the Word of God informs us that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." It is the duty of the minister of the gospel to seek to win souls to Christ; but how can it be expected that he should be zealous for the salvation of the souls of others, if he cares not for the salvation of his own soul, and if he seeks not to escape from the wrath to come? He may not know that he is in a state of perdition, and neglecting the great salvation; for Satan blinds the eyes of those that believe not; and it very effectually serves his purpose if he can keep spiritually blind those who have been placed as watchmen on Zion's towers, or who have been appointed as guides to Zion's travellers. For if they are not wolves in sheep's clothing, seeking to devour the flock, they are at best dumb dogs, that neither warn the sheep of their danger, nor seek to ward off the roaring lion and the ravenous bear.

2. Zeal for the glory of God.—Christ the master is the model on which the servant should seek to form himself. He should look to Jesus, "who for the joy set before him endured the cross, despising the shame." "Let the same mind," says the apostle, "be in you which was also in Jesus." "I delight to do thy will, O my God," said Christ, by the lips of the Psalmist. "My meat," said he to his disciples, "is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." When they saw the earnest desire he had for the purity of the worship of God, and his holy indignation at the abuses introduced into the temple, they remembered that it was written, "The zeal of thy house has eaten me up;" it has wasted, and, as it were, dried up my natural moisture, and my vital spirits. Man was made to glorify God, and surely, then, a minister, who, in a peculiar sense, is a man of God, should have zeal for God's glory. To

promote this should be his predominant desire. To this he should devote his time, his talents, all his energies—his whole heart. "This one thing I do"—"To me to live is Christ; his I am, and him it is my honour and my delight to serve." Like Paul, the minister who is zealous for the glory of God will be ready to say, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" nor will he shrink from the service though the Lord should show him what great things he must suffer for his name's sake. What a pattern of zeal and devotedness have we in the great apostle of the Gentiles! "Behold, I go bound in the Spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there, save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." Zeal for the glory of God will lead a minister to preach the Word, to be instant in season and out of season; to reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine; to watch in all things, to endure affliction, to do the work of an evangelist, to make full proof of his ministry; to be always abounding in the work and in the way of the Lord, forasmuch as he knows that his labour shall not be in vain in the Lord. "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ," &c.

Zeal for the glory of God will lead him earnestly to desire the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. He is a spiritual husbandman to whom a portion of the Lord's vineyard has been assigned; and it will be his desire and study that in that portion there may be not only much of the beauty and fragrance of blossom, but also abundance of rich, delicious, well-flavoured fruit. Often, then, will he go down to the vineyard, to see whether the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell, whether the olive trees flourish, the pomegranates bud forth, and purple clusters hang from the vines. He is a standard-bearer in Christ's army, and he will desire not only to fight the good fight of faith himself, but to animate others, and to lead them on to victory. There is much land yet to be possessed; wide territories yet to be reclaimed, and many a fortress in the power of the enemy, on which he wishes to see waving triumphantly the banner of the cross. His zeal for the glory of God will lead him to grieve for dissensions among brethren, and to have painful thoughts of heart "for the divisions of Reuben." And when they who make a profession of faith become backsliders, or act inconsistently with their profession, he has great heaviness, and could wish that his head were waters, and his eyes a fountain of tears, that he might weep night and day, giving vent to his spiritual sorrow. Like the venerable John, his greatest joy is to know that his spiritual children walk in the truth of the gospel. His fervent prayer and earnest desire is, that the kingdoms of this world may soon become the kingdoms of God and of his Christ, and that the happy time may be hastened when the

knowledge of the glory of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the channel of the sea.

3. Love of souls.—When Christ ascended up on high he received gifts for men, even for the rebellious, that the Lord God might dwell in the midst of them. "And he gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors, and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." To ministers of the gospel, as appointed by him, he gives the charge of immortal souls. Every congregation of which he gives them the oversight, forms part of his flock, or of the Church of God, which he has bought with his own blood. How dear are his people to Jesus, when he loved them, and gave himself for them! Those of them that are already converted, are blessed with his favour—objects of his love. How dear, then, should they be to those to whom he gives them in charge! Angels are their ministering spirits; and shall mortal men, though they have undertaken it, be neglectful of this most important duty? If he who had undertaken the charge of a flock or herd of any of the inferior animals would be deserving of reprobation, were he through carelessness, to allow any of them to perish for want of food, or through want of protection from ravenous beasts of prey; how great must be the spiritual pastor's guilt, if, through any neglect on his part, immortal souls are allowed to perish! He is not left without a warning from the mouth of the Lord. "Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore, hear the word from my mouth, and give them warning from me. When I say to the wicked, Thou shalt surely die, and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life, the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand." How great, then, the responsibility of ministers! How few, when they look back on the past, do not need, in the spirit of deep contrition, to cry out, "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God!" O how few, like the apostle, can appeal to their people, and say, "I take you to record this day that I am pure from the blood of all men!"

It is not enough, however, that a minister be deeply impressed with a sense of his responsibility, and with the abiding remembrance that he must render an account. Had he nothing but this to influence him, even when he was most diligent, he might be little better than the slave who was active in the fulfilment of his task from dread of the lash. There must be higher motives; and wherever ministers are animated by zeal for the glory of God, this will be accompanied by the sincere love of souls as an additional motive to strenuous exertion. They are serving that God who gave his only begotten Son, that the perishing might be rescued from perdition; and they are the honoured instruments in the hand of the good Shepherd, who laid down his life for the sheep. He says to them, "Feed my lambs; feed my sheep." He himself "feeds his flock like a shepherd; he gathers the lambs with his arm, and carries them in his bosom, and gently leads those that are with

young." Loving Christ, and having some measure of the same mind that was in Jesus, they cannot but love those who are so dear to his heart. They cannot be *in* Christ, and he in them, without being part-takers, in some degree, of that love of souls which brought him from heaven to earth—which led him to humble himself and become obedient to death, even the death of the cross. The spirit of tender love to their people will pervade the whole of their public and private ministrations. They will regard the pious part of them as their brethren and their sisters in the Lord. Toward the younger portion they will cherish and manifest the affection of a pious father towards his beloved children. "I would have every minister of the gospel," says the amiable Fenelon, "address his audience with the zeal of a friend, with the generous energy of a father, and with the exuberant affection of a mother." What a model was Paul in this respect! "We were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children;" or still more expressively in the original, "as a nurse or nursing mother cherisheth her *own* children," thus distinguishing the nursing *mother* from the hired nurse of another woman's child. With what warmth of affection does he address the Philippian converts! "Therefore, my brethren, dearly beloved, and longed for, my joy and crown, so stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved." Even when he is afraid of their being led astray from the simplicity of the gospel, while he faithfully warns them, as in the case of the Corinthians, what affection mingles with the necessary admonition! "Would to God that you could bear with me a little in my folly, and, indeed, bear with me. For I am jealous over you, with godly jealousy; for I have espoused you to one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ. But I fear lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtlety, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ." And afterwards he saith, "Behold, the third time I am ready to come to you, and I will not be burdensome to you; for I seek not yours, but you. I will very gladly spend and be spent for you, though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved." How plainly and honestly does he deal with the Galatian converts, and yet how lovingly! "I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain. Brethren, I beseech you, be as I am; for I am as ye are. Ye have not injured me at all." He entreats them to be as cordial in their love to him as he was in his love to them. Though he admonished them, he did not speak under the influence of resentment, as if they had injured him, however much they had injured themselves in being swayed by the doctrines of false teachers. "Ye know how, through infirmity of the flesh, I preached the gospel unto you at the first." The infirmity of the flesh is probably the same as the thorn in the flesh mentioned in the Epistle to the Corinthians—some bodily weakness, or some defect in speech, which he feared might hinder his success in preaching the gospel, and which he repeatedly besought the Lord to remove. Here, however, have we a proof of the fulfilment of the Lord's promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee; my strength

is made perfect in weakness;" for he says to the Galatians, "My temptation which was in my flesh ye despised not, nor rejected, but received me as an angel of God, even as Christ Jesus. Where is, then, the blessedness ye spoke of? for I bear you record, that if it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your own eyes, and have given them to me. Am I then become your enemy because I tell you the truth?" Even when he spoke in the strongest terms of reprobation of the wickedness of false brethren, it is with the grief of a father yearning over a profligate son: "For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ." How like is this to the perfect pattern of heavenly compassion set by his Master, when he said, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things that pertain to thy peace; but now they are hid from thine eyes." Or when, weeping over the devoted city he said, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

This love will manifest itself even when proclaiming the terrors of the law. Never, indeed, is the manifestation of Christian tenderness and compassion more necessary. No strange fire must be introduced—no indignation savouring of human resentment and passion, as if, like the apostles who knew not what manner of spirit they were of, we wished to bring down fire from heaven to consume gainsayers. The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God. To melt the heart, there must be mingled with the thunderings and the lightnings of the law much of the meekness, and gentleness, and compassion of the gospel of Jesus. We are not arguing for any false delicacy, or any spurious tenderness, or any healing of wounds slightly. They must be probed to the bottom, with a firm, indeed, but also with a tender hand. Instead of the soft language of feeble old Eli, "Nay, my sons; for it is no good report that I hear," there must be firmness of reprimand, or gentleness of address, according to circumstances. "On some have compassion, making a difference; and others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire; hating even the garment spotted by his flesh." Even when the language of reproof is strong, it must be shown that it proceeds from grief rather than from anger—grief for the sinner, and anger against the sin; like Jesus, when the Jews, though he was about to perform a miracle of great mercy, watched him that they might accuse him—"He looked round about on them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts." If a minister, then, would be successful in turning sinners from the error of their way, and in building up believers in our most holy faith, he must have in his heart a sincere love of souls. Without this, even though God should give some measure of success, instead of being profited himself, by being the instrument in the hand of God in saving others—if he meant it not, if he preached not from love to Christ, and to perishing souls—he will in the end be only a more guilty

and a more wretched castaway. O how great his anguish, in the great day, if the hidden manna has passed through his hands, and he tasted it not; and if the cup of life, which he administered to others, has never been applied to his own lips! To have souls for his hire, a minister must have unfeigned love of souls. He must "speak the truth in love." Love is the life, power, soul, and spirit of gospel preaching. "Let there be love," said one of the fathers, "and you may say what you please." Better are the wounds of a friend than the kisses of an enemy. Men, in general, will give a patient hearing to those who they think are actuated by friendly motives; and the heart will be shut against the soundest preacher, unless the hearers believe that he has a sincere regard for their best interests. "Love," said a faithful minister, "continual, universal, ardent love, is the soul of all the labour of a minister." Where there is sincere Christian love, labour is sweet. "In all labour there is profit," but more of all in works of faith and labours of love for the salvation of souls. Knowing the value of souls, the apostle, in his affectionate love, says to the Galatian converts, "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again, till Christ be formed in you." Well, then, may the Apostle Peter say, "The elders which are among you I exhort, who am also an elder, and a witness of the sufferings of Christ, and also a partaker of the glory that shall be revealed: feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; neither as being lords over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the flock; and when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

(To be continued.)

FOLLIES.

"Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness."—Prov. xiv. 13.

ALAS! fond child,
How are thy thoughts beguil'd,
To hope for honey from a nest of wasps!
Thou mayst as well
Go seek for ease in hell,
Or sprightly nectar from the mouths of asps.

The world's a hive,
From whence thou canst derive
No good, but what thy soul's vexation brings:
But case thou meet
Some petty-petty-sweet,
Each drop is guarded with a thousand stings.

Why dost thou make
These murmur'ing troops forsake
The safe protection of their waxen homes?
Their hive contains
No sweet that's worth thy pains;
There's nothing here, alas! but empty combs.

For trash and toys,
And grief-engend'ring joys,

What torment seems too sharp for flesh and blood?
 What bitter pills,
 Compos'd of real ills,
 Men swallow down to purchase one false good!

The dainties here,
 Are least what they appear;
 Though sweet in hopes, yet in fruition sour:
 The fruit that's yellow,
 Is found not always mellow—
 The fairest tulip's not the sweetest flower.

Fond youth, give o'er
 And vex thy soul no more
 In seeking what were better far unfound;
 Alas! thy gains
 Are only present pains
 To gather scorpions for a future wound.

What's earth? or in it,
 That longer than a minute
 Can lend a free delight that can endure?
 O who would droil,
 Or delve in such a soil,
 Where gain's uncertain, and the pain is sure!

QUARLES.

ON VISITING DEATH-BEDS.

(From Cecil's Remains.)

I HAVE found it, in many cases, a difficult thing to deal with a DEATH-BED. We are called in to death-beds of various kinds:—

The true pilgrim sends for us to set before him the food on which he has fed throughout his journey. He has a keen appetite. He wants strength and vigour for the last effort; and then all is for ever well! He is gone home, and is at rest!

Another man sends for us, because it is decent, or his friends importune him, or his conscience is alarmed; but he is ignorant of sin and of salvation; he is either indifferent about both, or he has made up his mind in his own way; he wants the minister to confirm him in his own views, and smooth over the wound. I have seen such men mad with rage, while I have been beating down their *refuges of lies*, and setting forth to them God's refuge. There is a wise and holy medium to be observed in treating such cases: "I am not come to daub you over with *untempered mortar*—I am not come to send you to the bar of God with a *lie in your right hand*; but neither am I come to mortify you, to put you to unnecessary pain, to imbitter you, or to exasperate you." There is a kindness, affection, tenderness, meekness, and patience, which a man's feelings and conscience will condemn him while he opposes! I have found it a very effectual method to begin with myself; it awakens attention, conciliates the mind, and insinuates conviction: "Whatever others think of themselves, I stand condemned before God: my heart is so *desperately wicked*, that if God had not showed me in his Word a remedy in Jesus Christ, I should be in despair: I can only tell you what I am, and what I have found. If you believe yourselves to be what God has told me I am, and all men are, then I can tell you where and how to find mercy and eternal life: if you will not believe that you are this sort of man, I have nothing to offer you. I know of nothing else for man, beside that which God has showed me." My descriptions of my own fallen nature have excited perfect astonishment: sometimes my patients have seemed scarcely able to credit

me; but I have found that God has fastened, by this means, conviction on the conscience. In some cases, an indirect method of addressing the conscience may apparently be, in truth, the most direct; but we are to use this method wisely and sparingly. It seems to me to be one of the characteristics of the day, in the religious world, to err on this subject. We have found out a *circuitous way* of exhibiting truth. The plain, direct, simple exhibition of it is often abandoned, even where no circumstances justify and require a more insinuating manner. There is dexterity, indeed, and address in this; but too little of the simple declaration of the testimony of God, which St. Paul opposes to *excellency of speech or of wisdom*, and to *enticing words of man's wisdom*. We have done very little when we have merely persuaded men to think as we do.

But we have to deal with a worse death-bed character than with the man who opposes the truth. Some men assent to everything which we propose. They will even anticipate us. And yet we see that they mean nothing. I have often felt when with such persons: "I would they could be brought to contradict and oppose! That would lead to discussion. God might, peradventure, dash the stony heart in pieces. But this heart is like water. The impression dies as fast as it is made." I have sought for such views as might rouse and stir up opposition. I have tried to irritate the torpid mind. But all in vain. I once visited a young clergyman of this character, who was seized with a dangerous illness at a coffee-house in town, whither some business had brought him. The first time I saw him, we conversed very closely together; and, in the prospect of death, he seemed solicitous to prepare for it. But I could make no sort of impression upon him: all I could possibly say met his entire approbation, though I saw his heart felt no interest in it. When I visited him a second time, the fear of death was gone; and, with it, all solicitude about religion. He was still civil and grateful, but he tried to parry off the business on which he knew I came. "I will show you, sir, some little things with which I have worn away the hours of my confinement and solitude." He brought out a quantity of pretty and tasty drawings. I was at a loss how to express, with suitable force and delicacy, the high sense I felt of his indecorum and insipidity, and to leave a deep impression on his conscience—I rose, however, instantly—said my time was expired—wished him well, and withdrew.

Sometimes we have a painful part to act with sincere men, who have been carried too much into the world. I was called in to visit such a man. "I find no comfort," he said. "God veils his face from me. Everything round me is dark and uncertain." I did not dare to act the flatterer. I said: "Let us look faithfully into the state of things. I should have been surprised if you had not felt thus. I believe you to be sincere. Your state of feeling evinces your sincerity. Had I found you exulting in God, I should have concluded that you were either deceived or a deceiver; for while God acts in his usual order, how could you expect to feel otherwise on the approach of death, than you do feel? You have driven hard after the world. Your spirit has been absorbed in its cares. Your sentiment—your conversation have been in the spirit of the world. And have you any reason to expect the response of conscience and the clear evidence which await the man who has walked and lived in close friendship with God? You know that what I say is true." His wife interrupted me, by assuring me that he had been an excellent man. "Silence!" said the dying penitent, "it is all true!"

A SABBATH IN PARIS.

(From the Witness.)

Nor long since, the present writer had occasion to make a short sojourn in France. Travelling from the south, we arrived in Paris early in the week, but waited over Sabbath, that we might have an opportunity of seeing how the day was spent in the French capital. Changes were just beginning to be adopted in our own country, the obvious tendency of which was to assimilate the Sabbaths of Scotland to those of Paris; and we wished to see with our own eyes the lengths to which the innovations in question are likely to be carried, and the results that are sure to spring from them. Four busy days we had already passed in visiting the museums and galleries, and in examining every thing of interest which the great city contains; and now the morrow was the Sabbath. We awoke at an early hour; but already the whole city was astir. On no previous morning had we observed such a bustle in the streets. A confused noise, as of a great multitude of foot-passengers, rose to the casement of our sleeping apartment, mingled with the ceaseless rattle of carriages. Although Paris had had, only one working day in the week, and all the other days had been Sabbaths, she could not have been more in haste to resume her round of toils and gaieties. It seemed as if she really believed that labour on this day would bring after it a double recompense, and that pleasure on this day had a double sweetness in it. It was natural that we should be reminded by contrast of the Sabbaths of our own land. How different a scene did Scotland at that moment present! We could fancy the light breaking on her plains hushed and still, and girdled by the calm majesty of the distant mountains; we saw it shining on villages and hamlets, and making glad, as it were, the deep solitude and quiet in which they lay; we saw it gilding the spires and forts of mighty capitals, in whose streets there reigned a silence nearly as profound as in the rural lanes of the secluded hamlet; we thought of the highways untrodden this day by the wayfarer, and the noble rivers and broad friths whose calm bosom no steamer furrowed with its keel, or darkened with its smoke; we thought, too, of the many families from whose dwellings there now ascended the voice of prayer or the melody of praise. How noble the spectacle, thought we—grand and imposing beyond any other that the earth affords! A noble land converted this day into a temple—hushed and reverent, too, from shore to shore, like a temple, and with a whole nation of magnanimous and devout men become the worshippers. Here was a picture, uniting, on a greater scale than any other scene in time, all that is grand and beautiful in poetry, with all that is sublime and holy in religion; but, alas! that such a picture should be seen nowhere but in Scotland!

We were late of descending to the breakfast saloon. The number of guests was this morning unusually large, if we could judge from the bustle in the apartment; and we waited till the greater part should have retired, that we might enjoy our repast in quiet. At length we descended, and found, on

entering, a considerable number of loungers still present. Some were engaged with breakfast, others were busy with the newspapers; some chatted, and others sung sprightly airs, in a rather subdued pitch of voice. It was plain that they had adopted this modified tone, not because it was the Sabbath, but from a polite wish not to disturb those near them who were engaged in conversation or reading. Having breakfasted, we set out for the chapel of M. Pasteur Cordex, in the Rue de Provence. The morning was a brilliant one; the sky was without a cloud; but we remarked that the sun emitted not that full golden radiance which he usually sheds on the fair city on the banks of the Seine, but that he shone with a clear silvery ray, which betokened that clouds would obscure the sky, and showers wet the earth, ere his setting radiance should gild the dome of the Parthenon. We crossed the square of the Bourse—a noble building, with a colonnade in front, and a row of Corinthian pillars on its other sides, having its beautiful architecture finely softened by the young acacias which ran along on the extreme edge of the spacious pavement that surrounded the building. The gates of that great temple of commerce were closed; but other signs were there none, that we could discover, in the *Place de la Bourse*, that this was the day of rest. Rest! it seemed as if the term could have no meaning in Paris. For this city there was no rest. It was the doom of her people to pursue gain and pleasure, with a fearful energy, till one by one they fell dead in the pursuit. In vain the summons to mass was rung out from the great towers of *Notre Dame*: no one obeyed the call. The artisan went to his workshop; the merchant to his counting-house; the trader to his shop; and the man of pleasure to the saloons of fashion, or the galleries of art, or the *cafés* of the *Palais Royal*; and left the mitred band of cardinals and bishops to chant prayers and burn incense in the presence of a congregation of some dozens of old women, assembled amid the desolate aisles of the high Cathedral. We passed on through the square, but not a shop was shut. The same articles which we had seen exposed for sale every day since our arrival in Paris were exposed over again on this day. There was a sameness in the sight, which had an unspeakably saddening effect upon the spirits, and made us feel how terrible a thing it was to have no Sabbath. In the windows of the printersellers were the same portraits of Napoleon and Pius IX., and a host of warriors and bishops of inferior name. The same busts of Voltaire and Rousseau looked forth from the open studio of the artist. In the windows of the booksellers might be read over again the title-pages of the same works—historical, philosophical, and sceptical—which were to be perused on other days. The same rolls of silk lay piled up on the shelves of the draper; and at the door of the fruiterer was an equally abundant display of all the varieties of rich fruits which the fine climate of France produces. One shop we marked which was obviously destined to be the scene of no mercantile transaction that day. There was neither buyer nor seller in it. The plasterer was busy inside with the ceiling, which needed repairs; and the

painter with his pot and brush was bedaubing the door with patches of red, preparatory to bestowing a complete coat of paint upon it. We turned off on the right, into a narrow street leading northwards. Like the *Place* we had just traversed, this street was a scene of busy merchandise. Our memory deceives us if one shop was closed throughout its entire length. Traversing this street, we came out upon the Boulevards. Of splendour this famed promenade cannot perhaps boast; yet it possesses an extraordinary air of gaiety, and is handsome in the extreme. The harmony of proportion has been carefully attended to in the nice adjustment of the breadth to the length; and the harmony of colour has been not less attentively studied in the minor arrangements. A noble row of tall flourishing elms and sycamores, which extends on either side throughout its entire length, forms a fresh and beautiful screen to the white fronts of the spacious mansions that stand on the Boulevards. It was here that the full tide of Parisian gaiety rolled along—no cloud reflecting its dark shadow on its brilliant bosom. Equipages and vehicles occupied the causewayed portion of the street, while the ample pavement was densely crowded with fashionably-attired persons. Knots of gay loungers were gathered at the door of the open saloons, or, seated at tables, drank coffee beneath the shady foliage of young acacias, which had been planted here of purpose. We moved along to the west with the stream for about a quarter of a mile, and then, crossing the Boulevards, entered a street on the right. We passed the great banking establishment of Rothschild, but had no means of ascertaining whether it was open on this day. We had found that it did business on the previous day, and we deemed it improbable that, if open on the Jewish Sabbath, it would be shut on the Christian one. A little beyond the house of Rothschild, we were delighted to observe one shop unopened. In a few minutes we came upon another. So, then, we thought, there are two men, at least, in this guilty city who rest on the Sabbath according to the commandment. We were not so fortunate as to light on a third. We turned once more to the right, and found ourselves in the Rue de Provence. A few paces brought us to the door of the Protestant chapel.

We were rather startled by the reading out of the text, "Our light affliction is but for a moment." In the midst of such a city one would have expected to behold a preacher stern of aspect like the ancient prophets, and to have been called to listen to some message of terrible denunciation, like that which was proclaimed in Nineveh of old: "Yet forty days —." It was no theme of denunciation or terror, however, which the preacher before us had selected. He spoke of affliction, exhorted to fortitude in the endurance of it, and pointed to the "glory" for which it is the instrument of preparing the Christian. "Where," we could not but ask ourselves, "are the mourners whom these words are intended to comfort?" It appeared to be the law of Paris, as of Shushan of old, that none should enter its gates clothed in sackcloth; and while the preacher discoursed on affliction, Paris rejoiced, and said, "I

shall see no sorrow." Doubtless there were broken hearts within her. Misery, and wretchedness, and woe, in all their dismal forms, lurked beneath her gaieties. Dark passions, too, rankled at her heart, and not unfrequently broke out into frightful crimes, which drew after them their inseparable attendants—remorse, horror, and despair. The Prasin tragedy had been consummated only four days before. But we had seen enough to convince us that when Paris is afflicted, the comfort which she seeks is not that which the preacher offered. The terrible spectacles of the Morgue show but too plainly, that when her gaiety is extinguished, nothing but despair is left, and that the hapless victim of calamity knows no resource but to hide himself with his woes beneath the waters of the Seine. Still, we rejoiced to think that the eloquent preacher before us knew all this better than we did; and his selection of such a topic gave us, therefore, the assurance that in Paris, given over, as it appeared to us, to those things the end of which is death, had yet within it a few who kept themselves from its contaminations, and cherished in their hearts a hope beyond the grave.

The worship was at an end, and we left the chapel to be thrown again on the same scene of gaiety from which we had found in the services just concluded so agreeable and profitable an escape. The world outside was keeping no Sabbath; and our sudden transition made us painfully sensible of the extreme unhappiness of those to whom affliction must come, but who know not the hope on which the preacher had so eloquently discoursed. We now found that the throngs had thickened. Cabs, omnibuses, and vehicles of all kinds, were plying on the streets: the waggoner drove past with his load; gay equipages stood at shop doors for parties inside who were cheapening goods. Merchants of humble rank stood at the corners of streets, offering walking-canes, steel-pens, and similar wares for sale. The multifarious noises of the city were somewhat euphonized by a great variety of instruments, which ranged from the grave sounds of the organ which the music-man carried about, down to the sprightly airs which were given by the young Italian. There, too, was the juggler performing to gaping crowds the same feats with which he had entertained them on the six previous days. But what impressed us as the most extraordinary, at least anomalous, part of this gigantic system of Sabbath desecration, was the fact that workmen were employed in repairing one of the cathedrals. We passed it just as the hour of two had struck. Some of the masons were ascending the ladders to resume their work; others had reached the platform, and had struck their first blow with the mallet upon the stone.

During all the morning, Paris observes a certain degree of sobriety and decorum in her Sabbath desecration. She demeans herself much as if the day were one of the ordinary working days; but towards evening she grows tumultuous. The *Champs d'Elysee* are covered with booths and shows; and all sorts of amusements and *fetes* are enacted. These we did not visit, and therefore do not describe. Nor do we speak of the public gardens, which are this evening

brilliantly illuminated; nor of the theatres, which are more than usually crowded. On our way to the evening service in the Oratoire, we passed, however, through the *Palais Royal*. Some thousands of the citizens of Paris were assembled on the spot, and drank wine and sipped coffee amid its fountains and beneath the shade of its trees. As the evening wore on, the uproar of the city grew louder. Paris had risen with the dawn, and now the midnight hour had struck. Still the lights gleamed in her saloons, and still her streets rung with the sounds of revelry and tumult. But we must take a future opportunity of pointing out the important reflections bearing on the Sabbath question in Scotland which the scenes of the day suggested.

LET US KNOW OUR PLACE.

A MOUSE that had lived all his life in a chest, says the fable, chanced one day to creep up to the edge, and, peeping out, exclaimed with wonder, "I did not think the world was so large."

The first step to knowledge is, to know that we are ignorant. It is a great point to know our place: for want of this, a man in private life, instead of attending to the affairs in his "chest," is ever peeping out; and then he becomes a PHILOSOPHER! he must then know everything, and presumptuously pry into the deep and secret counsels of God—not considering that man is finite, and has no faculties to comprehend and judge of the great scheme of things. We can form no other idea of the dispensations of God, nor can have any knowledge of spiritual things, except what God has taught us in his Word; and where he stops, we must stop. He has not told us why he permitted the angels to fall—why he created Adam—why he suffered sin to enter into the world—why Christ came in the latter ages—when he will come to judgment—what will be the doom of the heathen nations—nor why our state throughout eternity was made to depend on such a moment as man's life: all these are secrets of his counsel. *Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?* God urges it on us again and again, that sin HAS entered, and that we must flee from the wrath to come. Christ, in the days of his flesh, never gratified curiosity. He answered every inquiry according to the SPIRIT of the inquirer, not according to the letter of the inquiry: if any man came in humility for instruction, he always instructed; but, when any came to gratify a vain curiosity, he answered as when one said, *Lord, are there few that be saved?*—STRIVE TO ENTER IN AT THE STRAIT GATE! or as when another inquired, *Lord, and what shall this man do?*—*What is that to thee? FOLLOW THOU ME.*—Cecil.

NOVEL READING AND THEATRES.

How often are persons heard to say of certain amusements or employments, of questionable propriety, that they are sure they receive no injury from them, however it may be with others. But how came they to the knowledge of this fact? And why do they speak so positively? They may not be conscious of the injury, and yet it may be received. True, the amusement or employment in question may not maim any member of the body—may not infuriate any passion of the heart; but how can they say that it does not exert any evil influence

on the easily susceptible and finely fibred soul? This is not a matter to be decided by feeling. Take, for illustration, the habit of attending upon theatrical amusements, or the practice of romance and novel reading. Many contend that both of these are harmless. Without attempting now to prove their hurtfulness (though I firmly believe it), it may be confidently asserted, that their hurtfulness or innocence cannot be determined by the feelings of persons, while thus employed. The question can only be determined by inquiring into the nature and tendencies of these things, and by carefully investigating the character formed under such influences. If the scenes presented and sentiments expressed at a theatre, or in an amatory novel, can be proved to have a tendency to injure the soul (and what is more susceptible of injury?), it is absurd to say that they do not injure any particular individual. They do; but here is the secret of the matter. They injure in a way which the individual not only is not conscious of, but cares nothing about. For example, they kill the spirit of devotion, estrange the soul from God, neutralize and secularize the mind, not affecting, perhaps, the morals of the life, but corrupting the morals of the heart, and hardening it, not to every kind of impression, but to the peculiar impressions of religion. For the heart may be all alive to some kinds of good feeling, such as friendship and pity, while it is as dead as death itself to other kinds of praiseworthy emotion, such as the love of God and of Jesus Christ. Now what do the great multitude care for such effects as these, even should they admit them to be produced? Nothing. Therefore, they resort to the theatre and devour romances.—*Newins.*

FOR MINISTERS—WANT OF SUCCESS.

(From Andrew Fuller's Journal.)

Sept. 30. We had a ministers' meeting at Northampton. I preached, and brother Sutcliff, and brother Skinner. But the best part of the day was, I think, in conversation. A question was discussed, to the following purport:—*To what causes in ministers may much of their want of success be imputed?* The answer turned chiefly upon the want of personal religion, particularly the neglect of close dealing with God in closet prayer. Jer. x. 21 was here referred to: "Their pastors are become brutish, and have not sought the Lord; therefore they shall not prosper, and their flocks shall be scattered." Another reason assigned was the want of reading and studying the Scriptures more as *Christians*, for the edification of our own souls. We are too apt to study them merely to find out something to say to others, without living upon the truth ourselves. If we eat not the book, before we deliver its contents to others, we may expect the Holy Spirit will not much accompany us. If we study the Scriptures as *Christians*, the more familiar we are with them, the more we shall feel their importance; but if otherwise, our familiarity with the Word will be like that of soldiers and doctors with death—it will wear away all sense of its importance from our minds. To enforce this sentiment, Prov. xxii. 17, 18, was referred to: "Apply thine heart to knowledge. The words of the wise will be pleasant if thou keep them within thee; they shall withal be fitted in thy lips." To this might be

added Ps. i. 2, 3. Another reason was, Our want of being emptied of *self-sufficiency*. In proportion as we lean upon our own gifts, or parts, or preparations, we slight the Holy Spirit: and no wonder that, being grieved, he should leave us to do our work alone. Besides, when this is the case, it is, humanly speaking, *unsafe* for God to prosper us, especially those ministers who possess considerable abilities.

CHARACTER NOT DETERMINED BY INDIVIDUAL ACTS.

'Was not David a regenerate man when he slew Uriah by the sword of the children of Ammon; and if so, how can we reconcile his conduct with the apostle's assertion—that 'no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him?'—
—John iii. 25.

The difficulty here suggested would vanish, if it were considered that, while the *quality of actions* is determined by their relation to the divine law, the estimate we form of *character* must be regulated by the *habitual course* of the life and conduct. If we were to form our opinion of men from particular events in their lives, we should pronounce Noah a drunkard, Aaron an idolater, Jacob a liar, David a murderer, and Peter an apostate; and each of these characters is excluded from the kingdom of God. But such a judgment would evidently be harsh and erroneous, because these things were not of a piece with their general character, but most entirely opposed thereto. The apostle, in the words referred to, is describing those who "*go in the way of Cain*," and whose character and spirit resemble his. Such a man, he affirms, "*hath not eternal life abiding in him*."

But in this sense David was not a murderer. His sin, in the matter of Uriah, was not the result of those principles on which his character was formed, but a melancholy proof of the force of temptation, even in the case of an eminently good man.—*Fuller*.

HINTS ON READING THE SCRIPTURES.

I do not wish the following remarks to supersede any other answer which may enter more fully into the subject. All I have to offer will be a few hints from my own experience.

In the first place, I have found it good to appoint *set times* for reading the Scriptures; and none have been so profitable as part of the season appropriated to private devotion on rising in the morning. The mind at this time is reinvigorated and unencumbered. To read a part of the Scriptures previous to prayer, I have found to be very useful. It tends to collect the thoughts, to spiritualize the affections, and to furnish us with sentiments wherewith to plead at a throne of grace. And as reading assists prayer, so prayer assists reading. At these seasons we shall be less in danger of falling into idle speculations, and of perverting Scripture in support of hypotheses. A spiritual frame of mind, as Mr. Pearce somewhere observes, is as a good light in viewing a painting; it will not a little facilitate the understanding of the Scriptures. I do not mean to depreciate the labours of those who have commented on the Sacred Writings; but we may read expositors, and consult critics, while the "*spirit and life*" of the word utterly escape us. A tender, humble, holy frame is perhaps of more importance to our entering into the mind of the Holy Spirit than all other means

united. It is thus that, by "*an unction from the Holy One, we know all things*."

In reading by myself, I have also felt the advantage of being able to pause, and think, as well as pray; and to inquire how far the subject is any way applicable to my case and conduct in life.

In the course of a morning's exercise it may be supposed that some things will appear hard to be understood; and I may feel myself, after all my application, unable to resolve them. Here, then, let me avail myself of commentators and expositors. If I read them *instead* of reading the Scriptures, I may indeed derive some knowledge; but my mind will not be stored with the best riches, nor will the word "*dwell richly in me in all wisdom and spiritual understanding*." If, on the other hand, I read the Scriptures, and exercise my own mind on their meaning, only using the helps with which I am furnished when I particularly need them, such knowledge will avail me more than any other; for, having felt and laboured at the difficulty myself, what I obtain from others towards the solution of it becomes more interesting and abiding than if I had read it without any such previous efforts. And as to my own thoughts, though they may not be superior nor equal to those of others, in themselves considered, yet, if they be just, their having been the result of pleasing toil renders them of superior value to me. A small portion obtained by our own labour is sweeter than a large inheritance bequeathed by our predecessors. Knowledge thus obtained will not only be always accumulating, but of special use in times of trial; not like the cumbrous armour which does not fit us, but like the sling and the stone, which, though less brilliant, will be more efficacious.

I may add, it were well for those who can find leisure to *commit to writing* the most interesting thoughts which occur at these seasons. It is thus that they will be fixed in the memory; and the revision of them may serve to rekindle some of the best sensations in our life.—*Ibid*.

"ALL IS MINE."

WHATSOEVER the saints see in heaven is their own. God saith to Abraham now in the heavenly Canaan, what he once said to him of the earth: "Lift up thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art, northward, southward, eastward, and westward, for all the land which thou seest to thee do I give it." (Gen. xiii. 14, 15.) Whatever is within that vast circumference of heaven, it is Abraham's, and all his spiritual seed's, for ever. Now David may tune his song of praise a key higher; and instead of, "*Gilead is mine, and Manasseh is mine, Ephraim and Judah*," &c. (Ps. lx. 7, 8), he may now sing, "*God is mine, and Christ is mine, and the Spirit is mine; all the elect angels are mine, and the whole congregation of the first-born are mine—all the glory of heaven is mine. And so may the least of the saints in heaven triumph. All is mine; and what pleasures, or riches, or honours, or glory, or joys, are in the presence of God—they are all mine. They did sing so while yet in the valley of tears, or they might have sung so (John i. 12); faith gave them a title, a right to heaven, but the blessed vision giveth them now real interest and right in heaven, and they need not now fear to call it theirs. They might have said, My God, my Christ, and my Comforter, here below, but one thing was to be done first; sound*

Scripture evidence was to be cleared out, and sealed up to their souls; but some or other defect therein did not seldom check their confidence, and damp their joy for a time. But now in glory, all is theirs beyond all dispute; their evidences were seen and allowed at their first admission into heaven, and now Mine, mine, is their song and triumph to all eternity; and God is not ashamed to be called their God.—*Case.*

NO CLOUDS IN HEAVEN.

It fareth with many a poor believer here in the wilderness of desertion as it did with Hagar in hers. (Gen. xxi. 16-18.) They sit down to die for want of water when there is a well before them, yea, many a well of living water—the precious promises, out of which wells of salvation they might with joy draw water (Isa. xlii. 3), and drink and forget their sorrows; but, alas! they see them not, until God open their eyes, and then they can go and fill their bottles, and drink, and cause others to drink also. (Gen. xxi. 19.) This is often the state of the way. Oh but now, in the country, the land of fruition, there the saints see, and they know they see; they love, and they know they love; yea, they are beloved, and they know they are beloved. They are bathing themselves in the rivers of pleasures, and they know where they are, and what they do. All tears are wiped from their eyes, and they know who wiped them off with the kisses of his mouth. They are safe, yea, and they are sure; they are blessed, and they know they are blessed. The spouse is now got into the throne, the bosom of her beloved, the King of glory, and there she singeth, “Here I sit as a queen, and am no widow, and shall see sorrow no more for ever.” (Rev. xviii. 7.)—*Ibid.*

WHY I NEVER DOUBT.

REVELATION never staggers me. There may be a *tertium quid*, though we are not yet in possession of it, which would put an end to our present doubts and questions. I was one day riding with a friend: we were discussing a subject, and I expressed myself surprised that such a measure was not adopted. “If I were to tell you one thing,” said he, “it would make all clear.” I gave him credit that there did exist something which would entirely dispel my objections. Now if this be the case, in many instances, between man and man, is it an unreasonable conclusion, that all the unaccountable points which we may observe in the providence and government of God should be all perfection in the Divine mind? Take the growth of a seed—I cannot possibly say what first produces the progress of growth in the grain. Take voluntary motion—I cannot possibly say where action begins and thought ends. The proportion between a fly’s mind and a man’s is no adequate illustration of the state of man with respect to God; because there is some proportion between the minds or faculties of two finite creatures, but there can be none between finite man and the infinite God.—*Cecil.*

TAKE HEED.

TAKE heed of any thing that may darken your evidences. A small drop of ink or dirt falling upon an evidence, may make it illegible, or darken it.

People make nothing of small sins, but small sins do not the least hurt to the soul. The least hair casts its shadow, and a barley-corn laid upon the light of the eye will hinder the sight of the sun as well as a mountain. “Abstain from all appearance of evil,” if you desire God should be “a God of peace” to you. (1 Thess. v. 22, 23.) Abstain from all appearance of evil, if you expect a pre-enjoyment of heaven.

EXAMPLE—LOOK TO IT.

LET every parent look well to his daily and hourly example; for children, says an able writer, make more use of the eye than the ear; and the expressions are clearer and stronger from the one than the other—they will not be influenced so much by what you say as by *what you do*. In vain do you exhort them to be spiritual while you are worldly. In vain do you point them to the narrow path which leads to heaven, while you decline to walk in it. In vain do you warn them from carnal indulgences in which you seek your gratification. You must live what you teach; you must be what you desire them to become. This is the necessary price of a happy state of religion in the family; and it is, alas! a price many parents decline to pay.

“WHOM THE LORD LOVETH HE CHASTENETH.”

GOD’S thoughts are not as ours: those whom he calls to a kingdom, he calls to sufferings, as the way to it. He will have the heirs of heaven know they are not at home on earth, and that this is not their rest. He will not have them, with the abused world, fancy a happiness here, and seek a happy life in the regions of death, as St. Augustine says. The reproaches and wrongs that encounter them, shall elevate their minds often to that land of peace and rest “where righteousness dwells.” The hard taskmaster shall make them weary of Egypt (which otherwise, probably, they might comply too well with), and dispose them for *deliverance*, and make it *welcome*, which, it may be, they might but coldly desire, if they were better used.—*Leighton.*

Fragments.

THE amount of the Christianity of some is, that they are willing Christ should do them all the good in his power, and they are willing to obey him in so far as it falls in with their convenience.

I bear to *error* a degree of the same hatred that I feel towards sin, and am determined to persecute the one as I do the other.

Will the *Head* let the members perish?

That assurance which sin will not damp, is not worth a straw.

Denials in love are better than grants in anger.

We must not think to lie upon God as some lazy people do on their rich kindred, to be always begging of him, but not to put forth our hand to work in the use of means. God has appointed prayer as a help to our diligence, not as a cloak to our sloth. He that prayeth, and is diligent in the use of means, is the person who lifts up his heart with his hands to God.

CONTENDING FOR THE FAITH.

BY THE LATE REV. W. NEVINS, D.D., BALTIMORE.

"CONTEND earnestly for the faith." This is strong language, but the original is still more forcible. The Greek term here employed was the one commonly used to describe the exertions made by those who engaged in the celebrated ancient games. It represents the Christian faith as a prize, for the maintenance and propagation of which Christians should enter the lists and put forth all their powers. It was to be expected that opposition would be made to the truth, for it was confessed to be a system not at all to the taste and liking of proud and prejudiced men. Opposition had indeed shown itself, even in the apostolic age. Certain men had crept in unawares, ungodly men, turning the grace of God into lasciviousness, and denying the only Lord God and our Lord Jesus Christ. Jude foresaw that this opposition to the simple gospel would increase, and extend, and become more formidable. And it was not a phantom that flitted before his vision. In every age the truth has been opposed, and the light hated and eschewed. It is so even now.

The importance of truth and the prevalence of error, together prove the necessity of contending for that most precious portion of truth, called in Scripture "the *faith* once delivered to the saints." But how shall we be prepared to contend for this great prize?

First, Distinguish carefully and accurately between truth and error. Ascertain what is the faith once delivered to the saints. Do not put on your armour and engage in the conflict until you know that you are on the right side. Take good heed that you be not found fighting in the ranks of error. Inform yourself before you undertake to instruct or rectify another.

If it be not easy to discern the distinction between truth and error, it is nevertheless practicable, even for one of moderate understanding and comparatively little leisure. A man's success and progress in the knowledge of the truth of God, is not in proportion to the vigour of his intellect, the depth of his research, and the amount of time that he employs in the study. An humble and teachable disposition, inclining one to sit, as Mary did, at the feet of Jesus, and learn of him, is more effectual to

the attainment of that knowledge which is effectual to salvation, than years spent in the most intense application of the mightiest unaided powers to the subject. It takes no long time to learn the true meaning of the Word of God; but to make the Word of God speak a meaning, by dint of misinterpretation, that shall chime in with our prejudices and sanction our practice, may require much time and more toil.

It is one grand advantage we have in the search of truth, that all of it, which is pertinent to salvation, is contained in a single volume. This is the record of truth. This is our creed, in a sense in which no formulary is. We express a creed often in our own language, in conversation and in preaching, and we may write it, and make it a bond of union; but the Scriptures are the source and support of it. We believe it only so far as we suppose we have proved it to be according to the Scriptures. These Scriptures must be read, must be searched, and candidly compared. But this is not all. Alas for that man who has no practical regard to the admonition: "If any lack wisdom, let him ask of God," who, applying his own faculties to the study of the Bible, does not invoke the aid and instruction of the Divine Interpreter, and who does not study often upon his knees. Man in no manner ever penetrates so easily and deeply into the profundities of divine knowledge as by prayer. You must pray, if you would learn these heavenly lessons. And you must also carry out the truth, so far as known, into practice. Remember this maxim, "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." If you know the truth in part, you are not to wait until you know the whole before you begin to practise any of it. If the truth you have, you hold in unrighteousness, it is merciful in God to let you have no more, lest, holding that also in unrighteousness, you but aggravate the more your condemnation. Ah, how many there are inquiring into the subject of religion, and studying the Scriptures, while yet they are neglecting the elementary and obvious duty of repentance! They wish to know what is right, while yet they are doing what they know to be wrong. No wonder they

are no more successful in their researches. Would to God they would adopt the course just suggested!

Secondly, Having distinguished truth from error, the next thing is to set a proper value on the distinction. For the conflict in the cause of truth, this prepares a man, and this sustains him in it. However accurately a man may discern the distinction in question, yet if he regard it as unimportant, if he adopt the sentiment, that it matters not what a man believe, how will he, or why should he contend for it? In his opinion, it is not worth contending for. Practice he affirms to be the great matter, just as if practice were not the carrying out of principle—virtue the operation of truth, and sin the elaboration of error. How can it be supposed that if the distinction between truth and error were not of the first importance, God would have made a revelation for the purpose of drawing the line that separates them? It is passing strange, that a man, only with the Bible in his hand and reason in exercise, should say it is no matter what one believes, provided he be sincere; that is, provided only he does believe it, for sincerity means no more. This sentiment, making sincerity everything, makes hypocrisy the only evil. It is an evil, and a great one, but not the only one.

One of the most ingenious, as well as one of the most successful devices of the enemy of mankind, is that of undervaluing and bringing into disesteem the distinction here considered. He would fain have us confound virtue and vice, holiness and sin; and he begins by persuading us to confound truth and error. "I believe that no error is innocent, and that if we could trace the effects of erroneous opinions on the secret traits of human character, we should find that every shade of error has a counterpart in the moral feelings." This able writer here points us to that which gives value and importance to the distinction between truth and error. It is that our feelings and actions are, and must be, according to our belief. Can a man love, and serve, and honour, and confide in a being whose character he misunderstands? or if he should do all these through error, will the true God consider service done to another god as done to him? Having made the distinction between truth and error, set a proper, and that will be a high value upon it.

Thirdly, Show the superiority of truth over error by the moral influence on your conduct. This is not only one excellent way of illustra-

ting the reality and value of the distinction between truth and error, but it is a very suitable and efficient manner of contending for the truth. You can do the cause of truth in no one way so much good as by silently *living it*. Why do men say it is of little consequence what is believed, but because they see so little moral efficacy in the boasted faith of Christians—because there is so much dead principle, so much heartless and lifeless orthodoxy visible to them? Carry out your theory in practice, let truth exist as a living principle in you, exhibit an efficient orthodoxy, be as scriptural in your conduct and temper as you are in your opinions, and the world will be compelled to acknowledge the value of truth, and will see that you possess it. Ah, that this might be done! Who can contemplate the articles of your belief, ye Christians, and see how elevating, how inspiring, how purifying they are, and not exclaim, "What manner of persons ought ye to be!" And yet what are you? How unlike what might be expected you would be! And why, but because there is something that obstructs the operation of your belief? You, even you, to some extent, hold the truth in unrighteousness. You are bound to be the best of men, for you have the means of being the best. You have the fullest and the clearest knowledge of the truth. Are you examples of this moral superiority?

Fourthly, Be careful that your *motive* in contending for the faith be such as a holy and benevolent God will approve. He will be satisfied with nothing less than a care for his glory and a love for the souls of men. Be careful, also, that your *object* be not to gain the reputation of prowess as a combatant—not to enjoy the honour and exultation of victory—not to promote the strengthening of a party, but to honour God and save men. Let not ambition actuate you, nor a partisan zeal, nor the paltry spirit of proselytism, but charity, loving both God and man unfeignedly. Espouse the cause of right thinking, chiefly for the sake of right feeling and right acting. Contend for the faith mainly on account of the holiness and the eternal life with which it stands connected. If such be your motive, your manner of contending will be unexceptionable; with such an end in view, so noble and so benevolent, you can hardly fail of adopting the most judicious means of attaining it. You will contend *earnestly*, by how much you love the souls of men and desire their salvation; but you will not contend *impatiently* and *angrily*. If pity move, passion

cannot agitate you. There is an *impatience* often exhibited in controversy, even by those who carry no worse feeling into it. We get wearied and fretted with persons that are in error. We see a thing clearly ourselves, and we are out of patience with others that cannot discover it too. We are amazed at their stupidity or obstinacy, and exclaim against it. But this is not "in meekness instructing them, that they may recover themselves out of the snare." That charity which rejoices in the truth, suffereth long, and is not easily provoked.

It is the manner in which religious controversy has been conducted that has brought it into disrepute, and not any thing unworthy in the thing itself. Controversy is worthy, is lawful, yea, often obligatory. Every minister is bound in some sense to be a controversialist, much more they who are set for the defence of the gospel. We must "contend earnestly for the faith." But some have understood "earnestly" to mean angrily; and for the warmth of love have substituted that of passion. Ambition having too often been their motive, and victory their object, their measures have been violence, denunciation, sarcasm, intolerance. Selfish rather than benevolent considerations influencing them, they have tried how severe and cutting they could be, and what smart and sarcastic things they could say, and how they could provoke or expose an antagonist. And an observant world looking on, and being disquieted, has, in its haste, condemned all controversy, and suffered even truth to sink in its estimation. Such unfriendly turn have the avowed friends of truth too often done her.

ON THE QUALIFICATIONS OF A GOSPEL MINISTER.

(Continued from page 410.)

4. A MINISTER must be a scribe instructed unto the kingdom of heaven. Independent of all book learning, it is of great importance that a minister be a man of sound judgment and understanding, and of good natural abilities. "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding." When He who spake as never man spake was to tabernacle as our instructor among the children of men, "the Spirit of the Lord was to rest on him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord." With all the wisdom of this world, and with all the learning of this world, it must be borne in mind, that a person is totally unqualified for the ministerial office, without a knowledge of the Word of God. The Bible is the Book of books, it is God's book; "it has God as its author,

salvation as its end, and truth without any admixture of error as its matter." To be "mighty in the Scriptures," is one of the best qualifications for being a useful minister of the gospel. No one can be qualified for the sacred office without such an acquaintance with the Word of God as shall prove him to be, like Ezra, "a ready scribe in the law," and "able to teach others also." Without this he cannot be a faithful steward of the mysteries of God; for, without the knowledge of the Scriptures, he is unacquainted with these mysteries. Without this, he cannot "show himself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." In the holy book of God, and nowhere else, are opened the secrets of the heavenly kingdom. He who studiously and reverently, on his knees, at the feet of God, reads this blessed book, has the Most High as his teacher, and learns, as it were, from his mouth, the hidden mysteries of the great salvation—"hidden from the wise and prudent of this world, but revealed unto babes." Whatever in doctrine is not drawn from the Scriptures—is not built on them—does not accord with them—is of man and not of God. It may have the glitter, but it has not the weight nor the purity of the gold of the sanctuary. It will not stand the scriptural test. "To the law and to the testimony: if any one speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." "I read other books," said Philip Henry, "that I may be the better able to understand the Scripture." "Study close," said Matthew Henry, addressing himself to young ministers, "study close; especially make the Bible your study. There is no knowledge I am more desirous to increase in than that. Men get wisdom by books; but wisdom towards God is to be gotten out of God's book, and that by digging. Most men do but walk over the surface of it, and pick up here and there a flower. Few dig into it. Read over other books to help you to understand *that book*. Fetch your prayers and sermons from thence. The volume of inspiration is a full fountain ever overflowing, and hath always something new." How greatly did the Psalmist delight in the Word of God, though he had only a portion of the Old Testament Scriptures! "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes." (Ps. xix. 7, 8.) "O how I love thy law! it is my meditation all the day." "How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!" "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. I have sworn, and I will perform it, that I will keep thy righteous judgments." "Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage for ever, for they are the rejoicing of my heart. I have inclined my heart to perform thy statutes alway, even unto the end." (Ps. cxix. 97, 103, 105, 106, 111, 112.)

"Let the theologian," says Bridges, "delight in these sacred oracles; let him exercise himself in them day and night; let him meditate in them; let him live in them; let him draw all his wisdom from

them; let him embrace nothing in religion which he does not find there. Let him not bind his faith to a man. . . . Let his whole ground of faith be in God alone. For it is a divine, not a human faith, which we learn and teach—so pure that it can rest upon no ground but the authority of God, who is never false, and can never deceive." "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High."

It is very desirable that a minister be skilled in the original languages of the Old and New Testaments. Excellent as our translation is, it is right that a minister should be able to judge of its accuracy; and when commentators differ, it is satisfactory, by consulting the original, to be able to arrive at an intelligent judgment for himself.

But a minister should not only be a man of learning, he should also, in some measure, be a man of science. Though he may not become profoundly skilled, it would scarcely be creditable to him were he not, in respect of learning and science, ahead of the generality of the community where it may be his lot to officiate. Inferiority in these respects is apt to lessen, with some, the reverence with which they listen to his religious instructions. To have a mind well stored with general knowledge, may add greatly to his influence and usefulness. There is no knowledge which, when sanctified, may not be turned to good account in the service. It often throws light on Scripture to the minister himself; and it often furnishes him with suitable illustrations when he is instructing others. Besides, it is at times necessary, to enable him to stand forth as a champion in defence of revealed religion. This is an age of infidelity; and if the Infidel have even a smattering of learning or science, he delights to employ it in attacking religion, as he thus not only impugns a faith which he detests, but shows, as he thinks, that he is superior to vulgar prejudices. It is well that ministers should be able to repel these poisoned arrows. Lately an anonymous book has been published of most injurious tendency. It is very plausible, written with considerable talent, and with much show of great scientific attainments. Under the pretext of regard for religion, it seeks to undermine our most holy faith. With high pretensions to thorough acquaintance with astronomy, and geology, and zoology in all its departments, the author plies every argument, and mingles truth with fiction; and by neatness of style, and strength and boldness of affirmation, he writes in a manner well fitted to impose upon many, and to delight those who are willing to believe whatever is unfavourable to Christianity. It is well that we have had men of great learning, and science, and piety, who have thought it foul scorn that such efforts have been made to fasten an evil name upon true learning and science, as if they were hostile to true religion. These have grappled with his sophistry, and with his pretended facts; and having shown the futility of his reasonings, and the inaccuracy of his statements, they have refuted him in the most masterly manner, so that his poisoned arrows, instead of shaking the bulwarks of our most holy

faith, have only shown their stability, and, rebounding back, have recoiled on his own head.

Another important branch of qualification, under this head, is mentioned by the prophet Isaiah, possessed by himself—possessed in the highest degree by Christ, to whom he refers, and given also, in some degree, by him to his faithful servants. "The Lord God has given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary." This learning is acquired in the school of Christian experience, and God alone can teach it. Christ possessed this in an eminent degree, and delighted to exercise it, saying, "Come unto me all ye who labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Grace was poured into his lips," and "they dropped sweet-smelling myrrh." He gives this "tongue of the learned" also to his ministering servants. O how precious is it to the minister, in this vale of tears, to know how to comfort troubled consciences, and to speak suitably to the various cases of Zion's mourners amidst the afflictions of their souls! This is God's gift, a precious gift, which ministers should earnestly covet.

5. The last qualification that I shall briefly mention is, that he be a man of prayer. Luther has long since said, that "prayer, meditation, and temptation, make a minister." The importance of the first of these will at once be granted by those who have felt the greatness of the work, the greatness of the responsibility, and the utter inability of man, if left to himself, to convert even one perishing soul. The ministerial work must be carried on under a deep sense of human insufficiency, and of entire dependence on the grace of God. "Not by power, not by might, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." The thorough conviction of this, along with the abiding remembrance that Christ has said, "If ye who are evil know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to those who ask him!"—the remembrance of this should lead those who wish to be successful in their ministry to be very earnest in their supplications for the outpouring of the Spirit of grace. It was by prayers and tears that Israel wrestled with the angel and prevailed. It is by earnest prayer that the worm Jacob is enabled to thresh the mountains. It is in answer to fervent prayer, that the treasures of Heaven are unlocked—that the eyes of the understanding are enlightened—that the Spirit of grace takes of the things that are Christ's, and shows them to us in their preciousness, bringing them home with powerful demonstration to our souls. It is by Christ that ministers are called to the work; and if they go to him for light, and life, and strength to carry it on successfully, he will not send them a warring at their own charges, nor leave them unaided to contend with their powerful foes. Prayer is necessary for increase of knowledge and growth in grace. Without prayer for the teaching of the Spirit, Scripture would be a dead letter, the Bible a sealed book. A pious author, speaking of the importance of the study of the Scriptures to the Christian minister, adds, "He must learn them otherwise than by study. The unction of the Spirit is a

great master in this science, and it is by prayer that we become his scholars. Much prayer and little study advance the work of God more than abundance of study without prayer."

A pious minister will pray much for his flock. It was when Moses' hands were held up that Israel prevailed against their enemies. The Apostle Paul seems never to have approached the throne of grace without making fervent intercession for his beloved brethren in the bowels of Jesus Christ. It is in vain that the minister be diligent in sowing, if he seek not that the seed sown be watered with spiritual rain and dew from on high. Owen says, "*That ministration of the Word which is not accompanied with continual prayer for success, is not likely to have any great blessing go along with it.*" It is an attempt to carry on God's work without God's aid, and is likely to cherish spiritual pride and self-sufficiency in his own heart, and very unlikely to work holiness in the lives of others.

Samuel Rutherford could assure his flock that they were the objects of his tears, cares, fear, and daily prayers; that he laboured among them early and late; "and my witness," adds he, "is above, that your heaven would be two heavens to me, and the salvation of you all as two salvations to me." Doddridge was accustomed to set apart days of public prayer, when the work of religion seemed to be at a stand in his congregation. It is recorded of John Welsh, that often in the coldest nights he rose for prayer, and was found weeping on the ground, and wrestling with the Lord on account of his people, and saying to his wife, when she pressed for an explanation of his distress, "I have the souls of three thousand to answer for, while I know not how it is with many of them." There should be prayer for guidance in choosing a subject; prayer for light in studying the subject; prayer for the unction of the Holy Spirit to give zeal, and fervour, and affection, in preaching the word; prayer that the Lord would make the word preached quick and powerful as a sword to pierce, as a hammer to break, as a fire to soften and subdue, that, instead of returning to him void, it may accomplish that whereunto it was sent, that the fruit may be unto holiness, and the end everlasting life. It is recorded of Bruce, one of the most distinguished of our Scottish ministers in the evil times, that though diligent in study, yet what he chiefly sought was the elevation of his own heart into a holy and reverential frame; and in his wrestling with God in prayer, it was not so much for assistance to the messenger as the message. Owen says, "To preach the word, and not to follow it with prayer, is to believe its use, neglect its end, and cast away all the seed of the gospel at random."

We have heard of physicians who never visited a patient without praying for light from the Lord that they might understand the case, and have the blessing of the Lord on the means employed for recovery. And is heavenly guidance, and the Lord's blessing, less needed by the spiritual physician when seeking the welfare of immortal souls? Heathen warriors of old often sought, by sacrifice and supplications, to propitiate the imaginary god of war, when they went

forth to battle. And shall they who, in fighting the good fight of faith, have to wrestle, not against flesh and blood merely, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places, fail to plead the efficacy of the one propitiatory sacrifice, and to implore the aid of the Lord of Sabaoth, who alone is their strength, and who alone can teach their hands to war, and their fingers to fight? We read that Pericles, a most distinguished Athenian statesman and orator, never ascended the rostrum to address the people without imploring a blessing from his false gods. Will not that learned and eloquent heathen, who prayed to gods who had ears, but heard not, and hands, but could neither handle nor help, rise up in judgment against those who, professing to be the ambassadors of Christ, pray not to Him whose Spirit can suggest a word in season, "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn"—who can make these words "as goads—as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies;" in whose hand also are the spirits of all flesh, and who can turn the hearts of the children of men, as the rivers of water, whithersoever he willet? Though the brightest talents may find ample scope for their useful development, in a service for which an angel's tongue, a cherub's knowledge, and a seraph's fire would be inadequate; yet ministers of inferior talents are often wiser in winning souls than those who greatly surpass them in intellectual attainments, if the former are more given to prayer, and are more fervent in their supplications for the teaching of the Spirit. Those who honour God he honours, committing the treasure to earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of man. Sermons which are the fruit of much devout meditation and prayer are found "weighty and powerful," though coming from the lips of babes in Christ; while those that are merely the work of lofty talent, however sound in matter and correct in reasoning, touch not the hearts of the hearers, and pass over their heads unblest.

To prayer, however, must be added diligence in study. "Give attendance to reading," said the Apostle Paul to Timothy. "Neglect not the gift that is in thee. Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them, that thy profiting may appear to all." Still more necessary are reading and meditation now, when extraordinary gifts are no longer granted. We must not offer to God what has cost us nothing—neither the maimed, the halt, the blind. To neglect preparation is to tempt God; and to trust to preparation is to say, I am rich, and wise, and strong, and have no need of thee; I am myself sufficient for these things. A minister should be as diligent in preparation as if everything depended on his own unwearied exertions; while, by the fervour and frequency of his prayers, he shows his strong feeling of dependence on Christ, and that without him he can do nothing. As Bishop Sanderson says, "Prayer and study must go hand in hand. Omit either, and the other is lost labour. Prayer without study is presumption, and study without prayer is atheism." The gospel minister should regard him-

self as a watchman on Zion's walls, saying, "For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace; and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, till the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth." Or like Moses, when desiring the spiritual welfare of Israel, "Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil. Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children. Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it."

"Would I describe a preacher such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve and own,
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt, in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge;
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men."—COWPER.

THE FAMILY AT BROAD OAK.*

In the reign of Charles I. there was an orchard at Whitehall, and the keeper of it was John Henry, a Welshman. His wife, Magdalene Rochdale, was a pious woman, who took great pains with her children, and instructed them carefully in "Perkins' Six Principles," and the other lesson-books which preceded the Shorter Catechism. When dying, she said, "My head is in heaven, and my heart is in heaven; it is but one step more, and I shall be there too." The name of their only son was Philip. Having become a thoughtful boy at Westminster school, and at Oxford, under such teachers as Owen and Goodwin, having grown into an enlightened Christian and an accomplished divine, he became a minister, and was settled in Worthenbury, a little parish of Flintshire.

The playmate of princes—for Charles II. and James II. were near his own age, and, when children, were often in his father's house—a gainly suavity marked the demeanour of PHILIP HENRY all his days; and the memories of his boyhood mingled with the convictions of his manhood, and without diluting his creed softened his spirit. When a Presbyterian and a Puritan, he still remembered Whitehall; how he used to run and open the water-gate to Archbishop Laud, and how his father took him to visit the Primate in the Tower, and how the captive prelate gave him some pieces of new money. He recollected the crowd which assembled before the palace that dismal 30th of January, when a king of England lost his head. And he treasured up the keepsakes which the

royal children had given him. His father died a sturdy Royalist; and though he himself loved the large gospel and strict religion of the commonwealth, with a filial tenderness he always cherished these personal recollections of the reign.

The people of Worthenbury were very few. Though a popular preacher, Philip Henry never counted eighty communicants. And his parishioners were poor; they delved and ploughed, and made the most of hungry little farms. But though they were neither numerous nor learned, their minister felt that they were sufficiently important to demand his utmost pains. He visited and catechised them till he diffused a goodly measure of Christian intelligence; he took an affectionate and assiduous interest in all their concerns, and by the amenity of his disposition as greatly endeared himself as by the blameless elevation of his life he commended the gospel; and, though destined for a small and homely congregation, he laboured hard at his sermons. Indeed, this latter part of his work was hardly felt as a labour. He had an instinct for sermon-making. To his quaint and ingenious mind there was the same enjoyment in a curious division, or a happy plan, which an enthusiastic artist feels in sketching a novel subject or a striking group; and it was a treat to his methodical eye to see accumulating in his cabinet piles of clear and evenly-written manuscript, and systems of pungent theology.

Few have surpassed Philip Henry in that trim antithesis and exact alliteration which were so prized by our ancestors. If it were asked, "What are the Promises?" the answer was, "Articles of the Covenant; Breasts of Consolation; Christian Charter:"—and so on through all the alphabet down to "Wells of Salvation; 'Xceeding great and precious; Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus; Zion's peculiar." And even his common conversation shaped itself into balanced sentences and proverbial maxims. "If I cannot go to the house of God, I will go to the God of the house." "Forced absence from God's ordinances, and forced presence with wicked people, is a grievous burden to a gracious soul." "Solitariness is no sign of sanctity. Pest-houses stand alone, and yet are full of infectious diseases." "There are two things we should beware of—That we never be ashamed of the gospel, and that we may never be a shame to it." "There are three things, which, if Christians do, they will find themselves mistaken—If they look for that in themselves which is to be had in another, viz., *righteousness*; If they look for that in the law, which is to be had only in the gospel, viz., *mercy*; If they look for that on earth, which is to be had only in heaven, viz., *perfection*." In defiance of modern criticism, we own a certain kindness for this old-fashioned art; it has a Hebrew look; it reminds us of the alphabetic psalms, and the "six things, yea seven," of Solo-

* From Preface to Select Works of Matthew Henry, by the Rev. James Hamilton, London. Thos. Nelson, London and Edinburgh.

mon. And we believe that it has a deep root in nature—the love of alliteration and antithesis being, in another form, the love of rhyme and metre. We never see in an ancient garden a box-tree peacock, or a hemisphere of holly, but we feel a certain pleasure; we cannot help admiring the obvious industry; and we feel that they must have been a genial and gay-hearted people who taught their evergreens to ramp like lions, or flap their wings like crowing cocks. And, more especially we feel that but for this grotesque beginning we might never have arrived at the landscape gardens of later times. Though they were the mere memorials of what amused our fathers, we could tolerate these conceits in cypress and yew; but when we recollect that they were the first attempts at the picturesque, and the commencement of modern elegance, we view them with a deeper interest. Doubtless this alliterative and antithrophic style was eventually overdone, and like the Dutch gardener, who locked up his apprentice in the one summer-house, because he had secured a thief in the other, the later Puritans sacrificed everything to verbal jingles and acrostic symmetry. But Philip Henry was a scholar, and a man of vigorous intellect, and in the sense most signal, a man of God. Translated into the tamest language, his sayings would still be weighty; but when we reflect that to his peasant hearers their original terseness answered all the purpose of an artificial memory, we not only forgive but admire it. Many a good thought has perished because it was not portable, and many a sermon is forgotten because it is not memorable; but like seeds with wings, the sayings of Philip Henry have floated far and near, and like seeds with hooked prickles, his sermons stuck to his most careless hearers. His tenacious words took root, and it was his happiness to see not only scriptural intelligence, but fervent and consistent piety spreading amongst his parishioners.

When he had settled at Worthenbury, Mr. Philip Henry sought in marriage the only daughter and heiress of Mr. Matthews of Broad Oak. There was some demur on the part of her father; he allowed that Mr. Henry was a gentleman, a scholar, and an excellent preacher, but he was a stranger, and they did not even know where he came from. "True," said Miss Matthews; "but I know where he is going, and I should like to go with him;" and she went. There is little recorded of her, except that she was very kind-hearted, devout, and charitable, "and always well satisfied with whatever God and her friends did for her." Five of their six children grew up; and when Bartholomew-day banished Philip Henry from his pulpit and his people, his wife's inheritance of Broad Oak supplied a better home than was found by the families of most ejected ministers.

Seldom has a scene of purer domestic happiness been witnessed than the love of God and

one another created there. Enconced in his well-furnished library, transcribing into his folio common-place book choice sentences from Cicero and Seneca, Augustine and Ambrose, Calvin and Beza, Baxter and Caryl, or writing out courses of sermons which he yet hoped to preach, the industrious divine improved his abundant leisure. And whilst his partner looked well to the ways of her household, the thriving fields and tasteful garden proclaimed their united husbandry. Standing hospitably by the way-side, their house received frequent visits from the most renowned and godly men in that vicinity—visits to which their children looked forward with veneration and joy, and which left their impression long on youthful memories. And on all the inmates of the family the morning and evening worship told with hallowing power. Seldom has this ordinance been observed so sacredly, or rendered so delightful. Alluding to the words chalked on plague-stricken houses, Philip Henry would say, "If the worship of God be not within, write, 'Lord have mercy on us,' on the door; for a plague, a curse, is there." And as he deemed it so important, he laboured to make it instructive and engaging to all. In the morning he arranged it so that the bustle of the day should not infringe on it, and in the evening so early that no little girl should be nodding at the chapter, nor any drowsy servant yawning through the prayer. "Better one away than all sleepy," he would say, if occasionally obliged to begin before some absentee returned; but so much did the fear of God and affection for the head of the household reign, that none were wilfully missing. And with this "hem" around it the business of each successive day was effectually kept from "ravelling." It was his custom to expound a portion of Scripture, and he encouraged his children to write notes of these familiar explanations. Before they quitted the paternal roof, each of them had in this way secured in manuscript, a copious commentary on the Bible, which they treasured up as a precious memorial of their happy early days, and their heavenly-minded father. In the hands of his only son, these simple notes became the germ of the most popular English commentary.

Though younger than her brother, SARAH was the oldest sister. When six or seven years of age, her father taught her Hebrew, and among other good customs she early began to take notes of sermons, so that before she reached her threescore and ten, she had many fair written volumes—the record of sweet Sabbaths and endeared solemnities. Married to Mr. Savage, a substantial farmer and a pious man, in the abundance of a farm-house she found ample means for indulging her charitable disposition; and whilst blessed by the poor, to whose necessities she ministered, she was beloved by grateful friends, to whom her Christian composure and tender sympathy made her

a welcome visitor in seasons of anxiety or sorrow. Through life she retained the bookish habits which she had acquired at Broad Oak, and found time to read a great deal, and to copy for the use of her children many of those Christian biographies which were then circulated in manuscript, and not intended for the press. But her superior understanding and elevated tastes did not disqualify her for the more irksome duties of her station. She verified the remark, that "Educated persons excel in the meanest things, and refined minds possess the most common sense." She made all the better farmer's wife for being Philip Henry's daughter; and the main difference betwixt the cultivated lady and the vulgar housewife was, that she did more things, and did them better. In the morning she visited the dairy, the kitchen, and the market, and then it seemed as if she was all day alike in the parlour and the nursery. Besides clothing her household, she found time to make garments for the poor; and by lying down with a book beside her, she contrived to improve her mind, and read the works of such theologians as Owen, and Flavel, and Howe. Like her father, and most of the Puritans, she possessed a serene and tranquil spirit, and during the forty years of her married life, was never known to lose her temper. Doubtless much of her successful industry, as well as the quiet dignity of her character, must be ascribed to this meek self-possession; for whilst her notable neighbours deemed it needful to screech commands over all the house, and follow each blundering menial in a perpetual fluster, the simplicity and forethought of Mrs. Savage's directions saved a world of trouble, and all things appeared to adjust and expedite themselves around her calm and gentle presence. Her new home was near her parents, and, besides frequent visits, she was often getting a word in season from the pen of her loving father. "If you would keep warm in this cold season (January 1692), take these four directions:—1. Get into the Sun. Under his blessed beams there are warmth and comfort. 2. Go near the fire. 'Is not my Word like fire?' How many cheering passages are there! 3. Keep in motion and action—stirring up the grace and gift of God that is in you. 4. And seek Christian converse and communion. 'How can one be warm alone?'" Along with the piety of her father she inherited much of his observant eye and spiritual mind; and many of her remarks are not only striking in themselves, but derive a charm from the little things which first suggested them:—"Seeing other creatures clean and white in the same place where the swine were all over mire, I thought it did represent good and bad men in the same place; the one defiled by the same temptations which the other escape through the grace of God and watchfulness." "I was affected lately when I saw our newly-sown garden, which we had

secured so carefully, as we thought, from fowls, and had closely covered it, yet receive as much hurt by the unseen mole, which roots up and destroys. Lord, grant this be not the case of my poor soul! Many good seeds are sown. Line upon line. Daily hearing or reading some good truths. And, by the grace of God, with my good education, I have been kept from many outward sins; but I have great reason to fear the unseen mole of heart-corruption, pride, covetousness. These work secretly but dangerously. Lord, do thou undertake for me." "The coals coming to the fire with ice upon them at first seemed as though they would put out the fire, but afterwards they made it burn more fiercely. I had this meditation—It is often so with me. That which seems against me is really for me. Have not afflictions worked for my good? Sometimes I have gone to an ordinance, as these coals to the fire, all cold and frozen, and there I have been melted. My love and desire have been inflamed. That it hath not oftener been so has been my own fault." But no extracts from her journals can set in a more interesting light this admirable woman than the following lines, recording the death of her only surviving son:—"1721, Feb. 15.—My dear Philip was seized with the fatal distemper, the small-pox. Many, many fervent prayers were put up for him, both in closets and congregations, but on Monday, February 27, between one and two o'clock, he breathed his last; the blessed spirit took wing, I trust, to the world of everlasting rest and joy. The desire of our eyes, concerning whom we were ready to say, 'This son shall comfort us;' once all our joy, now all our tears. Near twenty-two years of age, he was just beginning to appear in public business, sober and pious. A true lover of his friends, of whom he said on his death-bed, 'I lay them down as I do my body, in hope to meet again every way better.' . . . I do not think the worse of God, or of prayer, for this dispensation; yet, sometimes I am much oppressed. I find that deceit lies in generals. How often have I in word and in tongue given up and devoted my *all*—yoke-fellow, children, estate—and all without mental reservation! and now, when God comes to try me in but one dear comfort, with what difficulty can I part with him! Oh this wicked heart! Lord, I am thine. Though thou shouldst strip me of all my children, and of all my comforts here, yet if thou give me thyself, and clear up to me my interest in the everlasting covenant, it is enough. That blessed covenant has enough in it to gild the most gloomy dispensation of Providence. I have condoling letters daily from my friends. Their words, indeed, do reach my case, but cannot reach my heart."

The second sister was CATHERINE, who became the wife of Dr. Tylston, a pious physician in Chester; but we have failed in obtaining any further information regarding her.

The third was ELEANOR. Her gracious disposition was easily seen through all the timidity and diffidence of her retiring nature; and after her death her papers exhibited the same anxiety to cultivate heart religion, and to grow in knowledge, which distinguished all her family. Like her youngest sister, she was married to a tradesman in Chester, and then took the name of Radford.

That youngest sister was ANN. The sweetness of her temper, and her aptitude for learning, made her a special favourite with her father, and he used to call his Nancy "the diamond in his ring." As she grew up, her early dispositions took the form of a cheerful activity and obligingness, which exceedingly endeared her to her friends, whilst her happy and contented piety was constantly reminding them that wisdom's ways are pleasantness. She used to spend much of the Sabbath in singing psalms of praise; and the kindness of her nature, and her loving confidence in the goodness of the Lord, made her visits a peculiar comfort in the house of mourning. And, lest God's mercies should slip out of memory, she used to mark them down. The following is one list of "Family Mercies:"—"The house preserved from fire, June 1690; the family begun to be built up; children preserved from the perils of infancy. Two of my near relations' children taken off quickly by death; mine of the same age spared, March 1693. One child of a dear friend burnt to death; another neighbour's child drowned lately; yet mine preserved. One of the children preserved from a dangerous fall down a pair of stairs into the street; the recovery of both of them from the small-pox, May 1695. Both recovered from a malignant fever when they had been given up; at the same time two servants brought low by it, yet raised up. Ourselves preserved from the same distemper, when two dear relations, mother and daughter, fell by it. Wonder of mercy not to be forgotten." It was of this fever, and within a few weeks of one another, that Mrs. Hutton and her sister Radford died, in 1697. It was a time of heavy trial in a once happy circle, for their venerated father had died the year before. "Yet God is good," was the dying testimony of this meek believer, and he entreated that none would think the worse of family religion for the afflictions which had followed so fast on them. "I am not weary of living, but I am weary of sinning. I would live as Christ lives, and where Christ lives; and that I am sure will be heaven."

This was the pious family in which MATTHEW HENRY was born. Of these intelligent and affectionate sisters he was the only brother, and of those godly parents he was the eldest surviving child. He was born at Broad Oak, Oct. 18, 1662.

When three years old it is said that he could read the Bible distinctly, and he early showed

a strong passion for books. Lest he should injure his health by excessive application, his mother was frequently obliged to drag the little student from his closet, and chase him out into the fields. He had for his tutor Mr. Turner, a young man who then lived at Broad Oak, and who afterwards published a folio volume of "Remarkable Providences;" but whether Mr. Turner had then acquired his taste for extraordinary narratives, or whether the imagination of his pupil was inflamed by their recital, we cannot tell. There is no love of the marvellous in his writings. But in the formation of his character, and the direction of his studies, by far the most influential element was veneration for his learned and saintly sire. The father's devotion and industry inspired the son. And surely this was as it ought to be. Though love to a pious father is not piety, yet with the children of the godly the fifth commandment has often proved the portico and gateway to the first; and perhaps theirs is the most scriptural devotion whose first warm feelings towards their "Father who is in heaven," mingle with tender memories of their father that was on earth. No character could be more impressive than Philip Henry's, no spirit more impressive than that of Philip Henry's son. Till an up-grown lad he was in his father's constant company. He witnessed the holy elevation and cheerful serenity of his blameless life. He was aware how much his father prayed in secret; and besides occasional sermons, he heard his daily expositions and exhortations at the worship of the family. And from what he saw, as much as from what he heard, the conviction grew with his growth, that of all things the most amiable and august is true religion, and of all lives the most blessed is a walk with God. A hallowed sunshine irradiated Broad Oak all the week; but like rays in a focus, through the Sabbath atmosphere every peaceful feeling and heavenly influence fell in sacred and softening intensity. On these days of the Son of man, the thoughtful boy was often remarkably solemnized, and when the services of the sanctuary were over, would haste to his little chamber to weep and pray, and could scarcely be prevailed on to come down and share the family meal. On one of these occasions his father had preached on the grain of mustard-seed, and, wistful to possess this precious germ, he took the opportunity of a walk with his father to tell his fears and anxieties about himself. The conversation is not recorded, but he afterwards told his confidante, his sister, that he hoped he too had received a "grain of grace," and that in time it might come to something. With his young sisters he held a little prayer-meeting on the Saturday afternoons; and amid the sequestered sanctity of their peaceful home, and under the loving eye and wise instruction of their tender parents, these olive plants grew round about the table.

FOR PARENTS MOURNING THE LOSS OF CHILDREN.

I. EBENEZER ERSKINE'S REFLECTION ON THE DEATH OF HIS CHILDREN.

(From his Life and Diary.)

April 27, 1713, being Monday.—My dear, sweet, and pleasant child, Ralph, died on Thursday last week, about a quarter after seven in the morning. His death was very grievous and affecting to my wife and me; but good is the will of the Lord. He takes and gives; blessed be the name of the Lord. My dear child died of the measles, which did appear to come fully out; but no sooner were they at the height but they did strike in again to his heart. That which I think memorable about his death is,—

1. The affecting trouble my dear babe was brought into. For about twenty-four hours before he died, he was exceedingly tortured.
2. Having sent off my servant to Kirkaldy, as he returned he came in by Mr. Currie's house about eight P.M., and there Mr. John Frew, being informed of the providence in my family, immediately came off, and stayed with me all that night. His company was most refreshing and comfortable to me and my wife. Mr. Frew and each of us prayed three or four times before the child died; my dear friend, Mr. Frew, was wonderfully helped to pray for the child.
3. About half-an-hour before the child's breath went out, he felt perfectly calm, and was relieved from the sore tossings he had, and being laid down on his back in the cradle, his eye appeared quick and lively, his countenance serene and pleasant. He looked round upon the company with his eyes, sometimes casting them up towards heaven, as if nothing had ailed him. An air of heaven and glory appeared in his very face, and his countenance, in a manner, thus addressed the spectators:—"Now, farewell father and mother, farewell brother and sisters, farewell friends and spectators; now I am at ease, I behold glorious Christ, glorious angels, receiving me into their abodes of joy. Farewell weary world; welcome Christ, welcome heaven, welcome angels, welcome the spirits of just men made perfect." His countenance invited all that beheld him to follow him to glory, and to prepare for that inheritance he was going to.
4. After his breath was gone and his body swathed, the company having taken a little refreshment, I was called to return thanks, which I did; but, towards the end, when I came to take notice of the present providence, that God had plucked one of the sweetest flowers of the family, my heart burst out into tears, so that I was able to go no further.
5. I find that since the death of the child my soul has been more quickened in the way of duty than formerly, more lively in prayer, more resolute to follow the Lord, and to cleave to him. I find that I needed this spur of affliction to excite me to my duty; and it has made me more importunate with God on behalf of my poor child Henry, who is a-dying, these four or five months, of a decay.

July 1, 1713.—Since the last time I have here marked, I have been sadly, *sadly* afflicted with the loss of other two pleasant children. My dear child, Henry Erskine, my first-born, having died by the will of God, June 8th, being Monday, about two o'clock in the afternoon—about eight years of age. He took his disease with the measles, about half-a-year ago in Dunfermline, which did cast him into a decay; and having brought him home, the small-pox came into the family, which carried him off about two or three days after the height. He was a blooming, pleasant child; and, according to his age, had an excellent capacity, was profiting exceedingly in his learning,

and knew many of the fundamentals of religion above many of his age. While he lay on his sick-bed, I frequently conversed with him about the affairs of his soul; and he gave me great satisfaction by expressing a desire for Christ, and a desire to be with him rather than with father and mother, and friends and relations, here in this world. And that same day that he died, he frequently desired me to pray with him, and would frequently cry out when he saw me, "O father, father, pray, pray, pray for me!" And I thought it observable that, although all the day he died he was almost continually raving, yet, about half-an-hour before his death, having desired me to pray, he lay perfectly calm and silent during the whole time of prayer. All these things I take as grounds of hope that my sweet Henry is now praising and triumphing with Christ in glory. Both my sister, Mrs. Balderston, and Catherine Lockhart, another Christian, living about two miles from this, told me that they got great assurances of his life; which I, in charity, think has been of his eternal life, though they had understood it of a temporal.

Upon the 20th day of June, being Saturday, about four in the morning, the Lord was pleased to take away from me another pleasant pledge—a child of five years of age, his name Alexander. My affections were exceedingly knit to him, and I was comforting myself in naving him, after his brother Henry's death; but it seems the Lord will not allow me to settle my affections on anything here below. I cannot express the grief of my heart for the loss of this child, the other two strokes being so late. I thought I got faith exercised on his behalf upon that word of Christ, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The Lord inclined my heart to bring my sweet child unto him, and I could not allow myself to doubt but he would accept of him. The Lord make me content with his dispensations, and give me the sanctified use of the repeated breaches that he has made upon my poor family. I hope to be gathered unto Christ with my little ones ere long. I have had a sore parting; but they and I, I hope, shall have a joyful meeting. They will welcome me to those mansions of glory above; and they and I, with all the ransomed on Mount Zion, will join in an eternal hymn and hallelujah of praise unto Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever. O to be ready and meet for that inheritance! O to have sanctification perfected, that I may be fit for the work which my pleasant babes are now employed in! If I get the eternal Son of God into my heart, I will not be at a loss for my three sons that are gone. O Lord, let me find upmaking in thyself. I am content to be bereaved of all I have in the world, if thou wilt give me thyself as my sure portion. I will wait for the Lord, and he will strengthen my heart. I dare not deny that he has given secret supporting grace; otherwise these deep waters had come into my soul, and utterly overwhelmed me.

Upon the 7th day of December, my dear, sweet, and pleasant child, Isabel Erskine, died of the small-pox, on the ninth day of the eruption. I got freedom during her sickness, particularly the same forenoon before she died, to present her before the Lord, and to plead his covenant on her behalf. The Lord enabled me to quit her freely unto him on this account, that he had a far better title to her than I. She is mine only as her earthly father; but she is his by creation, by preservation, by dedication to him in baptism, and his also, I hope, by covenant and by redemption; and therefore I am persuaded that she is now his by glorification; and that she is with the Lord Jesus and with her dear mother, triumphing with God in glory. I had a particular affection for

the child, and doted but too much upon her, because she was the likeliest her mother of any of the children, both as to her countenance and humour. But I see that the Lord will not allow me to have any idols, but will have the whole of my heart to himself; and, Lord, let it be so—Amen and amen. Though thou shouldst strip me naked of all that I have in the world, O happy exchange!

I remember that a day or two before the child fell sick, she was in my closet. She and I being alone, I took her on my knee and dandled her, and she was very fond of me, took me round the neck and kissed me; which engaged my heart very much. But my love and affection to the child filled me with a strong desire to have Christ formed in her soul, and therefore I began to commend Christ to her. The Lord helped me to speak of Christ to her in such words as were suitable to her capacity, to which she seemed very attentive. Particularly, I told her, I remember, that she would die, and that it would be better to die and to go to heaven where Christ is, and where she would meet with her dear mother, than to be here; at which words the dear child gave a *broad look* in my face, as if she had been taken with the thing. I bless the Lord who put it in my heart and mouth to converse with her at that time. I hope the Lord entered into her heart with what I said to her. She died pleasantly without any visible pang or throes; her soul, I hope, being carried by angels into Abraham's bosom, and her body buried at her mother's side in the chapel burying-ground, Scotland-well, in her brother Alexander's grave.

I take it kindly that the Lord comes to my family to gather lilies, wherewith to garnish the upper sanctuary, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven." And O it sometimes affords me a pleasing prospect to think that I have so much *plenishin* in heaven before me, and that when I enter the gates of glory, I shall not only be welcomed by the whole general assembly of saints and angels, but my wife and four pleasant babes will, in a particular manner, welcome me to those regions of glory, and I shall join in the hallelujahs of the higher house which shall never have an end.

II. LETTER TO A LADY ON THE DEATH OF SEVERAL YOUNG CHILDREN.

BY ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

I have a comely fruit tree in the summer season, with the branches of it promising plenteous fruit; the stock was surrounded with seven or eight little shoots of different sizes, that grew up from the root at a small distance, and seemed to compose a beautiful defence and ornament for the mother tree; but the gardener, who espied their growth, knew the danger; he cut down those tender suckers one after another, and laid them in the dust. I pitied them in my heart, and said, "How pretty were those young standards! How much like their parent! How elegantly clothed with the raiment of summer! And each of them might have grown to a fruitful tree." But they stood so near as to endanger the stock; they drew away the sap, the heart and strength of it, so far as to injure the fruit, and darken the hopeful prospect of autumn. The pruning-knife appeared unkind indeed, but the gardener was wise; for the tree flourished more sensibly, the fruit quickly grew fair and large, and the ingathering at last was plenteous and joyful.

Will you give me leave, my dear madam, to persuade you into this parable? Shall I compare you to this tree in the garden of God? Your agreeable qualifications seem to promise various fruits of faith, of love, of universal holiness and service. You have

had many of these young suckers springing up around you; they stood a while your sweet ornaments and your joy, and each of them might have grown up to a perfection of likeness, and might have become a parent tree. But say, Did they never draw your heart off from God? Did you never feel them stealing any of those seasons of devotion, or those warm affections that were first and supremely due to Him that made you? Did they not stand a little too near the soul? And when they have been cut off successively, and laid one after another in the dust, have you not found your heart running out more towards God, and living more perpetually upon him? Are you not now devoting yourself more entirely to God every day, since the last was taken away? Are you not aiming at some greater fruitfulness and service than in times past? If so, then repine not at the pruning-knife; but adore the conduct of the heavenly husbandman, and say, "All his ways are wisdom and mercy."

But I have not yet done with my parable.

When the granary was well stored with excellent fruit, and before the winter came upon the tree, the gardener took it up by the roots, and it appeared as dead. But his design was not to destroy it utterly; for he removed it far away from the spot of earth where it had stood, and planted it in a hill of richer mould, which was sufficient to nourish it with all its attendants. The spring appeared, the tree budded into life again, and all those fair little standards that had been cut off, broke out of the ground afresh, and stood up around it (a sweet young grove) flourishing in beauty and immortal vigour.

You now know where you are, and that I have carried you to the hill of paradise, to the blessed hour of the resurrection. What an unknown joy will it be, when you have fulfilled all the fruits of righteousness in this lower world, to be transplanted to that heavenly mountain! What a divine rapture and surprise of blessedness, to see all your little offspring around you that day, springing out of the dust at once, making a fairer and brighter appearance in that upper garden of God, and rejoicing together (a sweet company), all partakers with you of the same happy immortality—all fitted to bear heavenly fruit, without the need or danger of a pruning-knife! Look forward by faith to this glorious morning, and admire the whole scheme of providence and grace. Give cheerful honours beforehand to your almighty and all-wise Governor, who by his unsearchable counsels has fulfilled your best wishes, and secured your dear infants to you for ever, though not just in your own way. That blessed hand which made the painful separation on earth, shall join you and your babes together in his own heavenly habitation, never to be divided again, though the method may be painful to flesh and blood. Fathers shall not hope in vain, nor "mothers bring forth for trouble. They are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them." (Isa. lxx. 23.) Then shall you say, "Lord, here am I, and the children that thou hast given me. For he is your God, and the God of your seed, in an everlasting covenant." Amen.

OUTSIDE HOLINESS PROFANE.

OUTSIDE holiness, how splendid soever it looks, is profane holiness. The heart denominates action. The Pharisee was for temple praying—for lifting up of eyes and hands, but no heart—a mere image drawn out in such a posture, with his eyes and hands inclining upwards; and Christ made baseness of this best piece. God is worshipped in spirit. If holiness reach not this, it is gross profaneness. Holiness is spirit yielding to spirit; bad to good. It is a pure

heart—a heart captivated with Christ, and spending itself upon him. Holiness is everlasting doors within—doors of the soul—that everlasting thing opened to a King of glory. It is affection caught with truth; one spirit bound by another—a bad spirit by a good, and carried whither that listeth. It is a flame, and an angel ascending in it. A spirit, a fire, and ascending upward; a man upon his knees and his heart upon his lips, taking rise for heaven, from this advantage.

Profane holiness, is holiness merely formal; piety suited to policy—to things on this side Christ and truth. “My father did so, my grandfather did so, the most do so; therefore it is best to do so, and it is idle to do otherwise.” Many men’s sanctity is such a mere piece of antiquity; a rumour to wear such an old fashion. What a curse is blind devotion! True holiness is regulated by truth, and not by persons, nor time. “Sanctify them with thy truth; thy word is truth,” saith Christ. Sanctity is made by truth, God’s truth; God’s truth is his word; his words are truth; “Thy word is truth;” not any man’s word, to square holiness by. Holiness is motion from Christ to Christ. A soul taking rise from truth, and so going to God, making God’s word God’s way to himself.—*Old Author.*

“O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?”

(*A Letter from Andrew Wellwood to a Friend.*)

THOUGH I be stepping into eternity, and was thought to have been just entering into it about half an hour ago, I could not but remember you, and dictate a little of my mind to you: not that I intended to write any instructions unto you, but only to show that God is good to them that seek him; and that, in his providence, his promises are all accomplished to the full to me. I cannot tell what he has done for my soul; but I think he has brought me to the end of my days, to the end of my race, by such a wonderful chain of divine providence, that I would not for ten thousand worlds he had brought me any other way, or that my race had been either longer or shorter. He lives long enough, who lives till he get to heaven: all other things are but appendages. He lives a short while who is unprepared for it, of whatsoever age he be: therefore my death need not offend any man; for what can I get more than the kingdom immovable, “undefiled, and that fadeth not away?” (1 Pet. i. 4.) I desired to live for no other end, but to preach my Lord to the great congregation; and think you not he will accept the will for the deed? I dedicated my life to his service, and I hope he will graciously take it off my hand, as if I had done him many years’ service. And I must tell you, he has many wonderful ways of bringing his children unto glory: I could tell you of it by sweet experience, if my weakness and breath would permit. I would not, for all the glory, riches, and pleasures of a vain world, my lot had been another than my Lord has appointed it; yea, my last half year’s providence has been a golden chain, which neither I, men, nor angels, can sufficiently value. Would you know what I think now of heaven? Though I were out of this state of mortality, I could never think of it enough. Oh! oh! oh! the joy of being with JEHOVAH and the Lamb! Oh! the “excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus,” even on this side of time! but to see him as he is—oh, who

can tell what a sight it is! Even those who see “him face to face” see, as it were, but the skirts of his beauty and excellence: and let them dive still deeper and deeper, till eternity, they shall still be but beginning, and yet never well begun. To show my great love and respect I ever had to you, both formerly and now, I write unto you, even when the death-rattle is in my throat; and though I be in a great agony, I find the only way to heaven, that “new and living way,” only by the blood of the Son of God: there is no other way but believe in Christ and be saved. But it is a lively, purifying, loving, and believing way. I cannot say much; I am in death’s pangs. But, “O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?” (1 Cor. xv. 55.) I am like to have a sharp combat, but I hope Christ will not be an indifferent spectator. The end crowns the work. And if once I were within Immanuel’s surpassingly sweet land of conquest, then should I trample death and hell under foot, and triumph over all the miseries and afflictions of time, which seemed to triumph over me. O Death, what art thou in mine eyes! my Lord hath swallowed thee up in victory: and can a free-born son and conqueror, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, be afraid of a conquered slave? (Rev. xiv. 13.) Hell, sin, devil, and death, are conquered slaves.—I am, dear sir, yours, &c.

JUDGE YOURSELVES.

SINNERS, honour truth and confess your state. Lay hands on a bad heart, and bring it forth to the great Searcher of secrets, and charge it with its own. My heart is wicked, my person abominable, my state damnable. Sinners, can ye thus judge yourselves? No! Why, then, you will be judged of the Lord. What a man will not lay hands on and bring forth to God, God will judge it where it lies. The sin you keep close shall burn in your bones. David found it so; shall not a wicked man much more? He that hideth his sin hardens his soul, and hardens God to cut it off; he can never prosper. Hypocrisy discovered by truth, and the man not own it! Grace is frustrated, justice only must go to work upon this soul. It is dreadful to me to think what shuffling some make, to bear up before the light that condemns them; you make a halter for your own necks in this, to be despatched quickly. You fight with light, because you love darkness; what do you think will be the end of this? You make fuel for consuming fire to flame forth against you.—*Lockyer.*

HOW TO CRUCIFY THE WORLD.

SOME are saying, O that the world were crucified to me, and I to the world! O that my heart were as dead as a stone to the world, and alive to Jesus! Do you truly wish it? Look, then, to the cross. Behold the amazing gift of love. Salvation is promised to a look. Sit down, like Mary, and gaze upon a crucified Jesus. So will the world become a dim and dying thing. When you gaze upon the sun, it makes every thing else dark; when you taste honey, it makes everything else tasteless; so when your soul feeds on Jesus, it takes away the sweetness of all earthly things—praise, pleasure, fleshly lusts, all lose their sweetness. Keep a continued gaze. Run, looking unto Jesus. Look, till the way of salvation by Jesus fills up the whole horizon, so glorious and peace-speaking. So will the world be crucified to you, and you unto the world.—*M^cCheyne.*

THE PILGRIM'S LIGHT TO THE END OF HIS PATH;

OR,

PULPIT THOUGHTS AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN MACDONALD, CALCUTTA.

"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path!"—Ps. cxix. 165.

"I AM a stranger on the earth," says the Psalmist; and so say all true believers; and only they can say it, with full meaning. The stranger is also a "pilgrim;" so is it with all the saints, for they from choice "seek a better country" than this earth. So, by necessity, is it with the sinner too; he *must* arise and depart, for this is not his rest, whether he will it or no. So are we all—all pilgrims to the eternal state!

In our external progress, we all seem one. Our pace is one, and our temporal path is one; and so, as pilgrims, we all seem to be one band. Yet in reality it is not so. There are amongst us two classes, as distinct in path as light and darkness, as distinct in end as heaven and hell. Some are passing on steadily, in darkness, to *hell*. Such are in a state of spiritual blindness; they know not whence they come, how they move, or whither they go; they see nothing, they fear nothing, they ask nothing; they desire no light, for they know no darkness; they have no path, for they aim at no end. Year after year, Sabbath after Sabbath, leaves them nearer to hell: yet, on they go, blind and dark, not knowing anything with certainty, until they know that they are in final perdition!

But there are amongst us others of a different sort. They know whence they come, and whither they go, and how they move, and what will be the end of their journey. They know the world, and they know hell, and they know heaven, and they know the paths of each. They have light, they see light, they love light, they glory in the light; and therefore they say, "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path!" They are "children of light," and are of one family with the Psalmist; subjects of the same grace, they are subjects also of the same experience; and they love to meditate on and express the same object of delight. Let us now, near the close of another stage in our journey, meditate on these words, and

study their meaning a little: and may the God and Guide of pilgrims help us!

I. The Word of God is *light*, and a lamp or torch, in darkness, to all spiritual pilgrims.

The Psalmist here addresses God, saying, "Thy Word." This "*thy*" is emphatic in his mind. He is in communion with God; and all that glory which he sees in Him he transfers to his Word; and so says, the Word of God is light, simply because it is His Word.

"God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." He seeth, knoweth, understandeth, manifesteth, judgeth, all things. Everything is present to his mind always, according to truth. He is living light, and all things are as he seeth or showeth them.

CHRIST is light—"the light and the life of the world;" he is the medium of its diffusion—the image of the invisible God to men. What the sun is to natural light, that Christ is to the light of Godhead. He conveys and gives to us what is needful, as "the Sun of Righteousness," for salvation and eternal life.

THE HOLY SPIRIT "enlightens the eyes of the understanding." He gives *sight*; that is, gives us the inward power of using the outward light of Christ; so that we may believe in him, and in the things that are his. The sight is the foundation, and the first act of the faith which saves us.

THE WORD OF GOD is thus a *true light*, as proceeding from Him; partaking of his character, revealing his mind, declaring his will, showing his purposes, declaring his commandments, communicating to us his very knowledge. So also the Word is as "a glass," showing by reflection the Lord Christ, who hath the gospel specially as his own Word. The Spirit, too, employs the Word of God as the medium of sight. He inspired it, and he uses it according to his own holy and glorious nature. This light is *perfect*—it shows us everything that we need to know: *sure*—for, being the very mind of God on all that it shows, it cannot err: *universal*—extending to every object, person, and cha-

acter: *unextinguishable*—for God hath lighted and ordained it, and ever preserves it: it is also the *only* light—the *public* light of the Church—the *private* light of the believer—the *secret* light of the spiritual heart: and it is a *portable* light, like “a lamp,” lantern, or torch, which may be carried, any whither, or by any one, even until the valley of the shadow of death be safely and for ever passed. Oh, glorious light, that so shineth! Oh, blessed pilgrim, that in it walketh! Oh, most merciful God, who hath given it!

II. This light is *ours*—our property, and for our use; “a lamp to *my* feet, a light to *my* path,” saith the believer.

God hath *ordained* it for us, and prepared it for our benefit, as well as for his own glory; so that we see in every page, “This is for *me*!” Even as the sun and moon, so also is it.

It is the *gift* of God to us. By whomsoever it is given immediately, by God is it given ultimately and really; so that we may always say, God hath given me this book, this law, this gospel, this light!

Faith makes it ours in possession: for what is faith but the heart's acceptance of God's gift? It was mine in the ordinance and in the gift; now it is mine in acceptance and actual possession—not the volume only, but its contents, even all the truth that it contains, as the Word of God.

Use confirms all this. When we have lifted up the lamp and it shines on our path, that light is ours; when we walk in the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, then that light upon our feet is ours—we are *in* it.

But it is the HOLY SPIRIT who really makes the light ours in heart. He gives the will and the power to receive its rays into the soul: so that the whole man is full of light. He reveals it to us as the ordinance and gift of God; he teaches us the faith and use of it; and, as our inward life, he enables us to walk and abide in this the true light.

Blessed are they whom this Spirit enlightens, and who know their own state by this, that their heart's desire and supreme effort is to walk in conformity, inward and outward conformity, with the Word of God! whose prayer is this, “Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law!”

III. The *PATH* of the believer is enlightened by this lamp, this light of God to the heavenly pilgrim.

The Christian's path is one of progress: and consists chiefly of two elements—1. The con-

stant administration of *divine providence*, in all its variety, towards him; and, 2. The *har-mo-nious* correspondence of heart and life, on the part of the Christian, with that providence. When the latter agrees with the former, all is well, even in death itself; when the latter departs from the former, all is ill, even in the very sunshine of life. This is the true theory of a Christian's whole course, from first to last; and on the whole of this course does God's Word shine—and so to walk, is to “walk with God.”

The *entrance* of the Christian path is revealed in the light of the gospel. By it was the convinced sinner directed to Christ so as to find rest at his cross, or enter on the pursuit of eternal life in HIM.

The *movements* of the path are directed by this light of God. By it are we taught how we ought to think, and speak, and will, and act; what to shun, what to enjoy, what to pursue and what to fulfil; how to discharge the relative duties of parents, children, husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, and friends; how to act towards the world, how to live in the Church of Christ; how to conduct worldly business, so as to eat and drink, to buy and sell, and do all other things “to the glory of God;” how to occupy time, how to use our talents, how to live, how to die; how to fulfil the whole end of our redemption, and how to move steadfastly forwards, step by step, “from strength to strength, until we appear before God in Zion.”

The *trials* of our path, in all their difficulty, are lightened and removed by this word of light. The fear of man is removed, by a view of God's power and of man's weakness; the love of the world is broken up, by a scriptural sight of its emptiness and sin. Satan's temptations are turned aside, by “Thus saith the Lord;” accusations of conscience are stilled by the gospel of Christ's blood: strange doctrines are tested by the law and the testimony of truth: bereavements are supplied by the consolations of the Holy Ghost in the Word: and death itself is made peaceful and happy, by a sight through it of the world of glory and eternal bliss! so that all the trials of the journey become a source of interest, and a ground of thanks, instead of being as dismal mountains of darkness and evil. Even in-dwelling sin is seen, in this light, to be not the “dominion of sin,” and as having now no power to condemn a believer in Jesus; so that he who is very sad for sin, is, through the Word, made very joyful in Christ Jesus the Lord.

The *goodly company* or fellowship of the path

is also made manifest by the Word of God. The Christian sees that he is not alone on it—that many have gone before, and that many are now going, and that many are yet to go. He sees all the saints, from Abel downwards till his own day; and seeing all these by faith (as in the 11th of Hebrews), he is very glad, and takes more courage to persevere. He says of God too, "I am continually with THEE;" and of CHRIST, "He hath gone to prepare a place for me!" and so he rejoices.

Lastly, the end of the whole journey is seen in the light of this divine lamp of truth. He sees death arranged by God as to time and circumstance, and he waits for its arrival: beyond it, he sees heaven, with Christ, and all saints there blessed and glorified. He sees the path that leads to this desirable end thus described, "As ye have received the Lord Jesus, so walk ye in him!" He looks at the dark defile of death, and says, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:" he looks at temporal futurity, and says, "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life!" He looks at eternal futurity, and says, "I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever!" Happy man who hath such a light, and by it also such a hope! Happy he who hath received his sight, and loves thus to use it—may his lot be ours!

BELIEVER! lift up thy lamp, and look back, with wonder, at the way in which thy Lord hath led thee; look forward also, and wonder at that which thy Lord hath prepared for thee; look down, and behold this miserable world which thou art leaving; look up, and behold that heaven of glory to which thou art daily going; and then take up thy staff, and journey on as quickly and as joyfully as thou mayst; and may God speed thee, poor, but rich, pilgrim! Thy rest shall be glorious!

SINNER! thy present path leads to hell, even as certainly as a stone falls to the earth. This Word of God will show it to thee, if thou wilt but look for thyself. Thy back is to God; and yet thou art speeding on, on, and away from heaven. The cross is out of sight; no throne of grace can be seen where now thou art; life is dead there, and only death lives there. Oh, flee, flee, thou wretched man, thou wretched woman, this instant flee, into the gospel, and meet with CHRIST there! He is thy light and thy life—none but CHRIST, none but CHRIST, can save thee, thou dying sinner! Behold He is in the gospel, and now there. Believe and live! Take heed that the first stone of eternal

death be not cast upon thee by the departing year! and take heed lest thy neglected, resisted, BIBLE say, at the last stroke—AMEN! then shalt thou be in outer and utter darkness for ever! LORD, let this sinner be a brand plucked from the burning!"

CRAIG-PHÆDRIC, AND FALL OF FOYERS.

BY THE REV. DAVID LANDSBOROUGH, SALTCOATS.

It was an hour past noon before we reached Inverness. After attending to some business, I called on Dr. Walker, whom I had known in Glasgow, and while he was visiting some of his patients, he caused his servant to drive me to Craig-Phœdric, which I wished to visit. My excellent friend Professor John Fleming, who was in town, had expressed his willingness to go along with me, but as I could not find him at the time, I lost the pleasure of his company, and the benefit of his instructions. When I reached Craig-Phœdric—which is a finely wooded hill in the neighbourhood of Inverness, with a vitrified fort at the summit—not having a guide, and not seeing any beaten path, I was not ill-pleased to scramble to the top through every obstacle that came in my way. In some places the wood was young, and intermixed with rocks, and the day being fine, it was pleasant to saunter in these places in search of botanical rarities. I fell in with a fungus that was new to me. It was large, stemless, spreading itself irregularly on the ground. It was partly white, and partly tinged with pink; but to me its chief peculiarity was, that the pores, instead of being underneath, were on the upper surface, so that it was resupinate. As it was coriaceous, and could easily be preserved, I placed some of it in my vasculum; and as my friend Dr. George Johnston of Berwick-upon-Tweed is skilled in fungi, as in almost everything else, I sent part of it to Berwick for his inspection. He said that he thought it was *Polyporus Scoticus* of Klotzsch, which is not accounted very rare. All I can say is, that my eyes had never lighted on it before, and I do not think it is to be found either in the south or the west of Scotland. It remains with me as a memorial of Craig-Phœdric. I got also *Vaccinium Vitis-Idææ*, the whortle-berry;—like *Vaccinium myrtillus*, our delightful blae-berry, but it is much less common than the blae-berry, and the leaves, which resemble those of the *Box*, are persistent, so that it is a little evergreen. Having made my way to the top through bush and brake, and standing on the vitrified fort, and the conglomerate rock with which the summit is crowned, I had a very rich and extensive view of granitic mountains and fertile plains, of winding streams and beautiful friths. My attention, however, was chiefly directed to the vitrified fort at my feet. It is the largest vitrified fort I had seen. It seems to have been double walled, and the ramparts are formed of large boulder stones firmly cemented together by fire. When I was examining the curious structure, I came on a person who was reclining at its side, and entering into conversation, I found that he was the forester, and that he had been stationed

there to prevent any person from injuring the plantations, or from diverging from the prescribed path in ascending the hill. He was very civil; gave me a good deal of information respecting the surrounding country; helped me to break off fragments as specimens of the vitrified fort, little weening that he was aiding a person who had been a transgressor in rambling through the plantings, and who had escaped his watchful eyes, because, unlike the fabled Argus of old, he had only two eyes instead of an hundred, and neither of them was in the under part of his head. I had transgressed ignorantly, however; and in coming down I conducted myself *comme il faut*, not once stepping aside from the beaten track.

I reached Inverness in good time to dine with Dr. Walker, and in the evening, which was very sweet, I had a delightful drive with him up the River Ness. There is a sweet little wooded island in the midst of the stream, to which there was access by a wooden bridge, and which used to be a place of resort for an evening promenade. We had a near view of the celebrated Tomnahurich. It is very conspicuous, as it stands in the plain, quite detached from other eminences. Tomnahurich means the watchman's hill, which tells us that it was one of the "ward hills," so necessary when every man's hand was against his brother, or at least when every clan needed to be on the guard against all the surrounding clans. In ancient times it was used also as one of the *moots* for holding courts of justice. And amongst our superstitious forefathers, it was regarded, probably on account of its beauty, as a favourite rendezvous of the fairies, that tiny little race of prankish elves, whom, in my boyhood, I have heard some asserting that they had heard and seen.

We laugh, perhaps, at the credulity of our forefathers, and at their foolish fears lest these fays should, in the absence of the mother, visit their habitations, and carry away from the cradle a lovely babe, leaving in its stead an unthriven, evil-loving changeling. Alas! we forget that worse than these imaginary beings are, though unseen, constantly wandering about our habitations, seeking to ruin ourselves, and especially desirous of bringing our children into a state of the most degrading thralldom. How wonderful is it, that when we are told, on undoubted authority, that our great adversary the devil, is constantly going about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour—when we know that legions of evil spirits are ever on the watch—that they have been most successful, in all ages, in luring myriads to walk according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience—that Satan seeks the everlasting ruin of our bodies and of our souls;—how wonderful is it that so many live at ease, in a state of fatal security, never once thinking of Satan and his wiles—of his fiery darts, of his chains of darkness, or of the mansions of misery in which he is for ever to torment those who submit to his debasing yoke; and continue as his willing captives to work iniquity with greediness! And is it not almost as wonderful, that so many should forget that we are constantly surrounded by blessed spirits

of light, whose unceasing desire is to do us good;—that if we love God, they are sent forth by him to be our ministering spirits, as the heirs of salvation; that the angels of the Lord encamp about those who fear him; that if our eyes were opened we might at all times see myriads of holy spirits encompassing the path and ministering to the happiness of the friends of Jesus—watching over the beds of dying saints, ready to waft the disembodied spirits of the ransomed from the earthly tabernacle, and from the chamber of death and sorrow, to the mansions of the blessed, to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, to join the general assembly of the first-born, and to enter on that rest that remaineth for the people of God? How beautiful does the bard of Paradise cause Adam to speak to Eve on this subject, when they were both happy and pure, when as yet they knew not of unholy spirits, when angels of light owned them as their kindred, and when they were supremely blessed in holding converse with God!—

"Nor think, though men were none,
That heaven would want spectators—God want praise.
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.
All these, with ceaseless praise, his works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator! Oft in bands
Where they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds,
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven."

The morning came, however, when we must leave Inverness, turning our faces southward. We returned as we came, through the great glen of Scotland. The weather was now most propitious, and were I to describe all that afforded us delight, I might fill a volume. I shall merely, however, linger for a little at one fascinating point—the Fall of Foyers. When we were on our way to Inverness, there was no time allowed for landing, and few of us had any inclination; for the day was wet and windy. We had proof, however, that we were near the Falls, for the place was pointed out to us, and as, owing to the heavy rains, there was much water in the river, the spray, like the smoke of a furnace, was rising high above the surrounding woods. In such circumstances, when the wind is blowing up the glen, the spray rises several hundred feet, and if the sun is shining a fine rainbow is formed on the cloud of spray.

Two hours were allowed us, and as the day was fine, the party large, and in good spirits, we all enjoyed the walk exceedingly. The ascent was considerable, and occupied a good while, for as the day was hot, we had to take it leisurely. It was delightful to wind our way through those fragrant Highland woods, in the conjoined parishes of Boleskine and Abertarff. The river forms two cascades within about a quarter of a mile of each other. The upper one being the less remarkable, we went to it first. Directly in front of it, there is a bridge across the stream, from which, without dread or fear, we could

contemplate the gush of descending waters. The fall, however, is not great, and if this had been the only cascade, we would have been disposed rather querulously to say, Is this all? The banks and channel of the stream, from the less to the greater Fall, are very picturesque. The stream continues to rage over and round many shapeless masses of solid rock, and the hazels, and rowan-trees, and weeping birches that adorn the cliff banks, look as sweet and peaceful, as if no scene of turmoil were near. We were directed to proceed along a path that has been cut to a point where the green sward covers a rock which projects considerably beyond the rest of the rocky bank, thus placing those who stand on it almost in front of the tremendous gush of rushing waters as they precipitate themselves into the boiling gulf below. The view is truly magnificent. Though we stood at what seemed a very respectful distance from the roaring torrent, so much spray is tossed about, that had we not used umbrellas we would not have been long unscathed by the profusely scattered aspersions. Thomson's description of a cataract is good, though it seems to have been of a less rugged character than that which we now contemplated:—

"Smooth to the shelving brink, a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid where, collected all,
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud resounding rocks below
Dashed in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower."

After we had taken a good view of the Fall, such of us as were so inclined began to botanize. On the very point where we then stood, there was great abundance of *Cnicus heterophyllus* (melancholy plume thistle), by no means a common plant. A little farther down *Arbutus-uea-ursi* (red bear-berry), with its glossy green leaves and scarlet fruit, was spreading itself in beauty over the heath. I got some rich-fruited specimens of *Rubus saxatilis*, which loves such wild habitats. It cannot be said of the rock Bramble, as has been said of the fruit of the common one,—"*Blackberries* are always red, when they are green;" but it can be said of the berries of this one, that they are red when they are ripe,—and they were then ripe, and red, and beautiful. Primrose plants were most abundant. How delightful would be a walk here in spring, when the weeping birches are in all their youthful fragrance, when the flowers appear on the earth, when the time of the singing of birds is come, and when the voice of the wood pigeon is heard in our land!

When vending our way downwards through the woods, a cry was raised, "What is this, what is this?" It was a mound pregnant with life—swarming with living creatures, winged and wingless. It was a large ant's nest—the word *large* being applicable both to the ant and to the nest. It was a species of ant which I had fallen in with only once, up Lochfine, some miles above Tarbet. It was *Formica Herculanæa*, which forms its nest in woods; and the great tumulus which it constructs is formed of little bits of sticks which it carefully amasses. There are

three kinds of them in the nest—males, and females, and neuters. The males and the females are furnished with wings, the neuters are apterous—wingless. The females and the neuters have also stings, as we soon found to our cost, making us glad to effect a speedy retreat from their dangerous neighbourhood. —When we reached Lochness, we found *Aquilegia vulgaris* (columbine) abundant on its banks. Some think that it is not a native. It had all the appearance of being in a wild state. We found also among the channel fragments of gneiss, and some very beautiful specimens of micaceous schist.

I must, however, bring to a close my too-protracted narrative. I returned home much pleased with my northern expedition, grateful, I trust, for the opportunity I had had of seeing so much that was new to me of our magnificent country, for the kindness of the Lord's providence that I had experienced, and for the happiness I had enjoyed in contemplating so many fresh manifestations of his goodness and wisdom in the wonderful works of his hand.

UNBELIEVING MOTHERS!

PERHAPS the eye of some may rest on these lines who are conscious that they cannot be addressed as Christian mothers, in the highest sense of the term; and if there be one such, permit me to ask that one, if she is conscious of what she is doing? As you are voluntary agents, I am not at this time to object to the ruin of your own souls, but I have to ask you, whether you have a right to ruin the souls of your children? If you ask, Are not our children our own? I answer, with emphasis, Surely they are not. They are a sacred trust committed to your care; they were lent to you by God, and they belong to him. But even conceding that they are your own, are they yours to destroy? Oh, what a satire upon a mother's love, is a mother's irreligious, impenitent, worldly heart! We are told in history, that when Egypt was once under the direful scourge of a universal famine, it was no unusual thing for parents, with most unnatural appetite, to feed on the bodies of their children; and when asked how they could do this desperate act, many a mother has been heard to say, stung to agony by the reproach, and well nigh maddened by hunger, "Is not the child my own, and had I not better feed on its mangled limbs than that the stranger should do it?" We shudder at such a recital; and yet more cruel is that mother who, by precept or example, or by both, leads her child to the ruin of eternal death. I do not doubt that Carthaginian mother's love, who took the smiling infant from the pillow of her bosom, and cast it to the flames in sacrifice to Moloch, because I can believe that she was the victim of a bondage to a horrid superstition, which seemed to make the sacrifice a duty. But in this day of light, in the bright shining of this meridian sun of gospel grace and glory, I cannot conceive a mother's love consistent with the sacrifice of the soul of her offspring. And yet this refinement of cruelty is the achievement of every mother who keeps her own heart from the submission of obedience to the gospel of Jesus Christ, and leads her children with her in the path to eternal wretchedness. Tell me, yet unconverted mother, do you desire that your children should be saved? What folly to suppose that they will embrace the religion which you reject! that they will give their hearts to the Saviour from whom you keep your own! that they will yield to the love which you

trample under foot, and obey the grace to which you daily do despite! If you love their souls, I tell you, you must exhibit some love for your own. You must bring your hearts to the altar of the Saviour, and then you may expect to take your children with you. If you wish them to go to Jesus Christ, you must imitate the conduct of the mothers in the Gospel, and bring them to him. Oh! where in the world of woe will there be a sight more appalling, even to the spirits of the lost, than the father, mother, children—a family in hell! Say not that I am harsh; the theme demands it; and I would rouse you, careless, impenitent mothers, to a sense of your condition; and not only by a Saviour's love, not only by the salvation of your own souls, but by that tenderest plea which nature, or rather nature's God, puts into my mouth—a mother's love—beseech you to have mercy on your own souls, that your children may escape from a ruin now little less than inevitable. "Give not sleep to thine eyes, nor slumber to thine eyelids," till it is "well" with you; and thus saved yourselves, you may be the honoured, the happy instruments of rescuing your children from eternal ruin, and with them rejoice for ever in the bliss of a secured salvation. If there is a sight which may kindle a new rapture in the bosoms of the "saints made perfect," it will be the sight of A FAMILY IN HEAVEN.—*Bedell.*

HINTS FOR MINISTERS.

(Selected from *Carus' Life of Simeon.*)

"BEING the only gownsman that attended there (the church of an evangelical minister at Cambridge), I rather wondered that he did not take any notice of me. I thought that if I were a minister, and saw a young gownsman attending as regularly and devoutly as I did, I should invite him to come and see me."

During the period of Mr. Housman's residence at King's College, he knew it was Mr. Simeon's invariable course to rise every morning, though it was the winter season, at four o'clock, and devote the first four hours of the day to private prayer and reading of the Scriptures.

In one of his pocket-books was found twice written in large characters:

"Talk not about myself."

"Speak evil of no man."

So congenial were the duties of the Lord's-day with his taste, that he generally appeared at the close of the day to be invigorated, rather than exhausted by them. "I am an eight-day clock," said he; "now I am wound up for another week!"

It may be generally remarked, that they who have been most honoured as the instruments "of turning many to righteousness," have been the persons who have been least grudging in their efforts to seek out or reclaim single wanderers from the fold of Christ.

Mr. Simeon had a portrait of Henry Martyn, the sight of which greatly affected him. He used to observe of it whilst looking up at it with affection, as it hung over his fire-place, "There! see that blessed

man! What an expression of countenance! No one looks at me as he does—he never takes his eyes off me, and seems always to be saying, 'Be serious, be in earnest; don't trifle, don't trifle.' Then smiling at the picture, and gently bowing, he added, 'And I won't trifle, I won't trifle.'"

"I have never thought," he said, "that the circumstance of God's having forgiven me, was any reason why I should forgive myself; on the contrary, I have always judged it better to loathe myself the more, in proportion as I was assured that God was pacified towards me. Nor have I been satisfied with viewing my sins as men view the stars in a cloudy night—one here, and another there, with great intervals between; but have endeavoured to get, and to preserve continually before my eyes, such a view of them as we have of the stars in the brightest night—the greater and the smaller all intermingled, and forming, as it were, one continuous mass; nor yet as committed a long time ago, and in many successive years, but as all forming an aggregate of guilt, and needing the same measure of humiliation daily, as they needed at the very moment they were committed."

"I have said nothing to Mr. —, or to the vice-provost, or any in the College, about Mr. —'s conduct. *It is the second blow that makes the battle.* And what harm does it do me to be silent? To pass by a transgression is more becoming the gospel, than to resent it."

"I feel, and have ever felt, that I have no talents for the world, no taste for the world, no time for the world; and, therefore, except as an ambassador from the Lord, I have had for forty-four years almost as little to do with the world as if I had not been in the world."

"About four years ago, when I was in my blessed work of purchasing livings, to secure pious and laborious ministers in them, I wrote to Dr. K.—, whom I had never seen, to ask some assistance towards it, thinking he might possibly give me £500; and, behold, he gave me nearly £8,000! and now that I am engaged to the amount of above £10,000, a gentleman, whom I never saw but once, and then only for half-an-hour, has died and left me £9,000. My poor dear honoured and lamented father thought that I should ruin myself by giving my money to the poor, and, therefore, left my little fortune in the hands of trustees. Behold, this is the way in which God leaves me to be ruined! O what a master he is! I wonder who ever lost by serving Him!"

"A man strikes me with a sword, and inflicts a wound. Suppose, instead of binding up the wound, I am showing it to every body; and after it has been bound up, I am taking of the bandage continually, and examining the depth of the wound, and making it to fester, till my limb becomes greatly inflamed, and my general health is materially affected; is there

a person in the world who would not call me a fool? Now such a fool is he who, by dwelling upon little injuries, or insults, or provocations, causes them to agitate and inflame his mind. How much better were it to put a bandage over the wound, and never look at it again!"

To a monotonous preacher, who had asked him after sermon, his opinion, he replied, "Why, my dear brother, I am sure you will pardon me, you know it is all in love, my brother; but indeed it was just as if you were knocking on a warming-pan—tin tin, tin tin, without any intermission."

TRUTH AND CHARITY.

THE spirit of Christianity is entirely liberal in its desires, prayers, efforts, and communications, but not of course in its opinions; for there is no room for liberality in reference to these. A liberal Christian, if the term be intended to characterize him with respect to his religious sentiments, is an absurdity. We must believe according to the facts and evidence within our reach. What it appears to us that the Scriptures teach, after a close and prayerful examination of them, we must believe. And were our hearts enlarged to entertain all the charity of heaven, it could not alter, and ought not to alter, our belief. Charity can never affect our belief, but by first affecting the things believed. We can change our creed only by changing, what is manifestly impossible, the facts and truths comprehending our creed. We often hear it said by men, that they have charity for all, meaning thereby, that they believe all are in a safe condition in reference to a future state, or that those who live under the influence of Paganism or Mohammedanism are about as well off as those who live under the Christian system, and one Christian denomination scarcely to be preferred to another. Now whether there be *truth* in this, is another question; but there is certainly no *charity* in it. There may be charity in connection with this belief. But there may be quite as much in connection with the opposite belief. Charity does not qualify opinions, but affections and actions. *Feel* charitably, *act* charitably, *think truly*. If one's charity is to be decided by his own opinions, as in common parlance, liberal or illiberal, then what was HE, in respect of charity, who said, "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leads to life, and few there be that find it?" Was he not charitable, yea, charity's self? Yet you see what an opinion he expressed. It is said, "We must have charity;" so we must, else with all things beside, we are nothing; but we must also know what charity is. Whether is not he more charitable who goes and spends his life and employs his talents in the self-denying service of a missionary to the heathen, even supposing him to act on an error of judgment, than he who stays at home, and, sitting in the midst of his comforts, proclaims that the heathen are as well off without the gospel as with it? We cannot help deciding in favour of the former, that he is more like Paul—like Jesus. Ah, it is easy to talk charitably, and (if you like the language) to think charitably; but to entertain charity in the heart and to enshrine it there, and from its deep impulses to *act* and to *endure*, with constancy and without wearying—therein lies the difficulty of charity, "the labour of love." Paul would not have been considered as very charitable in his opinions; but in his desires, in his deeds, and in his ordinances, what mere mortal ever went beyond him?

"KIRWAN" ON EXTREME UNCTION.

To the Right Rev. John Hughes, Bishop of New York.

MY DEAR SIR,—Agreeably to the promise made to you in closing my last letter, I now proceed to a statement of the additional reasons which prevent my return to the pale of your Church, in which I was born, baptized, and confirmed. I shall begin with your sacrament of *extreme unction*. As but few of your own people, and yet fewer Protestants understand it, I hope you and my readers will bear with me even if I should occupy this letter with its consideration. When rightly understood, it is a terrible sacrament. I will try so to explain it as to bring it to the level of every mind, and from your own standard authors which lie before me.

The name of the sacrament explains it; it is anointing by holy oil of a sick person when recovery is *extremely* doubtful. This, and the fact that it is supposed to be the last act of religion, gave it its name. The object of this anointing is thus explained by the doctors of Trent: "The devil is always busy in seeking to destroy the souls of men; yet it is at this hour of death that he most violently exerts all his power; and the object of this anointing by holy oil is to fortify the soul in the dying hour against the violent attacks of its spiritual enemies, and to enable it to make a holy death, and to secure a happy eternity."

The only person who can administer this sacrament is a bishop, or priest. You admit a midwife or a layman to baptize, but a priest only can administer extreme unction. The reasons for this will appear in the sequel.

The oil used in this sacrament must not be common oil. That the effects intended may be produced, it must be oil of olives, "solemnly blessed by the bishop every year on Maundy-Thurs day" I quote from Challoner. The sentence leaves it doubtful whether the efficacy of the bishop's blessing continues only a year, or whether the oil must be used on that day. It has what is called in rhetoric a squinting construction. As the priest is paid for blessing it, it is probable he blesses but little at once, and that he gives it efficacy only for a limited time.

The effects and fruits of this anointing are these: it remits sins, at least such as are venial; it heals the soul of its infirmity and weakness, and helps to remove the punishment due to past sins; it strengthens the soul to bear the illness of the body, and to repel its spiritual enemies; *and if it be expedient for the good of the soul, often restores the health of the body.*" I wish you, sir, and my readers, to ponder the words in italics. Its meaning is this: If the person is restored, it is a miracle wrought by extreme unction; if he dies, restoration would not conduce to the health of his soul.

The manner of administering this sacrament is as follows: If the time permit, certain prescribed prayers are said—the confiteor is repeated, and absolution is granted; then the priest, making thrice the sign of the cross, says, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, may all the power of the devil be extinguished in thee, by the laying on of our hands, and the invocation of

the holy angels, archangels," &c. Then dipping his thumb in the holy oil, he anoints the sick person in the form of a cross, upon the eyes, the ears, the nose, the mouth, the hands, and feet; at each anointing making use of this form of prayer, "Through this holy unction and his own most tender mercy, may the Lord pardon thee whatever sin thou hast committed by thy sight. Amen." And the same prayer is repeated, adapting the form to the several senses.

The requisite disposition in the receiver are faith in the sacrament, a pure desire for the health of his soul and of his body; if expedient, resignation—repentance—devotion.

In case of recovery and relapse, it may be repeated, and as often as the person relapses.

And your scriptural authority for all this you find in James v. 14, 15, which you thus translate: "Is any sick among you? let him bring in the priests of the Church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick man, and the Lord will lift him up; and if he be in sin, his sins shall be forgiven him."

Such is your extreme unction, as described by the Council of Trent, Challoner, and the Poor Man's Catechism. Although abridged, you at least will say that it is a perfectly fair abridgment. Let us now examine it in the light of Scripture and reason.

I ask you to look at your Greek Testament, and then to answer me on what authority you thus translate a portion of the 14th verse of James v.: "Let him bring in the *priests* of the Church?" Ah! the priests, the priests; this sacrament is for their benefit; and, by a mistranslation, the power of anointing and praying must be confined to them!

But does the text afford the shadow of a support to the sacrament? No, not even the shadow. You utterly pervert the meaning of the apostle. The anointing and prayer of James is for the life of the sick; your anointing is for their death, and is never administered whilst there is any hope of life. The anointing of James is for the cure of the body; yours is for the cure of the soul, in reference to which the text gives no direction. The saving of the sick and the forgiveness of sins are in consequence of the prayer of faith. Can none but a priest offer that prayer? The anointing of James, and the prayers to be offered, were to be followed with miraculous recovery; yours are to be followed with speedy death. The cures wrought by the anointing of James were for the establishment of the claims of the gospel; yours for the ghostly authority of your priesthood. That text above quoted is confessedly the only one on which you build your sacrament; and that text must be mistranslated, and utterly tortured out of its sense, and meaning, and end, even to afford a pretext to the use which you make of it. And this is but one of the many instances in which your Church has changed and perverted the original meaning of the Scriptures, and forged them into chains to bind men to your system of delusion.

Having thus swept from your extreme unction the only scriptural authority claimed for it, and hung

it up as a commandment of men, I have a few questions to ask in reference to it.

Is it so that God's people need the oil of olives, blessed on Maundy-Thurseday, to be placed upon their eyes, and nose, and ears, and tongue, and hands, and feet, to secure the remission of their sins, and to heal the maladies of their souls, and to enable them to repel their spiritual enemies? If this oil can do it, what need is there of the blood of Christ? If the blood of Christ, and the presence of his Spirit can do it, what need is there of this olive oil?

But again: you require in the receiver of this sacrament the dispositions above stated. Those are truly Christian dispositions, bating a few things in your manner of stating them. If these dispositions are possessed, will not the soul of the person be saved without your olive oil? If not possessed, will your olive oil save them?

Again: among the effects of this sacrament, as stated in the Poor Man's Catechism, p. 329, is this, "it brings him (the sick man) in safety to the port of eternal happiness." Now, sir, does extreme unction save from purgatory? This you will not say. If not, then it only takes him to the port of eternal happiness. From the port he is turned into purgatory; and your priests get paid for the olive oil by which he slips safely to the port of eternal happiness, and then they get paid for the masses by which they get him out of purgatorial fire into heaven! So that extreme unction is simply a device to increase "the alms and the suffrages of the faithful."

Again: what a low and sad view of the religion of God does this sacrament give to a dying bed! Let us suppose a case, which no doubt, often occurs. There is a Papist in the hour of death. To this hour he has lived in sin. Feeling that death is upon him he sends for his priest. He thinks now of nothing but confession, the eucharist, and extreme unction. The priest appears in his robes. If the sick man is able, he confesses. If not able, the anointing commences, and proceeds in the way already stated. He is crossed and anointed on his eyes, his nose, his tongue, his ears, his hands and feet, and the prescribed prayers are said. The man now dies in peace, feeling that his sins are remitted—that his soul is healed of its infirmities—that his spiritual enemies are all subdued, through the efficacy of olive oil, blessed on Maundy-Thurseday! Not a thought of the dying man is directed to the cross of Jesus Christ, or to the efficacy of his atonement! So that extreme unction is a Papal incantation, by which the priest makes a deluded people to believe that the keys of heaven and hell hang by his girdle—that by his olive oil he can procure for them all that the Bible suspends on faith in Jesus Christ! Esteem me not harsh, reverend sir, when I declare it my deep conviction that by your sacrament of extreme unction your Church is deluding and damning multitudes of souls, and that from year to year. It is a wicked substitution of olive oil for the blood of Christ at the dying hour, and simply and only for the benefit of your priests.

And what a tremendous use your Church has made

of it! Gaining access to the dying beds of kings, princes, and barons, in past days, with your olive oil, you have extorted millions of money from those who believed in your ghostly power. You have thus enriched the Church, and impoverished the people. You have built palaces for your bishops, and reduced the people to beggary. What will a dying sinner withhold from a man who, he believes, has the power to lock him up in hell, or by a little olive oil rubbed on with his thumb, can conduct him to the port of eternal happiness?

The man yet lives who narrates the following scene of which he was an eye and ear-witness. The chief of one of our Indian tribes, a man of great sagacity and decision, was on his dying bed. Many of his people, by a French Jesuit, were converted to the faith of your Church. He knew the wiles of your missionary, and forbade him admission to his dying bed. The priest came with his olive oil, and pressed so hard for admission to him, that it was granted. "Stay," said the dying chief to the man who relates the story, "stay outside the door, and if I knock come in." The priest entered and the door was closed. Soon a violent knock is heard, and the man enters the room. "Take him out," said the dying chief, "take him out." "Land—land—give me land." The priest would put on the olive oil, but wanted first a grant of land.

Reverend sir, your Church must annul this sacrament of extreme unction, before I can return to its embrace. To my mind it is extreme nonsense. Should not incantations over dying men be left to Hottentots? I implore you to seek some other market for your olive oil than the chambers of the dying.—With great respect, yours, &c.

THE LORD TO HIS PEOPLE.

(BEING THE CONCLUSION OF BUNYAN'S "HOLY WAR.")

WHEN the town of Mansoul had thus far rid themselves of so many of their enemies, and the troubleshooters of their peace, the Prince sent to them, and appointed a day wherein he would, at the market-place, meet the whole people, and there give them in charge concerning some further matters, that, if observed, would tend to their further safety and comfort, and to the condemnation and destruction of their home-bred Diabolonians. So the day appointed was come, and the townsmen met together; Immanuel also came down in his chariot, and all his captains in their state attending him, on the right and on the left. Then was an "Oyes" made for silence, and, after some mutual carriages of love, the Prince began, and thus proceeded:—

"You, my Mansoul, and the beloved of mine heart, many and great are the privileges that I have bestowed upon you; I have singled you out from others, and have chosen you to myself, not for your worthiness, but for mine own sake. I have also redeemed you, not only from the dread of my Father's law, but from the hand of Diabolus. This I have done because I have loved you, and because I have set my heart upon you to do you good. I have also, that all things that might hinder thy way to the plea-

tures of paradise might be taken out of the way, laid down for thee, for thy soul, a plenary satisfaction, and have bought thee to myself—a price not of corruptible things, as of silver and gold, but a price of blood, mine own blood, which I have freely spilled upon the ground to make thee mine. So I have reconciled thee, O my Mansoul, to my Father, and intrusted thee in the mansion houses that are with my Father in the royal city, which things are, O my Mansoul, that eye hath not seen, nor hath entered into the heart of man to conceive.

"Besides, O my Mansoul, thou seest what I have done, and how I have taken thee out of the hands of thine enemies; unto whom thou hadst deeply revolted from my Father, and by whom thou wast content to be possessed, and also to be destroyed. I came to thee first by my law, then by my gospel, to awaken thee, and show thee my glory. And thou knowest what thou wast, what thou saidst, what thou didst, and how many times thou rebelledst against my Father and me; yet I left thee not, as thou seest this day, but came to thee, have borne thy manners, have waited upon thee, and, after all, accepted of thee, even of my mere grace and favour; and wouldst not suffer thee to be lost, as thou most willingly wouldst have been. I also compassed thee about, and afflicted thee on every side, that I might make thee weary of thy ways, and bring down thy heart with molestation to a willingness to close with thy good and happiness. And when I had gotten a complete conquest over thee, I turned it to thy advantage.

"Thou seest, also, what a company of my Father's host I have lodged within thy borders; captains and rulers, soldiers and men of war, engines and excellent devices to subdue and bring down thy foes; thou knowest my meaning, O Mansoul. And they are my servants, and thine too. Yea, my design of possessing of thee with them, and the natural tendency of each of them, is to defend, purge, strengthen, and sweeten thee for myself, and to make thee meet for my Father's presence, blessing, and glory; for thou, my Mansoul, art created to be prepared unto these.

"Thou seest, moreover, how I have passed by thy backslidings, and have healed thee: Indeed, I was angry with thee, but I have turned mine anger away from thee, because I loved thee still, and mine anger and mine indignation is ceased in the destruction of thine enemies, O Mansoul. Nor did thy goodness fetch me again unto thee, after that I for thy transgressions had hid my face, and withdrawn my presence from thee. The way of backsliding was thine, but the way and means of thy recovery were mine. I invented the means of thy return; it was I that made a hedge and a wall, when thou wast beginning to turn to things in which I delighted not. It was I that made thy sweet bitter, thy day night, thy smooth way thorny, and that also confounded all that sought thy destruction. It was I that set Mr. Godly-Fear to work in Mansoul. It was I that stirred up thy conscience and understanding, thy will and thy affections, after thy great and woful decay. It was I that put life into thee, O Mansoul, to seek me, that thou mightest find me, and in thy finding find thine own health, happiness, and salvation. It was I that fetched the second time the Diabolonians out of Mansoul; and it was I that overcame them, and that destroyed them before thy face.

"And now, my Mansoul, I am returned to thee in peace, and thy transgressions against me are as if they had not been. Nor shall it be with thee as in former days, but I will do better for thee than at thy beginning. For yet a little while, O my Mansoul, even after a few more times are gone over thy head

I will (but be not thou troubled at what I say) take down this famous town of Mansoul, stick and stone to the ground. And I will carry the stones thereof, and the timber thereof, and the walls thereof, and the dust thereof, and the inhabitants thereof, into mine own country, even into a kingdom of my Father; and will there set it up in such strength and glory, as it never did see in the kingdom where now it is placed. I will even there set it up for my Father's habitation; for, for that purpose it was at first erected in the kingdom of Universe; and there will I make it a spectacle of wonder, a monument of mercy, and the admirer of its own mercy. There shall the natives of Mansoul see all that, of which they have seen nothing here; there shall they be equal to those unto whom they have been inferior here. And there shalt thou, O my Mansoul, have such communion with me, with my Father, and with your Lord Secretary, as is not possible here to be enjoyed, nor ever could be, shouldest thou live in Universe the space of a thousand years.

"And there, O my Mansoul, thou shalt be afraid of murderers no more—of Diabolonians and their threats no more. There shall be no more plots, nor contrivances nor designs against thee. There thou shalt no more hear the evil-tidings, or the noise of the Diabolonian drum. There thou shalt not see the Diabolonian standard-bearers, nor yet behold Diabolus' standard. No Diabolonian mount shall be cast up against thee there; nor shall there the Diabolonian standard be set up to make thee afraid. There thou shalt not need captains, engines, soldiers, and men of war. There thou shalt meet with no sorrow, nor grief; nor shall it be possible that any Diabolonian should again, for ever, be able to creep into thy skirts, burrow in thy walls, or be seen again within thy borders all the days of eternity. Life shall there last longer than here you are able to desire it should; and it shall always be sweet and new, nor shall any impediment attend it for ever.

"There, O Mansoul, thou shalt meet with many of those that have been like thee, and that have been partakers of thy sorrows; even such as I have chosen and redeemed, and set apart, as thou, for my Father's court and city-royal. All they will be glad in thee, and thou, when thou seest them, shalt be glad in thine heart.

"There are things, O Mansoul, even things of my Father's providing, and mine, that never were seen since the beginning of the world; and they are laid up with my Father, and sealed up among his treasures for thee, till thou shalt come thither to enjoy them. I told you before, that I would remove my Mansoul, and set it up elsewhere; and where I will set it, there are those that love thee, and those that rejoice in thee now; but how much more, when they shall see thee exalted to honour! My Father will then send them for you to fetch you; and their bosoms are chariots to put you in. And you, O my Mansoul, shall ride upon the wings of the wind. They will come to convey, conduct, and bring you to that, when your eyes see more, that will be your desired haven.

"And thus, O my Mansoul, I have showed unto thee what shall be done to thee hereafter, if thou canst hear, if thou canst understand; and now I will tell thee what at present must be thy duty and practice, until I come and fetch thee to myself, according as is related in the Scriptures of truth.

"First, I charge thee that thou dost hereafter keep more white and clean the liveries which I gave thee before my last withdrawing from thee. Do it, I say, for this will be thy wisdom. They are in themselves fine linen, but thou must keep them white and clean. This will be your wisdom, your honour, and will be

greatly for my glory. When your garments are white, the world will count you mine. Also, when your garments are white, then I am delighted in your ways; for then your goings to and fro will be like a flash of lightning, that those that are present must take notice of; also their eyes will be made to dazzle thereat. Deck thyself, therefore, according to my bidding, and make thyself by my law straight steps for thy feet; so shall thy King greatly desire thy beauty, for he is thy Lord, and worship thou him.

"Now, that thou mayest keep them as I bid thee, I have, as I before did tell thee, provided for thee an open fountain to wash thy garments in. Look, therefore, that thou wash often in my fountain, and go not in defiled garments; for as it is to my dishonour and my disgrace, so it will be to thy discomfort, when you shall walk in filthy garments. Let not, therefore, my garments, thy garments, the garments that I gave thee, be defiled or spotted by the flesh. Keep thy garments always white, and let thy head lack no ointment.

"My Mansoul, I have oftentimes delivered thee from the designs, plots, attempts, and conspiracies of Diabolus; and for all this I ask of thee nothing, but that thou render not to me evil for my good; but that thou bear in mind my love, and the continuation of my kindness to my beloved Mansoul, so as to provoke thee to walk in thy measure according to the benefit bestowed on thee. Of old, the sacrifices were bound with cords to the horns of the altar. Consider what is said to thee, O my blessed Mansoul.

"O my Mansoul, I have lived, I have died. I live, and will die no more for thee. I live, that thou mayest not die. Because I live, thou shalt live also. I reconciled thee to my Father by the blood of my cross; and being reconciled, thou shalt live through me. I will pray for thee; I will fight for thee; I will yet do thee good.

"Nothing can hurt thee but sin; nothing can grieve me but sin; nothing can make thee base before thy foes but sin: take heed of sin, my Mansoul.

"And dost thou know why I at first, and do still suffer Diabolonians to dwell in thy walls, O Mansoul? It is to keep thee wakening, to try thy love, to make thee watchful, and to cause thee yet to prize my noble captains, their soldiers, and my mercy.

"It is also, that yet thou mayest be made to remember what a deplorable condition thou once wast in. I mean when, not some, but all did dwell, not in thy walls, but in thy castle, and in thy stronghold, O Mansoul.

"O my Mansoul, should I slay all them within, many there be without that would bring thee into bondage; for were all these within cut off, those without would find thee sleeping—and then, as in a moment, they would swallow up my Mansoul. I therefore left them in thee, not to do thee hurt (the which they yet will, if thou hearken to them, and serve them), but to do thee good—the which they must, if thou watch and fight against them. Know, therefore, that whatever they shall tempt thee to, my design is, that they should drive thee, not further off, but nearer to my Father, to learn thee war, to make petitioning desirable to thee, and to make thee little in thine own eyes. Hearken diligently to this, my Mansoul.

"Show me, then, thy love, my Mansoul, and let not those that are within thy walls take thy affections off from him that hath redeemed thy soul. Yea, let the sight of a Diabolonian heighten thy love to me. I came once, and twice, and thrice, to save thee from the poison of those arrows that would have wrought thy death; stand for me, thy Friend, my

Mansoul, against the Diabolonians, and I will stand for thee before my Father, and all his court. Love me against temptation, and I will love thee notwithstanding thine infirmities.

"O my Mansoul, remember what my captains, my soldiers, and mine engines have done for thee. They have fought for thee, they have suffered by thee, they have borne much at thy hands to do thee good, O Mansoul. Hadst thou not had them to help thee, Diabolus had certainly made a hand of thee. Nourish them, therefore, my Mansoul. When thou dost well, they will be well; when thou dost ill, they will be ill, and sick, and weak. Make not my captains sick, O Mansoul; for if they be sick, thou canst not be well; if they be weak, thou canst not be strong; if they be faint, thou canst not be stout and valiant for thy King, O Mansoul. Nor must thou think always to live by sense: thou must live upon my word. Thou must believe, O Mansoul, when I am from thee, that yet I love thee, and bear thee upon mine heart for ever.

"Remember, therefore, O my Mansoul, that thou art beloved of me: as I have, therefore, taught thee to watch, to fight, to pray, and to make war against my foes; so now I command thee to believe that my love is constant to thee. O my Mansoul, how have I set my heart, my love upon thee! Watch. Behold, I lay none other burden upon thee than what thou hast already. Hold fast, till I come."

BE PATIENT UNDER REPROACHES.

THERE will come a day when the Lord will wipe off all the dust and reproach that wicked men have cast upon the good names of his people. There shall be a resurrection of names as well as of bodies. Their names, that are now buried in the open sepulchres of evil throats, shall surely rise again; "their innocency shall shine forth as the light, and their righteousness as the noon-day." (Ps. xxxvii. 6.) Though the clouds may for a time obscure the shining forth of the sun, yet the sun will shine forth again as bright and glorious as ever. "The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance." Though the malicious slanders and false accusations of wicked men may for a time cloud the names of the saints, yet those clouds shall vanish, and their names shall appear transparent and glorious. God will take that care of his people's good name, that the infamy, calumnies, and contumelies, that are cast upon it shall not long remain. The Jews rolled a stone upon Christ to keep him down, that he might not rise again; but an angel quickly rolls away the stone, and, in despite of his keepers, he rises in a glorious triumphant manner; so, though the world may roll this stone and that, of reproach and contempt, upon the saints' good names, yet God will roll away all these stones, and their names shall have a glorious resurrection, in despite of men and devils. That God who hath always one hand to wipe away his children's tears from their eyes, that God hath always another hand to wipe off the dust that lies upon his children's names. Wronged innocency shall not long lie under a cloud; dirt will not stick long upon marble, or statues of gold.

Well, Christians, remember this, the slanders and reproaches that are cast upon you, are but badges of your innocency and glory. "If mine adversary

should write a book against me, surely I would take it upon my shoulder, and bind it as a crown to me." (Job xxxi. 35, 36.) All reproaches are pearls added to a Christian's crown. Hence Austin: "He that willingly takes from my good name, unwillingly adds to my reward;" and this Moses well knew, which made him prefer Christ's reproach before Pharaoh's crown. That God who knows all his children by name, will not suffer their names to be long buried under the ashes of reproach and scorn; and, therefore, hold thy peace; the more the foot of pride and scorn tramples upon thy name for the present the more resplendent and radiant it will be hereafter.—*Brooks.*

THE SIMPLICITY OF FAITH.

THE difficulties of religion are not in the understanding. The first problem, salvation by faith alone, is the simplest proposition that was ever placed before the mind of man. It reminds us of a pretty illustration of the child-like simplicity of a Christian's faith, which we once heard in the sermon of a French preacher, Adolphe Monod.

Two children were standing at evening on the summit of a hill, watching the setting sun as it seemed slowly to roll along the bright horizon. "What a way," said the elder, "the sun has moved since we saw it coming from behind that tree!" "And yet you remember," said the younger boy, "we learned in this morning's lesson with our father, that the sun never moves at all." "I know we did," replied the first; "but I do not believe it, because I see it not so. I saw the sun rise there this morning, and I see it set there to-night. How can a thing get all that distance without moving? You know very well, that if we did not move, we should remain always just where we are upon the hill." "But our father," said the other, "told us it is the earth that moves." "That is impossible too," replied the elder, "for you see it does not move; I am standing upon it now, and so are you, and it does not stir: how can you pretend to think it moves, while all the time it stands quietly under our feet?"

These simple ones might divide mankind between them, and carry the banner of their parties through the world from first to last, from the gates of Paradise to the judgment-seat; there never has been, and there never will be, any other division, but they that take, and they that will not take, their Father's word. Every page of the Bible is a declaration of this truth; every page of human history is a manifestation of it. The believing and the unbelieving, the righteous and the wicked, the happy and the miserable, the saved and the lost, the justified and the condemned, the dead and the living—we may take the Scripture definition of the two parties under what terms we please, explain them, discard upon them, write volumes on volumes to elucidate or to confound them, it comes to the one simple description at last—they that do, and they that do not, their Father's word. Can the youngest among us, the most ignorant, the most foolish, pretend to say, We do not understand it, we do not know what is meant by faith? We are not sure if we have faith enough, if we have right faith or wrong faith, or any faith at all; as if it were some strange, mysterious thing.—Let us never forget the simplicity of faith; it is the confidence which a little child puts in his father's word. And let us remember, too, that our eternal destiny hinges on our believing or not believing; for it is declared by Him that cannot lie, "He that believeth not shall be damned."

A MINISTER TO HIS FLOCK.

REST not in baptismal privileges; all are not Israel which are of Israel. (Rom. ix. 6.) What is a man the better to have Christ's name upon him, if he still retain Satan's image? What is he advantaged to have the oracles of God, and want the Spirit of God? Think not that an empty profession will save; millions are sent to hell in Christ's livery. (Matt. vii. 22, viii. 12.) O labour to "know the grace of God in truth!" (Col. i. 6.)

The Lord hath been at much cost and charges with you to bring you near to himself; let not God be a loser by you. Pindar saith, it was an opinion of the people in ancient times, that Jupiter rained down gold upon the city of Rhodes; give me leave to apply it to you: God hath rained down golden showers upon you. What mercies hath he enriched you with! what talents hath he intrusted you with! Your estate is a talent; your health (in these sickly times especially) is a talent; your sanctuary blessings are talents; every motion of the Spirit, every opportunity for heaven, is a talent, and nothing is more sure than that you will be called to an account shortly. (Matt. xxv. 19, 20.) Now, if you have let your talents lie rusting, and done no good with them, the hiding your talents will not hide your sin; expect a heavy doom. Think not these things impertinencies. Be not so evil, as to be too good to be advised.

WHO LAYS IT TO HEART?

In a great city the memorials of death are frequent, but who lays it to heart? Often is the eye arrested by the funeral crape pendent from the bell handle or the door knob, saying silently but emphatically, "Death is in this house;" but who lays it to heart? The funeral procession crossing a principal thoroughfare, arrests on either side of the way, the passing crowd; but anon the crowd moves on, as if they had seen nothing to awaken reflection, and none lays it to heart. Men crowd the marts of business, they hear of one and another who has gone to the world of spirits, who, a week or two before, were as busy and bustling as any of them; but they lay it not to heart. As one generation dies, the young generation that follows them lay it not to heart, that they in their turn must soon give place to their successors. Those who have lived fifty years, find few around them whom they knew in their youth; and yet they lay it not to heart. In the midst of the dying and the dead, the multitude are intent only on the vanities of the world, and will not lay it to heart.

APOPTHEGMS OF THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

THE almost Christian is the unhappiest of men; having religion enough to make the world hate him, and yet not enough to have God love him.

The servants of God should be as bold for their Master, as the servants of the devil are for theirs.

O Lord, what I give thee doth not please thee, unless I give thee myself; so what thou givest me shall not satisfy me, unless thou give me thyself.

O Lord, who givest grace to the humble, give me grace to be humble.

He loves God too little, who loves any thing with him which he loves not for him.

We should meditate on Christ's cross till we are fastened as close to him as he was to the cross.

By how much the more vile Christ made himself for us, by so much the more precious should he be to us.

He who takes up Christ's cross aright, shall find it such a burden as wings to a bird, or sails to a ship.

It is a great honour to be almoner to the King of heaven. To give is the greatest luxury. How indulgent, then, is God, to annex future rewards to what is so much its own recompenser!

To be libelled for Christ is the best panegyric.

Where affliction is heavy, sin is light.

Sin brought death into the world, and nothing but death will carry sin out of it.

He who revenges an injury, acts the part of an executioner; he who pardons it, acts the part of a prince.—*Banner of the Cross.*

SETTLING ACCOUNTS.

A GENTLEMAN introduced an infidel friend to a minister, with the remark, "He never attends public worship." "Ah!" said the minister, "I am almost tempted to hope you are bearing false witness against your neighbour." "By no means," said the infidel, "for I always spend Sundays in settling my accounts." The minister immediately replied, "You will find, sir, that the day of judgment will be spent in the same manner."

This reminds us of the remark of an old gentleman who once lived in Salem. The good old man was much annoyed by the conduct of some of his neighbours, who persisted in working on Sabbath. One Sabbath, as he was going to church, his Sabbath-breaking neighbours called out to him sneeringly from the hay-field: "Well, father, we have cheated the Lord out of two Sundays any way!" "I don't know that," replied the old gentleman, "I don't know; the account is not settled yet."—*Traveller.*

"WHENCE COMETH OUR AID."

GRACE hath great allies; the greatest power that ever yet acted upon the stage of the world had a hand in the birth of it: should we see all the states of the world engaged in bringing a person to a kingdom, and maintaining him there in his right, we could not rationally think that there were any likelihood they should be baffled in it. The Trinity sat in consultation about grace; for if there were such a solemn convention held about the first creating of man (Gen. i. 26), much more about the new and better creating of him, and raising him somewhat above the state of a man. The Father decrees it, Christ purchaseth it, the Spirit infuseth it; the Father appoints the garrison, what grace shall be in every soul; Christ raiseth this force, and the Spirit conducts it.—*Charnock.*

Fragments.

"OH what owe I," says Rutherford, "to the file and hammer of my sweet Lord Jesus! he hath taught me more by my six months' imprisonment than ever I learnt in my past nine years' ministry."

The meanest grace is above the highest intellectual parts, as the smile of a sun-beam is more powerful to chase away the grim and sour darkness of the night than the sparkling of a diamond.

HOW SIN WORKS FOR GOOD.

BY THE REV. THOMAS WATSON, 1657.

SIN in its own nature is damnable, but God in his infinite wisdom over-rules it, and causes good to arise from that which seems most to oppose it. Indeed, it is a matter of wonder that any honey should come out of this lion. We may understand it in a double sense.

I. The sins of others are over-ruled for good to the godly. It is no small trouble to a gracious heart to live among the wicked. "Woe is me, that I dwell in Mesech." (Ps. cxx. 5.) Yet even this the Lord turns to good. For—

1. The sins of others work for good to the godly, as they produce holy sorrow. God's people weep for what they cannot reform. "Rivers of tears run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy law." (Ps. cxix. 136.) David was a mourner for the sins of the times; his heart was turned into a spring, and his eyes into rivers. Wicked men make merry with sin. "When thou doest evil, then thou rejoicest." (Jer. xi. 15.) But the godly are weeping doves: they grieve for the oaths and blasphemies of the age: the sins of others, like spears, pierce their souls. This grieving for the sins of others is good. It shows a child-like heart, to resent with sorrow the injuries done to our heavenly Father. It also shows a Christ-like heart: "He was grieved for the hardness of their hearts." (Mark iii. 5.) The Lord takes special notice of these tears; he likes it well, that we should weep when his glory suffers. It argues more grace, to grieve for the sins of others than for our own. We may grieve for our own sins out of fear of hell; but to grieve for the sins of others is from a principle of love to God: these tears drop as water from the roses, they are sweet and fragrant, and God puts them in his bottle.

2. The sins of others work for good to the godly, as they set them the more a-praying against sin. If there were not such a spirit of wickedness abroad, perhaps there would not be such a spirit of prayer. Crying sins cause crying prayers. The people of God pray against the iniquity of the times, that God will give a check to sin, that he will put sin to the blush; if they cannot pray down sin, they pray against it; and this God takes kindly; these prayers

shall be both recorded and rewarded. Though we do not prevail in prayer, we shall not lose our prayers. "My prayer returned into mine own bosom." (Ps. xxxv. 13.)

3. The sins of others work for good, as they make us the more in love with grace. The sins of others are a foil to set off the lustre of grace the more. One contrary sets off another: deformity sets off beauty. The sins of the wicked do much disfigure them. Pride is a disfiguring sin; now the beholding another's pride, makes us the more in love with humility. Malice is a disfiguring sin; it is the devil's picture; the more of this we see in others, the more we love meekness and charity. Drunkenness is a disfiguring sin; it turns men into beasts; it deprives of the use of reason; the more intemperate we see others, the more we must love sobriety. The black face of sin sets off the beauty of holiness so much the more.

4. The sins of others work for good, as they work in us the stronger opposition against sin. "The wicked have made void thy law; therefore I love thy commandments." (Ps. cxix. 126, 127.) David had never loved God's law so much, if the wicked had not set themselves so much against it. The more violent others are against the truth, the more valiant the saints are for it. Living fish swim against the stream; the more the tide of sin comes in, the more the godly swim against it. The impieties of the times provoke holy passions in the saints; that anger is without sin, which is against sin. The sins of others are as a whetstone to set the sharper edge upon us: they whet our zeal and indignation against sin the more.

5. The sins of others work for good, as they make us more earnest in working out our salvation. When we see wicked men take such pains for hell, this makes us more industrious for heaven. The wicked have nothing to encourage them, yet they sin; they venture shame and disgrace; they break through all opposition. Scripture is against them, and conscience is against them: there is a flaming sword in the way, yet they sin. Godly hearts, seeing the wicked thus mad for the forbidden fruit, and wearing out themselves in the devil's service,

are the more emboldened and quickened in the ways of God; they will take heaven, as it were, by storm. "The wicked are swift dromedaries in sin." (Jer. ii. 23.) And do we creep like snails in religion? Shall impure sinners do the devil more service than we do Christ? Shall they make more haste to a prison than we do to a kingdom? Are they never weary of sinning, and are we weary of praying? have we not a better Master than they? are not the paths of virtue pleasant? is there not joy in the way of duty, and heaven at the end? The activity of the sons of Belial in sin, is a spur to the godly to make them mend their pace, and run the faster to heaven.

6. The sins of others work for good, as they are glasses in which we may see our own hearts. Do we see a flagitious, impious sinner? Behold a picture of our hearts. Such should we be, if God did leave us; what is in other men's practice is in our nature. Sin in the wicked is like fire on a beacon, that flames and blazes forth; sin in the godly is like fire in the embers. Christian, though thou dost not break forth into a flame of scandal, yet thou hast no cause to boast, for there is much sin raked up in the embers of thy nature. Thou hast the root of bitterness in thee, and wouldst bear as hellish fruit as any, if God did not either curb thee by his power, or change thee by his grace.

7. The sins of others work for good, as they are the means of making the people of God more thankful. When you see another infected with the plague, how thankful are you that God has preserved you from it! It is a good use that may be made of the sins of others, to make us more thankful; why might not God have left us to the same excess of riot? Think with thyself, O Christian, why should God be more propitious to thee than to another? why should he take thee out of the wild olive of nature, and not him? How may this make thee to adore free grace! What the Pharisee said boastingly, we may say thankfully: "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers," &c. (Luke xviii. 11.) So we should adore the riches of grace, that we are not as others, drunkards, swearers, Sabbath-breakers. Every time we see men hasting on in sin, we ought to bless God we are not such. If we see a frantic person, we bless God it is not so with us; much more when we see others under the power of Satan, we should make our thankful acknowledgment that it is not our condition. Let us not think lightly of sin.

8. The sins of others work for good, as they are means of making God's people better.—Christian, God can make thee a gainer by another's sin: the more unholy others are, be thou the more holy. The more a wicked man gives himself to sin, the more a godly man gives himself to prayer. "But I give myself to prayer." (Ps. cix. 4.)

9. The sins of others work for good, as they give an occasion to us of doing good. Were there no sinners, we could not be in such a capacity for service. The godly are often the means of converting the wicked; their prudent advice and pious example, is a lure and a bait to draw sinners to the embracing of the gospel. The disease of the patient works for the good of the physician; by emptying the patient of noxious humours, the physician enriches himself: so, by converting sinners from the error of their way, our crown comes to be enlarged. "They that turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." (Dan. xii. 3.) Not as lamps or tapers, but as the stars for ever. Thus we see the sins of others are over-ruled for our good.

11. The sense of their own sinfulness will be over-ruled for the good of the godly.

Thus our own sins shall work for good. This must be understood warily, when I say the sins of the godly work for good, *not that there is the least good in sin*. Sin is like poison, which corrupts the blood, infects the heart, and, without a sovereign antidote, brings death. Such is the venomous nature of sin, it is deadly and damning. Sin is worse than hell; but yet God, by his mighty over-ruling power, makes sin in the issue turn to the good of his people: hence that golden saying of Augustine: "God would never permit evil, if he could not bring good out of evil." The feeling for sinfulness in the saints works for good several ways.

1. Sin makes them weary of this life. That sin is in the godly, is sad; but that it is a burden, is good. Paul's afflictions (pardon the expression) were but a play to him, in comparison of his sin; he rejoiced in tribulation. (2 Cor. vii. 4.) But how did this bird of paradise weep and bemoan himself under his sins! "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" (Rom. vii. 24.) A believer carries his sins, as a prisoner his shackles; oh! how does he long for a jail delivery! This sensibility of sin is good.

2. This in-being of corruption makes the saints prize Christ more. He that feels his sin, as a sick man feels his sickness, how welcome

is Christ the physician to him! He that feels himself stung with sin, how precious is the brazen serpent to him! When Paul had cried out of a body of death, how thankful was he for Christ! "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. vii. 25.) Christ's blood saves from sin, and is the sacred ointment which kills this quicksilver.

3. This sense of sin works for good, as it is an occasion of putting the soul upon six especial duties:—

(1.) It puts the soul upon self-searching. A child of God being conscious to himself of sin, takes the candle and lantern of the Word, and searches into his heart. He desires to know the worst of himself, as a man who is distempered in body desires to know the worst of his disease. Though our joy lies in the knowledge of our graces, yet there is some benefit in the knowledge of our corruptions; therefore Job prays, "Make me to know my transgressions." (Job xiii. 23.) It is good to know our sins, that we may not flatter ourselves, or take our condition to be better than it is. It is good to find out our sins, lest they find us out.

(2.) The inherency of sin puts a child of God upon self-abasing. Sin is left in a godly man, as a cancer in the breast, or a hunch upon the back, to keep him from being proud. Gravel and dirt are good to ballast a ship, and keep it from overturning: the sense of sin helps to ballast the soul, that it be not overturned with vain-glory. We read of the "spots of God's children." (Deut. xxxii. 5.) When a godly man beholds his face in the glass of Scripture, and sees the spots of infidelity and hypocrisy, this makes the plumes of pride fall; they are humbling spots. It is a good use that may be made even of our sins, when they occasion low thoughts of ourselves: better is that sin which humbles me, than that duty which makes me proud. Holy Bradford uttered these words of himself, "I am a painted hypocrite;" and Hooper said, "Lord, I am hell, and thou art heaven."

(3.) Sin puts a child of God on self-judging; he passes a sentence upon himself. "I am more brutish than any man." (Prov. xxx. 2.) It is dangerous to judge others, but it is good to judge ourselves. "If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged." (1 Cor. xi. 31.) When a man has judged himself, Satan is put out of office. When he lays anything to a saint's charge, he is able to retort and say, It is true, Satan, I am guilty of these sins; but I have judged myself already for them; and hav-

ing condemned myself in the lower court of conscience, God will acquit me in the upper court of heaven.

(4.) Sin puts a child of God upon self-conflicting. Spiritual-self conflicts with carnal-self. "The Spirit lusts against the flesh." (Gal. v. 17.) Our life is a wayfaring life and a war-faring life: there is a duel fought every day between the two seeds. A believer will not let sin have peaceable possession. If he cannot keep sin out, he will keep sin under: though he cannot quite overcome, yet he is overcoming. "To him that is overcoming." (Rev. ii. 7.)

(5.) Sin puts a child of God upon self-observing;—he knows sin is a bosom traitor, therefore he narrowly observes himself. A subtle heart needs a watchful eye. The heart is like a castle that is in danger every hour to be assaulted; this makes a child of God to be always as a sentinel, and keep a guard about his heart. A believer hath a strict eye over himself, lest he fall into any scandalous enormity, and so open a sluice to let all his comfort run out.

(6.) Sin puts the soul upon self-reforming. A child of God does not only find out sin, but drive out sin. One foot he sets upon the neck of his sins, and the other foot he "turns to God's testimonies." (Ps. cxix. 59.) Thus the sins of the godly work for good; God makes the saints' maladies their medicines.

But let none ABUSE this doctrine. I do not say that sin works for good to an impenitent person. No; it works for his damnation; but it works for good to them that love God: and for you that are godly, I know you will not draw a wrong conclusion from this, either to make light of sin, or to make bold with sin; if you should do so, *God will make it cost you dear*. Remember David; he ventured presumptuously on sin, and what got he? He lost his peace; he felt the terrors of the Almighty in his soul, though he had all helps to cheerfulness. He was a king—he had skill in music; yet nothing could administer comfort to him—he complains of his "broken bones." (Ps. li. 8.) And though he did at last come out of that dark cloud, yet some divines are of opinion that he never recovered his full joy to his dying day. If any of God's people should be tampering with sin, because God can turn it to good; though the Lord doth not damn them, he may send them to hell in this life; he may put them into such bitter agonies, and soul-convulsions, as may fill them full of horror, and make them

draw nigh to despair. Let this be a flaming sword, to keep them from coming near the forbidden tree.

THE DEITY OF THE HOLY GHOST.

(From Mastertown's "Doctrine of the Holy Trinity asserted from the Sacred Scriptures.")

Question 1. When did the Deity of the Holy Ghost begin to be denied in the Christian Church?

Answer. In the fourth century, by Macedonius and his followers; but in all ages, those who maintained the Deity of the Son have also maintained the Deity of the Spirit, and that the Holy Ghost is the true God, consubstantial and co-equal with the Father and the Son.

Q. 2. By what arguments has this doctrine of the Deity of the Holy Ghost been supported?

A. The most ancient fathers asserted the Deity of the Holy Ghost, and in proof of it, reasoned from the institution of baptism (Matt. xxviii. 19): and the argument will be found very just, if we consider that the form of baptism, as it was instituted by our Saviour, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, evidently implies three things.

1. The authority by which ministers of the Gospel are empowered to dispense this seal of the covenant of grace to those who have a right to be received as members of the Christian Church. In baptism there is a covenant sealed betwixt God the Father, Son, and Spirit on the one part, and those who are baptized on the other. In this the three persons are equally concerned; the Father engages to be reconciled, the Son engages to act the part of a faithful Mediator, and the Holy Ghost engages to be a sanctifier to them; and they who have a right to baptism, equally accept of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as their God, and promise subjection and obedience equally to the sacred Three. What is done in baptism by Christ's ministers, having this delegated power, to deliver these engagements, may be as truly depended upon as if each of the glorious Trinity, in some visible appearances, were to give verbal assurance of it.

2. The form of baptism implies the whole scheme of Christian doctrine. This is a summary of the Christian faith, to believe the doctrine of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as one God and three Persons. The ancient creeds owe their original to this instituted form of baptism; and by a free and unreserved profession of this doctrine, Christians, in all ages, have been distinguished from infidels; and the doctrines necessary to salvation are comprised in this summary of Christian faith; so that it is as much to every serious Christian, thus baptized, as the love of the Father, the grace of the Son, the communion of the Holy Ghost, is worth to them, if ever they forsake this doctrine, and pour contempt on any of these three blessed names in which they are baptized.

3. Baptism implies the particular dedication of the baptized party to each of the three persons of the Godhead; and in this the blessed Three are upon a level, and are equal in power and authority. The majesty of the Father would not suffer the other two to be joined with him if they were not equally the true God with himself. This is an easy argument to confirm the faith of Christians in this great point of the Trinity, our remembering that these three great names are named upon us in baptism, without any mark of inequality; and that by our baptism we are bound equally to acknowledge and repose confidence in Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, giving to each of

them the highest adoration and obedience. To this purpose one of the ancients expresses himself: "If you still halt, and do not own the divinity full and perfect, seek for somebody else to baptize you, or rather to destroy you; for I have no mind to divide the Deity, and at the time of your new birth to bring death on you; for, if you deny the Divinity of any of these Three, you overthrow the whole Trinity, and make your baptism of no force to you."

Q. 3. What further proof is there of the Deity of the Holy Ghost?

A. The same method is to be observed in proving this as was observed in proving the Deity of the Son of God, which is the method observed in the Westminster Larger Catechism. In the answer to the eleventh question of that summary of Christian faith there are these words: "The Scriptures manifest that the Son and Holy Ghost are God equal with the Father, ascribing to them such names, attributes, works, and worship, as are proper to God only."

The names and titles of God are given to the Holy Ghost. (Isa. vi. 2; Acts xxviii. 25.) In Isaiah's vision Jehovah is brought in speaking that which is said by the Apostle Paul to have been spoken by the Holy Ghost. The Israelites are said to have tempted Jehovah at Massah and Meribah, which is applied to the Holy Ghost. (Exod. xvii. 25; Heb. iii. 7, 9.) Lying to the Holy Ghost is said to be lying to God, and not to man. (Acts v. 3.) The Holy Ghost is said by our Saviour to be sinned against, and blasphemed; which plainly infers both his being the true God, and a divine person distinct from the Father and the Son (Matt. xii. 31, 32); as is manifest from our Saviour's express words in the passage, where there is a difference made betwixt speaking against the Son of man and blaspheming against the Holy Ghost. It is to be observed also, that the titles peculiar to the true God are given to the Holy Ghost. Thus, by a plain consequence, he is called the God of hope (Rom. xv. 13); for he (the Holy Ghost) by whose power all hope must abound in us, is that God of hope to whom the apostle prays to fill the believing Romans with all joy and peace in believing. In like manner he is called the Spirit of truth (John xvi. 13); which agrees with that divine title, the God of truth. Thus also he is called the Spirit of life (Rom. i. 4); and it is said, the Lord is that Spirit; or, which is the same thing, that Spirit is the Lord. (2 Cor. iii. 17.)

The divine attributes are ascribed to the Holy Ghost, such as omniscience; for "the Spirit searches all things, even the deep things of God; the things of God knows no man, but the Spirit of God." (1 Cor. ii. 10.) Omnipresence, where it is said, "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit, and flee from thy presence?" (Ps. cxxxix. 7.) Omnipotence, for an exceeding greatness of power is ascribed to the Spirit of wisdom and revelation (Eph. ii. 17); and the Holy Ghost is said to be the power of the Highest. (Luke i. 35.)

The works peculiar to God are ascribed to the Spirit of God. The Spirit of God moved upon the waters (Gen. i. 2); or, he formed a confused mass of matter into a regular and magnificent fabric. To this purpose Elihu said, "The Spirit of God made me." (Job xxxiii. 4.) And he that spoke by the mouth of David was the God that made the world. (Acts iv. 24, 25, i. 6.) We are told it was the Holy Ghost which spoke by the mouth of David; the consequence of this is, that the Holy Ghost made the world. (Rom. xv. 19.) The Apostle Paul ascribes the mighty signs and wonders wrought in confirmation of the gospel to the power of the Spirit of God. It was also by the Holy Ghost that all the penmen of the Holy Scriptures were inspired: they spoke, and consequently they wrote, as they were

moved by the Holy Ghost. (2 Pet. i. 21.) The success of a preached gospel is ascribed to him: The Apostle Paul preached in demonstration of the Spirit of God, and with power. And the same apostle testifies, that it is God only who gives the increase; wherefore, the Holy Spirit is said to enlighten the minds of Christians, which none but God can do. He is said to be the author of our regeneration and of our sanctification. (Eph. i. 7; Matt. xvi. 17.)

Divine worship is given in Scripture to the Holy Ghost. Our Saviour says, "Pray ye therefore to the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest" (Tit. iii. 5; 2 Thess. ii. 13); which, if we compare with another text, we shall find that the Holy Ghost is that Lord of the harvest who is to be prayed to (Matt. ix. 38); for it is said, "As they ministered to the Lord, and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul to the work whereto I have called them." (Acts xiii. 2.) The Apostle Paul swears by him (which is an act of worship confined in Scripture to the true God). "My conscience also bears me witness by the Holy Ghost." (Rom. ix. 1.) And in the apostolical benediction he is prayed to equally with the Father and Son: "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all; Amen." (2 Cor. xiii. 14.) And to the same purpose grace and peace are prayed for, not only from the Father and Son, but from the seven Spirits before the throne (Rev. i. 4); which, in another place, are expressly said to be the seven Spirits of God (Rev. iv. 5); This, with good reason, is to be understood of the Holy Ghost, who is called by the name of seven Spirits, being the author of all the gifts and graces dispensed to the seven Churches of Asia. Likewise our bodies are said to be the temples of the Holy Ghost, who dwells in us (1 Cor. vi. 19; see also 1 Cor. iii. 16); so that our bodies are consecrated as temples to the worship of the Holy Ghost.

Q. 4. What are the principal objections advanced by some against this doctrine?

A. They are such as follow:—

1. There is little or no mention made of the Deity of the Holy Ghost, in that which is called the Apostles' Creed. Now the reason given by some why the Deity of the Holy Ghost is so little insisted upon in that Creed is, that at the time when the Creed was composed, the Deity of the third person of the Godhead was not controverted, nor till afterwards, that the heresy of the Macedonians arose, whereby that doctrine was denied. But indeed, there is sufficient mention of the Deity of the Holy Ghost in that and other ancient summaries of the Christian faith, seeing therein we not only profess to give equal credit to the testimony of the Holy Ghost, with that of the Father and Son, but we believe in the Holy Ghost, with equal confidence and devotion, as in the other two persons of the Godhead.

2. It may seem that by the Holy Ghost mentioned in Gabriel's words to the Virgin Mary, we are to understand nothing else but the power of the Highest, and not a distinct Divine person. (Luke i. 35.) But that very text is a plain proof of the contrary; for there we are told that the power of the Highest, which overshadowed the Virgin Mary, was the power of the Holy Ghost.

3. We are told, in the Acts of the Apostles, that there were some who were owned to have been real Christians who had not so much as heard there was a Holy Ghost (Acts xix. 2); how then could they believe in him of whom they had not heard? But by the Holy Ghost there, we are not to understand the person, but the extraordinary gifts of the Holy Ghost, which is plain from the context; where it is said, they spoke with tongues and prophesied. (Acts

xix. 6.) The same sense of the word is justified from this text: "The Holy Ghost was not yet given" (John vii. 39); where the word "given" is not in the Greek, but is justly supplied by our translators to signify, that the Holy Ghost was not yet given or sent, in respect of his miraculous gifts, because Christ was not yet glorified; to which time the sending of the Spirit promised was referred; just so in the text under our consideration, the words in the Greek run thus: "We have not so much as heard whether the Holy Ghost is;" and the same supplement is as just in the one place as the other; so that the sense of that text cannot be, that they who had only received John's baptism had never heard there was a Holy Ghost; for, besides that it was the general belief of the Jewish Church, John the Baptist expressly taught them that Christ would baptize them with the Holy Ghost (Matt. iii. 11); but the sense is, they had not heard that the Holy Ghost was sent, as to his extraordinary gifts, which were conferred on many Christians after Christ's ascension; and this way of speaking is paralleled, where it is said that Samuel knew not yet the Lord (1 Sam. iii. 7): the meaning is, he knew not the Lord's peculiar way of speaking to the prophets, otherwise that holy man, young as he was, both knew God and served him.

4. It is pretended, that if these arguments, brought to prove the Deity of the Holy Ghost, prove anything, they prove too much, viz., That the Holy Ghost is the Father. For thus it is argued, say our objectors, that the Spirit of God is the same to God as the spirit of a man is to a man (1 Cor. ii. 11); but from hence it will follow that the Holy Spirit is the same with the Father, because the spirit of a man is the same person with the man whose spirit it is. Here we must note, that comparisons must not be stretched beyond their true intention; for we must not suppose that the spirit of a man who is a compound being, is the same to him as the Spirit of God, who is absolutely uncompounded, is to Him; besides, the spirit of a man is not the same person with the man, but only a part of the man's person, though a principal part. But in the Godhead there are no parts either more or less principal; the Spirit of God is not a part of God, nor the same person with the Father, but the same God with him whose Spirit he is: from the three persons of the Godhead, being all one God, it will not follow that they are one as to personality, or that the one person is the other.

5. The Spirit is said to be sent by the Son, to speak what he hears and receives from the Son (John xvi. 13, 14); which expression seems to infer an inferiority and dependence of the Spirit on the Son. But these and the like expressions imply no more than the unity of the Son and Spirit, as to the Divine essence and the order of the Spirit's subsisting, as proceeding from the Father and Son; and as he subsists in this ineffable manner, so he operates accordingly; which manner of the Spirit's subsisting and operating is very consistent with his possessing the same Divine essence with the Father and Son.

Q. 5. What practical inferences may be deduced from what has been advanced upon this subject of the Deity of the Holy Ghost?

A. These inferences following:—

1. It concerns us much to accept of the Holy Ghost with the same fervency as we accept of the Father and the Son. This is plainly implied in our being baptized in the name of the blessed Spirit as well as in the name of the Father and Son. God, to encourage us in thus accepting the Spirit, has promised to give us his good Spirit to instruct us (Neh. ix. 10); that he will pour out his Spirit on all flesh. (Joel ii. 28.)

Thus also he has promised, "I will pour water on him that is thirsty, and floods on the dry ground; I will pour my Spirit on thy seed, and my blessing on thine offspring." (Isa. xlii. 3.) Of such consequence is our receiving the Spirit, that the grace of the Son and the love of the Father cannot belong to us without the communion of the Holy Ghost: nay, "no man can so much as say that Jesus is the Christ but by the Holy Spirit; and if any man has not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." (2 Cor. xiii. 14; 1 Cor. xii. 3; Rom. viii. 9.)

Let us consider our dependence on the Holy Spirit, and his joint concern with the Father and Son, in the work of our redemption. When our blessed Lord went into heaven he consigned his Church, and all his members on earth, to the immediate and constant care of the Holy Ghost; and now the Father and Son are present with us by the Spirit: what is done for us in our illumination, conversion, and sanctification, must be done by the Spirit; and whatever we are to do, must be done in the Holy Ghost. If we would live and die possessed of sound principles, it must be by the Spirit's abiding in us, and leading us into all truth; if we would pray with divine acceptance, we must pray in the Holy Ghost. There is no reading or hearing the word, with advantage, but by the Spirit's bringing all things to our remembrance. If we have any life in religion, it must be owing to the Spirit of life; if we have any comfort in affliction, the Spirit must be our comforter. When Christ says, "Without me ye can do nothing," no doubt he meant, without my Spirit ye can do nothing; for he strengthens us with all might by his Spirit in our inward man. (Rom. viii. 2.)

2. It will be our own fault if we are imposed upon in receiving any other spirit than the Spirit of God. We are strictly charged to be on our guard against dangerous mistakes in this matter: "Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God, because many false prophets are gone out into the world." (1 John iv. 1.) Thus the times were perilous in the early ages of Christianity, and it may be presumed they are no less dangerous now; for which reason we are directed in Scripture how to make a judgment in this matter, and distinguishing characters are set before us, whereby we may know what spirit we are to reject and what spirit we are to receive; and particularly we must reject the spirit of error, for the Spirit of God is the Spirit of truth, and his word is truth; and whatever is not according to the Scriptures, or tends to detract from the excellence, usefulness, and necessity of the written Word, cannot be from the Spirit of God; for the same divine promise which insures to believers the Spirit of God, insures also that his word shall never depart out of their mouth. (Isa. lix. 21.) The characters, therefore, of the evil spirit are such as follow: A lying spirit (1 Kings xxii. 22); the spirit of Antichrist (1 John iv. 3); a perverse spirit (Isa. xix. 14); the spirit of this world (1 Cor. ii. 12); the unclean spirit (Matt. xii. 23); the spirit of envy (Mark i. 23); the spirit of deep sleep and slumber (James iv. 5); the spirit of heaviness (Isa. lxi. 3); the spirit of ignorance and unbelief (2 Cor. iv. 4).

But the Spirit of God which we are to embrace is the spirit of wisdom and revelation (Eph. i. 17); the spirit of life (Rom. viii. 2); the spirit of holiness (Rom. i. 4); the spirit of zeal, liberty, and holy activity (Rom. viii. 15); the spirit of prayer and repentance (Zech. xii. 10);—and by his fruits of love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, goodness, faith, temperance, the Spirit of God may be distinguished from the spirit of Satan. (Gal. v. 19.)

3. There is a great deal of reason why we should earnestly guard against all principles and practices which are contrary to the Spirit of God. They who have no more than the common operations of the Spirit may be altogether deserted by him; and even sincere Christians may, by their unworthiness, be so far deserted by the Spirit of God as to be in the most uncomfortable circumstances, in respect of darkness, weakness, confusion, and despondency, and have just occasion with David to pray in great distress: "Take not thy Holy Spirit from me." (Ps. li. 11.) Let us therefore be much afraid of quenching the Spirit (1 Thess. v. 19); of grieving him (Eph. iv. 30); of resisting him (Acts vii. 51); of vexing him (Isa. lxiii. 10); and especially of doing despite to the Spirit of grace (Heb. x. 29). Let us carefully watch against those sins which have those fatal tendencies, such as uncleanness (Ps. li. 11); drunkenness (Eph. v. 18); slothfulness (Rom. xii. 11); inordinate anger and strife (Eph. iv. 30); despising of ministers and gospel ministrations (1 Thess. v. 19); sinning against light and the clearest attestations of the truth of the Christian religion, which will endanger our blaspheming against the Holy Ghost, which is the unpardonable sin.

But, on the contrary, let us cherish and duly entertain this blessed Spirit, by a heedful listening to his motions and holy suggestions, by which our blessed Lord is said to stand and knock at the door of our hearts (Rev. iii. 20); and God is said by his Spirit to strive with us, though he has certified that he will not always do so. (Gen. vi. 3.) If we would not be deserted by the Holy Spirit, let us stir up his gifts in us (2 Tim. i. 6); let us give due attendance to the means of grace, such as diligent hearing of the word (Acts x. 41); as also frequent and fervent prayer (Luke i. 13); religious and edifying discourse (Eph. iv. 29); and walking in the Spirit, that thereby we may walk in the fear of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost. (Mal. iii. 16; Acts ix. 31.)

4. There is great reason for us to be fervent in prayer to God for much of the sanctifying influence of his Spirit. The Holy Ghost is represented under the notion of seven Spirits, signifying that in him there is a sufficiency of influence to answer the necessities of the seven Churches of Asia, and in them to supply the necessities of his Church, to the end of the world (Rev. i. 4); and particularly to furnish the angels or ministers of the several Churches with all necessary gifts, that they may minister in the demonstration of the Spirit of God with power. Let us therefore pray much, that there may be a seasonable reviving of decayed religion, by such a plentiful effusion of the Spirit of love, truth, and peace, as will effectually deliver us from a spirit of error and giddiness, of profaneness and division, the effects whereof render the present circumstances of the Christian Church calamitous and threatening. There is the greater necessity for such fervent addresses to God because there are so many among us of that unworthy character mentioned in Scripture; "sensual, not having the Spirit:" these being strangers to the convincing and converting influences of the Spirit, cannot forbear treating what is said or written on that subject with contempt and ridicule; whereby they are in no small danger of provoking God to make their bands strong, and their plagues marvellous; and such as continue to despise this doctrine, and wonder at what enthusiasm they imagine to be in it, have need to fear, lest their despising and wondering end in their perishing; but to them who duly wait for the promise of the Spirit, he will come in an acceptable time, as the former and latter rain on the thirsty ground.

DEATH-BEDS.

(From "*Thoughts on Religious Experience*," published by the American Presbyterian Board of Publication.)

I.—THE DEATH-BEDS OF BELIEVERS.

ALL those who are united to Christ, meet death as a conquered and disarmed enemy. Against them he is powerless. Still, however, he wears a threatening aspect; and although he cannot kill, he can frown and threaten, and this often frightens the timid sheep. They often do not know that they are delivered from his tyranny, and that now he can do nothing but falsely accuse, and roar like a hungry lion disappointed of his prey. There are still some who all their lifetime are subject to bondage "through fear of death." Their confidence is shaken by so many distressing doubts, that though sincerely engaged in the service of God, they can never think of death without sensible dread; and often they are afraid, that when the last conflict shall come, they will be so overwhelmed with terror and despair, that they shall prove a dishonour to their Christian profession. I recollect a sickly, but pious lady, who, with a profusion of fears, expressed her anxiety and fear in the view of her approaching end; and there seemed to be ground for her foreboding apprehensions, because, from the beginning of her profession, she had enjoyed no comfortable assurance, but was of the number of those who, though they "fear God, and obey the voice of his servant, yet walk in darkness and have no light" of comfort. But mark the goodness of God, and the fidelity of the great Shepherd. Some months afterwards I saw this lady on her death-bed, and was astonished to find that Christ had delivered her entirely from her bondage. She was now near to her end, and knew it; but she shed no tears now but those of joy and gratitude. All her darkness and sorrow were gone, and her heart glowed with love to the Redeemer, and all her anxiety now was to depart and be with Jesus. There was, as it were, a beaming of heaven in her countenance. I had before tried to comfort her, but now I sat down by her bed-side to listen to the gracious words which proceeded from her mouth, and could not but send up the fervent aspiration, "O let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers." Then I knew that there was One who had conquered death, and him who has the power of death; for Satan, to the last moment, was not permitted to molest her.

No arguments have ever so powerfully operated on my mind, to convince me of the reality and power of experimental religion, as witnessing the last exercises of some of God's children. Some of these scenes, though long past, have left an indelible impression on my memory, and I hope a salutary impression on my heart.

Another lady, and a near relative of the former, I had often observed passing along her

way, humble, gentle, silent, evidently not seeking to be conspicuous, but rather to remain unnoticed and unknown. She had a few chosen female friends, with whom she freely communicated—for her heart was affectionate, and her disposition sociable; to these she poured out her inmost soul, and received from them a similar return. She was crushed under a habitual feeling of domestic affliction, but not of that kind which freely utters its complaints, and engages the sympathy of many; but her sorrows were such as her delicacy of feeling did not permit her even to allude to. The conduct of an imprudent father weighed heavily on her spirits; but towards him—and her mother being dead, she kept his house—she was assiduously respectful; and while he made himself the laughing-stock of his acquaintances, she endeavoured to make his home comfortable. But often I thought that her lively sensibility to the ridicule and reproaches which fell upon him would be an injury to her delicate constitution; and the more so, because this was a subject on which she would not converse, even with the intimate, confidential friends, before mentioned. It was evident that her health was slowly giving way, and that the disease which carries off nearly one half of the adults in this land was secretly consuming her vitals. But she never complained, and seemed rather to become more cheerful, as her eye became more brilliant and her cheeks more pallid. She was, for a long time after this, seen occupying her humble retired place in the house of God, and still went her accustomed rounds among her poor and sick neighbours, while doing everything to render home comfortable to her restless, unhappy parent. At length, however, her strength failed, and she was obliged to confine herself to the house, and before long to her bed. Being informed of this, as being her pastor, I visited her. Hitherto her extreme modesty and retired habits had prevented me from having much personal acquaintance with this excellent woman. I was accompanied to the house by one of her intimate friends, who still lives; and if she should see this paper, will readily recognise the portrait of her beloved friend. The house was a cottage, and all its furniture of home manufacture; but, upon the whole, there was impressed a neatness and order, which indicated a superior taste in her who had long had the sole management. I did not know but that, from her habitual reserve and silence, she would be embarrassed in her feelings, and reserved in her communications; but I was happily disappointed. She received me with an affectionate smile, and a cordial shake of the hand, and said that she was pleased that I had thought it worth my while to come and see a poor dying woman. Not many minutes were spent in compliments or general remarks; she entered freely and most intelligently into a narrative of her religious exercises, which had commenced at an

early period of her life, but expatiated in the sweetest manner on the divine excellencies of the Saviour, not as one who was speaking what she had learned from others, or from the mere exertion of her own intellect, but as one who felt in the heart every word which she uttered. There was a gentleness, a suavity, and a meek humility expressed in every tone of her voice, and the same depicted on every lineament of her countenance. Though, when in health, she was never reckoned beautiful, yet there was now in her countenance, animated with hope, and love, and religious joy, or rather peace, a beauty which I never saw equalled. It was what may without impropriety be called *spiritual beauty*. I found what I had not known before, that her mind had been highly cultivated by reading, and this was manifest in the propriety, and indeed I may say, elegance of her language. Not that she aimed at saying fine things. Such an idea never entered her humble mind; but possessing naturally a good understanding, which she had carefully improved by reading, especially the best religious authors, and being now animated with a flow of pious affection, which seemed never to ebb; all these things gave her language a fluency, a glow, and a vividness, which was truly remarkable. I have often regretted that I had not put down, at the time, her most striking expressions, but the mere words could convey no more than the shadow of such a scene. It has often been remarked, that the speeches of great orators, when written and read, have scarcely a resemblance to the same speeches, delivered with all the pathos, the grace, and the varied intonations and gestures of the orator. The same may more truly be said of the sayings of the dying Christian; we may catch the very words, but the spirit, the sacred and solemn tones, free from all affectation, the heavenly serenity of countenance, and the nameless methods of manifesting the pious affections of the heart, never can be preserved, nor distinctly conveyed by words, to others. The mind of this young lady possessed a uniform serenity, undisturbed with fears, doubts, or cares. Everything seemed right to her submissive temper. It was enough that her heavenly Father appointed it to be so. For many weeks she lay in this state of perfect tranquillity, as it were in the suburbs of heaven; and I believe no one ever heard a complaint from her lips. Even that grief which had preyed on her health when able to go about, had now ceased to cause her pain. Hers was, in my apprehension, the nearest approximation to complete happiness which I ever saw upon earth; yet there was no violence of feeling, no agitation, no rapture. It was that kind of happiness which, from its gentleness and calmness, is capable of continuance. As it was her request that I should visit her often, I did so as frequently as the distance of my residence and other avocations would

permit; not, as I often said, with any expectation of communicating any good to her, but of receiving spiritual benefit from her heavenly conversation. O! how often did I wish that the boldest infidels—and they were rampant at that time—could have been introduced into the chamber of this dying saint. I often, especially after witnessing this scene, endeavoured to describe to such as attended preaching, the power of religion to sustain the soul in the last earthly conflict; but they were incredulous as to the facts, or ascribed them to some strange enthusiasm which buoyed up the soul in a preternatural manner. But here there was no enthusiasm—nothing approaching to what may be called a heated imagination. All was sober—all was serene—all was gentle—all was rational; and, although five and forty years have passed since this scene was witnessed, the impression on my mind is distinct and vivid. The indescribable countenance, calm but animated, pale with disease, but lighted up with an unearthly smile; the sweet and affectionate tones of voice, the patient, submissive, cheerful, grateful temper, are all remembered with a vividness and permanence with which I remember nothing of recent occurrence. When I think of such scenes, I have often thought and said, "If this be delusion, then let my soul for ever remain under such delusion."

If the foregoing was a sample of the death-bed exercises of all Christians, then would I say, that his last days are his best days, and the day of death happier than the day of birth. This, however, is far from being a true view of the general fact. It is a select case—one of a thousand—upon the whole, the happiest death I ever witnessed. I have, indeed, seen dying persons agitated with a kind of delirious rapture, in which the imagination has been so excited, that the person looked and spoke as if the objects of another world were actually present to the view. In such case, the nervous system loses its tone, and when the general feelings are pious, and the thoughts directed heavenward, the whole system is thrilled with an indescribable emotion. And we have a number of recorded death-scenes which partake of this character, and are greatly admired and extolled by the injudicious and fanatical. Scenes of this kind are frequently the effect of disease, and sometimes of medicine operating on the idiosyncrasy of particular persons. Such persons may be pious, but the extraordinary exhilaration and ecstasy, of which they are the subjects, ought not to be ascribed to supernatural influence, but to physical causes. Between such experiences and the case described above, there is no more resemblance than between a blazing meteor, which soon burns itself out, and the steady, genial beams of the vernal sun. I once witnessed an extraordinary scene of this kind in a sceptic, who neglected religion, and scoffed at its professors, till very near the clos-

of life, and then seemed to be agitated and exhilarated with religious ideas and feelings, leading him to profess his faith in Christ, and to rejoice and exult in the assurance of salvation; and all this without any previous conviction of sin, and unmingled at the time with deep penitential feelings. Well, why might it not have been an instance of sovereign grace, like that of the thief on the cross? It is *possible*. As in life, that piety which is founded on knowledge, and in which the faculties of the mind continue to be well balanced, and the judgment sound, is by far the least suspicious; so those death-bed exercises, which are of a similar character, are much to be preferred to those which are flighty, and in which reason seems to regulate the helm no longer; but an excited and irregular imagination assumes the government of the man. According to this rule, some glowing narratives of death-scenes will be set aside, as, if not spurious, yet not deserving to be admired and celebrated as they often are.

II.—FALSE KINDNESS TO THE DYING.

Often officious friends and physicians are extremely averse to have anything said to their friends on the subject of religion when they are sick, lest it should disturb their minds, and so increase the violence of the disease. I would not, it is true, admit every loquacious old man or woman into the chamber of a friend dangerously ill, but a discreet and pious counsellor is of great value at such a time. If the patient is hopefully pious, none can doubt the propriety and comfort of aiding such by holding forth to their view the rich promises of a faithful God. But even when the character of the sick is different, it often gives relief to have an opportunity of conversation with a pious friend or minister. Anxious feelings, pent up in the soul and finding no vent, are far more injurious than a free expression of them; and if the person is in danger of death, will you, can you, be guilty of the cruelty of debarring him from the only opportunity of salvation which he may ever have? If you do, his blood will be found in your skirts. To show how erroneous the opinion is, that religious conversation tends to injure the sick by increasing his disease, I will relate a fact which fell under my own observation.

A young gentleman of fortune and liberal education, had been for some months thinking seriously about his soul's salvation; but the work had not come to any maturity, when, by making too great an exertion of his bodily strength, he ruptured a large blood vessel in the lungs, and was brought to death's door, not being able to speak above a low whisper. Having been a pupil of mine, I was permitted to see him, and upon asking the state of his mind, he whispered in my ear, that he was overwhelmed with the most awful darkness and terror—not one ray of light dawned upon his miserable soul. I prayed with him, and pre-

sented to him a few gospel invitations and promises, and left him, never expecting to see him alive. Next day I called, the physician coming out of his room, informed me, that while they were waiting for his last breath, a favourable change seemed unexpectedly to have taken place, and that he had revived a little. When I approached his bed, he looked joyfully in my face, pressed my hand, and said, "All is well—I have found peace. This morning, about the dawn, I had the most delightful view of Christ, and of his ability and willingness to save me." And, upon inquiry, I found that that was the moment when the favourable change took place in his symptoms. Faith and joy accomplished what no medicine could, and acted as a reviving cordial to his dying body. He so far recovered as to live a number of years afterwards, though his lungs were never sound; and his consistent walk and conversation attested the reality of his change. He soon joined himself to the communion of the Church, and died in her communion.

While spending a summer in Germantown, near Philadelphia, I was sent for to visit a young man, whom I had often seen. He did not belong to my charge; but two pious ladies who did were his friends, and had come out of the city to nurse him. He had a hemorrhage of the lungs, which left little room to hope for recovery. As he was a mild and moral man, I did not know but that he might be a professor of religion; but upon asking him a question respecting his hope, he frankly told me that he had been sceptical for many years, and had no belief that the gospel was divine. I never felt more at a loss. The man was too weak to attend to argument, and if I could by reasoning convince him of his error, it would not be a saving faith, and he must die before this process could be gone through. I found that his infidelity afforded him no comfort in a dying hour, and that he wished he could believe in Christ. It occurred to me that the Word of God contained light and energy in itself, and that if he could not attend to the external evidences, the beams of life might shine in upon his soul, and thus generate a saving faith by the efficient aid of the Spirit. After pointing out the probable sources of his scepticism, I requested the ladies who were attending on him to read certain portions of the Gospel to him, as he could bear it, for he was very low. This was done; and next day, when I came to see him, he declared that his doubts were all scattered, and that he had hope in Christ. Afterwards, he was never able to converse, but as far as is known died in hope.

THE BOOK OF PSALMS.

(From an Old Author.)

THE Scripture is a spiritual paradise. The Book of Psalms is placed as the tree of life in the midst of this paradise. The Psalms are not only for delight,

but usefulness; they are like the pomegranate tree, which is not only for savour, but fruit; or like those trees of the sanctuary (Ezek. xlvii. 12)—both for food and medicine. The Psalms are enriched with variety, and suited to every Christian's estate and condition. They are a spiritual panoply and storehouse; if he find his heart dead, here he may fetch fire; if he be weak in grace, here he may fetch armour; if he be ready to faint, here are cordials lying by. There is no condition you can name but there is a psalm suited to that condition.

1. In case of sickness.—“Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness” (Ps. xli. 3); and sure that bed must needs be soft which God will make; and there is a parallel psalm to this, “My flesh fails:” (Ps. lxxiii. 26), my health is declining, “but the Lord is the strength of my heart;” or, as the Septuagint renders it, “He is the God of my heart.”

2. In case of reproach.—“I was a reproach among my enemies.” (Ps. xxxi. 11.) “But I trusted in thee, O Lord, I said, Thou art my God.” (Verse 14.) “Blessed be the Lord, for he hath shown me his marvellous loving-kindness in a strong city.” (Verse 21.) Here was some sunshine breaking forth out of those black clouds.

3. In case of unkind treatment from friends.—“For it was not an enemy; then I could have borne it: but it was thou, mine equal, my guide, and my acquaintance. We took sweet counsel together” (Ps. iv. 12, 13); here was the malady. “Cast thy burden upon the Lord” (Verse 22); there was the cure. The Chaldee reads it, “Cast thy hope;” the Septuagint, “Cast thy care.” God is power, therefore he is able to help; he is mercy, therefore he is willing. “He shall sustain thee;” here is God's promise, which is his bond to secure us.

4. In case we are close begirt with enemies.—There is a psalm suited to this condition: “Lord, how are they increased that trouble me! many are they that rise up against me.” (Ps. iii. 1.) “I laid me down and slept.” (Verse 5.) David, when beset around with enemies, could lie down and sleep upon the soft pillow of a good conscience: “Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear. He shall hide me in his pavilion, in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me.” (Ps. xxvii. 3, 5.) He shall hide me so safe as if I were in the holy place of the sanctuary, where none but the priest was to enter.

5. In case of poverty.—If a Christian's state be brought so low, that like the widow (1 Kings xvii. 12), he hath nothing but a handful of meal, and a little oil in the cruse left, there is a psalm of consolation: “I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me.” (Ps. xl. 17.) “I will bless her provision, I will satisfy her poor with bread.” (Ps. cxxxii. 15.) Here is the dew of a blessing distilled: “Thou art my portion, O Lord.” (Ps. cxix. 57.) Behold riches in poverty; what though the water in the bottle be spent, if this well be at hand?

6. If sin, through the power of temptation, prevail against a child of God, there is a psalm consolatory: “Iniquities prevail against me; as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.” (Ps. lxxv.

3.) In the Hebrew it is, “Thou shalt hide them.” It alludes to the mercy-seat which was covered with the wings of the cherubim; so are the sins of the godly, when repented of, covered with the wings of mercy and favour.

7. In case of prayer, and no speedy return.—“I am weary of my crying, my eyes fail while I wait for my God.” (Ps. lxxix. 3.) But in the same psalm he yet obtaineth comfort: “The Lord heareth the poor, and despiseth not his prisoners.” (Verse 33.) Would you have fruit before it is ripe? When the mercy is ripe, we shall have it; and besides, there is nothing lost by waiting; we send out the golden fleet of prayer to heaven, the longer this fleet stays out, the greater return it will bring with it. David found it so; therefore he pulls off his sackcloth, and puts on the garments of praise: “I will praise the name of God with a song.” (Verse 30.)

8. In case of desertion.—This is the poisoned arrow that wounds to the heart, but still there is a psalm to run to: “The Lord will not cast off his people, neither will he forsake his inheritance.” (Ps. xciv. 14.) This is like a star in a dark night, or like the plank and broken pieces of the ship on which Paul and the rest came safe to shore. (Acts xxvii. 44.) God may conceal his love from his children, not take it away. (2 Sam. vii. 15.) He may change his providence towards them, not alter his purpose.

9. In case of death, there is a psalm which revives: “Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.” (Ps. xxiii. 4.) The sting and poison of this serpent is taken away. “Thou art with me”—with thy power to support, with thy grace to sanctify, with thy love to sweeten. “Thy rod and thy staff comfort me.” I have the staff of thy promise in the hand of my faith, and with this I can walk through the dark valley of death.

Thus in every condition David's psalms, like David's harp, may serve to drive away the evil spirit of sadness and uncheerfulness from a Christian.

PRAYERLESS FAMILIES.

You that are heads of families, but yet have not had a heart to set up the worship of God in them, I am afraid God hath little from you in your closets, who hath none from you in your families: it is no breach of charity to suspect your care for your own souls, when you show none for your relations'. If ever thou hadst been acquainted with God, and tasted any sweetness in secret communion with him, couldst thou thus rob thy family of so great a blessing? Could you find such a treasure, and hide it from them you love so well? Have they not souls as precious as thy own? Art thou not willing they should find the way to heaven as well as thyself? Yea, art thou not God's trustee, to take care of their souls as well as their bodies? Dost thou owe no more to thy child, or thy servant, than to thy hog or horse? Their bodies are looked to, and wilt thou do no more for the others? How knowest thou but thy holy example in the duties of God's worship among them, may leave such impressions on their hearts as shall never be worn off? Did you never hear any to the praise of God acknowledge, that the first turn towards heaven they ever had, was by living in such a godly family, where, with the worship of God, a savour and sacred sense of the

things of God did secretly steal into their hearts? Certainly, were our youth more acquainted with the duties of religion in private, the minister's work would be much facilitated in public; by this, the consciences of many would be preserved tender, and so be more pliable to the counsels of the word preached: whereas now the devil hath a sad advantage (from the irreligion that is in most families) to harden their hearts to such a degree, as renders them almost impenetrable. It is no wonder to see that tree thrives not, which stands but little in the sun; and as little wonder to see them continue profane and wicked, that but once in a week come under the beams of an ordinance. One well compareth the public ministry to the mason that builds the house, and family governors to them that make the brick. Now if you, by neglecting your duty, bring clay instead of brick, you make the minister's work double. The truth is, the neglect of family worship opens a wide flood-gate to let in a deluge of profaneness. Thou livest now without the worship of God in thy family, and perhaps in a few years, from thee many other families may arise, and most likely they will follow thy copy: indeed, it were a wonder that they who are taught no better should do otherwise: and so irreligion is likely to spread apace. When thy head is laid in the dust, thy profaneness is not buried in thy grave with thee; no, thou leavest others behind to keep it alive. O how dismal is it to lay the foundation of a sin to many generations! The children unborn may rise up and curse such. If I had heard my father pray, may the child say (in a dying hour), or had been led into the acquaintance of the worship of God by his example, then had not I lived like a heathen, as I have done. Well, as you would not have your children and servants meet you in the other world with their mouths full of accusations; or, if you dread not this, as you would not have them prove a plague and scourge to you in this world, let not your family government be irreligious: it is just that God should suffer thy servant to be unfaithful to thee in thy estate, who art so to his soul; that thy children, when old, should forget their duty to thee, that didst bring them up like heathens, without learning them their duty to God.—*Gurnall*.

TO A BOY ANXIOUS ABOUT HIS SOUL.

Collace, Jan. 27, 1842.

MY DEAR BOY,—I was very glad to receive your kind note, and am glad to send you a short line in return, although my time is much taken up. You are very dear to me, because your soul is precious; and if you are ever brought to Jesus, washed and justified, you will praise him more sweetly than an angel of light. I was riding among the snow to-day, where no foot had trodden, and it was pure, pure white; and I thought again and again of that verse, "*Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.*" That is a sweet prayer—make it your own. Often go alone and look up to Jesus, who died to wash us from our sins, and say, "*Wash me.*" Amelia Geddie was one day dressed in a new white frock, with red ribands in her bonnet, and some one said to her, "No doubt you will think yourself very trim and clean?" "Ah no," she said, "*I will never think that until I have the fine white robe of my Redeemer's righteousness put upon me.*" I am glad, my dear boy, you think that God is afflicting you to bring you to himself. It is really for this that he smites you. His heart, his hand, and

his rod, are all inscribed with love. But then, see that he does bring you to *himself*. Do not delay. The lake of fire and brimstone stretches beneath every soul that lives in sin. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked. If the Lord Jesus would but draw the curtain, and let you see his own fair face, and his wounded side, and how there is room for the guiltiest sinner in him, you would be drawn to Jesus with the cords of love. I was preaching in Perth last Sabbath; when I came out, a little girl came up to me, I think, about three or four years old. She wanted to hear of the way to be saved. Her mother said she had been crying the whole night before about her soul, and would take no comfort till she should find Jesus. Oh! pray that the same Spirit may awaken you. Remember, Johnnie, you once wept for your soul too, and prayed and sought Jesus. Have you found him? or have you looked back, like Lot's wife, and become a hard, cold pillar of salt? Awake again, and call upon the name of the Lord. Your time may be short. God only knows. The longest lifetime is short enough. It is all that is given you to be converted in. They are the happiest who are brought soonest to the bosom of Jesus.—
Ever yours, &c. R. M. MCHEYNE.

THE BLESSING TO THE LOVERS OF CHRIST.

MR. DOOLITTLE, one of the Puritan divines, preached a series of discourses on Love to Christ, at the close of which, he tells us:—

The psalm being sung, all the people, as is usual, stood up: I kept my seat longer than ordinarily I was wont, which caused their eyes to be the more towards me. Then I stood up and said: "Why stand ye gazing? Why are your eyes so intent upon me? What can I say more? What more do ye expect? The blessing? What! all of you? What! whether ye love Christ, or not? Alas! if God curse, how can I bless? I have, day after day, set life and death, a blessing and a curse, before you; and must it not be with you according to your own choice? If ye will be blessed indeed, ye must love Christ; if ye will not love Christ, the curse, and not a blessing, waiteth for you, though ye here wait for the blessing. If ye would not go without the pronouncing of the blessing from hence to your homes, love Christ: O love Christ! O at last be persuaded to love Christ, that ye may not go from Christ's bar to the flames of hell (without his blessing) for ever! I have done for this time and text, when I have said the words of my text, 'If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha;' and let all the people that dare (lest they should wish a curse upon themselves), say, Amen. And for you that have set your hearts on Christ above all, I beg from the Father of mercies, that grace may 'be with all them that love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity;' and let all the people say, Amen."

What lively countenances, what affections, what tears and cryings, with the Spirit's working, were caused, do not expect that I should tell.

A WISE CHANGE.

A FEW years ago, a gentleman of respectability, but by no means wealthy, subscribed twenty pounds per annum towards the support of the minister of the

church he had recently joined. Many of his friends and fellow church members remonstrated with him on the extravagance of his subscription. His noble reply was, 'You are mistaken, my friends in supposing that I cannot well afford this amount to support the gospel, or that I am injuring my family by this liberality. I have tried it now two years, and find it a very profitable investment, even in a pecuniary point of view. I never laid up so much money as I do now. Formerly I attended the races with my family, and never at a less expense than twenty pounds annually. Formerly I found it necessary to run up a bill of thirty pounds annually, for old Jamaica rum, real Cognac brandy, and genuine Holland gin. Formerly my sons and myself belonged to a Sabbath dinner club, which involved an expense of twelve or fourteen pounds more. These several items of expenditure I have lately concluded to lay aside, and employ the funds which they used to consume, in promoting interests which I esteem nobler, and securing advantages and gratifications which I greatly prefer. You thus clearly perceive that in this matter of paying twenty pounds annually for the support of public worship, I am realizing a clear gain of from forty to sixty pounds per annum, without any self-denial or sacrifice whatever.'

A SABBATH CLASS.

It has been truly said that the Sabbath school is the nursery of the Church. When the Sabbath school was first formed in D—, in 1817, there were five little boys who came in and formed a class. It was a new thing, and boys were not very willing to attend; but these boys became deeply interested. At that time there were no question books; and they used to commit a number of verses from the Bible, besides a number of Watt's Hymns, for every Sabbath. Three of them used to strive which would get the greatest number, and most perfectly; and they would commit sometimes over a hundred verses, besides a number of hymns.

I well knew one of those boys; he had to work hard all the week; every spare moment he would take his Testament and study his lesson, and what he could not commit in the week, he would rise early on Sabbath morning and finish. By this devoted industry he learned the Gospel of Luke, and a great part of Matthew and John. His teacher would often tell him that he could not have time to say all his lesson.

These boys continued in the Sabbath school for many years, until called to leave the place; while others came in and left because they thought themselves *too old* to attend. They grew up in the fear of God; the Sabbath school had never ceased to throw around them such an influence, that they were prepared to shun the temptations of youth. Each of them early embraced the Saviour, and united with the Church. The eldest of them is now a minister in a large city; the second is a missionary in Asia; the third has just entered the ministry; the fourth is a popular teacher; and the fifth is a respectable merchant, and all of them are the devoted friends of Sabbath schools.

THE ONLY REFUGE.

THE poor guilty soul finds no rest anywhere but in Christ. His language in this act of faith is such as his: I am a poor, lost, sinful, distressed creature,

and there is but one door I can expect relief from, and that is Christ, and at this door I'll lie and wait; I know he is able to help me, for he can save to the uttermost: and surely he hath compassion, great compassion, towards poor sinners; he is a merciful high priest. He says concerning Him, as they sometimes did concerning the king of Israel, Behold, we have heard that the king of Israel is a merciful king, peradventure he will save us; yea, he has bid me look to him and be saved; and he invites all them that are weary and heavy laden to come to him, and promises them rest. Why, then, should I not rest, and rely upon him? It is true I am a mighty sinner, but he is a more mighty Saviour. Have I sinned to the utmost? He has satisfied to the utmost. What shall I say? True, I am death, but Christ is life; I am darkness, but Christ is light; I am sin, but Christ is holiness; I am guilt, but Christ is righteousness; I am emptiness and nothingness, but Christ is fullness and sufficiency; I have broken the law, but Christ has fulfilled the law; and his life is infinitely able to swallow up my death; his light, my darkness; his holiness, my sin; his righteousness, my guilt; his fullness, my emptiness; on Him, therefore, I'll lean, and live, and hope. It is true I am utterly unworthy of any life, any grace, any favour; but Christ does all for sinners freely—he loves freely, he pardons freely, he saves freely; how vile, therefore, and unworthy soever I am, yet I will rest and depend upon him; who knows but he may cast an eye of love upon me? This is that act of faith which is held forth: "Surely, shall one say, in the Lord have I righteousness and strength." (Isa. xlv. 24.) I have neither strength nor righteousness of my own, but I have all righteousness and strength in Christ; all righteousness for pardon and justification, and all strength for holiness and sanctification. This is what the apostle calls a rejoicing in Christ Jesus, having no confidence in the flesh. (Phil. iii. 3.)—*Pearse.*

ABUSE.

PLUTARCH, in his biographies, tells us that Cato, the Censor, being scurrilously treated by a fellow who led a licentious and dissolute life, said to him quietly: "A contest between thee and me is very unequal; for thou canst bear ill language with ease, and return it with pleasure; but for my part, 'tis unusual for me to hear it, and disagreeable to speak it."

CHRIST ACCOUNTABLE FOR HIS PEOPLE.

OFFICERS are to give an account of the management of the trust reposed in them; so is Christ of every believer's soul. Our Saviour is in several places called God's Servant. Servants are to give an account to those that employ them; and it is part of the faithfulness of a servant so to do; and Christ's faithfulness is to be glorified. He is a merciful and faithful high priest (Heb. ii. 17); faithful to God as well as merciful to us, and faithful to God in being merciful to us; and by giving account of his mercy to us, he gives an account of his faithfulness to God.—*Charnock.*

SCRIPTURE MERCIES.

BLESS God for three mercies in reference to the Scriptures.

I. Bless God for the translation of the Scriptures. The Word is our sword; by being translated, this sword is drawn out of its scabbard. What use could a poor Christian, that hath but one tongue in his head (that understands but one language I mean, which his mother taught him), make of this sword when presented to him as it is sheathed in Greek and Hebrew? Truly, he might even fall a weeping with John at the sight of the sealed book, because he could not read in it. (Rev. v. 4.) O bless God, who hath sent men furnished, by the blessing of God on their indefatigable labours and studies, with abilities to roll away the stone from the mouth of this fountain! And were it not sad to see the water of life brought to you with the expense of their spirits and strength, wasted in the work, to be spilled on the ground, and basely undervalued by you, so as hardly to be put in the catalogue of the mercies you praise God for? O God forbid! It cannot be, if ever you had the sweetness of any one promise in it milked out unto you, or the power of one of its divine truths impressed on your hearts. Melchoir Adam tells us that Bugenhagen, whose assistance Luther had, with others, in translating the Bible, when the work was brought to a happy conclusion, was so affected with the incomparable mercy therein to the Churches of Christ in Germany, that every year he invited his friends to a solemn feast, that day whereon the work was finished, which they called "The Feast of the Translation of the Bible." When Queen Elizabeth opened the prisons at her coming to the crown, one piously told her that there were yet some good men left in prison undelivered, and desired they might also partake of her princely favour, meaning the four Evangelists and Paul, who had been denied to walk abroad in the English tongue when her sister swayed the sceptre. To this she answered, They should be asked, whether they were willing to have their liberty; which soon after appearing, they had their jail-delivery, and have ever since had their liberty to speak to you in your own tongue at the assemblies of your public worship, yea, to visit you in your own private houses also. Now is that happy day come, and long hath been, which holy Mr.

Tindale told a Popish doctor of, when a poor ploughman should be able to read the Scriptures, and allowed as freely to converse with them as any doctor of them all! A blessed day, indeed, it is to the souls of men! Now, Christian, when thou art a prisoner to God's providence, and kept by his afflicting hand at home, thou hast the Word of God to bear thee company in thy solitude; and so, though thou canst not sit up with thy brethren and sisters at thy Father's table in his public ordinances, yet thou dost not wholly go without thy meal; thou canst not, it is likely, carve so well for thyself as the minister used to do for thee, yet it is an incomparable mercy that thou hast liberty to pick up out of the Word for thy present counsel and comfort, as thou art enabled to do by the Spirit of God, upon thy humble prayer for his assistance. Admirable hath been the support the saints have found from this holy book in their confinements. God hath graciously ordered it, that the most useful and necessary truths for the afflicted saints hang on the lower boughs of this tree of life, within the reach of a poor Christian, who is but of an ordinary stature in knowledge. O think, and think again of those sad times, when the bloody swords of persecutors was drawn to keep off the people of God from coming near this tree, and then you will better conceive your present privilege; yea, look back unto those times of Popish ignorance, when this cellar of cordial waters was locked up in the original tongues, and not one in a whole town to be found that had a key by whom poor souls in their fainting fits and agonies of spirit could have it opened, so as to come by any of their sweet consolations to restore their swooning souls, and then you will surely bless God, who hath given you so free an access unto them, when others cannot have access to you to communicate their help unto you.

II. Bless God for the ministry of the Word, which is the public school he opens to his people, that in it they may learn the use of this their weapon. It is a sad fruit that grows upon the little smattering knowledge that some have got from the Word, to puff them up with a conceit of their own abilities, so as to despise the ministry of the Word as a needless work. The Corinthians were sick of this disease, which the apostle laboured to cure

by a sharp reproof: "Now ye are full, now ye are rich, ye have reigned as kings without us." (1 Cor. iv. 8.) Paul, it seems, was nobody now with these high proficient, so high did pride carry them above all thoughts of needing his ministry more. And hath not the pride of many in our days carried them as far into a contempt of the ministry of the Word, though their knowledge come far short of the Corinthians? Well, take heed of this sin; Miriam's plague, yea, a worse, a spiritual scab and leprosy, apparently cleaves to those, as close as a girdle to the loins, who come to despise this ordinance, that they make all afraid to come near their tents. What prodigious errors are they left unto, whereby God brands them! Yea, what sensual lusts hath the once forward profession of many among them been quite swallowed up with! If once a man thinks he needs no longer go to the Spirit's school, he shall find that he takes the ready way to deprive himself of the Spirit's teaching at home: "Quench not the Spirit, despise not prophesyings." (1 Thess. v. 19, 20.) They are coupled together; he that despiseth one, loseth both. If the scholar be too proud to learn of the usher, he is unworthy to be taught by the master. But I turn to you, humble souls, who yet sit at the feet of Jesus in your right minds, speak the truth, and lie not; are you not well paid for your pains? Dare you say of your waiting on the ministry of the Word, what a wretch, though a learned one, Politianus by name, said of his reading the Scripture, that he never spent time to less purpose? Do you count it among your lost time, and misplaced hours, that are bestowed on hearing the Word? I trow not. Thou keepest thy acquaintance with the Word at home, if thou be a Christian, and eatest many a sweet in a bitter corner, while thou art secretly meditating thereon; but does this content thee, or make thee think the Word preached a superfluous meal? I am sure David knew how to improve his solitary hours as well as another; yet, in his banishment, O how he was pinched and hunger-bitten for want of the public ordinances! And surely we cannot think he forgot to carry his Bible with him into the wilderness, loving the Word so dearly as he did: "My soul thirsted for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land where no water is." (Ps. lxxiii. 1.) Why David, what is the reason thou complainest thus? Hast thou not the Word to read in secret? Canst thou not let down thy bucket, and by meditation draw what thou wilt out of

the well of the Word? Why, then, dost thou say thou art in a thirsty land, where no water is? He means, therefore, comparatively; the sweetest refreshings he enjoyed in his private converse with the Word were not comparable to what he had met in public. And can you blame a sick child for desiring to sit with his burden at his father's table, though he is not forgot in his chamber where he is a prisoner? It was the sanctuary, there to see God, his power and glory, as of old, that David's heart longed for, and could not well live without. God threatens to bring a famine of hearing the Word. (Amos viii. 11.) Mark, not a famine of reading the Word, but of hearing the Word. If the Word be not preached, though we have the Bible to read at home, yet it is as a famine, and so we ought to judge it. "The Word of the Lord was precious in those days; there was no open vision." (1 Sam. iii. 1.) The strongest Christians would find a want of this ordinance in time. We see in a town besieged, though it be well laid in with corn, yet when put to grind with private hand-mills, what straits they are soon put to. And so will the best grown saints, when they come to have no more from the Word for their souls to live on than what they grind with their own private meditation and labour; then they will miss the minister, and see it was mercy indeed to have one whose office it was to grind all the week for him.

III. Bless God for the efficacy of the Word upon thy soul. Did ever its point prick thy heart—its edge fetch blood of thy lusts? Bless God for it; you would do as much to a surgeon for lancing a sore, and severing a putrified part from thy body, though he put thee to exquisite torture in the doing of it. And I hope thou thinkest God hath done thee a greater kindness. Solomon tells us: "Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful." (Prov. xxvii. 6.) The wounds that God thus gives are the faithful wounds of a friend; and the kisses which sin gives come from an enemy. God's wounds cure—sin's kisses kill. The Italians say, that "play, wine, and women, consume a man laughing." It is true of all pleasurable sins; and as sin kills the sinner laughing, so God saves poor souls weeping and bleeding under the wounds which his Word gives them. Happy soul, who hast made such an exchange, to get out of the enchanting arms of thy lusts that would have kissed thee to death, and to fall into the hands of a faithful God

who means thee no more hurt by all the blood he draws from thee than the saving of thy soul. How far mightest thou have gone, and not met with such a friend! There is not another sword like this in all the world, that can cure with cutting; not another arm could use this sword, to have done thus with it, besides the Spirit of God. The axe does nothing till the hand of the workman lifts it up; may be no one else can use his tools as he himself can. None can pierce the conscience, wound the spirit, and hew down the lusts which there lie skulking in their fastnesses, but God himself; and this he doth not for every one that reads and hears it, which still heightens his mercy toward thee. There were many widows in Israel when God sent his prophets to her of Zarepta. And why to her? Was there never a drunkard, swearer, or unbeliever beside thee in the congregation at the same time that God armed his Word to smite thee, and graciously prick thy heart? Oh cry out in admiration of this distinguished mercy, "Lord, how is it thou wilt manifest thyself to me, and not unto the world!"—*Gurnall*.

MATTHEW HENRY'S COMMENTARY.*

BY THE REV. JAMES HAMILTON, LONDON.

By his sermons, and his abundant personal labours, Matthew Henry served his generation; by his industrious and ingenious pen he has done a service to the world. From time to time he published tracts and treatises, which met with some attention even in that drowsy age, and many of which have been highly valued since. The "Pleasantness of a Religious Life" has been often republished; and no treatise on the Lord's Supper is better known or prized than the "Communicant's Companion."

However, these and all his other treatises—enough to engross the leisure hours of any other pastor, if not to immortalize any other divine—were incidental efforts on the part of this herculean student, and mere episodes in a colossal undertaking. His industry, piety, and sanctified genius, have left their peerless memorial in "An Exposition of the Old and New Testament;" and like the *Penseroso*, and other poems, which are read with double interest because their author wrote "Paradise Lost," his tracts, if excellent themselves, should be read with keener expectation by those who remember that their author wrote Henry's Exposition.

It is with literary monuments as with architectural trophies: we like not only to know who reared them, but how they went to work,

* Extracted from preface to last volume of Nelson's "Puritan Divines."

and we would be glad to learn how far they enjoyed their labour, and what were their emotions when the task was done. Kennicott's process in collating the Hebrew text, and Johnson's operations in compiling his mighty Lexicon, are among the most interesting curiosities of literature; and few passages in autobiography are more thrilling than those, for instance, in which Gibbon records his moon-light musings when the "Decline and Fall" was finished, and Pollok describes the rapture in which he completed the "Course of Time." Few achievements can be so vast as a continuous commentary on the Bible. We are, therefore, grateful to Dr. Adam Clarke's biographer for telling us how, during the forty years that his book was in building, he would sometimes be so absorbed that he did not observe the knock at the study-door, but was discovered on his bended knees with the pen in his hand and the paper before him; and how, when the last sentence was written, he led his son into the library, and surprised him by the new spectacle of the great table cleared of all its folios, and nothing but a Bible remaining. "This, Joseph, is the happiest period I have enjoyed for years. I have written the last word. I have put away the chains that would remind me of my bondage. And there have I returned the deep thanks of a grateful soul to the God who has shown me such great and continued kindness." And we can sympathize with his family, who, sharing in his emancipation, testified their joy by presenting him with a silver vase. And it exceedingly enhances our interest in Scott's Notes, when we remember the circumstances of bodily suffering and financial anxiety in which they were written; and if we sometimes deem them common-place or meagre, we rebuke our discontent by asking, "How could they be better when the press was always clanking at his heels, and he often rose from a bed of sickness to write them?" Matthew Henry did not live to finish his great undertaking, but to the research of his biographer we are indebted for some interesting particulars regarding the commencement and progress of the work. It was a labour of love, and like the best productions of the pen, flowed from the abundance of the author's mind. The commentary was all in Matthew Henry before a word of it was written down. In his father's house, as we have seen, the Bible was expounded every day, and he and his sisters had preserved ample notes of their father's terse and uphoristic observations. Then during his own Chester ministry he went over more than once the whole Bible in simple explanations to his people. Like the Spartan babe whose cradle was his father's shield, it would be scarcely a figure to say that the Bible was the pillow of his infant head, and familiar with it from his most tender years it dwelt richly in him all his days. It was the pivot round which his meditations, morning, noon, and evening,

turned; and whatever other knowledge came in his way, he pounced on it with more or less avidity as it served to elucidate or enforce some Bible saying. What has been remarked of an enthusiast in Egyptian antiquities—that he had grown quite pyramidal—may be said of the Presbyterian minister at Chester; he had grown entirely Biblical. He had no ideas which had not either been first derived from Scripture, or afterwards dissolved in it. And as his shrewd sense, his kindly nature, his devotional temperament, and his extensive information were all thoroughly scripturalized, it needed no forcing nor straining. It was but to draw the spigot, and out flowed the racy exposition. “The work has been to me its own wages, and the pleasure recompensed enough for all the pains.”

Much was incidentally jotted down, and the materials lay affluent about him, before he commenced writing for the press. It was the advice of the Rev. Samuel Clarke and other friends which moved him to begin; and the following entry in his journal announces the commencement of the work:—“Nov. 12, 1704. —This night, after many thoughts of heart, and many prayers concerning it, I began my Notes on the Old Testament. It is not likely I shall live to finish it, or if I should, that it should be of public service, for I am not *par negotio*; yet in the strength of God, and, I hope, with a single eye to his glory, I set about it, that I may endeavour something and spend my time to some good purpose, and let the Lord make what use he pleaseth of me. I go about it with fear and trembling, lest I exercise myself in things too high for me. The Lord help me to set about it with great humility.” Yes—“Fear and trembling,” and “many prayers”—these are the secret of its success. All the author’s fitness, and all his fondness for the work, would have availed little, had not the Lord made it grow. In September 1706, he finished the Pentateuch, and on the 21st of November that year he writes:—“This evening I received a parcel of the Exposition of the Pentateuch. I desire to bless God that he has given me to see it finished. I had comfort from that promise, ‘Thou shalt find favour and good understanding in the sight of God and man.’” That volume came out separately; and though near her eightieth year, his mother lived to see it, and, scarcely hoping to read all the volume, the good old lady began with Deuteronomy. Every second year produced another volume, till April 17, 1714, he records: “Finished Acts, and with it the fifth volume. Blessed be God that has helped me and spared me. All the praise be to God.” Two months after he ceased from all his labours, and Dr. Evans and others took up the fallen pen. They completed a sixth volume, but did not continue “Matthew Henry.”

The zest with which he began lasted all

along. So dear was the employment that it was not easy to divert him from it, and each possible moment was devoted to it. Even when roused from slumber by illness in the family, his eye would brighten at the sight of it, and he would draw in his studying-chair “to do a little at the exposition.” What he says in the preface to the Prophecies—his least successful volume—will awaken the fellow-feeling of the reader, and remind him of Bishop Horne’s touching farewell to the Book of Psalms. “The pleasure I have had in studying and meditating on those parts of these prophecies which are plain and practical, and especially those that are evangelical, has been an abundant balance to and recompense for the harder tasks we have met with in other parts that are more obscure. In many parts of this field the treasure must be digged for, as that in the mines; but in other parts the surface is covered with rich and precious products, with corn and flocks, and of which we may say, as was said of Noah, ‘These same have comforted us greatly concerning our work, and the toil of our hands,’ and have made it very pleasant and delightful. God grant it may be no less so to the reader.”

It would be easy to name commentators more critical, more philosophical, or more severely erudite, but none so successful in making the Bible understood. And the question with sensible readers will always be, not, What did the commentator bring to the Bible? but, What did he bring out of it? And tried by this test, Henry will bear the perpetual palm. His curious inferences, and his just though ingenious “Notes,” are such as could only have occurred to one mighty in the Scriptures, and minute in the particular text; and to the eager Bible-student, they often present themselves with as welcome surprise as the basket of unexpected ore which a skilful miner sends up from a deserted shaft. Nor dare we admire them the less because detected in passages where our duller eye or blunter hammer had often explored in vain. On the other hand, it is possible to name some who have commented more fully on particular books; but most of them are something more than expositions. They are homiletic notes and expository dissertations. In the language of quaint old Berridge, a preacher is a “gospel-baker.” In the same idiom, a commentator should be a “Bible-miller.” Bread-corn must be bruised; and it is the business of the skilful interpreter to give nothing but the text transformed—bread-corn in the guise of flour. This was what Matthew Henry did, and he left it to “gospel-bakers” to add the salt and leaven, or mayhap the sugar and the laurel-leaf, and make a sermon or an essay as the case might be.

To its author the exposition was a blessed toil; but he could not foresee the wide accep-

tance and growing favour which awaited it. He could not anticipate that the most powerful minds of after-ages should be its most ardent admirers, or that the panegyrics should be passed on it which we know that Ryland, and Hall, and Chalmers have pronounced. Still less could it occur to him that the kindness with which contemporaries received it should be a hundred fold exceeded by a generation so fastidious and book-surfeited as our own. But could its subsequent history have been revealed to his benignant eye, the circumstance which would have elicited the gladdest and most thankful sparkle would have been to behold it, in thousands of Christian families, the Sabbath companion and the household book. It is not only through the glass doors of stately book-cases that its gilt folios shine, nor on the study-shelves of manse and evangelical parsonages that its brown symbol of orthodoxy may be recognised, but in the parlour of many a quiet tradesman, and the cupboard of many a little farmer, and on the drawers-head of many a mechanic or day labourer, the well-conned quartos hold their ancestral station, themselves an abundant library, and hallowed as the heir-loom of a by-gone piety. In the words of a beloved friend, who has done much for Henry's Commentary, "It has now lasted more than one hundred and thirty years, and is at this moment more popular than ever, gathering strength as it rolls down the stream of time; and it bids fair to be *The Comment* for all coming time. True to God, true to nature, true to common sense, and true to the text, how can it ever be superseded? Waiting pilgrims will be reading it when the last trumpet sounds, Come to judgment."

GARDEN MEDITATIONS.

UPON PLUCKING OFF THE TOPS OF WEEDS.

In a dry season, when the bottles of heaven were stopped, and showers withheld from the earth, so that it was parched and dry, I observed some persons who could not easily pluck up the roots of weeds, tearing off their heads, which, when they had done, the garden seemed pleasant to the beholders, and gave content for a while to its owners, who imagined there had been a thorough reformation; but not long after when a shower of rain distilled upon it, the cheat appeared, the weeds sprang up as fresh and flourishing as before, yea, like the hydra, with more heads than at first, thus evincing how partial the reformation was. This observation afforded the following meditation:—I thought it much resembled a partial reformation in the soul, when men begin their amendment at the wrong end, or take a wrong course to kill the tree of sin, breaking off a few outward enormities, but leaving the depravity of the heart alone. As might be anticipated, this, when it is watered with Satan's temptations and the world's allurements, and animated with fit occasions and suitable opportunities, springs forth afresh, it may be, with more virulence than before, and thus it appears that even the sins no longer

visible were not killed, but laid aside. An evident example we have of this in Herod, who, convinced by John Baptist's preaching that his courses were not good, relinquished many of his sins, and, it is said, did many things, but still left the principle of sin untouched, to the undoing of his soul. Soon after, accordingly, his wickedness broke out with greater violence than ever; and like a torrent of water dammed up for a time only, ran more furiously, even to the taking away John Baptist's head. Thus it is too with many seeming converts, who afterwards prove wicked apostates, and persecute the truth they formerly professed: the root of the matter was not in them. Hazael did not believe so much wickedness to lodge in his heart as the prophet spake of, and as afterwards actually appeared. Such apostates are often Satan's most devoted servants, and very hardly, if ever reclaimed.

O my soul, how stands the case with thee? Hast thou not weeded thy own garden thus, and rather torn off the tops of thy sins, than plucked them up by the root? How comes it else to pass, that upon every shower of temptation they are so apt to spring up again? Consider attentively, if thou wilt not kill sin, sin will kill thee; if the root be dead, the branches will soon wither; but if the root live, the branches will revive. The way to cleanse the stream, is to purify the fountain; and heart-reformation is the best way to life-reformation. Hypocrisy within will, like a sore, at length break forth; and a depraved heart will, ere long, vitiate the life also.

O my God, without thy assistance, all my endeavours will prove vain; the devil, the world, and my own deceitful heart, will beguile me. Let me not strive in my own strength, nor fail of thine assisting grace. Rather cast me into the furnace, than suffer my corruption and dross to remain in me; and rather plough deeper furrows by affliction, than suffer the roots of the weeds to remain in my heart. Turn me, O Lord, and I shall be turned; convert me, and I shall be converted; let me not take up with a partial reformation, and let nothing less than the death of sin give me content.

Make the tree good, and his fruit good. (Matt. xii. 33.)

Cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean also. (Matt. xxiii. 26.)

Doth a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter? Can the fig tree, my brethren, bear olive berries? either a vine, figs? so can no fountain both yield salt water and fresh. Who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you? let him show out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom. (James iii. 11-13.)

Cleanse your hands, ye sinners; and purify your hearts, ye double-minded. (James iv. 8.)

UPON STONES IN THE GARDEN.

Observing in the garden many stones mixed with other soil, and considering how fruitless and unprofitable they were; that though they had the same husbandry bestowed upon them, the same sun to shine upon them, and were watered with the same showers, yet they were in no degree better, softer, or more pliable; still they remained stones, fruitless and unprofitable; yea, though I broke them in pieces, I could not mollify them, or make them fruitful; neither axe nor hammer, fire nor water, could change their nature; neither fair means nor foul, the summer's sun nor winter's frost, could change them;

they were still the same. This observation led me to the ensuing meditation. It brought to my mind the nature of an unrenewed heart. Oh how strikingly does a stone represent this to us! The unrenewed heart is of the nature of a stone: mercies cannot melt it, judgments cannot break it; good seed sown in it brings nothing to perfection, neither can it take any deep root, as we see in the parable of the stony ground. This ground, though ever so carefully husbanded, even by Christ himself, the wisest Husbandman, yet brings no fruit to maturity. I have sometimes wondered how wicked men could sit under the powerful means of grace and ministry of the word, and listen to the terrors of the Lord, and yet never startle. The sins which their consciences know they are deeply guilty of, are again and again condemned to hell, and it is proved that those who live in such sins, shall never go to heaven; even the chapters and verses are alleged where God doth sentence such sinners to hell, and exclude them out of heaven; yet they remain as insensible as the seats they sit on. On the other side, the melting promises of the gospel, and the offer of God, and Christ, and heaven, and everlasting glory and happiness, make not so deep an impression upon a man as would the offer of one shilling, nay of one penny. Does not this plainly prove that these men's hearts are senseless stones? Now, as it is the nature of some stones that fire will not melt them, water will not soften them, nothing will mollify them; so it is of wicked men, neither mercies nor judgments will work upon them. Pharaoh was such a stone; nothing would work upon him; after all the judgments executed on him, his heart continued obdurate still.

O my soul, this was thy case, this was thy condition by nature; out of the same rock wast thou hewn, and out of the same hole of the pit wast thou digged. Thy heart was as hard as the nether mill-stone, and resembled the flinty rock, that neither bend nor bow, and was as insensible to spiritual things as the stones in the street: much water has been spilt upon this rock, which could not be gathered up again; many a melting sermon thou hast heard, and hast remained stone still. How is the case at present with thee? What is thy present condition? Has God melted thee in his furnace? has he changed thy nature? has he fashioned thee anew, and moulded thee into a better shape, and given thee a better form? has he taken away the heart of stone, and given thee a heart of flesh? has he fitted thee for his own work; and hewn and squared thee for his own building, to be united to Jesus Christ the chief corner-stone? If so, bless God for it, for it was his own work. But if thou retain still thy old inflexible nature, as hard and senseless as ever, as rough and craggy, notwithstanding all the pains God has bestowed upon thee, well mayest thou fear thou wilt be cast out, as unfit for God's use, and reserved for the fire of hell.

O my God, great pains and cost thou hast been at with me, but I have not answered thy pains, nor thy cost; I remain still rough and hard, notwithstanding all the blows of thy workmen. But, Lord, if thou wouldst blow the fire, I should melt; if thou wouldst lay thy hand upon the workman's axe, I should be squared and fitted for the work. Lord, rather lay great blows upon me, than suffer me to be unpolished or cast out; take away the heart of stone, give me a heart of flesh, that I may melt at thy mercies, and tremble at thy judgments.

God is able of stones to raise up children unto Abraham. (Matt. iii. 9.)

To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts. (Heb. iii. 15.)—*Bury.*

ON THE HANDS OF A TIME-PIECE.

(From an old Number of the Evangelical Magazine.)

Onward, perpetually moving,
These faithful hands are proving
How quick the hours steal by.

This monitory pulse-like beating,
Is constantly, methinks, repeating—
"Swift, swift, the moments fly!"

READER, be ready; or, perchance, before
These hands have made one revolution more,
Life's spring is snapt!—you die!

CANONICITY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

THREE methods of determining what books of the New Testament are canonical, have been adopted by different persons. The first is the authority of the Church—that is, the Church of Rome—which arrogates this authority to herself. The second is internal evidence, which some have deemed sufficient, without the aid of external testimony. The third is to refer to historical testimony, as has been done in regard to the Old Testament. Some distinguished men among the Roman Catholics have asserted, that the Scriptures owe all their authority to the Church; so that if she did not give her attestation to the Gospels, they would have no other authority than *Æsop's Fables*. But when asked how the Church can establish her authority, they must answer, that it is proved by the testimony of the Scriptures. This is a perfect example of the sophism called "a circle;" for they prove the authority of the Scriptures by the Church, and the authority of the Church by the Scriptures. Some Protestants, to avoid having recourse to the testimony of the Church at all, have verged to the other extreme, and have insisted that internal evidence is sufficient to enable us to determine what books belong to the canon. The Reformed Church of France went so far as to make this an article in her public Confession of Faith. Now it ought not to be doubted that the internal evidence of the Scriptures is exceedingly strong; and that when the mind of the reader is truly illuminated by the Spirit of God, it derives from this source the most unwavering and soul-satisfying evidence of their truth and authority: but in regard to particular books that every sincere Christian should be able to judge by this evidence alone whether they are canonical or not, cannot be admitted. To adopt this principle would have a tendency to unsettle the canon, and there would be no certainty as to the rule of our faith. While, therefore, internal evidence ought not to be rejected, but may afford much light as an auxiliary source of evidence, our principal reliance must be upon historical testimony; and it is a matter of thankfulness that this is so complete, as to leave little more to be desired for the satisfaction of every impartial inquirer. The question to be decided is a matter of fact. It is, whether the books which compose the New Testament, were written by inspired men; that is, by the men whose names are affixed to

them—the apostles and disciples of our Lord, who were eye-witnesses of the facts which they have recorded. And the proper method of deciding this question, is to inquire whether there was a general agreement among those fathers who lived nearest to the times of the apostles, on this point; for it can scarcely be supposed that there could be a general error among them in regard to a point of this kind. A general consent of the early fathers, and of the whole Christian Church, scattered all over and beyond the Roman empire, furnishes the best evidence which the nature of the case admits of, and is that species of evidence which is least liable to fallacy. The learned Huet has, therefore, laid it down as a rule on this subject, “THAT EVERY BOOK IS GENUINE, WHICH WAS ESTEEMED GENUINE BY THOSE WHO LIVED NEAREST TO THE TIME WHEN IT WAS WRITTEN, AND BY THE AGES FOLLOWING IN A CONTINUED SERIES.”

The reasonableness and certainty of this rule will appear more evident, when it is considered in what high esteem these books were held, with what diligence they were sought after, how constantly they were publicly read, and how soon they were quoted, and translated into other languages.

The early Christians were neither careless nor credulous on this subject. They pursued the only certain method of ascertaining the facts in the case. They searched into the records of the Churches, and learned by the testimony of all, what books had been received into the Sacred Volume, from the times of the apostles; and some of them even travelled into Judea, to learn accurately all that related to the origin and transmission of these Sacred Writings.

The question is often asked, *when* and by what authority was the canon of the New Testament constituted? It seems to be assumed as true in such inquiries, that these books could not be of authority, until sanctioned by some council or other ecclesiastical body; whereas, they were of authority, as far as known, from the day of their publication. Their right to a place in the canon does not depend on the vote of any council, or the decision of any bishop, but upon the fact that they were given by inspiration; and this is known by the character of the men who wrote them. The appeal to testimony, therefore, is not to obtain the judgment of the Church, that these books were canonical, but to ascertain the fact that they are indeed the productions of the apostles, to whom our Lord promised plenary inspiration. The Church confers no authority on these books. She merely testifies that they were written by the persons to whom they have been ascribed. And on this point we seek testimony, not only from the fathers of the Church, but from Jews, Heathens, and Heretics. Celsus, Porphyry, and Julian; Manes and Marcion, are our witness, as well as Irenæus, Tertullian, Origen, and Eusebius. The boast of the Romanists, therefore, is vain, that we are obliged to depend on the authority of the Church for our sacred books. We defer nothing to this authority, but merely appeal to men of learning and probity who lived near the times when they were written, for their testi-

mony, as to the source from which they were derived. That these witnesses were members of the Church is a mere incidental circumstance. If they had held no connection with the Church, their testimony as to the origin of these books would not be invalidated, but rather strengthened; we call in witnesses from without the Church, wherever we can find them, and consider the testimony of such highly valuable, because altogether unsuspected. If by the constitution of the canon, be meant, the collection of the New Testament into one volume, it is a question of no importance; for every one of these books had complete authority before such a volume was formed; and if they had remained separate, and never been included in a single volume, neither their importance nor authority would have been less. Indeed, the testimony of ancient fathers and manuscripts would lead to the conclusion, that in very early times the books of the New Testament were not included in one, but in two volumes; one of which was denominated GOSPELS, the other APOSTLES.

Whenever all the inspired books were written and published, then was the canon completed, whether any one Church possessed the whole or only a part; whether they were bound in one volume or two, or remained each separate from the rest.

The Church or individual to whom any book was addressed, or for whom it was written, would of course enjoy the privilege of the first possession; but as these books were never locked up, but freely communicated, the nearest Churches would commonly be first supplied with a copy, and thus the Sacred Books would soon circulate through the whole Church. Every Christian Church would be solicitous to obtain, as soon as possible, an authentic copy of every writing known to be the production of an apostle, or other inspired man. If, for example, they had ever enjoyed the unspeakable privilege of hearing Paul preach, how eager would they be to read his Epistles? And if they had never seen this “chief of the apostles,” their desire to see his writings would scarcely have been less.

It may occur to some reader, that the Churches might have been imposed upon by writings, not the genuine productions of the apostles. To guard against everything of this kind, and to give full assurance of the genuineness of his Epistles, Paul was accustomed to commit them to the custody of respectable men, whose names he commonly mentions in the Epistle. And although he appears to have employed an amanuensis in writing, yet he made it a point to pen the concluding salutation *with his own hand*; and this signature must have been well known among all the Churches with which he held correspondence. Accordingly, we read in the Epistle to the Romans, “I, Tertius, wrote this Epistle.” And in the first to the Corinthians, “The salutation of me Paul, with mine own hand.” In that to the Galatians, “You see how large a letter I have written to you with mine own hand.” To the Colossians, “The salutation by the hand of me Paul.” And to the Thessalonians, “The salutation of Paul with mine own hand, which is the token in every epistle; so I write.”

Thus, what at first view appears to be a mere form of salutation, is found to be an important circumstance in giving authenticity to his Epistles; so that they could not be successfully counterfeited.

It may be inquired, what has become of the autograph of these sacred books, and why cannot the very handwriting of Paul, by which his Epistles were authenticated, be now exhibited? The answer is, that no autograph of any book, as old as the New Testament, can be produced, unless it has been preserved in some extraordinary way, as is the fact in regard to numerous manuscripts found in Herculaneum; very few of which, however, can be read. The autographs of the apostles could not have been preserved to this time without a miracle, and the occasion did not require such an interposition. And primitive Christians, although they appreciated the truths contained in these books above all price, had no great solicitude about the mere ink and paper. A correct copy was as good as the original; and considering the tendency of men to superstition, and how every pretended relic of the apostles is venerated and even worshipped, it seems to have been a wise ordination of Providence that these autographs should perish.

How long these originals continued in existence, we have no way of certainly knowing; but it is thought by many, that Tertullian refers to them, as extant in his time, where he says that the *authentic letters* of the apostles might be seen by any that would take the pains to go to the Churches to which they were addressed. If he had referred to *authentic copies*, why send the inquirer to the Churches to which these Epistles were addressed? Were there not copies to be found everywhere, in all the Churches, as well as these? And it would be rather wonderful if these autographs were not in existence when Tertullian wrote, who lived less than a hundred years after the last of the apostles; and we have now manuscripts of the New Testament, which cannot be much less than fourteen hundred years old, and are perhaps older. It is, therefore, a most probable supposition, that the Churches referred to had in possession the autographs of Paul when Tertullian lived and wrote.

As there is no dispute among Christians, of any denomination, respecting the books which belong to the canon of the New Testament, it will be unnecessary to go into any discussion respecting the multitude of apocryphal books, which at a certain period were put into circulation under the names of the apostles or companions of the apostles. Most of these have long since perished, and were, as soon as published, declared to be spurious by the Church, almost with one consent. Such of these spurious Gospels, Acts, Revelations, &c., as have come down to us, prove themselves to be apocryphal, and only serve, by contrast, to reflect a brighter light on the genuine Scriptures.

The proof of the canonical authority of the books of the New Testament may be derived from the *catalogues* which have been left by the fathers and councils; from express testimony of competent witnesses; from the fact that they were read as Scrip-

ture in the primitive Churches; from the quotations made from them, and appeals made to them, as an authoritative rule of faith and practice; and from the early versions of the New Testament.

1. Catalogues of these books which are still extant were made out by Origen, Eusebius, Athanasius, Cyril, Epiphanius, Gregory Nazianzen, Philastrius, Jerome, Rufin, Augustine, and by the ancient author who goes under the name of Dionysius the Areopagite. To these may be added the catalogues prepared by two councils—that of Laodicea, and that of Carthage. The catalogue found in the book entitled, “Apostolical Constitutions,” and ascribed to Clement of Rome, and the catalogue of the Council of Nice, are not referred to as testimony, because we are of opinion that neither of these is genuine. But we have no need of additional evidence. We have here thirteen catalogues of the books of the New Testament, all of which were prepared by men the most distinguished, and who had bestowed great attention on this subject. Out of these thirteen, seven (a majority of the whole) agree perfectly with our canon; and several of the others differ only by the omission of the Book of Revelation, because it was not read in the Churches, and had fallen into some discredit on account of the use made of it by the Millenarians. The catalogue of Origen has an omission of James and Jude; but this was merely accidental, for he mentions both these Epistles in his writings. The catalogues of Jerome, Eusebius, Epiphanius, Augustine, and Rufin, who of all others were the most competent judges of this matter, are perfectly the same as our canon. That of the Council of Carthage is also the same; and that of the Council of Laodicea differ only by the omission of Revelation, the reason of which has already been assigned.

2. These books were constantly read as Scripture in the Churches. The primitive Christians imitated the Jews, in publicly reading the writings which they considered divine in their assemblies. This practice seems to have been introduced as early as the days of Paul, who says to the Colossians: “And when this Epistle is read among you, cause that it be read also in the Church of the Laodiceans, and that ye likewise read the Epistle from Laodicea.” (Col. iv. 16.) Indeed, as Paul’s Epistles were addressed to the people at large, they could in no way be so conveniently communicated to those to whom they were sent, as by the public reading of them, when the Churches assembled on the first day of the week. But we have express testimony on this point. Justin Martyr, who lived in the beginning of the second century, says, “On the day which is called Sunday, there is a meeting of all (Christians) who live either in cities or country places; and the *memoirs of the apostles* and writings of the prophets are read.” Tertullian is equally explicit; for in giving an account of the meetings of Christians for worship, he says, “They assemble to read the Scriptures and offer up prayers.” And in another place, among the solemn exercises of the Lord’s-day, he mentions “reading the Scriptures, singing psalms,” &c. Cyprian gives a similar testimony, and so does the ancient writer under the name of Dionysius the

Areopagite, and others. Now nothing can be conceived better calculated to prevent deception by the introduction of apocryphal books, than this practice of the weekly public reading of the Scriptures, for by this means the people would know what books were of authority.

It is true, that the writings of some men who had been the companions of the apostles, were also read in the Churches for the edification of the people; particularly the Epistle of Clement to the Corinthians, and the "Shepherd" of Hermas; but the fathers were careful to distinguish these from the canonical Scriptures. They were accustomed to call such as were written by inspired men *canonical*, and the writings of other pious men, such as Clement, Barnabas, and Hermas, *ecclesiastical*.

3. Another evidence in favour of the canonical books is, that they were quoted as books of decisive authority by the doctors of the Christian Church, living in all parts of the world. Now, this can only be accounted for by supposing that they knew no other books which claimed to be canonical; or that they with one consent rejected such claims, and acknowledged the books now included in the Sacred Volume as the only writings which were divinely inspired. The conclusion is clear, then, that those books which were alone cited as authority, to decide questions respecting faith or duty, and which were generally appealed to by the early writers of the Christian Church, are canonical. Thus, the First Epistle of Peter is universally acknowledged to be the production of that apostle, and is cited as authority by all the fathers; but other books under the name of Peter, such as his Revelation, his Gospel, and his Acts, are never quoted as Scripture by any of the fathers. This argument is repeatedly used by Eusebius, and other ancient defenders of the canon of the New Testament; and if the premises are true, it is perfectly conclusive.

Those persons, therefore, such as Toland and Dodwell, who have endeavoured to unsettle our present canon, labour with all their might to prove that other books, now considered apocryphal, were as commonly cited by the fathers as those which are now deemed canonical. But learned men have thoroughly examined this subject, and have shown that this is not the fact; as Nye and Richardson, from an examination of all the passages in the fathers where other books are cited, have demonstrated.

4. The early versions of the New Testament furnish an additional argument in favour of the canonical authority of most of the books now admitted into the Sacred Volume.

As long as the gift of tongues remained with the ministers of the Church, the gospel could be preached to all the nations in their own vernacular language; but when miraculous gifts ceased, there was a great necessity that the sacred books should be translated into the languages of those people who did not understand Greek, in which the New Testament was originally written. Therefore learned men early applied themselves to this work; and although we have no exact information of the time when these versions were made, or the persons by whom the

work was performed, yet we have good evidence that they were made very early. The Christians of Syria and Mesopotamia, who were accustomed to the use of the Syro-Chaldaic dialect, would not have remained long without a Syriac or Armenian version of the New Testament; and, as many of the learned in these countries were well acquainted with Greek, there exists a strong probability that a version into Syriac must have been at least begun early in the second century, if not before the close of the first. And the fact, that the Syriac version called *Peshito* omits some of the books which were for a while doubted of by some, favours the opinion that this version must have been made at a very early period, and probably in the beginning of the second century. Marcion, the heretic, lived in this century, and was acquainted with the New Testament; there was then a version into Syriac, his own vernacular tongue. Without such a translation, a large number of the primitive Churches must have been entirely destitute of the Scriptures.

The New Testament was also early translated into Latin; and from the fragments that remain, it appears that there were several versions into this language, which were in use, when the Latin language prevailed, and especially in Italy. One of these is called by Augustine, "*Itala*," and was the Vulgate before Jerome undertook a translation; but it was not long before versions were made into various other languages, as the Coptic, Ethiopic, Arabic, Armenian, &c. Now all these contain all the best books which are now included in our canon, except the Syriac, which is probably the oldest of them all. The books omitted in this version are the Revelation, and some of the minor Epistles which were not generally known when this version was made. As it relates to all the other books of the New Testament, this version furnishes a satisfactory proof of their canonical authority. J. D. Michaelis is of opinion, that this is the best translation of the New Testament ever made, and that it is referred to by Melito, bishop of Sardis. In the time of Jerome, the Scriptures were read in Syriac in all the Churches in that country, and in Mesopotamia.

When the Council of Nice met, and other general councils, there was never any dispute among the venerable bishops who attended about the canon of Scripture. In regard to this there seems to have been a perfect agreement. The only persons who impugned the commonly received books were heretics; and even from the testimony of these, much evidence may be derived in favour of our canon. The Arians and Pelagians appealed to the same Scriptures as the orthodox Church. It was impossible, after the Church was widely extended, and the New Testament translated into divers tongues, that any book could have been added to the Sacred Volume, or abstracted from it. Such an attempt, if it could have proved successful in a single Church, never could have prevailed to any extent. Detection of such a fraudulent attempt would have been certain and immediate. We have, therefore, the utmost certainty that we now possess the identical Scriptures which were given to the Churches by the apostles and other

inspired men. The learned John David Michaelis has very needlessly stirred a question concerning the canonical authority of the writings of Mark and Luke, because they only of the writers of the books of the New Testament were not numbered among the apostles. But the ancient Church never entertained any doubt on this subject, and received their Gospels with the same confidence and veneration as the others. Indeed, they seem to have esteemed the Gospel of Luke just as if it had been dictated by Paul, and that of Mark as if dictated by Peter. And when we look into these Gospels, we find no more evidence of human weakness or error, than in those written by Matthew and John. And we feel no hesitation in applying to this case the rule already mentioned, that books universally received as inspired by those who lived nearest to the times when they were published, ought to be considered canonical by us. And according to this rule, these Gospels have as good a claim to a place in the canon as any books in the volume.

WHEN GOD SENDS JUDGMENT.

THERE are two ways, besides Scripture, whereby God shows himself to be God, and to govern the world—by his mercies and by his judgments. By his mercies; so St. Paul to the men of Lystra: "God," says he, "in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways" (Acts xiv. 16), not revealing himself and his will unto them, by his word and prophets, as he did to the Jews; "nevertheless he left not himself," says he, "without witness," (without witness to prove that he was God and Governor of the world.) Why? "In that he did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness." (Act xiv. 17.)

Another way, and that effectual too, whereby God leaves not himself without witness, is his judgments. One judgment sets up more the kingdom of God in the hearts of men in the world, than twenty mercies. God's raining down fire and brimstone upon Sodom and Gomorrah did doubly manifest him to be God in the hearts of all adjoining nations, and to have a respect unto the world, than all his former blessed seasonable showers that he had given those places, making them such pleasant and fruitful places as they are recorded to have formerly been. So, is not the providence of God more taken notice of by us, by one year's famine, than by twenty years' plenty?—by one year's plague and sickness, than by twenty years' health? Such is either our unthankful or unfaithful hearts, that if God should but say adieu to his judgments in the world, the world would more than half say adieu to his providence. He is glad to renew the acknowledgment, therefore, of his providence, by some acts, now and then, of his extraordinary judgments—some of his four judgments mentioned Ezek. xiv. 21: "When I send my four sore judgments, the sword, and the famine, and the noisome beast, and the pestilence." These judgments are they that set up God's providence far more than the contrary mercies. It is true, indeed, that God's peace should work that with a land which the Psalmist exhorts to: "Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem, praise thy God, O Zion; for he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; he hath blessed thy children within thee: he maketh peace in thy borders," &c. (Ps. cxlvii. 12-20.) But it commonly alls so out, that war in our borders rather, and the

enemy's battering rams, ready to burst open the bars of our gates, make us have recourse to God, and acknowledge his providence. So it should be with us, that God's plenty should work that upon us of the Psalmist: "All they that be fat upon earth shall eat and worship." (Ps. xxii. 29.) But it falls out commonly otherwise; that all such as are lean upon the earth have hungered and worshipped. Hunger and famine make God more to be known and acknowledged than fulness and plenty, as you have it. (Hos. ii. 7-13.) So God's health, life, and length of days, bestowed upon us, should work that of good Hezekiah upon us: "The living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I do this day." (Isa. xxxviii. 19.) But it falls out commonly contrary; that the dying, the dying, they rather praise and acknowledge God: they that, hearing so many others' passing bells, reckon of their own perhaps not far off: God is God to them indeed.—*Garbutt.*

TWO CASES OF CONSCIENCE.

CASE 1. Whether a regenerate person may not serve God with weariness?

Ans. 1. Yes; but this delight in God is not wholly extinct. This lassitude and weariness in a child of God may arise from the inbeing of corruption. (Rom. vii. 24.) It is not from the grace that is in him, but the sin; as Peter's sinking on the water was not from his faith, but his fear; yet I say still a regenerate person's will is for God. (Rom. vii. 15.) Paul found sometimes an indisposition to good. (Rom. vii. 23.) Yet at the same time he professes a complacency in God: "I delight in the law of God in the inner man." (Verse 22.) One may delight in music or any recreation, yet through weariness of body be for the present dull and indisposed; a Christian may love God's law, though sometimes the clog of the flesh weighing him down, he finds his former vigour and agility remitted.

Ans. 2. This faintness and weariness in a regenerate person is not habitual; it is not his constant temper. When the water ebbs a while it is low water, but there is soon a spring-tide again; it is sometimes low water in a Christian's soul—he finds an indisposition and irksomeness to that which is good; but within a while there is a spring-tide of affection, and the soul is carried full sail in holy duties. It is with a Christian as with a man who is distempered. When he is sick he does not take that delight in his food as formerly; nay, sometimes the very sight of it offends; but when he is well he takes his meat again with delight and appetite: so, when the soul is distempered through sadness and melancholy, it finds not such delight in the word and prayer as formerly; but when it returns to its healthful temper again, now it hath the same delight and cheerfulness in God's service as before.

Ans. 3. This weariness in a regenerate person is involuntary. He is troubled at it; he doth not hug his disease, but mourns under it. He is weary of his weariness. When he finds a heaviness in duty, he goes heavily under that heaviness; he prays, weeps, wrestles, uses all means to regain that alacrity in God's service which he was wont to have. David, when his chariot wheels were pulled off, and he did drive on heavily in religion, how oft did he pray for

quickening grace! (Ps. cxix. 25, 37, 40, 88.) When the saints have found their hearts fainting, their affections flagging, and a strange kind of lethargy seizing on them, they never leave till they have recovered themselves, and are arrived at such freedom and delight in God as they were once sensible of.

Case 2. Whether a hypocrite may not serve God with delight?

I answer, He may. Herod heard John the Baptist gladly (Mark vi. 20); and those who fasted for strife and debate, "did delight to know God's ways." (Isa. lviii. 2.) A hypocrite may, out of some flashy hopes of heaven, show a delight in goodness; but yet it is not such a delight as is found in the regenerate, for his delight is carnal. A man may be carnal while he is doing spiritual things. It is not the holiness and strictness in religion that the hypocrite delights in, but something else. He delights in prayer; but it is rather the showing of gifts he looks at, than the exercise of grace. He delights in hearing; but it is not the spirituality of the Word he delights in, nor the savour of knowledge (2 Cor. ii. 14), but the lustre. When he goes to the Word preached, it is that he may rather feast his fancy than improve his heart; as if a man should go to an apothecary's shop for a pill, only to see the gilding of it, not for the operative virtue. The hypocrite goes to the Word to see what gilding is in a sermon, and what may delight the intellect. Hypocrites come to the Word as one comes into a garden to pluck some fine flower to smell at, not as a child comes to the breast for nutriment; this is rather curiosity than piety. Such were those: "Thou art to them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument." (Ezek. xxxiii. 32.) The prophet being eloquent, and having a pleasing delivery, they were much taken with it, and it was as sweet to them as a fit of music; but it was not the spirituality of the matter they so well liked, as the melody of the voice. It was a sharp yet seasonable reproof of Chrysostom to his auditory: "This is that which is like to undo your souls: you hear your ministers as so many minstrels, to please the ear, not to pierce the conscience." You see a hypocrite's delight in religion is carnal; it is not "the being nourished up in the words of faith" (1 Tim. iv. 6) which he minds, but the eloquence of speech, the rareness of notion, the quickness of fancy, the smoothness of style: he strives only to pluck from the tree of knowledge. Alas! poor man, thou mayst have the star-light of knowledge, and yet it may be night in thy soul.

THE HEART—WHO CAN KNOW IT?

A PAINTER who wanted a picture of Innocence, drew the likeness of a child at prayer. The little suppliant was kneeling by the side of his mother, who regarded him with tenderness. The palms of his lifted hands were reverently pressed together; his rosy cheek spoke of health, and his mild blue eye was upturned with an expression of devotion and peace

This portrait of young Rupert was highly prized by the painter; for he had bestowed on it great pains: he hung it up in his study, and called it Innocence.

Years rolled along, and the painter became an aged man; but the picture of Innocence still adorned his study walls. Often had he thought of painting a contrast to his favourite portrait; but opportunity had not served. He had sought for a striking model of guilt, but had failed to find one. At last, he effected his purpose by paying a visit to a neighbouring jail.

On the damp floor of his dungeon lay a wretched culprit, named Randal, heavily ironed. Wasted was his body, worn was his cheek, and anguish unutterable was seen in his hollow eye; but this was not all: vice was visible in his face, guilt was branded, as with a hot iron, on his brow, and horrid imprecations burst from his blaspheming tongue. The painter executed his task to the life, and bore away the successful effort of his pencil. The portraits of young Rupert and old Randal were hung, side by side, in his study—the one representing Innocence, the other Guilt.

But who was young Rupert, that knelt in prayer by the side of his mother in meek devotion? And who was old Randal, that lay manacled on the dungeon floor, cursing and blaspheming? Alas! the two were one! Young Rupert and old Randal were the same. Led by bad companions into the paths of sin, no wonder that young Rupert found bitterness and sorrow. That brow which in childhood was bright with peace and joy, in years became darkened by guilt and shame; and that heart which was once the abode of happiness, afterwards became the habitation of anguish. Fathers, tell the tale to your children. Mothers, whisper it in the ears of your lisping little ones. Teachers, tell it to your scholars, that they may know betimes the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the exceeding deceitfulness of the human heart.—*Scottish Sabbath School Teachers' Magazine.*

COMMON SUBJECTS OF MEDITATION.

1. THE farmer meditates on his acres of land, not upon his soul: his meditation is how he may improve a barren piece of ground, not how he may improve a barren mind: he will not let his ground lie fallow, but he lets his heart lie fallow: there is no spiritual culture—not one seed of grace sown there.

2. THE physician meditates upon his recipes, but seldom on those recipes which the gospel prescribes for his salvation—faith and repentance. Commonly the devil is physician to the physician, having given him such stupefying physic, that for the most part he dies of a lethargy.

3. THE lawyer meditates upon the common law; but as for God's law he seldom meditates in it either day or night. The lawyer, while he is meditating on his client's evidences, often forgets his own. Most of this robe have their spiritual evidences to seek when they should have them to show.

4. The tradesman is for the most part meditating upon his wares and drugs: his study is how he may increase his estate and make the ten talents a hundred. He is "cumbered about many things;" he doth not meditate in the book of God's law, but in his account-book day and night. At the long run you will see these were fruitless meditations; you will find that you are but golden beggars, and have got but the fool's purchase when you die. (Luke xii. 20.)

5. There is another sort that meditate only upon mischief—"who devise iniquity." (Mic. ii. 1.) They meditate how to defame and to defraud—"they make the ephah small, and the shekel great." (Amos viii. 5.) The ephah was a measure used in buying, the shekel a weight used in selling. They know how to collude and sophisticate. Christians, who should support, too often supplant one another. And how many meditate revenge! It is sweet to them as dropping honey, as Homer speaks. "Their hearts shall meditate terror." (Isa. xxxiii. 18.) The sinner is a felon to himself, and God will make him a terror to himself. (Jer. xx. 4.)—*Watson.*

PRIDE.

PRIDE is very unbecoming to those who are indebted to free grace for all they have. God has effectually put it out of the power of those that are saved to ascribe anything to themselves, by undertaking the whole himself. It is the evident design of the gospel scheme to keep the soul humble, and to magnify the riches of sovereign grace; whatever, therefore, does not abase the creature and exalt God, and whatever lays a foundation for man's glorying, is inconsistent with the whole tenor of revelation, dishonours God, and is unworthy of our credit.—*Haywood.*

A SAD TIME COMING FOR SINNERS.

At present, sinners have much boldness; their neck is an iron sinew, and their brow brass. Many of them cannot blush when they are caught in sin. Amongst ourselves, is it not amazing how bold sinners are in forsaking ordinances? With what a brazen face will some men swear! How bold some ungodly men are in coming to the Lord's table! But it will not be so in a little while. When Christ shall appear—the holy Jesus, in all his glory—then brazen-faced sinners will begin to blush. Those that never prayed will begin to wail. Sinners, whose limbs carried them stoutly to sin and to the Lord's table last Sabbath, will find their knees knocking against one another. Who shall abide the day of His coming, and who shall stand when He appears? When the books are opened—the one the book of God's remembrance, the other the Bible—then the dead will be judged out of those things written in the books. The hearts of the ungodly will die within them; then will begin "their shame and everlasting contempt." Many wicked persons comfort themselves with this, that their sin is not known—that no eye sees them; but in that day the most secret sins will be all brought out to the light. "Every idle word that men shall speak they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment."—*M^cCheyne.*

MAKING HASTE TO BE RICH.

You that make so much haste to be rich, you that make so much bustling in the world, wherefore is this craving, carking, whining, after the things of this life? It is a certain, undeniable evidence of

your distrusting God's providence and promises; and, let me tell you, you that will not believe him for the body, you will never believe him for the soul; you that will not believe him for your estates and children, you will never believe him for your eternal salvation; you that will not believe him for a crust, you will never believe him for a crown.—*Nalton.*

PRAYER.

He that is much in prayer shall grow rich in grace. He shall thrive and increase most that is busiest in this, which is our very traffic with heaven, and fetches the most precious commodities thence. He that sets oftenest out of these ships of desire, that makes the most voyages to that land of spices and pearls, shall be sure to improve his stock most, and have most of heaven upon earth.—*Leighton.*

CHRIST'S DIVINITY.

How would it sound if a lawgiver was to enact, "That all men should honour the angel Gabriel, for instance, with the same honour which they render to God?" We should tremble with horror; we should be overwhelmed with consternation, at the prodigiousness of such impiety. And why? Because the honour due to God is peculiar to God, and cannot, without sacrilege, be transferred to any inferior being. I conclude, therefore, that seeing the Redeemer of sinners lays claim to divine honours, he is and must be a divine person.—*Toplady.*

Fragments.

As the sun, though it discovers other things to us by its light, yet, by reason of the greatness of its light, hinders us from an immediate sight of itself; so, though God discovers himself in other things to us by his light, yet it is too immense for us to have an immediate knowledge of God.—*Charnock.*

The main part of mankind are so thoughtless, that it has become an eulogy to say a man *thinks*, though it raises him only above a dog or a horse.

The regenerate man comes to church not to feed his eye, not to please his ear with tricks and conceits, and strains of wit, but to live. It is for bread that he comes, not for sauce or for trash.—*Harris.*

"I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." Because I love you, therefore the world hates you. What God chooses, the world rejects. What a strange reason is this! Why then, O my soul, dost thou court its smiles, or fear its frowns? The world, which lieth in wickedness, cannot love thee, and its enmity cannot hurt thee.—*Romaine.*

By some stroke or other God will take away the mercy that is not improved. If thy slothfulness hath put God upon passing a sentence of death upon thy dearest mercy, thank thyself, and hold thy peace.—*Brooks.*

The health and life of thy grace lie, both of them, not in thy grace, saith faith, but in thy God. Who is thy God? therefore I shall yet live and praise him! I do not wonder that the weak Christian is melancholy and sad, when he sees his sickly face in any other glass but this.—*Gurnall.*

LOVE TO CHRIST THE MOTIVE OF MISSIONS.

A Discourse.*

BY THE REV. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D.D., NEW YORK.

"And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." (PHIL. II. 11.)

PLACED in such circumstances, and among such hearers, a speaker may allowably assume some things which ought to be established in an ordinary discourse. Nor would it be possible, within common limits, to discuss so great a topic, unless your indulgence should allow this course. We may, for example, presuppose your acquaintance with the context, and with the doctrinal formulas concerning the humanity and the exaltation of Christ; your belief that by Jesus God is bringing many sons and daughters unto glory; that this is done by human means, and under the great commission; and that the conversion of Gentile nations falls within this scope. In other words, we ascend to our investigation from the platform of a common conviction, that the world is to be provided with the gospel, and that to make this provision is a function of the Church. These are no longer open questions, blessed be God! But, thus agreed, we nevertheless demand something which may arouse, direct, console, and sustain us, in fulfilling this, our acknowledged vocation; and it is to afford this, that from year to year the General Assembly of our Church, in its highest court, is willing to give audience to brethren whose honour and task it must be to stir up pure minds by way of remembrance.

If we could redeem the idea of missions from false associations—if we could discover the deep principle from which all its actions flow—if we could find this to be nothing brought in from abroad to augment our daily piety by a new and foreign element, but the identical source of all devotion and faith and holy living, we should forthwith rejoice in the unity and strength which would hence mark the whole system, and we should recognise with delight that the spirit of missions is indeed none other than the spirit of Christ. The singleness of a great motive to the work, would give repose to our

faculties, and simplicity to our aims, and would incorporate, under a comprehensive maxim, all the subordinate reasons which, separately taken, serve only to confuse and distract us. For there is no great action, of men or of communities, which may not, in some of its parts, be referred to a diversity of motives: that which is the intention of the parts, may not be the grand and ultimate purpose of the whole. To this remark no exception strikes us in the scheme of duty which convenes us here.

Christian missions tend to multiform good ends, and each of these is a separate argument and motive. Thus they inform the intellect, and enlarge the knowledge; they civilize and refine; they rescue from temporal evil, and they save the soul. Yet all these are but subsidiary to one grand intention, which is the *glory of Messiah in his kingly power over redeemed sinners*, as his satisfying recompense; and holy affection reaches forward, to accomplish by this means the mighty yearnings of an incarnate God, who is at the same time the Husband of his elect and loving Church. So that the subjection of man to our Redeemer, as the reward which he claims and waits for, is a result which true piety craves, with immeasurable love, and inexpressible longing. To present which truth, not so much by proof, as in amplification, is our purpose, when we lay before you the proposition, that *the great motive to Christian missions is personal love to the Lord Jesus, manifested in the desire and expectation of his reign over converted sinners*.

The text, indeed, is far wider than our subject. It comprehends an exaltation before which we see the bowing and adoring hierarchies of heaven; and he who has grace to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ, reveals that by which, unto principalities and powers in heavenly places, is made known by the Church the manifold wisdom of God. And yet the great reward of the cross is in those who are saved by it, for which reason we may properly limit our views to such kingship of the Son as has for its object the chosen people, which is his body, without which

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his glory were incomplete; the fulness of him that filleth all in all.

What is true religion? Not fear—not submission—not benevolence—not regard for being in general—not philanthropy—great and essential as some or all of these may be—but LOVE TO CHRIST. Away with those schemes of self-conversion which bring sinners to the feet of an absolute Jehovah, and command him to *submit*, without a Mediator! Love to the person of Immanuel, God manifest in the flesh, a dying, reigning Saviour, is the mark and criterion of all the family in heaven and earth. It is the soul going out, as we know from lesser loves that souls *can* go out, to a personal God—to God in our nature; to a mediating Surety, both God and man; to “Jesus Christ the Lord:” and the sentence upon him who loves not thus, is *Anathema maranatha*. “Lovest thou me? Feed my sheep!” Here is the token of the missionary host; and the missionary spirit, whether in childhood or age, in the pastor or the apostle, looks up, from the cross and the sepulchre, to the crown and the second coming, and sighs forth its expectant longing, and says to the Bridegroom, Priest, and Sovereign, “Thou art fairer than the children of men: grace is poured into thy lips; therefore God hath blessed thee for ever”—“Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O Most Mighty: thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever!” The individual, and the Church, glow with an unspeakable desire for the universal acknowledgment, that *Jesus Christ is Lord*.

I. *It is a sentiment flowing from the covenant of grace.* The term carries us far back. It is not time, but eternity. There are no worlds. Time has not yet begun. There are no creatures. The fountain of Godhead flows into itself. The infinite, primeval, eternal harmony, expresses itself in covenant. Creatures, as yet, exist only in the divine Idea. The elect Church is not, except prospectively in the person of the Eternal Son. In foresight of the events of grace, he covenants for his people—to stand for them—to take humanity for them—to obey, to die, to rise, to reign, to triumph for them. For his body, church, and spouse, being ready, as afterwards written in the volume of the book, to endure the wrath of God, he looks down to their gathering, from among all nations, and through the lapse of all centuries. Here is the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure, which he hath purposed in himself: “In whom we have obtained an inheritance, being predestinated, according to

the purpose of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will; the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been *hid in God*.” The salvation of men, in all nations, is that which shall bring glory to the Son; and the covenant of eternal wisdom, is the awful, hidden, but capacious source of the gospel, and the mission of love.

II. *It is a sentiment flowing from the system of mediatorial preparation.* What is the world, but a stage prepared for this high action? What is history, but the gradual procession of these marvels, through the patriarchal, Mosaic, regal, and prophetic periods, up to the fulness of time when the Desire of all nations should come? The incarnation and the cross were not expedients, summoned to meet an emergency, but critical epochs, foreseen and foreshadowed, in Eden, in the blood of Abel, in the bow of Noah—in every altar, chalice, hyssop-branch, and victim—by seers, and psalmists, and prophets. The hemming in of grace within narrow temple walls, was but the temporary and designed gathering, in the reservoir, of that fountain which was to run over the laver's brim, flood the pavement of holy courts, break over the eastern threshold, and swell into mighty waters—to the ancles, to the knees, to the loins, to the depth to swim in—a river which could not be passed over. A thousand voices of prophecy foretold Him who was to preach peace to them which were afar off—the Gentiles; and to them which were nigh—the Jews. As the long ceremonial night wore away, and the theocratic starlight grew dimmer, and the dayspring of the gospel was on the mountains, the desire and expectation waxed more intense, till the hour when lingering saints could say, “Now, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have beheld thy salvation.” The mighty maze found its clew in the hand of Him who had “*prepared it before all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of his people Israel.*” The publication of this by missionary or apostle, is the GOSPEL, and is but the carrying onward of a desire and expectation that wrought in the womb of ages.

III. *It is a sentiment flowing from the Cross.* To you, my brethren, I will not seek to prove, that we here touch the sun of the system, the centre of all gracious converging lines. Here the first infant faith opens its vision; here the latest gaze of the dying saint lingers; here the holiness of every single believer gathers daily forces; here the Gospel messengers, to Jew and Gentile, find motive and support. It is equally

the fountain of power to private graces, and the propelling organ of a dispersing Church. The breaking of Christ's body on the tree, was the sacrifice of the bridegroom for the bride; love of infinite dimensions, passing knowledge, sure of its reward, mighty in its consummation! "Set me as a seal upon thy heart, for love is strong as death, jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame: many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." To behold this love, and the things therein freely given us of God, is *faith*—is eternal life: but it is also the prime motive to all individual effort, and to all the sacrifice and warfare of the Church. Faith looks down into the humiliation, and up to the reward.

The missionary sentiment connects itself with the cross and passion of our Lord, and thus with the prime motive in all individual effort, and all the piety of the Church. The humiliation was a valley leading to sublime reward; the "brook in the way" to triumph and a reign. And whatever made those humblings and those torments desirable to the Son, as the means of mediatorial glory, may well make their reward an object of intense desire. "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished?" "Now is the Son of man glorified," said the Lord, at the very threshold of his amazing trial. With the almost insufferable cup of vicarious penalty and judicial wrath at his lips, when all that was human sank into grief, and all that was divine was needed to sustain, Jesus said, "Nevertheless not my will, but thine be done." That event is past, as history; it yet abides in sacramental memorial, and therein we do show forth the Lord's death *till he come*, till the accomplishment of the covenanted reward. For if God hath highly exalted him, it is because he made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient to death, even the death of the cross." This is the glorious reason of his royal conquests—the condition of that covenant which enjoined the death of the head for the members. When his soul shall make an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days; he shall see of his travail; he shall take the victor's spoil; *because* he poured forth his soul unto death. This he felt when, amidst the last pulsations of his heart, he cried, while the veil was rent, and the typical propitiatory

was discovered, "IT IS FINISHED!" And thus the same object which fastens the adoring, loving gaze of every believing sinner, in the critical moment of his history, becomes the grand argument for the desire and expectation which we affirm; and so the missionary hope and purpose draw their very life from the blood of Gethsamane and Golgotha. What may we not expect from such a submission!

And that which we thus expect, shall assuredly take place. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." As surely as the Son is crucified, so surely shall the missionary consummation ensue.

IV. *It is a sentiment flowing from the ordained progress of Christ's Church.* The elect shall infallibly be gathered. The Redeemer who died shall see his seed; but not all at once; there is progress. For divine Almighty Providence sees fit to break its awful seals with such sovereign delay, and to unroll its mystic web with such degrees, as chafe the impatience of ephemeral creatures, who wait not his time, and forget the stately succession of "evening and morning" in the work of creation. But he shall take his crown no less infallibly, rich with multiplying gems of nations. He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth. The kings of Tarshish and the isles shall bring presents: the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts. The Church, thus augmented, shall not be discouraged by smallness of beginnings in her missionary work. Though the seed be scanty, the harvest of souls (so surely as the Lord liveth, and so surely as Christ died) shall wave like a forest. There shall be a handful of corn in the earth, upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon. All the prognostics of prophecy combine to make one great vision of future, certain glory. For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come—it will not tarry. Such is Christ's gradual conduct of his work, and such its bearing on the missionary sentiment.

Faith unmasks the falsehood, that Christianity is not in progress. All existing Christianity, and all the souls redeemed since the Advent, are tokens of this progress. All the true civilization, science, and philanthropy, even of infidel reformers, are but so many borrowed reflections of this light, and the monuments of this advance. Christ has never said, indeed, to our globe, that midnight shall, with-

out an interval, give place to noon; yet all is not dark. In some tracts there is day-break, and in some the blush of sun-rise. There are, blessed be God, some lands not wholly destitute of virtue, civilization, and liberty: we know what has wrought the change, and we mark the tendency towards the full blessing of our text.

There is an island in the North Atlantic, by no means the largest on the earth. Two thousand years ago, it was peopled by savages, naked and painted, or clad in skins; as wild, and as ferocious, as the tawny hordes, whose prince, in the days of our fathers, ruled yonder, on these waters of Powhatan. They were idolaters, and their orgies were bloody and appalling. There were no arts, letters, commerce, or advancement. Look at the same island, after twenty centuries: thronged with an ever-increasing population, it is the happiest land of the old world. If there are refinements of literature, if there are wonders of useful art, if there are poetry and eloquence, if there are adventurous flights of science, if there are statesmanship and commerce, these exist there in their highest glory. It is a land of civilization and increasing freedom: it is the land of our fathers!

Now pause and ask, What has peopled these wastes, and pushed the tide of population even to the wintry coast of the inhospitable North? What has reared cities, and impelled the wheels of a thousand manufactures, and decked the earth with an agriculture unsurpassed among men?—The love of Christ. What has scattered schools, from town to town, and hamlet to hamlet, and founded universities, which, in spite of sectarian narrowness, are yet the pride of human learning?—The love of Christ. What has exchanged the misrule of Celtic chieftainship, and the feuds of warring tribes, for rational government and balanced concord?—The love of Christ. What has sent colonies, to become greater and happier and freer nations, in a late undiscovered hemisphere?—The love of Christ. Yes, my brethren, the blessing has overflowed to many kingdoms, by means of societies, charities, and missions: from which our own land has derived example and impulse.

The same progress has been observed, to a certain extent, in other nations; and to the precise extent, in which the grand motive, which is our theme, has been operative. Name the spot in Europe where honour, morality, and happiness prevail, and you will name what

was, not many centuries ago, a seat of heathenism. The peaceful and cultivated States of Protestant Germany occupy the grounds once covered by overshadowing forests, from which issued the blue-eyed, fair-haired, brawny tribes, whose rudeness and valour are noted by Cæsar and Tacitus. Nor has this sacred agency lost its power. Our own days, almost our own eyes, have beheld the sunny isles of the Pacific, in two of their principal groups, first, lying in the voluptuous lap of an abominable idolatry, and then, by this mission of love, awakened to freedom and the gospel. In lesser, but glorious instances, various posts have been so visited by the gracious influences of the Holy Spirit, as to show numerous conversions, agreeing, in every essential, with those of the apostolic times. Here is a progress which earthly propagandism cannot emulate. The Owenite, the Fourierite, and the St. Simonian, take good heed to lay their crazy foundations only where they can feel beneath them the solid rock of Christianity. They have sent no martyrs to the Gentiles. Is it not manifest, that what the world needs, and waits for, in order to a reconstruction of society, is the doctrine of the New Testament, and of the Cross of Christ, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven? And, in the review of such things, do not desire and expectation, daughters of love, break into the exclamation, "Make haste, my Beloved, and be thou like to a roe, or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices!"

(To be continued.)

AFRICA AND AFRICAN MISSIONS.

BY A MISSIONARY AT THE GABOON.

No. 1.

AFRICA is peopled by two distinct races—the north and north-east, including the sparsely populated Sahara, by Arabs and Moors; south of this desert by negroes. The Moors, Arabs, and the tribes of negroes bordering and on the Great Desert, are Mohammedans; in Abyssinia the people possess an imperfect Christianity, more corrupt than the Roman or Greek Churches; all the rest are Pagans. Estimates of the population of this continent vary from fifty to one hundred and fifty millions. Probably the true number is one hundred millions. Of these twenty-five millions may be Moors and Arabs, and sixty millions Pagan negroes. The Mountains of the Moon, running east and west across the continent, divide it into two nearly equal parts, both as regards surface and population.

The tribes living south of the Mountains of the Moon evidently had a common origin,

and their languages are strikingly similar. The missionaries in the Gaboon could prepare themselves to preach in the language of Zanzibar, on the opposite coast, by two or three weeks' study. The languages near the Cape of Good Hope are not so closely allied, but still very similar. Their structure is remarkably regular and philosophical, as much so as the Greek or Latin. This fact has been remarked by those who have seen the Grammars which have been printed.

The people are strongly disposed to some form of religion, and having no true light to guide them, have fallen upon a system of fetiches or charms. These consist of bits of the horns of sheep, of wood, or brass, which have passed through the hands of their priest, and been consecrated by him. They place them on the gates of their villages, on the doors, and in the most conspicuous parts of their houses, and wear them on their persons; and yet, with all their charms and regard for superior beings, they feel safe nowhere. They have to be careful what path they take—on what stool they sit—what house they enter. They never partake of food or drink without the ceremony of removing the fetich; they will not take a drink of water from a woman or a child without requiring them first to taste it, to prove that it contains no poison.

If any imagine Africa to be a sandy plain, they are very much mistaken. Sailing along the coast, they would see the most beautiful and picturesque scenery to be found in any country. On the Gold Coast there are strong and imposing castles and towers, surrounded by native villages, built by the Portuguese two centuries ago, for the furtherance of the slave-trade—now in possession of the English, and employed for its suppression. A great amount of labour and money must have been expended in their erection. One of them that I visited had a large hole hewn out of the rock, large enough to contain one thousand men, for the confinement of slaves. The government of the people in some districts is democratic even to mobocracy, and there is no security for life or property. A man, for no crime but simply because he has been more successful in trade than his neighbours, may be stripped of all that he has, and banished the country. In other districts, as Ashantee and Dahomey, it is despotic; and no man can lie down at night in security that he may not be seized and murdered before morning. The king of Ashantee sets no value on human life; he thought nothing of sacrificing a hundred slaves on the death of one of the royal family! Yet in the village of that bloody tyrant, is now a missionary, a chapel has been erected, and he is a regular listener to the gospel of peace. When I went to Africa, fourteen years ago, there was no station between Sierra Leone and the Cape of Good Hope, a distance of three thousand miles. There are now ten, supported by

missionary societies in this country and England. Some of the stations have had more success in the conversion of souls than any modern missions except the Sandwich Islands. One has eight hundred converts. The villages resemble collections of hay-stacks, and are so low that one can scarcely walk beneath the projections of their roofs without stooping.

The people on the Gaboon had never heard the gospel, but were curious to hear about the white man's religion, and have their children taught to read and write. They received him with kindness and cordiality, and have ever continued to treat him so. Their houses were built of bamboo, somewhat resembling log-cabins. My cabin is of the same kind, though of superior style and size to theirs, being sixty feet by forty, and, with the plank of the floor, cost but twenty pounds. Some have thought there could be no security for white men among these turbulent tribes, unless protected by the strong arm of power. I have travelled many thousand miles among them, by land and water, among tribes near the station, and those more remote, where I was not known; have met them in every variety of circumstances—in their houses and on their way to murder their fellows; yet have passed with entire safety, always unarmed, and never in a situation which would have justified the use of fire-arms, had I possessed them. In the villages where I was known as a minister of the gospel, I went alone at all times; and when sent for to visit the sick, or on similar errands of mercy, I have gone unprotected, at the dead of night, through their villages, with the same feeling of safety that I would have in our towns at home. When required to be absent on duties of the mission, I left my wife on the premises, simply notifying to the chief men that I would be away, and they regularly every day would come to inquire if all was well; and I felt sure that all would be as safe from depredation as if I were at home: and if any pilfering was to be done, it would be rather when I was there, than when away. In their susceptibility of cultivation, they are inferior to the whites; yet they are capable of a high degree of culture. If ten negro children were placed with an equal number of whites, enjoying the same advantages, at the end of the year the negroes would probably be in advance, while at the end of three years the order would be reversed. There are some who would be accounted geniuses in any country. There has been little success at the Gaboon in the work of conversion; the gospel has not yet had time to produce its effect; but the language has been acquired and reduced to writing, small books have been printed for their use, and parts of the New Testament translated. And they have already been much improved by the gospel. When I went there, numbers of their respectable men were drunkards; now, all but one,

who make any pretensions to respectability, are temperate men. The Sabbath is observed among them as well as in our large towns. They attend preaching, and hear respectfully. Events are every now and then occurring, to show the power of the gospel on the heathen heart. One Sabbath a sermon was preached on the impotence of idols, from the text, "Eyes have they, but see not," &c. Several were observed to be deeply impressed by the discourse, among others an old man, brother of the king, whom they resolved to visit in order to follow up the impression; but early the next morning, before they had prepared to carry out their purpose, a messenger came to them from this old man, with a request that they would visit his village, which lay half a mile from the mission premises. They could not conjecture his object, nor could the messenger tell them. They went, and found him before his dwelling, with his people, seated in a semi-circle around him, and between them a pile of idols. As they approached, the old man did not lift his eyes, which were intently fixed upon the idols; they were beckoned by the by-standers to take seats that had been left vacant for them. Before this the missionaries did not know that idols were used there. At last he raised his eyes, and addressed them in substance as follows: "The words I heard from you yesterday came home to my heart. I bought this idol (naming the articles he gave for them) to make me rich, and this to keep off sickness from my village (and others for other purposes which he mentioned); but they have not done what I purchased them for. I am no richer now than I was then; as many are sick and as many die in my village as in other villages around." He appealed to the people standing by for the truth of what he said; they assented. The idols were then bound together, and heavy stones fastened to them; they were put in canoes, carried to the middle of the river, and sunk. This is alleged, not in proof of the old man's conversion, but of the effects of the gospel on the heathen heart. Africa is now open to receive the gospel; and if I had one hundred men at my command, and it were judicious to do so, I could post them advantageously, where they might be useful. Obstacles that existed a few years ago have been removed. Then they had a superstitious dread of learning to read and write. Those who had acquired the art were obliged to conceal it. When I went to the Gaboon, I heard of a man in a neighbouring village who had been instructed. I sent for him, hoping he might be made useful in the mission, and asked him if he could read. He stoutly denied that he knew a single letter. I then dismissed him, supposing that I had been misinformed; but on finding my previous information correct, I sent for him again, and took him privately into my study, where he confessed that he could read and

write, but begged me not to betray him, or he would certainly be massacred. But now hundreds of children have been taught, and their parents are anxious to have them taught. It cannot be expected of those who have never heard the gospel, that they should be desirous to receive it; but they want to have missionaries come among them, and will treat them kindly. The climate is inimical to the white constitution, and a man must not go there, expecting to enjoy the same elastic health that he does in this country; but he may go there now with a fair prospect of living and being useful. The climate is probably not more deleterious in Africa than it is in India and other countries to which we send missionaries; only in Africa the shock is sudden—in India the influence is more gradual. The deadliness of the climate is undoubtedly overrated. Opinion in Britain and America has been formed from Sierra Leone and Mesurado, the most sickly places to be found on the coast; besides, the loss of life there has not been wholly owing to the influence of the climate. Many of the early missionaries had no medical attendance, and when they had, their physicians were inexperienced in the treatment of the African fever. They had no friends to receive them, and provide for their wants; they had such an amount of toils, and privations, and cares, that the wonder rather is, that any of them survived it. These the future missionary will not have to experience.

Men do live there. There are living on the coast of Africa and the adjacent islands three thousand whites; and including the floating population, and those engaged in the slave-trade, eight thousand. Officers and men are found for the British and American vessels there; the English Government find troops to garrison the forts, and those who will act as governors; merchants have agents there to advance their trade; men of science send those who will explore the country; the infamous slave-dealers have men to conduct their traffic, and that even in the most unhealthy points. It is true these men die too; still these objects are carried forward. And will not Christians do that for Christ which men of the world do for worldly purposes?

The tribes engaged in the slave-trade along the coast are dwindling away under the influence of their wars and their vices, and more powerful tribes from the interior are coming down to occupy the vacant places. One such has, within fifteen or twenty years, come into the vicinity of my station. I visited them recently, for the purpose of ascertaining their numbers and the facilities for introducing the gospel among them. The majority of them had never seen a white person before, and there was a general rush of men, women, and children to get a sight of me. When it was understood that I was going to visit the king's

house, the rush took that direction; and when I arrived there the house was filled so that I had to wait some time for them to open a passage for my entrance. At last I passed in, closely followed by several aged men, a number of them, from their appearance, probably ninety or one hundred years old, who took their seats directly in front of me. Age is respected throughout Africa. I spoke to them of Jesus for an hour. When I had concluded, and was about retiring, one of these old men rose upon his staff, and addressed me thus: "We never heard before that the Son of God died for sinful men, nor of the world of happiness or misery. We suppose these things are true. When will you send some one to tell us about them? How can we obey the Word of God, unless some one teach us its commands? How can we keep the Sabbath-day, when we shall not even know when it comes?" Who will go? Shall these fifty millions go down to the grave without being told of the Saviour?

BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN MACDONALD.*

AFTER a period of seventeen years, the first missionary connected with the Scottish missions in India has fallen into the heavenly garner. The band had been hitherto unbroken in a deadly climate. The first breach has now been made, by the death of the Rev. John Macdonald. In the prime of life, in the height of his influence, in the maturity of his powers, he has been taken from this boundless harvest where the labourers are so few, to the rest which remains for the people of God.

Mr. Macdonald was born in Edinburgh in March 1807. His father was the Rev. Dr. Macdonald, now the Free Church minister of Ferintosh, in Ross-shire, who at that time preached to the Gaelic congregation in the Scottish capital. Such a parentage was truly noble. Not Whitefield in England, not Charles of Bala in Wales, were more conspicuous as the agents in revivals, than Dr. Macdonald has been in the north of Scotland. His beloved son, than whom no one was ever more cautiously accurate in his expressions, once deliberately declared that he believed his honoured father's preaching had been blessed to the conversion of *thousands*. In former years, when Moderatism held sway in the General Assembly of the Scottish Church, he was solemnly censured for travelling into the parishes of other men, on the censurable errand of proclaiming the gospel. But none of these things moved him—he continued "in labours more abundant;" and having obtained help of God, he continues to this day; and no one excels him in eloquence, in vigour, or in usefulness.

The influence of such a parent must have been very great. Young John Macdonald in his

early days accompanied his father to distant places where the gospel was to be preached; in the great ordinance of family worship, he became familiarized with sound and weighty exposition of the Scriptures; and in the life of him whom he most of all revered, he saw an exhibition of that entire and cheerful devotedness to God, which he heard recommended from the pulpit. He was educated at home, with the aid of a private tutor. In 1819 he went to the University of Aberdeen, and there his abilities and industry secured him academical distinction. In 1825, he entered the family of a gentleman resident near Elgin, as a private tutor; and it was there that the grace of God met him. His education, and the convictions it had produced, were not sufficient—he remained still dead while he lived, till the blessed Spirit of the Lord quickened him. He was not twenty when that great change occurred. It was a change preceded by great terrors and by deep searchings of heart; he laboured at first to fulfil the law of God, and mourned, in anguish of spirit, as he became more and more conscious of his short-comings of its broad requisitions. At length, in a little tract, the plain words, "the *simplicity* of the gospel," met his eyes; their scales suddenly fell, and he saw at once in the light of the Scriptures, and with the vision of faith, the completed righteousness of the all-sufficient Saviour, "which is unto all, and upon all them that believe." At this time his Christian course began. He taught in his Sabbath-school "in the peaceful vale of Plusearden;" he wrote his exquisite tract, "The Suffering Saviour;" he opened his ministry in the old decayed abbey of the place, which has long been used as the parish church; and he found his best human teacher in a poor and aged Christian woman, in whose hut he shared the benefits of her long experience and of her deep spiritual sagacity. In 1830, he received an invitation to become the pastor of the Scottish congregation at Islington, in London. He went a young man into that great city, where so many who once ran well have been ruined by popularity, or discouraged by ill success. He was advised by many in the adoption of his plans, but amidst the contrariety of human opinions he took refuge in the Word; that he made "the man of his counsel," and his profiting appeared unto all. He held on his way, and grew stronger and stronger. He grew in wisdom, and soon became known almost universally to the Christians of London as a man of great weight of character, of deep spirituality, and of singular and eminent graces. He took part in establishing the London City Mission, one of the most useful and most scriptural societies in the world; and he shrank not from taking part also in the public preaching of the gospel in the streets, squares, and neighbouring commons of London. He was also a party in the Presbytery of London to the exposure and condem-

* Abridged from the *Madras Native Herald*.

nation of the misguided Edward Irving. His opinion of that highly-gifted but erratic man was, that he had been tempted, through a consciousness of his own genius, to imagine himself destined to be "some great one," and that he could not be content to tread the old paths, or to toil on it in an ordinary manner. Mr. Macdonald was not dazzled by his eloquence—he tried all that was said and written by the law and the testimony; and although Satan, for the time, transformed himself into an angel of light, and recommended the heresy of the day by the sanctity of some who were deluded by it, he remained steadfast and unmovable, for he was not ignorant of the enemy's devices, and he boldly and consistently exposed them. At a time of more than ordinary trial, and when London was blessed with many very eminent ministers, among the survivors of the old generation and the leaders of the new, Mr. Macdonald, young as he was, acquired a high reputation, and drew together a considerable congregation. It may serve to illustrate his pastorate, if we extract a brief passage, in an address from India to his former hearers, in sending them some of his sermons.

"My dear friends, there now remain among you but few of those to whom, more than ten years ago, the first of these discourses was preached. Some left our communion, some were dispersed over the earth, some have passed into the eternal world, some disappeared whilst I was yet with you, and others have gone since my departure. In my heart there is a record of them all; on its tablets is written a history of past events, profitable and interesting, such as only a pastor may know. In my heart's little place of tombs there are memorials of the dead which I often visit, and love to look upon. Amongst these there is one which I cannot help transferring to these pages—there is one name of the dead which I must record—that of John Somervell. He received me at the beginning, he parted with me at the end, of my ministry amongst you. He was my first counsellor in London, my alone elder for several years. He was a man of God, wise, faithful, humble, and upright; he understood the truth, and he loved it well. I was glad when he was a hearer of the word, for then I knew that faith united earth and heaven, and prayer was transacting between the pulpit and the throne. Long tossed on the billows of secular life, deeply tried in spiritual conflict, he thirsted vehemently for the gospel of the love of God in Christ Jesus his Lord; and having a feeble body which had long dwelt on the borders of eternity, he knew death, and was familiar with the glory that should follow. The love of Christ and the bliss of heaven were our frequent themes when we met; and I can well remember some Sabbath afternoons we spent together, in which I felt nearer the gates of heaven, than I had ever otherwise known. He has now entered there, and is at rest. Blessed is he! for he hungered and thirsted after righteousness, and now he is for ever filled. The Lord grant you many like your first elder, having his grace and gifts, and ready, if called, to sustain the same holy office in the Church of Christ."

We may see through this, as through a window, into the walk and conversation of this young ambassador of Christ while in London. But it was the design of the glorious Lord, whose he said he was, and whom he served, that his future career should be run elsewhere,

and that all the ties of affection which were binding him to his increasing flock, and them to him as a beloved and honoured pastor, should be broken.

In 1835 he had occasion to visit Edinburgh. While there, and attending the meetings of the General Assembly, he heard Dr. Duff speak on the subject of the Indian Mission. With incessant toil, with untiring industry, with unfailing zeal and eloquence, Dr. Duff proclaimed the duty of the Christian Church to evangelize the world; he explained his own design of impregnating the youthful native mind with Christian truth, and raising up a native Christian ministry; he disarmed prejudice, he conciliated favour, he awakened enthusiasm, till all Scotland felt the impulse of his fervour, and all its piety rushed to his support. Mr. Macdonald's mind was not slow to share the general sympathy. From an early period he had desired to serve God in the missionary field, and now his conviction of the wisdom of the plan adopted by the missionaries of his own Church came to the aid of his long-cherished love for the glorious work of extending the Redeemer's kingdom. As funds increased fresh missionaries were required; and on being appealed to in Edinburgh to suggest a suitable missionary to proceed to Calcutta, Dr. Duff mentioned the name of Mr. Macdonald, with whose manifest devotedness and spirituality of mind he had been much struck while visiting the Presbytery of London. An invitation was therefore sent to Mr. Macdonald. His case was very peculiar. He was pastor of a growing congregation, surrounded by an attached people, and undeniably useful in his present sphere. Yet after deep consideration of the subject in all its bearings, he resolved to relinquish his charge, and to go forth to a distant land, not knowing what might befall him there. Before leaving he addressed to the Presbytery of London a statement of his reasons. From this very remarkable document* we take the following characteristic passages, two of which were quoted by Dr. Duff, in his noble funeral sermon for Mr. Macdonald on September the 5th. There is surely an impressiveness, and a power in these extracts which speak of profound convictions of duty, combined with unusual moral courage, and the most elevated and active faith.

"Should this invitation *not* be a call from Christ, and should I from self-will close with it, and leave my present post of duty, then should I incur the displeasure of my Lord, by fleeing from his presence, and be chargeable with all the damage to the souls of my flock which might ensue from my sinful departure. Should this be a call from the Lord Jesus Christ, and should I from regard to the flesh disobey it, and remain here against his will (which may always be known where needful), then should I, even on the scene of former blessing, honour, and joy, expect just wrath, and its fruits in a blighted ministry, a dishonoured name,

* It is included in the Pastor's Memorial, a small collection of his Sermons preached in London—a very valuable work.

and a pining heart; and this neither my people nor my presbytery would desire, as the price of my remaining amongst them.

"It is therefore with peculiar solemnity of soul, as it is after much prayer and deliberation, that I now declare to my brethren, that *I believe in my conscience* this to be a *call from the Lord Jesus Christ*; and that therefore it is *my duty to obey it*, and go forth as His missionary servant to foreign parts. . . .

"Now, then, if the Lord hath said in my hearing, even in my heart, 'Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?' was I, or am I, wrong in saying, 'Here am I, send me?' If death were to seize me to-morrow, or the ocean to close over me, ere I reached a heathen shore, still would I die in the conviction that I had done my Lord's will in accepting this call; that he could cause that which was dead to bring to nought that which was living; by the death of one man he could break up the apathy of ten; and by the last crash of life accomplish more than by a warfare of years three score and ten!

"And if He who said, '*Other sheep I have who are not of this fold*,' and who said also to Peter, 'Simon, son of Jonas, *lovest thou me?—feed my sheep, feed my lambs*;' if He, by his providence and inward dealings, do point now, not to those dear sheep and dear lambs around me, whom I have endeavoured joyfully to tend whilst he would have it so (as you have their own affectionate testimony in that memorial now on your table), but if he point to '*others, not of this fold*,' who, in a land to which few, save for the love of gold, will go, are dying for want of shepherds to lead them to the pastures of salvation, shall I, can I, demur under the pressure of that love 'which passeth knowledge,' to do what I feel to be his will? Nay, perish my right hand, and let my tongue cleave to my mouth, if I yield not to *His love who died for me!* I cannot, indeed, expect my brethren or others to see that the love of Christ requires this special thing of me; but I give them the workings and convictions of my soul, as they desired that I would. I feel and admit, that were I placed amidst a gainsaying and disobedient people (as I have not been), that to persevere unto death in declaring the truth to them, would be, if such were the will of Christ, the highest fruit of love to him that perhaps could be given; but he leads as seems good to him, and if a sense of his love shut me up to accept this invitation, as his call, I cannot but go on to obey it. . . .

"Soon after it pleased God, of his great grace, to 'reveal his Son in me,' as in most, if not in all such cases, I was filled with a vehement desire to make known the salvation of Christ to *all men*; and having a door thrown open to me just then in my immediate neighbourhood for the doing of good, I was enabled to embrace the opening. In pursuing one department, the formation of a Sabbath school library, I was most unexpectedly led to the perusal of certain missionary biographies, and, among the rest, of Martyn and Brainerd. I was immediately smitten like Saul to the ground; and under the impression of what was mightier than any human hand, I was led for many weeks to cry day and night, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' At length, unwilling even then to do what might be rash or undutiful, I took counsel of a venerated and devoted servant of our Master. His wise counsel was, in substance: 'Keep this matter before the throne of grace, and go on with present duty until light be given.' This I followed, though not without a struggle, and went on in the different spheres opened from that day to this. It may be said, Could such bias, that seemed so to pass away, have been from God? I believe it was—'the time was not yet come.' *Discipline*, very sore, and needful discipline, must first be undergone. Moses, when a youth, had the bias of his future work, and 'slew the Egyptian;' but he was not then called of God

and therefore he must flee, and forty years in Midian must pass over his head as a shepherd ere the year of his ultimate calling arrived. May not a right bias, then, exist, and be *trained in its very suspension?* . . .

"Nor may I deny or withhold that this calling forth of my heart towards the arduous work of foreign missions, has been accompanied with more full discoveries of my own meanness and nothingness and unworthiness before God than I am aware of having ever before attained to; neither know I how I could have endured such discoveries so as to go on with present duty, far less to have contemplated the work to which I now seem called, were it not for such increased manifestations on the other side of our completeness in Christ the head, and the omnipotence of the indwelling Spirit of grace, as more than counterbalanced the former. Such self-emptying and divine replenishing I have been led to consider as evidences of the work of God, according to the Scriptures; whereas a mere natural bias is generally accompanied with a personal confidence and selfish preference, which have no affinity to that experience which led Paul to say, 'Unto me, who am *less than the least of all saints*, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.' God alone knoweth the depths or the heights into which he has led me in this solemn matter. . . .

"If any chain forged on earth could bind me, that memorial* might: but I feel that, contrary to my own weak nature, all ties are made as flax to me. I feel bound in spirit, and I cannot but go. I feel that I have this night come to the brink of waters deep, dark, and strong; and never has my flesh trembled as now. But there is a voice from the unseen, which says, 'IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID.' That voice I know; it is the Beloved who speaks. I must not shrink—I may not fear—but will follow whithersoever he calls. I am not yours, my beloved brethren and flock; neither am I my own. If I follow not Him, the sentence is already pronounced that I am not his. But his I am, and must be; therefore *I go*. Lord lead me! what I have done evil, forgive; what is thine own, accept; and, *THINE BE THE KINGDOM, THE POWER, AND THE GLORY, FOR EVER. AMEN.*"

Such was the spirit in which this devoted man dedicated himself to his Lord's service as a missionary to India. It is common to speak of the days in which we live, as days of enervated intellect and feeble piety. But the wise man's reproof may be well remembered by the "*laudibores temporis acti*:" "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were not better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this." (Eccles. vii. 10.) The age of Puritanism, like the age of chivalry, is indeed gone; the name of the spirit which animates believers, or the world's nickname for it, may be changed; and the character of the Church's struggle may be somewhat altered with the altered aspect of modern society. But the lofty piety, the holy zeal, the true heroism, which characterized the sufferers of former days, shone forth with undiminished lustre in Martyn when he died at Tocot; in Carey, when, as a poor shoemaker, he formed and executed his project of establishing a mission to evangelize India; in Vanderkemp, the Dutch physician, when he left his country to devote his life to the conversion of the Hottentots; in the native martyrs of Madagascar; in Robert Haldane, when he sold his

* Presented by his congregation, praying he should remain.

patrimonial property to support the band of missionaries, whom he proposed to accompany to a foreign land; in Dr. Judson and his wife, during the Burmese war; in Chalmers, when he retired, for conscience' sake, from the Establishment for whose support his powers had been devoted; and in Macdonald, when he calmly weighed the considerations for and against his leaving his native country, without the bias of a desire of any kind interfering with his simple resolution to obey the will of God, whatever that will might be. "By faith" these men acted and were supported; faith, as true, as pure, and as powerful as that which dignified the earliest martyrs and apostles of the Church. The day will come when this will be known and acknowledged; when the power of divine grace will be seen to have acted with undecayed effect; and when the work in which the present generation of Christians are engaged, will be found to the praise and honour and glory of the Lord, who deigns to direct the zeal and to use the services of his people.

(To be continued.)

THE REMOVAL OF MEN OF EMINENCE.

In how many providences has the Lord tried and perplexed the faith of the bereaved! For not only, as Young says, does death love a shining mark, but often strikes down the most important and useful individuals at a period when, in the estimation of reason, they can least be spared. Josiah, and our Edward the Sixth, who likened each other in many things, were princes of great promise, and were much called for by the exigencies of the time; but these flowers, before they were fully blown, were cut down and withered. And if we turn from the State to the Church, and come nearer ourselves, not only have some of our ministers been removed in advanced age, but many also have been taken away in the midst of their days, and of their greatest usefulness. The late excellent Dr. Davis, when informed by the preacher that Dr. Williams, who had been his illustrious pupil, was dead, burst into a flood of tears, and said, with great emphasis, "I am almost ashamed to be seen alive—Why am I detained here an unprofitable servant or a mere cumberer of the ground—when so many great and good men are called away?"

Insensibility at such deaths is mentioned by Isaiah as a peculiar mark of the degeneracy of the age: "The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart." Here the absence of sorrow is *crime*. The reason is obvious. The death of the wise and good is a loss, and a loss that cannot be easily repaired. When a godly man goes, there is less of God left; and if all the godly were withdrawn, who would wish to live here another hour? Our earth would be only a wilderness of thorns and briers—a cage of unclean birds—a lair of evil beasts—an emblem of hell. I know of nothing that tends to wean the heart from the world so much as the thought that all the blessed are gone, or going. O! who has not felt at the

death of a man of God the sentiment of Thomas? "Let us also go, that we may die with him."

When he goes, we lose his influence as an *example*. Fair examples of genuine godliness are unspeakably valuable. They often impress more than sermons. They are often like the law to convince of sin, and like the gospel to lead to Christ. How few of these have we in an evil generation! And can we part with them?

We lose his influence as a *benefactor*. He is one of those who are not only blessed, but blessings. Whatever he possesses he considers as a talent, and uses it as steward of the manifold grace of God. Who can enter yonder chamber, and see the widows weeping, and showing the coats and garments Dorcas made for them while she was yet living, and not weep with them? Who can hear Job saying, "The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I made the widow's heart to sing for joy," and not exclaim, How, among the multitudes of the useless and the injurious, can we resign such a fine character as this?

We lose his influence as an *intercessor*. The partakers of divine grace are men of prayer; and they pray not only for themselves, but for others; and they do not pray in vain. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much; and the success does not depend upon genius or condition: He despiseth not the prayer of the destitute. They have power with God, and can prevail; and, as Porteus observes, though scarcely known of his neighbours, such a suppliant can enter his closet, and, by prayer, move the hand that moves the whole machinery of the State. This anticipates another loss—

We lose their influence as *defenders and preservers*. To the country they are better than navies and armies. This is the meaning of the exclamation, "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!" Ten righteous men would have saved the Cities of the Plain: and "Except the Lord of hosts had left unto us a remnant, we should have been as Sodom, and have been like unto Gomorrah." Let all have their praise; but though the world knoweth them not, it is for the sake of the godly that judgments are prevented or withdrawn; and for their sakes blessings are conferred and continued. Let the statesman, let the warrior, have his due, but let us not forget those who, in the records above, are "called the repairers of the breach, the restorers of paths to dwell in."—*Jay*.

UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF THE LATE REV. J. NEWTON.

(From the Christian Observer.)

THE enclosure is copied from the transcript of an original unpublished letter from the Rev. J. Newton to the Rev. Samuel Pearce, minister of an Antipe-dobaptist congregation at Birmingham, whose life was written by Andrew Fuller, and appears usually in an abridged form, in various popular collections of Christian biography.

Mr. Pearce died on the 10th of October following this letter, aged only thirty-three. In his last

illness he said, "Now I see the balm of the religion of the Cross. It is a religion for a dying sinner. It is all the most guilty, the most wretched can desire. Yes, I taste its sweetness and enjoy its fulness, with all the gloom of a dying bed before me. . . . Of all the ways of dying, that which I most dreaded was by a consumption; but, O my dear Lord, if by this death I can most glorify thee, I prefer it to all others; and thank thee, that by this mean thou art hastening my fuller enjoyment of thee in a purer world." Newton himself died on the 21st of December, 1807, in his eighty-third year.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—Are you still in the prison of the body? If not, my letter will be in season, both to condole with Mrs. Pearce and to congratulate her. She will require condolence, if you are taken from her; she will feel her loss, but the cause of congratulation is greater. She will be left a widow; but her Maker is her husband, nor will her children be fatherless. He to whom you have often committed them, will be a father to them. On your account she will rejoice to think that you are for ever freed from pain, sorrow, and sin; that you behold, without a veil or cloud, the face of Him whom, having not seen, you received grace to love and serve while you were here; and she will rejoice to think that the separation will be but for a little while—that you will soon meet to unspeakable advantage, where the song of praise to Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, is continually swelling by the accession of fresh voices. However, my inclination leads me to hope that your physician, who thinks you may recover, will not be mistaken. To the Lord our God belong the issues from death; and if he speak the word, it shall be done. Many have been raised up, in answer to prayer, when earthly physicians and human means have failed; and till I hear you are gone, should I live to hear it, I shall still pray, with submission to the divine will, that you may yet be restored to your family, your friends, and your people. My dear friend Ryland* lately sent me two of his letters. I read them with some pleasure, and I hope to some profit. In the course of my pilgrimage I have known many striking instances of the Lord's faithfulness and goodness to his people; in the time of their trouble giving them strength according to their day—shoes of iron and brass when their road is rough; and every new instance of this kind is welcome to me. My faith needs encouragement. Having entered my seventy-fifth year, I may expect actually to pass through that dark valley soon, of which you have taken a nearer and leisurely survey. I find you are not intimidated at the prospect; then why should I fear it, for I trust your Saviour is mine? The dispensations of the Lord in his providence to me have been wonderful, and almost singular; but I have known little of sensible consolations. Though I was too long a blasphemer, an infidel, and a libertine, I do not know that convictions of sin ever deprived me of a night's sleep. My first views, both of sin and grace, were faint, like the streaks of early morning; and the progress was very slow and gradual. I was six years seeking the Lord (at sea) in my poor way; at a distance from ordinary means and helpers, in the midst of evil examples and temptations, and without one Christian friend with whom to confer. When I entered what we call the religious world, though I had a weak hold of all the leading truths of the gospel, I knew nothing at that time of the disputes and feuds about doctrines or modes, in which I found many busily engaged. I was afterwards personally ac-

quainted with the chief of most parties; and, I believe, to all that hold the Head I have been more or less indebted. Like the mariner's compass, I had many vibrations and variations: but, through the Lord's mercy, my main tendency was to the pole. He preserved me outwardly from dishonouring my profession; but I have had such awful proofs of the deceitfulness and desperate wickedness of my own heart, that, could they be fully known, either to the world or the Church, I should be ashamed to be seen in the streets. Yet, having obtained help from Him, I continue to this day. Oh, I may well commend it as a faithful saying, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; and that he is able to save the chief, and even to the uttermost! My outside path has long been comparatively smooth, especially since the year '90. I have scarcely met with anything deserving the name of a trial. My health and spirits are good, my wants are well supplied, I have many kind friends, my ministry is acceptable, my people affectionate and peaceful; and, in short, I can think of little worth wishing for, if a wish could procure it. My day being thus easy, I need not wonder that I have not those cordials with which the Lord usually supplies his children in the time of great trouble. If I have not any lively comforts, I have for the most part peace; and the enemy is not permitted to assault me with those black and dreadful temptations by which some are distressed. Though Satan and my own evil heart give me much and daily cause for humiliation, I have not been pestered with abiding doubts, either of my acceptance or perseverance, for more than forty years. If doubting were right, methinks none have more reason to doubt than I; but I know, beyond a doubt, that I am a sinner, and that Jesus is the only Saviour; and when I read his gracious invitations to come to Him for rest, and his assurance that him that cometh to Him he will in no wise cast out, I dare not doubt that He means what he says, and is able to make his word good; and surely I have come to Him! I have seen, that without Him I must perish; and, not being willing to perish, have cried, Lord, save me! Thus I cry daily, for I feel myself as unable to stand without his support, as at first; and communion with Him in love, conformity to his image, and a deliverance from sin, are included in my idea of salvation. Other plea or hope I have none; my best is defective—my all is defiled; yet I am not cast down, for I trust that my cause is in the hands of a right advocate—the Lamb, once upon the cross, and now upon the throne. I am waiting for my dismissal. I desire to leave the *how*, and the *when*, and the *where*, to Him who does all things well. My prayer is, that while I live, I may live to Him; that when the summons shall arrive, I may be found ready; and that if He sees fit to lay me aside, I may be preserved from the weakness which sometimes clouds old age, even of good men; that I may not disparage my profession or ministry, by impatience, peevishness, or jealousy; but may retire with a good grace, truly thankful that others are coming forward to serve Him, I hope, better, when I can serve him no longer;—in a word, that I may live as becometh a saint or Christian, and die as becometh a sinner, like him who could only say, "Lord, remember me!" Thus I have filled my paper somehow. I commend myself to your tender love and prayer. May the Lord bless you and Mrs. Pearce, whom I love unknown.—I am your affectionate friend and brother.

J. NEWTON.

Southampton, Aug. 29, 1799.

ALMIGHTY CHRISTIANS.

As the soul rests upon the Almighty, so is it almighty. Every age calls to peculiar service, this age calls for

* The late Rev. Dr. Ryland of Bristol.

almighty Christians. Ye see the way to it; blessed are ye if ye find it.

An almighty Christian is a Mordecai—one set upon the king's horse, clothed with royal apparel, and a Haman holding his bridle. It is a man over all in God. It is one clothed with the sun, having the moon under his feet. It is a Christian with one foot on the earth, and another on the sea; trampling under foot corrupt doctrines, corrupt advantages, all that is unworthy of Christ, and will not go along with the soul to his everlasting home.

An almighty Christian is one that moves in the highest sphere, as near the heaven of heavens as may be. It is one that waits for Christ from heaven, more than for heaven from Christ. It is an eagle, the king of birds for sight and strength; he can look to the end of what God says and does, and stand it out expecting that end—he can look to a Canaan under a frown; behold life in death.

An almighty Christian can venture all upon an invisible God—bind up all in one visible word. He can give an Isaac to the dead, expect an Isaac from the dead—believe that truth shall never die, whoever dies or lives. An almighty Christian can live and die with an almighty Saviour. Christ alone is enough; Christ alone is all. Christ in poverty is riches. Christ in death is life; he is in spirit still according to him that he loves, and not according to what befalls him that he loves. He is in affection according to the person of Christ, the employment of Christ, and not according to the things that attend him. My Beloved is thus and thus, and therefore beloved. This Christian is Christ's liveliest emblem. Look on me, saith Gideon, and do likewise. So doth he look on Christ, and what Christ says he says, what Christ does he does, let all the world say and do what they will. He can be baptized with the baptism wherewith Christ was baptized, though a bloody baptism.—*Lockyer.*

CHEAP PLEASURES.

DID you ever study the cheapness of some pleasures? Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word, or a smile, do the work. There are two or three boys passing along—give them each a chestnut, and how smiling they look! they will not be cross for some time. A poor widow lives in a neighbourhood, who is the mother of half a dozen children; send them half a peck of sweet apples, and they will all be happy. A child has lost his arrow—the world to him—and he mourns sadly; help him to find it, or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play upon his sober face. A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood; assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his toil and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or cut the vest too large, or slightly injured a piece of work; say, "You scoundrel," and he feels miserable; but remark, "I am sorry," and he will try to do better. You employ a man—pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart, to light up his own hearth with smiles of gladness. As you pass along the street, you meet a familiar face—say, "Good morning," as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbour.

Pleasure is cheap—who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine, and flowers all about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist and lock them up in our heart. No. Rather let us take them and scatter them about us, in the cot on the widow, among the groups of children in the crowded mart, where men of business congregate, in our families, and everywhere. We can make the wretched, happy; the discontented, cheerful; the afflicted, resigned; at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it?

BE RESIGNED.

THERE was a good woman, who, when she was sick, being asked whether she were willing to live or die? answered, "Which God pleaseth." But, said one that stood by, "If God should refer it to you, which would you choose?" "Truly," said she, "if God would refer it to me, I would even refer it to him again." This was a soul worth gold. Well, saith a gracious soul, the ambitious man gives himself up to his honours, but I give up myself unto thee; the voluptuous man gives himself up to his pleasures, but I give up myself to thee; the covetous man gives himself up to his bags, but I give up myself to thee; the drunkard gives himself up to his cups, but I give up myself to thee; the Papist gives up himself to his idols, but I give myself up to thee; the Turk gives up himself to his Mohammed, but I give up myself to thee; the heretic gives up himself to his heretical opinions, but I give up myself to thee. Lord, lay what burden thou wilt upon me, only let thy everlasting arms be under me: strike, Lord, strike, and spare not; for I lie down in thy will—I have learned to say Amen to thy Amen: thou hast a greater interest in me than I have in myself, and, therefore, I give up myself unto thee, and am willing to be at thy disposal, to receive what impression thou shalt stamp upon me. O blessed Lord! hast thou not again and again said unto me, as once the king of Israel said to the king of Syria, "I am thine, and all that I have?" (1 Kings xx. 4.) I am thine, O soul, to say thee; my mercy is thine, to pardon thee; my blood is thine, to cleanse thee; my merits are thine, to justify thee; my righteousness is thine, to clothe thee; my Spirit is thine, to lead thee; my grace is thine, to enrich thee; and my glory is thine, to reward thee. And, therefore, saith a gracious soul, I cannot but make a resignation of myself unto thee. "Lord, here I am; do with me as seemeth good in thine own eyes." I know the best way to have my own will is to resign up myself to thy will, and say Amen to thy Amen.—*Brooks.*

SINFUL JOY.

BAD joy hath this grand evil in it—it strips God of all. No evil carries the heart so totally from God, as evil joy: it carries away the heart, and every heart-string. "The soul, and all that is within," as that full expression of David is;—the soul, and all within; the body, and all without; every sinew and nerve, are set intensely awry, when joy is awry. A man is very heartily wicked, very totally wicked, every faculty, every sinew, stretch themselves to sin, when sinful in joy. There are many sacrifice to the devil, but none sacrifices so bountifully to the devil as joy does, when corrupt. She sacrifices all in general, all in particular, all the man—all the joints, nerves, and sinew of the man—to the utmost; all the blood, all the spirits in the blood, all the spirits generally throughout the whole state, doth bad joy set a dancing after the devil:—so that God hath nothing left him in this man.

LOVE TO CHRIST THE MOTIVE OF MISSIONS.

A Discourse.

BY THE REV. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D.D., NEW YORK.

Continued from page 568.

V. *It is a sentiment of loyalty to our King.* How great would be the movement, if the united Church could be seen advancing, as a sacramental array, "for Christ's crown and covenant," to set the diadem of all dominion on the head that was once beset with thorns, and to exalt to his declarative glory and headship that Lord Jesus, who is king by eternal sonship and inheritance; king by regal session at the right hand of power; king by spiritual sway and progressive conquest; and shortly to be king by the acclamation of loving and ransomed souls in earth and heaven. How will it redeem the work from all that is sordid, narrow, and temporal, when the universal host shall go forward, with the lofty enthusiasm of liberty chastened by the loyalty of homage; counting the success, not so much by the arithmetic of numerical increase, or the statistics of professing names, as by the acquisition for Christ, and by Christ, of that kingdom foreordained before the foundation of the world, longed for by the patriarchal saints, pointed out by meeting lines of prophecy, purchased by mediatorial humbling, agony, and blood, and going on to consummation in the bringing of many sons and daughters to glory. Then shall appear the concord between the loyalty of the individual believer and the loyalty of the contending Church—between the personal persuasion of each heart, that the Head of every man is Christ, and the catholic persuasion of the missionary Church, that this same Jesus is both Lord and Christ. Rapid shall be the progress of the militant body, when, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, each one shall, first singly, yield himself to Immanuel, bearing in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus, and then, the combining array shall go forward after the ark of the covenant and the pillar of cloud. Then shall the present narrow limits of Christendom be overpassed, as landmarks are obliterated by the spring flood, when the inward propulsion of the mass, yearning with Pentecostal throes for the honour of Jesus, shall cause it to pour over the surrounding tracts of heathenism, and flow

from the river to the ends of the earth. The battle is the Lord's. The voice of thousands is for his exaltation. The camp of Israel is in motion. The victory is unwonted. The bloodless conquest is by soldiers who follow a rightful sovereign. The Lord his God is with him, and the shout of a king is among them.

So long as we lie still in an unchristian lukewarmness, of which we may be shamed by every demonstration of ardour and self-devotion on the part of worldly patriots, and common warfare, it is no wonder that the host moves heavily. So long as we seek impulse from vulgar reckonings, of moneys laid out, of men commissioned, of services rendered, of posts occupied, and even of converts registered; so long as our organization and effort in this or that district of the communion proceed in the routine of a mercantile and almost compulsory scheming and disbursement, so long we may look in vain for heroic achievement. Such deeds are not wrought in cold blood. There may, indeed, be a false and evanescent transport, and a romantic rapture, in the churches at home, or in the missionary on his voyage—coloured mists which shall be dissipated by the first gust of persecution: but we are slow to believe that man, Christian man, is pure intellect or imperative conscience. There is, in the sanctified bosom, not principle or conviction merely, but a heart, a human throbbing heart, vital with the resistless pulse of emotion, palpitating with the power of holy passion, and driving its tides of life through every artery, to the remotest member: and if this central engine is ever to be in play, it may well be in the cause of the sovereign headship of Him who is the object of affections such as no earthly, temporal motive can command—the softest, tenderest, most growing, mightiest aspirations of a soul in progress, under the Spirit of God. The very mockeries of counterfeit romance, knighthood, and war, evince that man's powers were never made for apathy; that the swell of the ocean within belongs to its nature, and that humanity

as renewed in the individual, and in the body collective, is immensely capacious of a true excitement. If we may surmise aught of the future glory of man, it is this. Not more truly does the removal of atmospheric pressure release the imprisoned gas, thenceforward to expand by its immeasurable elasticity, than does the emancipated soul diffuse itself into higher desires and more commanding love. It is true even here—true of the man singly, and true of man in association. It is proved by every great epoch of history; by every convulsive movement of nations, in conquest, emigration, colony, and revolution; by every invasion and irruption; by every change of dynasty and religion; by every chivalrous passage, and every crusade; by every expansion of national or associate feeling, in commerce or in philosophy. In each, in all, there is enthusiasm; and we will not concede to the icy utilitarians of the Church, that her glorious destiny of triumph is to be reached with the measured tread of a phlegmatic battalion on parade, or that her King is to be carried to his throne with all the dead form of an outworn earthly court. For this were to surrender whatever is generous in the play of higher feeling, to be exhausted on falsehood, error, and vice, and to pursue the most ennobling of all human ends with quiet indifference and unmanly caution. The children of this world are wiser—the Man of Sin is wiser. A vital circulation, however false, flows through the veins of Popery. The men of Rome are animated. Her mighty Babel, though yet to be destroyed, and though towering towards a heaven that shall confound her labours and blast her walls, is not carried up coldly, or in sleep. She caresses the imagination, and inflames the heart. She deals with man as susceptible of enthusiastic impulse, and of that specific impulse which is our theme, to wit, the spirit of loyalty. She also has a monarchy, though false, tyrannous, and God-denying; she also has subjects, who are taught to love, to burn, to sacrifice, and to die. Think you that the Jesuit missionary, who compasses sea and land to leave the mark of the beast on the natives of Paraguay or Tahiti, does this in seeming only? that the Xaviers and Loyolas were only actors of a part, simulating a zeal they never felt? A hundred martyrdoms forbid the absurd presumption. Nay, firmness there is, even to the death; and loyalty to a power which can never lessen its incantations, till the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and destroy with the brightness of

his coming. In Popery there is *submission to a king*—a king who has his foot on the necks of princes—a king in the house of God, showing himself that he is God. And herein this masterpiece of Satan avails itself of a great principle and capacity of our common nature, even that of loyalty. Now we shall never prevail over the adversary by denying this tendency of universal manhood, or by stripping humanity of all affections converging toward a living Head and Lord, but by restoring this very principle to its just place, by vindicating its consistency with civil freedom, by driving the usurper from Christ's seat, and by coming as men, as disciples, and as a Church, to the feet of our liege Lord, and doing homage to him whom we have sworn to obey. The facility with which this temper is caught in human things, shows how truly it belongs to man. The propensity of man to cling in filial and half-adoring love and reverence on a human leader, which has been manifested under absolute princes—the Charlemagnes, the Charleses, and the Napoleons—was, though a misplaced, a generous passion: the idolatry consisted in its fastening on a wrong object. Only once has the world seen a pure visible theocracy. "Jehovah is our Judge, Jehovah is our Lawgiver, Jehovah is our King." With what offended dignity does Samuel the seer avert his face from the nation which desires another king! With what pathetic majesty does Samuel's God say, "They have not rejected *thee*!" Yet, with what characteristically Hebrew attachment did "the many thousands of Israel" go after successive princes—Saul, David, Solomon! They were even carried away with zeal for the type. True kingship was yet to come: "I see Him, but not now!" It was not long before there was neither temple nor throne in Israel. And as all proper priesthood is gone (though its shadow remains), so all royalty is gone (though its shadow remains), and the way is nowhere more cleared than in a free commonwealth, for the inauguration of Him who is "a priest on his throne." The freer we are from human dominion, the freer are we to avow our true allegiance. It is to an unseen Lord who shall reign more and more visibly. It is a rage of impious licentiousness which rushes to the other extreme, and, as in France, decrees that there is no immortality. But even should every human monarchy be brought low, the people of God, from the vast plain of a rational freedom, might all the more freely look heavenward, and all the more loyally bow the knee to

Him whose right it is: unto Him shall be the gathering of the people.

VI. *It is a sentiment flowing from the very object which God employs in attaining the end.* The truth which moves the missionary Church, moves the repentant soul. This was wonderfully revealed to the Moravians. By gradual experience these good brethren learned the power of love. The incident is famous, and has been cited hundreds of times. The Greenland missionaries, like many other teachers, had dwelt long on the outworks of natural religion. They had spoken much about God, about creation, about duties. It was in June, 1738, while JOHN BECK was employed on a translation of the Gospels, that some of the savages requested to hear portions read from the book. Hitherto, these people, used to perils, and accustomed to drive the canoe among islands of ice, and to spear the seal at hazard of their lives, had laughed at the effeminate strangers, who (as they said) were all day "poring over marks on a leaf, or scratching with a feather." Beck told them of the fall, and of heaven and hell. He told them that the Creator was merciful, and hinted at the awful mystery of incarnation. "And now," said he, "we must believe in Him, if we would be saved." A sudden impulse from the Holy One led this brother hereupon to give a lively picture of the agony and passion of the Lord. He read to them of Gethsemane and Golgotha. It was just then that the Greenlander KAJARNAK stepped up to the table, and said, with an earnest and touching voice, "How was that? Tell me that once more, for I would fain be saved too!" "These words," said the missionary (for I love to use his very language), "the like of which I had never heard from a Greenlander before, thrilled through my frame, and melted my heart to such a degree, that tears ran down my cheeks while I gave them an account of the Lord's life and death, and the whole counsel of God concerning our salvation." Other brethren came in, other savages joined in the inquiry. Some laid their hands on their mouths in astonishment, while some stole away; but many stayed, much agitated, and desired to know how to pray. Here was the first clear ray of gospel-morning that broke in on the Arctic night. It was the dawn of a great principle. Henceforward a bleeding, dying Saviour was, and continues to be, the badge of these missions. Their maxim became this—*To begin with the gospel; to begin with Christ; to tell even Greenland savages (as Crantz*

says) of "Christ's buying and winning them with his own precious blood, and with his innocent suffering and dying." And he adds: "In all our sermons, catechisings, and conversations, the chief theme is the living knowledge of Jesus Christ, as crucified for our sins; and from this source every other truth is deduced."

Hear the same, confirmed by our first Presbyterian missionary, one hundred years ago—*August 3, 1745, Crossweeksung, New Jersey:* "I preached," says DAVID BRAINERD, in reference to his Indians, "with some view to Rev. xxii. 17, 'And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' The Lord, I am persuaded, enabled me, in a manner somewhat uncommon, to set before them the Lord Jesus Christ as a kind and complete Saviour, inviting distressed and perishing sinners to accept everlasting mercy. There were above twenty adult persons present, and not above two that I could see with dry eyes." And again: "When I was favoured with any special freedom in discussing of the ability and willingness of Christ to save sinners, and the need in which they stood of such a Saviour, there was then the greatest appearance of divine power in awakening numbers of secure souls." And still more to the point: "I had sometimes, formerly, in reading the apostle's discourse to Cornelius, wondered to see him so quickly introduce the Lord Jesus Christ into his sermon, and so entirely dwell upon him throughout the whole of it, observing him in this to differ very widely from many of our modern preachers; but latterly this has not seemed strange: hence Christ has appeared to me to be the substance of the gospel, and the centre in which the several lines meet." This same cross, my brethren, which draws the faith of the Gentiles, exalts the desire and expectation of the missionary Church; and thus the sentiment which should urge us onward, is the same which first united us to our Head.

I have not dared to open the scroll of prophecy, though filled with characters belonging to our topic. That broad light which is thrown upon the future of the Church, encourages and exalts our hope. Standing on the coast, and looking out to the sails which speck the distant horizon, we may exclaim, "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows? Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from far!" And we shall one day cry, "*All Israel shall be saved*, as it is written, There shall

come out of Zion the Deliverer!" To this Deliverer the whole missionary work is a tribute of love. Towards this one throne should be gathered the affections of every Church, every missionary, and every donor. And the time is short, for the work shall end in victory: and mark who triumphs: "After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the LAMB, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the LAMB!" Before this comes, the Church on earth, and every organized part of it, severally, shall rise to a love which may swell this song and chorus of heaven, to that divine name which is sacrificial and atoning—to the LAMB. Our time for this is short. We shall never all meet again. "Our fathers, where are they?" Standing here, among the churches where I received my call to the ministry, and among my fathers' sepulchres, I may be suffered for a moment (omitting great men whom I have not seen) to pronounce the names of Turner, Mitchell, Lacy, Hoge, Lyle, Speece, and Baxter. Every motive of individual relation would urge me to dilate on such a theme: "Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forget thou not." Each of these was a good soldier in a true missionary work. But time and strength do not suffice.

Those who are gone admitted the claim of Christ's crown on us as a Church. One of them, especially, has left us his testimony. Consider, reverend brethren, these words, of date March 4, 1831—words suggested to this court of Jesus Christ: "In the judgment of this General Assembly, one of the principal objects of the institution of the Church, by Jesus Christ, was, not so much the salvation of individual Christians—for, 'whosoever believeth shall be saved'—as the communication of the blessing of the gospel to the destitute, with the efficiency of united effort"—"The Presbyterian Church is a missionary society, the object of which is to aid in the conversion of the world; and every member of the Church is a member for life of said society, and bound to do all in his power for the accomplishment of this object."

Do you, beloved brethren, recognise the voice? It is one to which you, of this city and Church, were long familiar. Are not these the dying words of that venerable servant of Christ, whose memorial-tablet is here in our sight?

Following the footsteps of those who by faith and patience inherit the promises, let us unite in breathings after the accomplishment of the great promise of the Church, saying, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN MACDONALD.

(Continued from page 574.)

MR. MACDONALD sailed for India in 1837, and arrived early in February 1838. His special work was the instruction of the theological classes in the General Assembly's Institution; and in this labour of love he delighted. But he very soon found additional occupation. As one of the editors of the *Christian Observer*, and as secretary of the Christian School Book Society, he was far from idle. He was also diligent in preaching the gospel. He took his turn with the two Scottish chaplains at St. Andrew's Church in conducting their Wednesday evening lecture and prayer-meetings, and he frequently preached in that church on the Sabbath-day. He preached also in other churches, and in the Sailors' Chapel. From an early period he had a covenant with himself never to decline an opportunity of preaching the gospel, unless there was an absolute impossibility to prevent him; and this covenant he is believed to have kept faithfully. At the house of Mr. G. Alexander, of the Civil Service, he likewise expounded on Tuesday evenings; and when Mr. Alexander retired to England, this service was transferred to the house of his valued friend, Mr. Hawkins, now one of the judges of the Sudder Court, where it was continued till the establishment of the Free Church prayer-meeting, after the Disruption. There were many who received great benefit from the meetings at these houses, and on whose minds an indelible impression was made by the expositions to which they listened, as well as by the frame of Mr. Macdonald's mind and the spirituality and fervour of his prayers. In his own house he used hospitality in a very plain unpretending way without grudging; and was accustomed once a-week, and sometimes more frequently, to see all who would come and join in conversation, in reading the Scriptures, and in prayer. He had also at one time (and till nearly all the attendants left India) a more private meeting on Saturday evenings, in which a few sat round his table and considered passages of Scripture, and blended their prayers and praises. By his example, by the constant spirituality of his mind, by his wise and profitable conversation, and even by his most ordinary correspondence, he insensibly influenced many. In his common notes, there was generally something to edify or cheer, and that not by any forced and artificial effort, but as it were naturally and appropriately to the principal subject. In his preaching he was more blessed in

building up believers, and leading forward sincere inquirers, than in awakening such as were entirely careless. Indeed, there was a plain dealing in his ministry, a severity to sin and insincerity, by which he was made manifest to every man's conscience; and many shrunk from the contemplation of their own state as he exposed it to their view, and forsook the place where he was preaching. "Not with enticing words of men's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power," he proclaimed the gospel. "The law of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found in his lips; he walked with God in peace and equity, and did turn many away from iniquity." (Mal. ii. 5.) Doubtless, when the day comes for those who have sowed, and those who have reaped, to rejoice together, he will have many crowns of rejoicing as seals to his powerful and faithful ministry. But it was not thus only that he was useful. He wrote much, and very forcibly. His tracts on the Oratorios, "What is the Theatre?" and "May I go to the Ball?" were so effective, that the world was greatly irritated, and their author (J. M. D.) was for a time a byword for ridicule and reproach. But all this he heeded not. He went on writing and publishing, teaching and preaching, undauntedly. His sermon, "Duelling Spiritually Considered," as it was occasioned by a fatal duel, and was published when the subject had been laid to heart by many, and as it was also an argument in the most masterly style both of eloquence and reasoning; and his pamphlets on the observance by Government of Hindu Holydays, and on the connection of Government with Heathen Endowments under some of the arrangements of the Resumption Laws, were worthy of his whole career as a faithful watchman in Israel, and a valiant soldier of the cross. He preserved throughout one unaltered tone, and the consistency of his sentiments and conduct was sustained without an imputation. He was "dead to the world" in all its gaieties, its follies, its speculations, and its ambition; but no man was more alive to its necessities, no man loved its people more, and perhaps no man in India mourned as he did, in bitterness of spirit, during the degrading heathen festivals, over the debasement of his fellow-creatures. He shone as a light in the world, and was as a city set on a hill, that could not be hid.

It may be supposed that the conduct of such a man, in an event so momentous as the Disruption of the Church of which he was a minister, and to which he was much attached, was characterized by faithfulness, courage, and decision. Prior to the crisis, he had unhesitatingly cast in his lot with those who were preparing to secede. At that time the Church of Scotland experienced some difficulty in supporting her foreign missions on their existing footing; and to the eye of sense it appeared a very unlikely thing that the party that seceded, from

which some were dropping off as the trial approached, and which might eventually prove to be, as all its opponents were loudly predicting, very small in numbers, and which certainly in the first urgency of its movement would be sorely pressed at home by the necessity of providing new churches, as well as funds to support the retiring ministers—it seemed very unlikely that *this* party would be able, at an early period, to undertake any foreign missions of an expensive kind. Indeed, many of the best ministers, so far from anticipating that they would be able to support missions, expected for themselves great hardships as well as great changes. In the Life of Mr. M'Cheyne, there is a letter to Mr. Bonar, in which he seriously speaks of going to preach to the convicts in Australia. We may therefore imagine the trial of faith to which his resolution to leave the Establishment subjected Mr. Macdonald, before the news of the Disruption and of its important character arrived in India; but he did not hesitate, nevertheless, to avow his sympathy with those who were struggling for the spiritual freedom of their Church, or his clear determination to go where they went, and to join alike in their testimony and their trials. The writer of these pages can now recall to mind with undiminished admiration a conversation he held with Mr. Macdonald on the subject. He inquired what he proposed to do, and where he would go, when he left his house—for the necessity of leaving that was taken for granted. Faith breathed in the calm and holy confidence of his reply. He left *all* to God, and was well content to wait to know, and then to do or to suffer, His will. The Disruption came, but in a very different form from that which the fears of some, and the ridicule of others, had depicted. The news arrived, not of the movement of a few; not of the hesitating secession of a small, doubtful, trembling band; but of a mighty movement. There was even a solemnity in the manifest power that accompanied every step of the seceders. The shout of a king was among them. Foreign Churches stood still to see this great sight, and one irrepressible burst of praise and love resounded from the sympathizing Christians of every country under heaven. But no one, anywhere, sympathized more heartily with the glorious enterprise than the noble soldier of Jesus Christ of whom we have been writing. There was one aspect in which he regarded it continually, and by that his affections were inflamed. It was a movement to testify for the Kingship of Christ; it was a struggle for the crown-rights of the Redeemer; it was a sacrifice to save Zion from any sovereignty but his. It was well Mr. Macdonald thought that the people should be protected from the intrusion of unacceptable ministers; it was well that patronage, as an unscriptural element in the economy of the Church, should be abo-

lished; but much more, he felt it to be essential to the Church's freedom and purity, and to her conformity to the divine will, that her government and discipline should be internal; that Christ's people and ministers should be at liberty to execute all his laws; and that their interpretation of those laws should not be settled by act of Parliament, and adjusted to meet the policy of earthly statesmen, but by their own consciences exercised in responsibility to himself alone. It was this view of it that made the day of Disruption memorable in the estimation of Mr. Macdonald; and the results of the testimony given that day, destined as they are to influence other Churches, distant countries, and future ages, will render the Disruption of the Scottish Church memorable and illustrious in the history of the world.

When the intelligence of the Disruption reached Calcutta, Mr. Macdonald, along with all his Scottish missionary brethren, joined the Free Church. Some members of the Established Church of Scotland seceded with them; and it became necessary to provide a regular ministry, till a pastor could be secured from Scotland. Mr. Macdonald, having had previous experience in the charge of a congregation, was requested temporarily to act as minister of the flock. Their first meeting was on Sabbath the 13th of August 1843, in Freemasons' Hall, of which the use was at first granted them, but from which, before long, they were ejected. The first sermon was preached by Dr. Duff in the morning; the second by Mr. Macdonald, whose text was, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." After the service, he baptized a native convert, Lal Behari Sing (now a catechist of the Free Church); and it was a singular coincidence, and probably designed in the good providence of God to encourage his faithful servants, that this first convert of the Free Church had himself been compelled to make sacrifices for the truth, by resigning, prior to his baptism, a good situation, and foregoing excellent prospects, in a Government school.

Of those who joined the Free Church, there were some who knew and loved the truth, but there were many more who were merely inquirers after it, and on whose minds the example of the missionaries near them, and of the men whose names they honoured at home, had made a deep impression. With this little band Mr. Macdonald began a patient course of ministerial faithfulness. Gradually some of those who at first discerned only indistinctly the excellency of the gospel, became more in earnest in the one thing needful; and others from Scotland joined them, bringing with them some of the spirit and piety which has been so flourishing there.

It had been the earnest desire of many of the Free Church congregation that Mr. Mac-

donald should be their permanent pastor, nor was any call sent to Scotland till his determination to continue in his missionary work had been privately but sufficiently ascertained. Even during the time he acted as minister of the flock, he maintained as far as possible, and almost to as great an extent as before, the discharge of his important duties in the Free Church Institution. He drew only his salary as a missionary, and would receive nothing from the congregation. But when his labours among them ceased, they felt that whatever his feelings might be as to receiving of their carnal things, they had certain debts to him, which it became them to discharge. To this subject we should not allude, partaking as it does in a great degree of a private character, but it has already come to light through the press. With a man like Mr. Macdonald, whose professions were ever sincere, and whose resolutions were seldom changed, it was useless to deal as with one who could be tempted and persuaded to accept what he had previously deliberately declined. It became necessary, therefore, so to carry out the design of testifying the people's regard for him, as to render any gift they could offer a tribute of their affection, without being at the same time open to any of his objections as a payment for services, for which, he considered, the mission committee, in effect, had paid already.

The first intimation which Mr. or Mrs. Macdonald received of the design, was a letter informing the latter that it had been accomplished, and that the sum of 5,000 rupees was lying in the Bank of Bengal subject to her order. The whole proceeding, by the spirit in which it was conceived and effected, deeply moved his feelings, and its entire unexpectedness overcame him at the first, in a way that was not usual with one who was generally so calm and self-possessed.

On the arrival of Mr. Mackail, Mr. Macdonald preached the sermon at his induction as pastor of the Free Church congregation. His text was, "How shall not the ministration of the Spirit be rather glorious?" It was followed by an address to the new minister and the congregation. Both have since been published together, and they form the last publication he sent from the press.

After this, Mr. Macdonald reverted to his former course. He preached whenever he had opportunity (occasionally to his former congregation), and he went on in the various spheres of his habitual missionary labour, serving his generation according to the will of God, making full proof of his ministry, giving himself wholly to his high calling, and exerting, as before, great private influence. He worked unostentatiously; but his weight was felt, for "the words of the wise are heard in quiet." He became as faithful a hearer as he had been a pastor; and none of the congrega-

tion, on Sabbath days or week-day evenings, more loved the gates of Zion, or more delighted in the public worship of the sanctuary. He rejoiced in the ministrations and the prospects of usefulness of his successor, and was ever his ready counsellor and his cordial friend, prepared to assist and to encourage him. He preserved, too, the tone of his personal piety—that essential element of usefulness, which so many have so miserably neglected under the languor they have experienced, or amidst the multitude of labours they have undertaken in this trying land. He felt as Henry Martyn did, that nothing but constant activity and *continuing instant in prayer* could keep him breathing; and with him he dreaded the *preference of work for God, to communion with him*. Thus in much watchfulness he fulfilled his course. As a follower of them who through faith and patience now inherit the promises, he looked to the end of their conversation, even Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; as a stranger and pilgrim on the earth, he kept himself unspotted from the world; as a good soldier, he endured hardness; “as a labourer,” he patiently “accomplished his day.” Nor did he live and work in vain. “The righteous, and the wise, and their works, are in the hand of God.” (Eccles. ix. 1.)

(To be continued.)

NOTES OF A VOYAGE.

(From Arthur's Mission to the Mysore.)

MARINE SCENERY.

THE marine scenery of the tropics exceeded in splendour and variety all my anticipations. During the day the sky formed a superb dome of stainless and polished azure; while, lighted from above by its one magnificent lamp, it constituted an object passing beyond the beautiful to the highest order of the sublime. At evening those two features of scenery were displayed in a combination scarcely attainable in any other field of nature. As the sun sank to the ocean, heavy clouds gathered about him, like horrors round a death-bed. But as the soul that is departing in faith makes pain, feebleness, and poverty but the means of more fully displaying its graces; so the setting sun made each cloud a prism whereby to analyze his golden light and exhibit its variety of hue. The whole hemisphere glowed with indescribable beauty. All round the horizon islets of gold were floating on the bright blue surface of the “ocean hung on high;” while, in the west, the assemblage of gorgeous forms and dazzling tints was such as to produce a bewildering ecstasy. The prevailing hues were burnished gold and the pure prismatic red; but all the primitive colours were present, and formed themselves into combinations so lovely and so various, as equally to outstrip the vocabulary and delight the eye: the “pale translucent green” of Bishop Heber was one of the most pleasing; while the blue, now combining with the red, now displaying its own brightest tints, exhibited every variety, from the deep purple of the pansy to the lightsome blue of an infant's eye. On the craggy sides of many a mountain cloud were pencilled, with inconceivable effect, every hue that is delicate or

brilliant, till the impoverished expression is glad to escape the difficulty of specifying by the aid of Mrs. Hemans' adroit summary, “the rich hues of all glorious things.”

A SABBATH EVENING.

I particularly remember, and shall never forget, one Sabbath night in those glowing latitudes. On gaining the deck, after our usual evening service, the scene which met our eye was not calculated to dissipate, but to renew, the feelings of devotion. It was one of those nights to be witnessed only on a tropical sea, when the moon and stars seem so bright, so large, so near, as almost to make you think you are looking on other things. Orion was stretching his giant frame across the mid heaven, his “studded belt” seeming newly set with richer gems. From the west Venus flung a long stream of silver light, which danced on the wavelets of the peaceful sea. In the extreme north hovered the Great Bear, at once the memento of past scenes and the ornament of the present. A few degrees above the opposite horizon shone the four bright stars of the Southern Cross. Marshalled under these leaders the celestial host thronged in countless multitude around their peerless queen; and the Milky Way was spread abroad, as the white banner of their peaceful march. That host was sublime from its very numbers; and the impression became overwhelming by the thought that, though the least of them all was a sun, and the nearest at a distance too great to be measured even by the giant hand of modern science,* yet all were made, sustained, scrutinized, and ruled by the great Being, whose presence at our lowly devotions had been shedding such sweetness on our souls. We felt it was a time to worship. The temple was not to be sought. One of God's own rearing was encircling us, and “reason's ear” heard, from the spheres suspended in its dome, a silvery chime, summoning us to praise and prayer.

A MISSIONARY'S EMPLOYMENTS.

The regularity of hours, and absence of all temptation to wander, make a ship not disadvantageous for study. (Having learned a little of the Canarese grammar before sailing, and being furnished with M'Kerrell's Grammar, Reeve's Dictionary, and a copy of St. Luke's Gospel, I was able to occupy myself with the language in which it would be my duty to preach. The want of capital letters, of divisions between the words, and of stops, makes the rudiments of Canarese perplexing, without a living tutor. From the commencement of a paragraph to its close there is no space between any two letters; so that you can no more tell, by the eye, where one word or sentence ends and another begins, than you can tell, on a railway, when you change counties. To be told that this custom obtains in the old Greek manuscripts may satisfy the student of its antiquity, but even that does not make him feel it to be convenient. Mr. Pope, my companion in the same cabin, was occupied with the acquisition of Tamil; and day and night we toiled side by side, without being able to render each other any considerable assistance. Like other students, we had often to pursue knowledge under difficulties. Being young sailors, we did not know how to provide ourselves with the articles necessary to make a small cabin serve conveniently the double purposes of bed-room and study. One item of furniture, though not

“A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day,” served me for nightly repose and daily employment;

* The successes of Bessel and Henderson were not then known.

taking, in the latter case, the office of a sofa. Table I had none; so, seated on my couch, with Reeve's ponderous quarto of nearly fifteen hundred pages on my knees, my feet raised upon the rail of a chair, the Grammar by my side, the Gospel in my hand, and my sea-lamp hanging overhead, many a long hour did I spend in conquering the difficulties of our Lord's parable of the Prodigal Son. All went on pleasantly enough when the ship was steady; but when she laboured, it was no easy matter to preserve an equilibrium. What with the jolting of the books, the violent swinging of the lamp, and the effort to hold on, one was obliged to read by snatches, like boys in a class. Occasionally a violent pitch would dash chair, books, student, and all, to one side or other of the cabin; while the effort to regain our former arrangement would be twice or thrice foiled by similar catastrophes, before it could be accomplished. These difficulties may look formidable to one who has never passed beyond the threshold of comfort; but they are nothing in reality. He that has an object in view so exciting as the acquisition of ability to preach Christ to the heathen, plods along without one thought of weariness or inconvenience; loving to tread the rough furrows, because he sees them strewn with the promise of many a sheaf. The drudgery of conquering rudimental difficulties was enlivened by reading the works or memoirs of those who, under greater disadvantages and fewer encouragements, had trodden the same path, and attained noble results. The young missionary derives from the records of such heroes as Zeigenbalg, Carey, Swartz, and Martyn, the same excitement to lofty aims and giant toils which the noble Romans attributed to the statues of their ancestry. Their example kindles an intense flame. His heart burns to live as they lived; the remnants of worldly feeling are discovered in their lurking-places, and warmed away; while the fused affections are cast into form in the apostolic mould.

A STORM, AND ITS LESSON.

I could not help comparing the storm, when at its height, with the anticipations raised in my mind by descriptions of that spectacle. In almost every case you are told of mountain-waves, and that you cannot conceive the terrors of the scene. Now, the fact is, you find no wave anything like a mountain; and, most probably, you have carried your conceptions to a pitch by which the reality loses much of its effect. While you remain below, the roaring of the wind and the rush of the sea make the voice of the storm fearfully impressive; and to look at the waves from the narrow cabin windows, you are obliged to assign their height by imagination, for you cannot by the eye. It is here, where you feel the shock, and listen to the roar of the tempest, without being able to watch its movements, that the impression is most appalling. The ship pitches, writhes, and trembles beneath you, every joint in her giant frame groaning doleful complaints against the violence with which she is assailed. The howling of the wind, the rush of the seas making a highway of the deck, the moaning of the ship, sound like the shock of the onset, the struggle of contending feet, and the cries of the wounded.

On deck the scene is truly grand. The sky is black, rugged, and shifting; the wind terrible, with its alternate gust, "seugh," and lull; the sea heaped up into a ridge of low hills on either side. The ship lies wriggling in the dale, like a winter tree, the masts stripped of all their clothing, the storm stay-sail being the only stitch of canvass set. A billow is rushing forward, with its white crest shaking like a lion's mane. Nearing the bow, it looks so lofty,

that she must be overwhelmed; but with mingled delight and apprehension, you see her rear herself upon its base; then rapidly mounting, till the summit is gained, she dashes forward, as if rejoicing in her escape. At that moment a cross sea strikes on the weather-bow with a dull sound, like the stroke of a battering-ram: the noble bark shudders like a child in a thunder-clap; and while you are quivering by sympathy, a fierce surge careers along the deck, making your firmest grasp needful to prevent being borne away. When you emerge, the ship is reeling on the top of another wave, as if to shake off the moisture of her last immersion; and just as this passes from under her, it strikes fiercely on the counter, in seeming anger at being foiled in its assault. While staggering from the effect of this after-blow, a broken sea, like an ambush attacking in flank, dashes suddenly upon the weather-beam. Instantly the top-masts seem nearly touching the water; the firmest hold of rope or bulwark can scarcely save you from sliding down the almost vertical deck; it seems impossible the ship can right. Volumes of water rushing over you confirm the impression that the moment of danger is come; but a counter swing restores you to your footing, and shows the bow plunging bravely into another billow.

The whole scene is sufficiently awful; and if one but give way to fear or fancy, it must be easy enough to make the waves mountains, the gusts artillery, and to crowd the picture with gigantic forms of horror. The lesson of a storm is one of humility. Each cloud may be the engine of destruction; you cannot bid it burst elsewhere. Each blast may bring the additional strength necessary to crush you; you cannot divert its course. Each sea may capsize or overwhelm your ark; you cannot lighten its stroke by a single drop. Surrounded by agents all potent to destroy, there is not one on which your skill can work the least amelioration. The sky, the wind, the wave, are eloquent with the announcement—"God is all in all." You can do nought but meekly crave his compassion, or mutely await his will. And when the danger is past, man has had no hand in averting it. It came upon you, pressed you on every side, brought you to your "wit's end," showed human help to be vanity, and then disappeared. You are safe again; that safety is sealed with the hand of God, and attests itself his own gift. You see his agency through no obstructive instrument; you have been dealing directly with your Maker. Therefore "being glad, because they are quiet, they praise the Lord for his goodness."

A DEATH AND FUNERAL.

While sailing in this beautiful region (Madeira), a soldier became dangerously ill. To afford him more air he was carried on deck, where it formed a strange contrast to the ordinary gloom of a sick chamber, to see the bright sunbeams dancing not only on every object round the poor invalid, but on the very features which death was blanching. He had been a man of good character, much respected among his comrades, and manifested deep feeling when spoken to on his religious state. His prayers for mercy were fervent and touching; and, offering those prayers, he died. This called us to witness that scene which is always described as so melancholy—a funeral at sea. It is certainly affecting—affecting from its solemnity, and still more so from the contrast it presents to all who have been wont to witness. You have death without any of those attendant forms with which it seems so naturally to harmonize. There is no sable bier; no dark train moving slowly on a sad errand; no passing from common ground within the hallowed enclosure consecrated to the memory of the dead, to the hope

of the resurrection; no grave before you yawning for its prey; none of the objects in which the eye usually recognises Death. All his retinue is wanting; but himself is there, and his presence is the more startling because of the every-day and life-like character of surrounding appearances. The body, wrapped in the hammock it had been wont to occupy, was carried to the side of the ship, and laid on a plank so placed as to incline toward the water. Around this thronged a numerous group, every countenance wearing the impress of thought and tenderness. During the reading of the solemn service, the reckless look of the young recruit gave way to one of deep emotion; the hardy visage of the seaman relaxed, and his eye swam; every spectator shared and manifested that "undefined and sudden thrill" which the nearness of death does not fail to inspire. The words, "We therefore commit his body," were not followed by the usual thrice repeated hollow sound which rises from the grave as the decree of separation between the living and the dead; but at those words the inner end of the plank, on which rested the corpse, being raised, it slid slowly into the deep blue wave that was heaving below.

"One sullen plunge, and the scene is o'er;
The sea rolls on, as it rolled before."

In the case of another man, and also of a soldier's child, this sad ceremony was twice repeated during the voyage, with the same circumstances, except that of the last-named instance the melancholy silence usually following the "sullen plunge" was broken by a mother's grief.

A PASSAGE IN THE RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE OF MERLE D'AUBIGNE.*

My first visit to Germany was in 1817, immediately after my consecration to the ministry of the Word of God, and with the design of studying theology for a longer period, before entering upon its active duties. I spent some time as a student at the universities of Leipsic and Berlin; afterwards, four years in Hamburg, as pastor of the French Church. My arrival in Germany was rendered remarkable by a circumstance connected with my inward life. I was stunned—almost overwhelmed, by the tempest of Rationalism and infidelity which was then raging. After having remained in the cheerless principles of Unitarianism until nearly the conclusion of my studies at the academy of Geneva, I had been seized by the Word of God. I had believed in the divinity of the Saviour, in original sin, the power of which I had experienced in my own heart, and in justification by faith. I had experienced the joys of the new birth. I was yet, however, weak; I was willing to take up the cross of Christ; but I preferred regarding it as wisdom rather than foolishness. It was at this time that I arrived in Germany. Every theological journal I read, every book I looked into, almost every one, both ministers and laymen, whom I met, were affected with Rationalism, so that the poison of infidelity was presented to me on all sides.

I then entered upon a fearful spiritual

struggle, defending with my whole strength my still feeble faith, yet sometimes falling under the blows of the enemy. I was inwardly consumed. There was not a moment in which I was not ready to lay down my life for the faith I professed; and never did I ascend the pulpit without being able to proclaim, with fullness of faith, salvation by Jesus. But scarcely had I left it, when the enemy assailed me anew, and inspired my mind with agonizing doubts. I passed whole nights without sleep, crying to God from the bottom of my heart, or endeavouring, by arguments and syllogisms without end, to repel the attacks of the adversary. Such were my combats during these weary watchings, that I almost wonder how I did not sink under them.

It happened at this time (1819) that a friend of mine (the Rev. Frederic Monod) settled in Paris, was on the point of visiting Copenhagen, where his mother's family resided. Another friend of ours, Charles Rieu, was the pastor of Fredericia, in Jutland. We were all three Genevese; we had studied together at Geneva; and had come at the same time to the knowledge of the truth, although Rieu had outstripped us in all respects, especially in the simplicity of his faith and devotedness to the Lord. We agreed to travel together to Copenhagen, and to meet at Kiel, the capital of Holstein.

Kiel is a German university, and at that time was the residence of Kleuker, one of the oldest champions of German divinity, who had been for forty years defending Christian revelation against the attacks of infidel theologians, in apologetic works of some celebrity. There were many passages of Scripture which stopped me, and I proposed visiting Kleuker and asking him to explain them, hoping by this visit to be delivered from my agonizing doubts.

Accordingly, I waited on Kleuker, and requested that learned and experienced Christian to elucidate for my satisfaction many passages whence some of his countrymen in their writings had drawn proofs against the inspiration of Scripture, and the divine origin of Christianity. The old doctor would not enter into any detailed solution of these difficulties. "Were I to succeed in ridding you of them," he said to me, "others would soon arise. There is a shorter, deeper, more complete way of annihilating them. Let Christ be really to you the Son of God, the Saviour, the Author of eternal life. Only be firmly settled in his grace, and then these difficulties of detail will never stop you: the light which proceeds from Christ will disperse all your darkness."

The old divine had shown me the way; I saw it was the right one, but to follow it was a hard task. God, who had already revealed to me the glory of his well-beloved Son, did not forsake me; but he used another agency to bring me to the mark which had been pointed out.

* From "Germany, England, and Scotland," just published.

As steam-boats were not at that time very regular, we had to wait some days for the one in which my friends and I intended proceeding to Copenhagen. We were staying at an hotel, and used to spend part of our time in reading the Word of God together. M. Monod and I chose Rieu for our chaplain. He was an ear of corn which the Lord had early brought to full maturity, and which was soon after carried to the everlasting garner. Two years after, I wept over his grave amidst his desolate flock, with whom I celebrated the death of the Lord. I was at this time at Kiel, enjoying my last converse with this much esteemed friend. We all three communicated to each other our thoughts on reading the Word, but it was Rieu who most abundantly brought out the hidden riches of the Book of God.

We were studying the Epistle to the Ephesians, and had got to the end of the third chapter, when we read the two last verses: "Now unto Him who is able to do EXCEEDING ABUNDANTLY above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory," &c. This expression fell upon my soul as a mighty revelation from God. "He can do by His power," I said to myself, "above all that we ask, above all even that we think, nay, EXCEEDING ABUNDANTLY above all!" A full trust in Christ for the work to be done within my poor heart now filled my soul. We all three knelt down, and, although I had never fully confided to my friends my inward struggles (for I dared not make them known to any but to God alone), the prayer of Rieu was filled with such admirable faith, as he would have uttered had he known all my wants. When I arose, in that inn room at Kiel, I felt as if my "wings were renewed as the wings of eagles." From that time forward, I comprehended that my own syllogisms and efforts were of no avail; that Christ was able to do all by his "power that worketh in us;" and the habitual attitude of my soul was to lie at the foot of the Cross, crying to Him, "Here am I, bound hand and foot, unable to move, unable to do the least thing to get away from the enemy who oppresses me. Do all thyself. I know that thou wilt do it—thou wilt even do *exceeding abundantly* above all that I ask."

I was not disappointed. All my doubts were soon dispelled, and not only was I delivered from that inward anguish which in the end would have destroyed me, had not God been faithful; but the Lord "extended unto me peace like a river." Then I could "comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." Then was I able to say, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." If I relate these things it is not as my own history—not the history of myself alone—but of many pious young men, who in

Germany, and even elsewhere, have been assailed by the raging waves of Rationalism. Many, alas! have made shipwreck of their faith, and some have even violently put an end to their lives. On this account I shall always remember the words of Scripture, "Thou hast set my feet in a large room"—"He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."

PASSAGES FROM BISHOP REYNOLDS.

THE WAY TO BE ALWAYS WELL.

The way to be safe in times of trouble, is to get the blood of the Lamb upon our doors. (Exod. xii. 13-23.) All troubles have their commission and instructions from God what to do, whither to go, whom to touch, whom to pass over. Be gold, and though the fire come upon you, you shall keep your nature and purity still. Godliness, saith the apostle, hath the promises of this life; and amongst those one special one is, that we shall not be tempted above what we are able (1 Cor. x. 13); neither are there indeed any distresses against which there is not a refuge and escape for penitent sinners unto some promise or other. Against captivity: "When they be in the land of their enemies, I will not cast them away, nor abhor them. (Lev. xxvi. 44.) Against famine and pestilence: "If I shut up heaven that there be no rain, or if I command the locust to devour the land, or if I send pestilence among my people; if my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land." (2 Chron. vii. 13, 14.) Against sickness: "The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing, and make all his bed in his sickness." (Ps. xli. 3.) Against poverty: "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, I the Lord will hear them," &c. (Isa. xli. 17; Ps. lxxviii. 10.) Against want of friends: "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." (Ps. xxvii. 10, lxxii. 12.) Against oppression and imprisonment: "He executeth judgment for the oppressed. The Lord looseth the prisoners." (Ps. cxlvi. 7.) Against "whatsoever plague or trouble." (1 Kings viii. 37-39.) He is the God of all consolation; how disconsolate soever a man's condition is in any kind, there cannot but be, within the compass of all consolation, some one remedy or other at hand to comfort and relieve him.

BESIEGE THE THRONE OF GRACE.

O let the Lord's remembrancers give him no rest. There is a kind of omnipotence in prayer, as having an interest and prevalence with God's omnipotence. It hath loosed iron chains; it hath opened iron gates; it hath unlocked the windows of heaven; it hath broken the bars of death. Satan hath three titles given him in the Scripture, setting forth his malignity against the Church of God. A dragon, to note his malice; a serpent, to note his subtlety; and a lion, to note his strength: but none of all these can stand before prayer. The greatest malice, the malice of Haman, sinks under the prayer of Esther; the deepest policy, the counsel of Ahithophel, withers before the prayer of David; the largest army, the host of a thousand thousand Ethiopians, ran away like cowards before the prayer of Asa.

How should this encourage us to treasure up our prayers! to besiege the throne of grace with armies of supplications! to refuse a denial! to break through

a repulse! God hath blessed those whom he did cripple; he hath answered those whom he did reproach; he hath delivered those whom he did deny; and he is the same yesterday and to-day. If he save in six and in seven troubles, should not we pray in six and seven extremities? Certainly in all the afflictions of the Church, when prayers are strongest, mercies are nearest.

PRAYER AND PRACTICE.

Whosoever loves and holds fast sin, lies unto God in every prayer that he makes. This serves to prove and humble us for our hypocrisy and halvings with God, in our conversions from sin, and confessions of it; we are willing to pray for the pardon of them *all*, we would have none hurt us, but when it comes to parting, and taking all away, this we cannot away with. Some are fat, delicate, golden sins; we would fain spare these, as Saul did Agag, and hide them as Achan did his wedge. Herod hears John gladly in many things, but if he restrain him of his Herodias, he must expect to be himself restrained. Agrippa will be *almost* a Christian, but "*altogether*" may chance bring a chain with it! Jehu will down with Baal and his priests, but he knows not how to part with his calves, lest he venture his kingdom.

Hence, beloved, is the miscarriage of all our prayers. If we would seek God's kingdom, we are promised other things by way of overplus and accession, as he that buyeth a treasury of jewels hath the cabinet into the bargain. But when we place our kingdom in outward comforts, and let our daily bread shut all the other five petitions out of our prayers, no wonder if the promises of this life, which are annexed unto godliness, do not answer those prayers wherein godliness is neglected. It were preposterous to begin the building of a house at the roof, and not at the foundation. Piety is the foundation of prosperity. If you would have your children like plants and like polished stones, your garners full, your cattle plenteous, no complaining in your streets; if you would have the king happy, and the Church happy, and the State happy, and peace and prosperity flourish again; let our chief prayer be, "Lord, make us a happy people, by being our God." Give us thyself, thy grace, thy favour—give us renewed hearts and reformed lives; let not our sins confute, and outcry, and belie our prayers, and pray them back again without an answer. And when we seek thee and thy Christ above all, we know that with him thou wilt freely give us all other things. The spiritual good things which we beg, will either remove, or shelter and defend us from the outward evil things which we suffer.

HALF HOLINESS.

Beloved, Christ expecteth, that as he died *for all* (our sins) so we should die *to all*. He will be counted worthy of all acceptance, before he will bestow himself; he will not suffer his blood and his mercy to mingle with sin, or to be a protection to it; he will not endure Samaritan services, to be for the Lord in one thing, and for the world and flesh in another—one step straight, and another crooked—one speech Ashdod, and another Canaan—to let our conversation be Yea and Nay, a mongrel service—in this I will do as you bid me, but in that I will not; like the Jews that would buy Christ's blood with money, but would not take the money into the treasury—they were fearful to defile their chests, but not to defile their consciences. This Christ cannot away with. It is dangerous to say with the Pharisee, This I am not, and that I am not; or with the young man, This and

that I have done, and in the meantime to have one thing lacking—to have one door locked up still to keep Christ and salvation from us. Whosoever keeps a covetous heart for the world, or a sensual heart for the flesh, or a proud heart for the devil, is unworthy of heaven by his own election, and would not go in thither if the door were wide open: he would not find there any fuel for these his lusts—not any Nabal, or Cozbi, or Diotrophes to converse withal. And surely, he that doth any one wickedness with allowance, in God's construction, is habitually guilty of all. (James ii. 10; Luke xvi. 10; Ezek. xviii. 10-13.)

LOOK AT THE CURSE.

Look *outward*, and behold a curse in the creature; vanity, emptiness, vexation, disappointments, every creature armed with a sting, to revenge its Maker's quarrel.

Look *inward*, and behold a curse in the conscience; accusing, witnessing, condemning, hailing to the tribunal of vengeance; first defiling with the allowance, and after terrifying with the remembrance, of sin.

Look *upward*, and behold a curse in the heavens; the wrath of God revealed from thence upon all unrighteousness.

Look *downward*, and behold a curse in the earth; death ready to put a period to all the pleasures of sin, and like a trap-door to let down into hell, where nothing of sin will remain, but the worm and the fire.

Look into the *Scriptures*, and see the curse there described: an everlasting banishment from the glory of God's presence: an everlasting destruction by the glory of his power. (2 Thess. i. 9.) The Lord showing the jealousy of his justice, the unsearchableness of his severity, the inconceivableness of his strength, the bottomless guilt and malignity of sin, in the everlasting destruction of ungodly men, and in the everlasting preserving of them to feel that destruction.

BE HUMBLE.

If thou art a vessel of gold, and thy brother but of wood, be not high-minded—it is God that maketh thee to differ; the more bounty God shows, the more humility he requires. Those mines that are richest are deepest, those stars that are highest seem smallest, the goodliest buildings have the lowest foundations; the more God honoureth men, the more they should humble themselves; the more the fruit, the lower the branch on which it grows; pride is ever the companion of emptiness. Oh how full was the apostle, yet how low was his language of himself—"Least of saints, last of apostles, chief of sinners, no sufficiency to think, no abilities to do!" All that he is, he is by grace. Thus humility teaches us in our operation, to draw strength from God, not from ourselves; in our graces to ascribe their goodness to God, and their weakness to ourselves.

THE CHURCH SAFE.

In the troubles of the Church, this is matter of singular comfort, that however enemies may say, this and that we will do, hither and thither we will go, though they may combine together, and be mutually confederate (Ps. lxxxiii. 2-5), and gird themselves, and take counsel, and speak the word, yet in all this God hath the casting voice. There is little need to be given unto what Ephraim saith, except God say the same; without him whatsoever is counselled shall come to nought—whatsoever is decreed or spoken, shall not stand. (Isa. viii. 9, 10.) We have a lively description of the swift, confident, and furious march of the great host of Sennacherib towards Jerusalem, with the great terrors and consternation of the inha-

bitants in every place where they came, weeping, flying, removing their habitations (Isa. x. 28-31), and when he is advanced unto Nob, from which place the city Jerusalem might be seen, he there shook his hand against Jerusalem, threatening what he would do unto it. And then when the waters were come to the very neck, and the Assyrian was in the height of pride and fury, God sent forth a prohibition against all their resolutions, and that huge army, which was for pride and number like the thick trees of Lebanon, were suddenly cut down by the mighty one, to wit, by the angel of the Lord. (Isa. x. 33, 34, compared with Ezek. xxxi. 3-10; Isa. xvii. 12-14, xxxvii. 36.)

OLD TESTAMENT CHRISTIANITY.

BEFORE Christ's coming into the world, gospel grace was under a legal administration. When the sun is approaching us in the morning, though its body be under the horizon, and in another hemisphere, yet then we see the dawning and glimmering of its light. So was it in the Church: though the Sun of Righteousness was not risen upon them with its full brightness, yet they then saw and enjoyed the dawn of our perfect day; and those Jews, who lived as it were in the other hemisphere of time before Christ's coming, were as much under grace as now we are, though not under such clear and glorious dispensations of it. We read, indeed, that the disciples were first called Christians some few years after our Saviour's death; but yet those saints, who lived many ages before his birth, were as truly Christians as they, though not known nor distinguished by that name. Yea, and I remember I have somewhere met with a passage of St. Ambrose: "There were Christian people in the world, before ever there was a Jewish nation." They had then the same Christ to save them, the same promises to support them, the same faith to appropriate both unto them, as now we have. They were under as great an impossibility of obtaining life by the deeds of the law, as we are; and we under as strict an injunction to fulfil the commands of the law, as was ever imposed on them. The only difference between them and us consists in this; that they saw the Sun of Righteousness under a cloud; we, openly: they, by its reflection; we directly.—*Hopkins.*

RELIGIOUS FAITH.

THE religious faith of multitudes may be summed as follows:—

1. I believe in the greatest congregation.
 2. I believe in the greatest denomination.
 3. I believe in the greatest popularity.
 4. I believe in the largest meeting-house.
 5. I believe in the man of the greatest learning.
 6. I believe in the most eloquent man.
 7. I believe in attending the church that will put the most money in my pocket.
- In what do you believe, reader?

THE DEATH OF CHILDREN.

If we would allow ourselves the liberty of reasoning according to the measure and compass of our narrow minds, biassed and contracted by private in-

terest and inclination, we should have plausible things to think concerning such of ours as die in infancy, and that when they have but newly looked into this world, are presently again caught out of it; that if they had lived, what might they have come to! How pleasant and diverting might their childhood have been!—how hopeful their youth!—how useful their riper age! But these are commonly thoughts little wiser than theirs, and proceed from general infidelity, or misbelief, that whatever is not within the compass of this little, sorry world, is all emptiness and nullity! Or if such be pious and more considering, it is too plain they do not, however, consider enough, how great a part it is of divine magnificence to take a reasonable immortal spirit from animating a piece of well-figured clay, and presently adjoin it to the general assembly above. How glorious a change is made upon their child in a moment! How much greater a thing it is to be adoring God above, in the society of angels, than to be dandled on their knee, or enjoy the best provisions they can make for them on earth! that they have a part to act upon an eternal stage! and though they are but lately come into being, are never to go out of being more, but to be everlasting monuments and instruments of the glory of their great Creator and Lord!—*Howe.*

PAUL AND JAMES.

"THEREFORE we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law." (Rom. iii. 28.)

"Ye see, then, how that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only." (James ii. 25.)

Now a man that hath satisfying light, he reconciles these two thus: Paul speaks of justification before God, and James speaks of justification before men. We are justified before God by faith only; we are justified before men by works. Again, they may be reconciled thus: Faith doth justify our persons, but good works doth justify our faith; good works are no part of our justification, but only a proof of our justification.—*Nalton.*

WHAT CHRIST DOES FOR THOSE WHOM HE HAS ESPOUSED.

1. He pays all their debts.
2. He supplies all their wants.
3. He heals all their maladies.
4. He bears all their burdens.
5. He sweetens all their afflictions.
6. He subdues all their enemies.
7. He minds and manages all their concerns.
8. Enjoins them in eternal life and glory.

THE BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR.

WE are in darkness; clouds and darkness are upon our spirits; many dark providences befall us; we see not our way, and many times know not what to do; now, let us act faith on Jesus—he will bring light out of darkness. We are under black fears and sorrows, and all is dark night sometimes with us; but if we can look up to this bright morning Star, he will enlighten our darkness, he will shine in upon our hearts, scatter every cloud, and give us a joyful morning.—*Bunyan.*

WILL FRIENDS RECOGNISE EACH OTHER IN HEAVEN?

BY THE REV. THOMAS CASE, 1670.

It may be asked, whether or no in this blessed vision the saints shall see one another with a distinguishing sight; that is, see them so as to know them under such relations and respects as once they stood in one to another in this imperfect state?—whether Abraham shall know Isaac as once his son, and Isaac know Abraham as sometime his father?—whether the husband shall know his wife, and the wife her husband, as once such that have drawn together in the same conjugal yoke?—whether kindred shall know their gracious kindred, and friend his friend?—whether the godly minister shall know his gracious people that were of his particular flock, and the flock know him as once standing in that ministerial relation to them?

This, I say, is a question which seems neither difficult nor fruitless to be resolved. Probability, without doubt, falls upon the affirmative, and that whether we consult reason or Scripture.

Reason saith, It is very likely we shall know them. Behold here, in this dark region, what quick and admirable recoveries of things past do the senses of the body and faculties of the soul make sometimes! The eye can distinguish its wonted objects after many years' separation; the memory can presently recall the face, and voice, and gestures of an intimate friend, after sleep, which is death's image, yea, after twenty years' absence, or more. At the resurrection, the soul, I make no question, will know its own body at the first sight; proportionably, in the state of glory, must the mutual knowledge and remembrance of old relations be more quick, lively, and, if I may so say, intuitive, according to the admirable and glorious capacity which they shall then be invested with. Make, then, but a just allowance for the vast disproportion between the regenerate state on earth and the glorified state in heaven, and you may rationally conclude the affirmative.

And if we consult Scripture, it votes no less for the affirmative than reason doth. Did Peter, and James, and John, know Moses and Elias at our Lord's transfiguration, whom they had never seen? (Matt. xvii. 4.) And shall

not the saints know one another at the first view, whom they knew and mutually conversed with while they were here on earth? Surely the knowledge of the beatifical vision shall excel the knowledge of Peter and John, as far as the state of glory excels the state of grace. (1 Cor. xiii. 12.) Did Peter and John know Elias on the mount, whom they had not seen, and shall not Peter know John, and John Peter, whom they had mutually seen?

Again, the Scriptures tell us, that Dives in hell knew Abraham and Lazarus in heaven (Luke xvi. 23); shall the reprobate have better eyes in hell, than the elect of God have in heaven? Shall Dives know Lazarus, and shall not Lazarus know Paul and Peter?

And again, the Scriptures tell us the poor saints on earth shall know their rich benefactors when they come to heaven; how else can they receive them, in what sense soever, into everlasting habitations? Shall the saints know one another upon the account of a temporal alms, and shall they not know one another upon the account of spiritual offices performed one for another?

And again, Paul dignifieth his Thessalonians with those glorious titles, "his hope, his joy, the crown of rejoicing," his glory and joy, and that "in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ at his coming." (1 Thess. ii. 19, 20.) Could they be all this to the apostle in the resurrection, and he not know them, and be able to distinguish them from all other saints of God that shall stand on Christ's right hand at that day? It cannot be.

Ministers should so preach, so live; parents and governors so educate and govern their children and families; as that they may mutually rejoice one in another, and for another, in heaven. It cannot but add much to their blessedness and joy in heaven, and be matter of praise and glory to God to all eternity, especially over such as to whom God hath made us instrumental, either to their conversion or to their edification. While in this vale of tears, here we mourned and wept bitterly, when we kissed their pale lips and cold cheeks, when we followed the corpse to the grave, and laid them

down in their cold beds of dust; but there will be joy and glory, with infinite compensation, when we shall see and say, Oh, here is my spiritual father, who begot me to Christ, under whose ministry I drew my first spiritual breath; how sweet are such acknowledgments here! Certainly they are the richest rewards of God's despised and persecuted servants and ambassadors here on earth; oh what will it be in heaven, when grace shall have put on its royal apparel! Oh, what a joy to parents, to see the dear child that got into heaven, as it were before its time! and the child to embrace the parent, Oh, this is my father, my mother, my grandfather, my grandmother, that travelled with me the second time, till they saw Christ form in my heart; oh, blessed be God that ever I saw their faces on earth, and now shall see them for ever in heaven! And so for friends, Oh, this was my soul friend, this was a brother, that a kinsman, who loved me with a spiritual love, a heavenly love—that loved me into Christ, to heaven, to this glory I now possess.

We may not presume to speak definitely in cases not clearly stated by the Holy Scriptures; but this we may with safety and modestly conclude, that if such a mutual knowledge of godly relations in heaven may contribute any glory to God, and any addition to the joy of the saints, the absolute perfection of the glorified estate will not permit any doubt about this matter; surely, if our natural affections of love, and delight, and joy, be not extinguished in heaven, but perfected, it cannot but add to the elect mother's joy, to see her elect infant now adult in glory; and so for other nearest relations, will it not be some accent to their hal-lujahs to say, This was my precious yoke-fellow, this my holy parent, this my gracious brother, kinsman, friend, with whom I had sweet communion on earth in holy duties? We went to the house of God as friends, &c. Especially, when it may be added, whom God made instrumental to the pulling me out of the infernal lake, where the devil and his angels are tormented for ever, and for the bringing of me into this place of rest and glory! Thanks be to God for ever and ever.

If it be objected, doth not this distinct knowledge of our elect relation infer a distinct knowledge also of the saints' reprobate relations in hell? And may not that be a vision of as much terror as the other of rejoicing? I answer, No; and that upon a two-fold ground.

First, It stands with the analogy of faith, to believe that all those affections which imply defect or imperfection shall be totally abolished in heaven, as inconsistent with the glorified estate: "God shall wipe all tears from their eyes." (Rev. vii. 17, xxi. 4.)

Secondly, We answer, that there shall be such a perfect conformity of will between God and the saints, that there will be no dissent in the least. It shall not be then, as it is now, to the no little imbittering of their present estate, first by sin, and then by grief for sin, but what pleaseth God shall abundantly please them. This the saints pray for here, but there shall they be fully possessed of it; here it is their duty, but there it shall be their reward. The saints in glory would have nothing otherwise than God would have it; so that now, to the full and perpetual silencing of this objection, I answer, that the glory of God shall so perfectly swallow up all private personal considerations, that, I am confident, it is no breach of charity to say that the believing husband shall fully admit the justice of the damnation of the unbelieving wife, the holy parent in the damnation of the stubborn and ungodly child, &c. God's will is the law, and his glory the triumph, of the heavenly inhabitants.

Oh, let parents, and ministers, and governors, and tutors, and yoke-fellows, and brethren, and friends, be but as good now as Dives was in hell; I mean, let them be but in as good earnest here, as he was there, that their relations may never come into that place of torment; and if they do wilfully cast themselves headlong into that irrecoverable gulf, it will be no grief of heart to them when they come to heaven: but even as God himself, they being then swallowed up in God, they will even laugh at their calamity, and mock when they see their condemnation.

QUALIFICATIONS OF A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

BY THE REV. JAMES HAMILTON, LONDON.*

1. It seems hardly needful to name it as the first requisite in a Sabbath-school teacher, a sincere and paramount love to the Saviour. A common teacher may be animated by many considerations. He may be an enthusiast for the classics, or for some branch of learning. He may have a strong affinity for the youthful mind, or be a zealot in the mere art of teaching; or he may be strongly impressed with the evils of popular ignorance, and from philanthropic impulses may do his best for the diffusion of

* From the *English Presbyterian Messenger*.

useful knowledge. But, however much you may share such feelings, the mainspring of your action is a more sacred and lofty motive. You believe that the knowledge most comprehensive of present happiness and essential to future blessedness, is the knowledge of Christ crucified. You believe that the event in our earth's history by far the most amazing and the most momentous was the visit of the Saviour—the incarnation, death, and resurrection of the Son of God; and you believe that the most significant and surprising facts which can be taught are those included in the story of redemption. And just as you believe that the most important hour in the history of an immortal spirit is the hour when it is brought to the saving knowledge of Christ; so you further believe that the truest joy is brought to Immanuel, and the highest glory to God, when a soul is turned from sin to the Saviour. And believing these things, you magnify your office. You see how solemn are the verities with which you deal, and how sublime are the results at which you aim. But all the security and comfort with which you ply your work will depend on how far these verities are vivid to your own convictions, and these results dear to your own desires. If your own soul be filled with the grace and the grandeur of the gospel, you will contrive ways to expound it; and if your heart be burning with a Saviour's love, it will be a joy and a relief to commend him to others. Catechetical instruction is good, and Bible exercises are good; but, after all, the end and essence of Sabbath teaching is to explain the gospel and endear the Lord Jesus Christ. And this can be best accomplished by the glad eye and glowing tongue of one who exults in God his Saviour. In that genial moment when the faithful saying is sounding joyful to your inmost ear—when you see into the soul of Immanuel capacious, compassionate, and piteously yearning—when your own spirit is melted into sympathy with the Saviour's spirit—when one gospel is welling up in your bosom, and another gospel is glistening in your eye—a text or verse of a hymn, or a few simple sentences, will do more in the way of heart-work at such a propitious moment than years of dry routine.

A young lady had charge of a Bible-class of fourteen girls. She taught them conscientiously for years without any visible success. She then lost a very dear and intimate friend, and spent some weeks with the relative in whose house her friend died. During this period of sequestration the Spirit of God had been drawing her mind away from the world, and fixing it more intently on heavenly and everlasting things. At the end of these weeks she returned to her class; but now she met her old scholars with very altered feelings. She was filled with love to their souls, and had a desire to glorify God such as she had never felt before. She gave out a hymn; and such was the solemnity of her

manner and the earnestness of her tone, that in the reading of that hymn one of the scholars was pierced to the heart, and was led at once to cry, "What must I do to be saved?" The lesson for next Sabbath was the freeness of the gospel offer, and the young people were to search the Bible for instances. When they met that Sabbath, every heart was too full to speak, and the whole class sat silent, bowed before the felt presence of God. And the result of this awakening was, that eleven of the fourteen pupils gave evidence of real conversion, and became exemplary followers of the Lord Jesus. On one or two Sabbaths of spiritual instruction—when the heart was full and God was glorified—a blessing rested which had been withheld for a long succession of conscientious but customary Sabbaths.

2. Another requisite to successful teaching is affection for the young. It was to this that Dr. Arnold mainly owed his pre-eminence as the head of a public school. Many who have held that position have been merely pedagogues. They have felt it a hardship to look after a parcel of boys, and have tried to save their dignity by a pompous stiffness or an awful severity. Dr. Arnold felt it no hardship to teach. He gloried in being a schoolmaster. He felt it a high calling, and all that was joyous and juvenile in his ardent nature was in full sympathy with all that was young and eager around him. And just as every outbreak of depravity vexed his righteous soul, so every indication of goodness was sure to catch his eye and cheer his heart. The best of the lads he would carry off to his country-seat in Westmoreland to spend the holidays, and took in them as true and intense an interest as if they had been sons or younger brothers; and in this way, by being the friend of the scholars, he became the master of the school. And it is only in some such way that you can attain a full ascendancy over your charge. In order to be the children's pastor or the children's teacher, you must be the children's friend. And this is what some people cannot be. They are severe and sullen, and little children share their spleen. They shake them and cuff them, and treat them as if it were a crime to be little—a bad sign of a human being that he has not grown big. And others who have not this savage humour are entirely wanting in fellow-feeling for the young. They are precise and formal, and cannot condescend to the little estate. To employ children's ideas or children's phrases, they fancy is almost as unmanly as it would be to go to sleep in a cradle or walk the streets with a rattle; and therefore, in talking to children, they use the same abstract and general language which they employ among their own coevals. But the true teacher is neither the patron nor the tyrant; he is the friend of children. To the boys he becomes as a boy, and to the infant he becomes as an infant, that he may gain them all. And if

it be not natural to him, grace can give him this congeniality with his youthful charge. Drinking of his Master's Spirit—that Master who, with full consciousness of children's perversity and sinfulness, but with equal consciousness of the important place they fill in the kingdom of heaven, said, "Suffer the children to come to me"—the disciple of Jesus makes it a conscience to be kind to children. He prays and labours to have his own soul filled with the Saviour's exuberant benignity. He learns to look with new eyes on the little ones around him. He sees them in the light of the great hereafter; he sees them in all the importance of their future history, and all the solemnity of their everlasting destiny. He cannot tell but in that class of his he is training up a Morison or a Williams for the service of mankind, or an immortal spirit for the service of God in glory. And amidst all their fickleness and forgetfulness, all their infirmities and sins, he finds them full of interest. His kind and hopeful nature imbibes sprightliness from theirs, and his sincere affection beams out in that fascination which children perceive so promptly—a fascination which cold natures cannot counterfeit; till in the same group where a spectator sees a parcel of children, he sees a band of youthful friends, a little flock of the Saviour's lambs, and taking them as a dear deposit and a delightful charge—"Lovest thou me? Then feed my lambs"—he not only tends them for that Saviour's sake, but learns to feed them with somewhat of that Saviour's lovingness.

3. A third qualification—or, rather, two qualifications in one—are familiarity with scriptural truth, and felicity in expounding it. Should you ever visit the field of Waterloo, you could not do better than take Sergeant Cotton for your guide; for this simple reason, that he has studied the subject. He was present in the battle himself, but he did not think that circumstance enough, for, as he confessed to us, his own share in the action did not give him much enlightenment. But having made up his mind to offer himself to visitors as a conductor and interpreter, he spent eight months on the spot, reading every narrative of the battle on which he could lay his hands, conning the different maps and plans and despatches, and picking up all the anecdotes and incidents of which he could get hold, till he was familiar with the grand outlines of the engagement, and well furnished with its more curious details; and then he entered on his avocation, an intelligent and accomplished guide. Ministers are guides. The children's pastor is a guide. The Sabbath school teacher is a guide. And, just like the preacher, the teacher should be fully furnished for his work before-hand. The grand outline of revelation should be so bold and vivid to his view, that on the shortest notice he could state it with unhesitating promptitude and in the simplest terms; and he ought to be

so versant in scriptural details as to be able to variegate his instructions with endless instances from the Bible treasury. Before entering on his responsible office it would be well for every intending teacher to examine himself regarding his fitness. "Am I master of my subject? Do I fully understand the gospel? Do I clearly comprehend the way in which sinners are to benefit by that gospel?—the way in which the gospel is to do them good? And can I state off-hand the great truths of Scripture? Am I at home in its leading doctrines?—am I thoroughly acquainted with its most interesting and important passages? May I safely offer myself now as a Bible guide?" But besides knowing the truth, you need to tell it; and this is quite another thing. A man may be an adept in a science, and yet not "apt to teach" it. In Scotland we have had few mathematicians like Professor Playfair. His mind was mathematical. He lived in a world of *plus* and *minus*, and his imagination revelled in its own landscape of cubes and spheres, enlivened with infinite series and impossible quantities. And in the Royal Society, or with brother sages like Hutton and Leslie, he could expound his discoveries; but he was far too high and far too deep for the students in his college class. This was the philosopher's infirmity. He would have been a still greater man had he super-added the teaching talent—had he been able, like the blind mathematician Euler, to make algebra an amusement, and render the abstruseness of the sciences attractive to a child. There is no reason why the same person should not be profound and popular; and, indeed, the man who is shallow dare hardly be simple. Next to enlarging his own views, and establishing his own convictions, the teacher's great study must be the art of communication—how to make the matter obvious and alluring to his pupils. And happily for you, my friends, the main part of what you have got to tell is narrative—of all things the easiest told, a story. But still there is boundless scope for ingenuity and need for anxious thought how to tell that story; and he would need to have a full heart and glowing lips who could make that story as fresh and wonderful and affecting as the Bible gives it. If speaking to children, he would need to forget that there are old people in the world, and must forget that he himself is old. With all the reverence due to the mighty theme, and yet with the great plainness of speech required by his unlearned auditory, he would need to brighten up each sacred narrative; and, nowise daunted by repeated failures, should never rest till he can paint in words a panorama, and repeat off-hand a pictorial Bible. And after a year or two of practice, should you learn this art of making the lesson plain and palpable you will be better qualified to teach a Sabbath-school than Dr. Owen or Isaac Barrow would have been.

4. And besides this talent for simplification, it is very desirable that a teacher should have a warm and hopeful disposition. No doubt a phlegmatic teacher, if he be serious and faithful, will be more successful than his sanguine colleague who is withal light-hearted and desultory; but it is quite possible to be vivacious without being frivolous, and hopeful without being romantic or visionary. And in order to gain the hearts of children, it is needful to be fraught with expectation and fervour. Their sunny temperament shrinks away from all that is dark and gloomy; and what is worse, if they have a sombre teacher, by an inevitable association of ideas, his shadow is apt to rest ever after on every religious subject. The gospel is pure and genuine gladness. It is God reconciled; it is peace in the conscience; it is the blessed prospect of glory. And did we tarry under its constant shining, its hopefulness should gild our countenance, and beam on all our movements. The Christian and the Christian teacher should be an embodied gospel; and if despondency or severity be our habitual temperament, we may be devout, but we are not evangelical. We have got a wrong version of the Christian revelation, and are giving forth an erroneous view of it. But more than this, few have ever effected anything important, as reformers or evangelists, who did not carry with them a genial atmosphere, and look at the brightest sides of things. The philanthropist is one who takes up a lump of rusty ore, and espies in it a bar of precious metal. He is one who dredges rags from the kennel, and sees them converted into sheets of virgin paper, ready for the poet's pen or the artist's pencil. He is one who sees in an island of dirty savages a commonwealth of intelligence and piety not come as yet; and who discerns in a convict-ship a gymnasium for moral discipline, and the probationary school from which many a renovated and ennobled character may emerge. And he is one who, in a ragged class, would detect the possible germ of many a virtuous and many a lovely thing—so many problems for Christian zeal, and so many trophies for all-conquering and all-transforming grace. Luther, and Knox, and Howard, and Elliot, and Williams, all were sanguine men. They saw every thing in rose-light—in a warm light borrowed from the promises of God, and from the bright results to which their ardent faith looked forward. And if you would be a successful teacher, you must be sanguine. You must shed on your class some of this borrowed rose-light. You must not be daunted by any difficulty. You must not even be startled by any outbreak of depravity. And you must not despond, though hopes be only raised in order to be dashed again. Still look not at the turbulent spirits and sulky truants before you; but look at the Christian citizens and affectionate disciples into whom you hope to see them trans-

formed. They are yet to be your joy and crown: take pains with them, therefore, though they be your present grief and cross. Hope the best, and this very hope will end in something good. In due season you will reap, if you faint not.

5. But the more conscientious a teacher is, and the more pains he takes, the more profoundly must he feel that something beyond the teacher is essential to insure success. The field may be beautifully ploughed—the furrows straight as an arrow flight—and the seed corn may be the choicest parcel, fresh, clean, and finely sifted, and brought from some famous farm; but there it has lain week after week, and skilfully harrowed in, but nothing comes of it. There is one element which the husbandman cannot command. He has no control over heaven's bottles, and so long as the sky is blue the rigs are brown. A teacher may have a yearning affection towards the children of his charge. They may be often present to his thoughts. He may delight in preparing the Sabbath's lesson, and may speak to them in the simplest and most winsome words. But if the Lord withhold his blessing, all his efforts will end in weariness of the flesh and prostration of spirit. But that blessing will not be withheld, if prayer, believing, earnest, and persevering, ask it. That good gift, the Holy Spirit, your heavenly Father will assuredly grant to the teacher's fervent intercessions. And this is the chief value of pastoral love—whether it be the minister's love to his people, or the teacher's love to his scholars. It is not its immediate efficacy—it is not its direct moral power—but it sends that teacher or minister to God. It compels them to pray. When the feeling is, "My little children, of whom I travail in birth until Christ be formed in you," that solicitude can find no relief except at the throne of grace. It cannot refrain from prayer; and prayer is power. God hears it; and when for an object so agreeable to his will as the conversion of sinners and the salvation of souls, there is every security that he will answer it. You may see the answer soon. You may find the good seed springing up in some tender heart. You may be called to attend the sick-bed of a Johnny Ross, or a little James, and hear him with dying breath declare his love to Jesus. Or, when ready to despond, after years of labour, you may find a sudden recompense by surprising your scholars in a little prayer-meeting, or giving some other sign of youthful piety. Or, looking over the list of your old scholars, you may find many of them now giving evidence that God has brought them to himself; like that American teacher who could reckon among his former scholars one hundred and six church-members and ten students for the ministry. Or you may not see the answer for long. The seed cast on the waters of England may spring up at the foot of

the Himalayahs, or in the backwoods of Canada, and the teacher may be resting from his labours, before he knows that the runaway scholar, or the prodigal youth, has begun to follow him. But faith and prayer never fail. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

RULES FOR THE SANCTIFICATION OF THE LORD'S-DAY.

(From the Work of Anonymous Author, first published A. D. 1664.)

1. Wisely contrive, the day before, that you may have no unnecessary work to employ your hands or heads on God's day. Think seriously, "What a weighty business am I going about! My worldly affairs are but trifles to this. What are shops, ships, or farms, to Christ, grace, or heaven?"

2. Prepare for this holy day. Think with yourself, "What good did I get by any former Sabbath, and particularly by the last?" Pray that the Sabbath before you may be the best you ever kept; that your heart may be more humble, tender, and heavenly; and that this may be an earnest to you of keeping an eternal Sabbath with God in glory. Particularly beg, "O God of grace, prepare a suitable word for my soul! Let the minister's mouth be opened, his heart enlarged, and this message be according to thy holy will! Enter thou into thy temple, and crown thy ordinances with thy presence and blessing! Give me, Lord, the hearing ear, the seeing eye, and the understanding heart, that I may receive with meekness the ingrafted Word!"

3. As soon as you awake in the morning of this sacred day, direct your hearts and eyes heavenward. Bless God that you see the light of another Sabbath, in which your soul may be furnished with grace, and be fitted for glory. Call upon the Lord to pardon your defective preparations, bear with your infirmities, accept your poor services, and enrich you with his graces and consolations.

4. Proceed to solemn meditations till your heart is affected with considering, either the majesty of the God you are to wait upon; or, the vileness of sin, and yourself by reason of sin; or, the excellencies of Christ, and the greatness of his love; or, the heavenly nature of divine worship, and the gain of godliness; or, the vanity of the world; or, the worth of your immortal soul; or, the rage and policy of your spiritual enemies; or, the deceitfulness of your own heart; or, the torments of hell; or, the joys of heaven.

5. Carefully and conscientiously perform the religious duties of your family as well as your closet. See that your servants and children waste not this morning in sleep or idleness. Call them to join with you in reading, singing, and prayer. Inform them of the glorious Master you serve, the immediate blessedness of such service, and the abundant reward attending it, even life everlasting. Charge them to be constant and serious in closet, family, and public worship.

6. Endeavour to attend those public ministrations which are most soul-searching, heart-melting, and sinner-alarms.

7. In going to the house of God—if you are alone, think, "O that God would meet all his worshippers, and bless my soul!" If you are in company, talk of God and his Word, without pride or affectation; or hearken to the heavenly discourse of others.

8. As you enter the house of God, lift up your heart to him in such breathings as these: "Lord, thou hast promised to be in the midst of thy people. O let thy goodness pass before us! Let us see thy power and thy glory in thy sanctuary! Let thy greatness awe us, and thy goodness delight and refresh us!"

9. In the house of God, make a covenant with your eyes, and take heed of a wandering heart. Fix your eyes on the minister, your ears on the word, and your heart on God.

10. Be spiritual in every part of the service. While the minister is confessing sin, let your heart melt, and even bleed and break. When he begs for mercy, let your whole soul pant after it. When he offers praise, let all that is within you bless God's holy name. In singing, let your heart make melody to the Lord, that when your voice is high, your heart may not be low and dead. When the Word is read or preached, seriously recollect, "This is the Word of God. It is his command, and dare I disobey it? Does he threaten these judgments, and denounce these curses on sinners, and must not I tremble? Are those his calls and invitations, his great and precious promises, and shall I refuse them? Ye everlasting doors of my heart, fly open, and the King of glory shall come in!" While the minister pronounces the blessing, haste not away (a fault too common), but hope, desire, and believe it shall come down upon you with a divine efficacy.

11. When you come from the house of God, take heed lest Satan catch away the seed that is sown, or the thorny cares of the world choke it. Let not vain discourse proceed from your lips, as soon as God's word is out of the minister's; but beg of God that the word you have heard may not be as water spilt upon the ground; pray that your memory may retain it, your heart love it, and your will obey it.

12. When you dine, let not your table become a snare to your soul; and therefore, eat no more than will fit you to serve God with cheerfulness and vigour. Beg a divine blessing on the food of soul and body. Both sitting down and rising up, let your heart be heavenly, and your discourse savoury, seasoned with grace.

13. After dinner, either repeat what you have been hearing, or read in your Bible, or in some other good book.

14. Return with your family to the house of God. Think not half a day enough for God and your soul. If you come before the service begins, spend the interval in devout meditation, or in religious discourse. It is lamentable to see a churchyard filled with idle persons, talking of their worldly affairs, or any thing rather than their souls.

15. Take heed how you spend the evening. Cherish good impressions, and conclude by worshiping God in your family and closet.

16. Before you lie down to rest at night, review the whole work of the day.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

(From a Missionary.)

It has been too much the case in times past, for parents to train up their children rather with reference to the world, than for the promotion of the Redeemer's kingdom. I do not mean that they neglected to use the proper instrumentalities for their conversion; but I do say, that while they used these instrumentalities, they did not teach them that, next to the dedication of themselves to the Saviour, they were bound to make it the grand business of their

lives to save the souls of others. They laid their plans rather to have them pass through life with comfort, and ease, and honour, than to have them sacrifice their comfort, and ease, and honour, that the lost might be saved. Alas! how many are the fathers and mothers who have chosen this and that worldly profession for their sons, without having ever asked themselves whether God might not have a claim upon them for the services of the sanctuary! and they have trained them in such a manner that they have become—if I may use the term—secular, rather than spiritual, Christians. It is no matter of wonder, therefore, that even where children have become pious, they have, under such a course of training, proved to be dwarfish Christians; and under equal circumstances, it is no matter of wonder, that of our pious young men, who have all the qualifications for the gospel ministry, so few can be persuaded to turn their attention to it. If these young men had had mothers who, like Hannah of old, had dedicated them to the services of the sanctuary, so many heathen would not now, speaking after the manner of men, be on the road to the death which dieth not. Many of them would be labouring in the ministry among them.

It appears to me one of two great principles should ever be kept before the minds of children, namely, that they should live for the great object of becoming ambassadors of the cross of Christ, or of making money for Christ. If we are to have labourers commensurate with the wants of the harvest, we must have our Hannahs multiplied by thousands. Mothers must dedicate their sons to the office of the ministry, and train them up for this office, provided God will accept of their dedication. "We must have mothers in France," said Madam Campan to Bonaparte. This single remark, it is said, had a magical influence on the mind of the emperor. And what did he do under the influence of this thought? From that moment he set the mothers of France to the work of education to carry forward his plans. Mothers inspired their children with a martial spirit. They put into the hands of their infant boys the little trumpet, sword, drum, and martial flag, and chanted over their cradles the sweet war monody. They embraced all possible opportunities to exalt the names of their illustrious military conquerors. Thus, in a few years, mothers infused into the minds of the children of France such a thirst for military honour, that their boys panted to be men, that they might enter the field of military glory, and serve the emperor and their country.

Could we have a race of mothers who would labour to train up their sons for the service of the Captain of our salvation, with as much diligence as the mothers of France trained their sons for the service of their emperor, the moral horizon of our world would soon present a very different aspect.

When I was at home, I endeavoured, to some extent, to press the subject now before us upon the minds of Christian mothers, and, were I with you, I would continue to press it; but I can no more lift my voice up in your borders. I would, therefore, entreat you from this land of darkness, from the midst of

more than one hundred millions of perishing heathen, to say to the mothers of your charge all that I could say, were I to meet them. Entreat them to dedicate their children to the work of labouring among the Gentiles, and to follow up such a dedication with their unwearied prayers and labours that God the Holy Ghost, who alone can fit them for it, may crown their efforts with success; and doubtless many a heathen will rise up and call you blessed. You all have the unspeakable privilege of witnessing the truth of the old adage, that

"Just as the twig is bent,
The tree's inclined."

THE MOTHER'S FIRST QUESTION.

On the east end of Long Island are two aged pilgrims who have been the parents of eleven children. Three are not, and one of the living eight is thought to be "just on the verge of heaven." They have hope that, after the separations of earth shall have ended, they shall all meet again, an unbroken family in heaven. One of the sons has his home on the deep. He is now master of the whale ship L— A— of G—. His voyages have varied in length from one to three years. On his last voyage save one, he sailed around the world, and in just one year from leaving home returned with his ship full, and without having dropped his anchor during the whole voyage. His visits have necessarily been short at home. His aged mother did not let them pass without repeated admonitions respecting the "chief concern." He would turn all off by the reply, "Oh, mother, we can't have religion at sea." When he left home, for the voyage above mentioned, the mother's heart was unusually anxious. In remembrance and prayer she followed her beloved Edwin in his long and trackless way; and often (as she says) was so burdened in spirit that it seemed to her she must die. In none of the former voyages had that son been the subject of such agonizing prayer. When the ship had been gone a year, a neighbour, who also had a son in the same ship, came in to bring the news that she had been unsuccessful, and had gone to the north-west coast. This was sad news to the parents. They sat up till a late hour, talking about the absent ones; and when they lay down, it was to think and pray.

Two hours after midnight, the mother heard a footstep in the entry-way. The door opened, and some one entered. "Who is there?" No reply; but the footsteps approached the parents' bed-room. "Who is there?" A well-known voice replied, "Edwin." In a moment the aged mother's arms were around the neck of her sailor son. Her first words of greeting were, "Edwin, have you found the Saviour?" Let the pious parents who have wrestled for the conversion of an impenitent child, imagine how the heart of that yearning mother throbbed, when her Edwin replied, "Mother, I trust I have."

There were tears of sacred joy shed in that house. The prayers of many years had not been unheard, nor forgotten. The Prayer-hearer had waited until impurity had become great. In the best time he gave the gracious answer. The son found that it was possible to enjoy religion on the sea. His soul found peace when the ship was on her homeward voyage.

A word now to the parents who pray for impenitent children. Do you watch as well as pray? Do you watch for favourable opportunities to speak seasonable and suitable words to your children? Do you watch to see when their hearts may be unusually

serious and tender? Do you watch your own example before them? Do you watch for the answer to your prayers? Do you watch to see what books your children read? with whom they associate? and whether they are attentive to the proper means of grace? Do you watch more earnestly and prevailingly for their spiritual welfare than for their worldly prosperity? If an absent son or daughter should come home this night, would your first inquiry be, "Have you found the Saviour?" The prayer that will prevail must be importunate, persevering, and believing. It must be accompanied with corresponding labours. Parents who so labour and pray may securely trust in the promises of the covenant-keeping God.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

AN HIDING-PLACE FROM THE STORM.

THE chamber in which I now write overlooks a quiet harbour in one of the islands of Southern New-England. It is landlocked on every side. The close of the day approaches. Outside the harbour the waves are running high; for the wind is in fierce action, and the roar of the tempest is heard as it rages on the great and wide sea. I looked from my window upon the scowling storm abroad, and then upon the quiet haven within. Yonder roll the giant waves, and dash with fearful fury; here the sailor-boy's mimic ship may float in safety.

I love to see that bold headland run out yonder into the fierce sea, and, presenting its rocky side to old Ocean, seem to say, "Frown, and roar, and dash upon me as you will, but the quiet waters of this peaceful haven you shall not disturb."

I see through the gloom of the storm one vessel after another trimming the little sail they are able to carry, and guiding the helm so as to reach this place of safety. One after another they run in through the narrow pass, furl the sail, drop the anchor, and all is safe. Here is a whole fleet, that, in a few hours past, have sought this refuge, and now in security seem to say, "Roar and rage to your liking, old Ocean, you cannot reach us here."

While gazing on the scene, I thought of men as they are making the tempestuous voyage of life—how much, in the depraved passions of their own bosoms—how much, in the temptations, excitements, trials, and disappointments of life, to toss them to and fro like the vessels I see yonder driven fiercely by the storm. Whose experience has not caused him often to compare his soul to the "troubled sea?"

But I see here and there a voyager striking out from the path of the storm, and hastening to a shelter. There is a quiet haven—one where every soul wishing for repose and safety can find it to full satisfaction.

And when I name the Saviour, the whole story is told. Sinful passions, like angry waves, toss and trouble the spirit; but the Saviour can rebuke them, as he once did the tempest, and they will die. Sore temptations and trials, like fierce storms, buffet the soul; but what a refuge from them all is the bosom of Infinite Love!

The morning has come, and I am looking once more from the window of my chamber. All the frowns, fury, and darkness of the storm are past. The quiet harbour lies stretched out before me, smooth as a polished mirror. The beams of the now rising sun are falling upon it in their glory. One and another of the vessels that had sought shelter here are now preparing to leave their refuge for the open sea. The merry sound of "Yo, heave O!" reaches me from every quarter of the harbour. Sail after sail is hoisted to the favouring breeze. One anchor after another "comes home," and the smaller

and the larger craft slowly take their way out of the harbour. An hour has gone, and not one of those who came here for shelter now remain. They found a quiet haven as long as one was needed, and have spread their snow-white wings to the breeze, and are hastening forth to complete their voyage.

So, amid the storms of this life—its temptations and its sorrows—the believer in Christ, having found in Him a shelter from the passing tempest, goes cheerfully on again as the storm subsides, refreshed by the repose the soul had found in Him, and the better fitted thereby for all future scenes. "He is the shadow of a great rock in a weary land; an hiding-place from the storm, a covert from the tempest." Blessed is the man that seeks such a refuge amid the perils and sorrows of life; and he shall be the man who shall make a prosperous voyage over the sea of probation, and drop his anchor at last in the peaceful haven above.—*American Messenger.*

THE APOCRYPHA.*

THE word Apocrypha probably signifies that which is *hidden, obscure, without authority*. It is employed to designate such writings as claim a place in the canon, without possessing sufficient evidence to substantiate their claims. This word is said to have been first used by Melito, bishop of Sardis, in the second century. The subject acquires great importance from the fact, that it was formerly and is now a matter of earnest controversy, between Romanists and Protestants, whether certain books which are frequently included in Greek and Latin copies of the Bible, are canonical, or should be considered apocryphal. The number of books in dispute is six, namely, *TOBIT, JUDITH, WISDOM, ECCLESIASTICUS, BARUCH, and the Two Books of MACCABEES*; and also, some additional chapters annexed to the Book of Esther, which are not in the Hebrew; and to the Book of Daniel, the *History of Susannah*, and the *Song of the Three Children* are prefixed, and the *History of Bel and the Dragon* is annexed. These books, and portions of books, are likewise placed at the end of the Old Testament, in our larger English Bibles, under the name *APOCRYPHA*.

The Council of Trent, which sat in the sixteenth century, have given a catalogue of the canonical books of Scripture, in which those above mentioned, are included; and they are inserted promiscuously with the other books, in the editions of the Latin Vulgate, and in all other versions prepared by members of the Roman Catholic Church. They consider all copies of the Bible imperfect and mutilated, in which these books are not found; and this has created a great obstacle to the circulation of the Scriptures among the people of that persuasion, as Protestant Bible societies have come to a resolution not to circulate Bibles which contain those books which they deem apocryphal.

To show that these books are not canonical, but apocryphal, the following arguments are deemed sufficient:—

1. These books are not found in the Hebrew Bible; nor are they written in the Hebrew tongue, but in the Greek or Chaldaic. For the proof of this fact we have the testimony of Jerome, a competent witness,

* From Alexander on the Canon.

who translated several of them into Latin. There is strong reason to believe that all these books were composed originally in the Greek language, which was unknown to the Jews until after the canon of the Old Testament was closed. It has been always the current opinion, both among Jews and Christians, that Malachi was the last of the Old Testament writers; and books written by uncertain authors after the spirit of prophecy had ceased, have no just claim to a place in the sacred canon. The date of the composition of these books cannot be accurately fixed; but that it occurred long after the time of Ezra and Malachi, there can be no ground of reasonable doubt.

2. A second argument is, that these disputed books have never been acknowledged by the Jews to be of divine authority, nor have by them been admitted into the canon; and they are the best judges of what books properly belonged to their Sacred Scriptures. If these books had been of divine authority, the fact would have been known to the Jewish Church, to which "the oracles of God were committed." And if they had ever belonged to the canon, they would not have been left out afterwards.

The opinion of the ancient and modern Jews on this point is the same; and there is among them no diversity of opinion respecting this matter. Josephus, in a passage already quoted, declares, "that no more than twenty-two books were received as inspired by his nation." And although Philo Judæus refers often to the Old Testament, and comments largely on its contents in his writings, he never makes the least mention of any one of these books.

But if the ancient Jews knew anything of these books as a part of their sacred canon, we should certainly find it in the voluminous writings of the Talmud; but not one of these books is recognised as canonical in this great body of Jewish traditions. It may certainly be inferred, therefore, that they were not considered canonical by the ancient Jews.

And the more modern Jews are so far from acknowledging them, that their testimony is expressly against them. Rabbi Azariah says: "They are received by Christians, not by us." He means Romanists, who acknowledged them, as we have seen. And Rabbi Gedaliah, as quoted by Hottinger, has the following testimony. After giving a catalogue of inspired books received by the Jews, he goes on to say: "It is worth while to know, that the nations of the world wrote many other books which are included in their systems of sacred books, but are not in our hands." To which he adds: "They say that some of these are found in the Chaldee, some in the Arabic, and some in the Greek language."

Rabbi Azariah, before mentioned, ascribes THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON to Philo. And Rabbi Gedaliah observes: "That if Solomon ever wrote it, it must have been in the Syriac language, to send it to some of the kings in the remotest part of the East." "But," says he, "Ezra only put his hand to such books as were published by the prophets under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and written in the sacred language. And our wise men prudently and deliberately resolved to sanction none but such as

were established by him." "Their wise men," says Buxtorf, "pronounced this book to be apocryphal."

The book called ECCLESIASTICUS, is expressly numbered among apocryphal books in the Talmud; where it is said, "In the book of the son of Sirach it is forbidden to read." And Manasseh ben Israel, one of the most learned of the modern Jews, observes, "that those things which are alleged from a verse in Ecclesiasticus, are nothing to the purpose, because this is an apocryphal book." In the same way, they are wont to speak of all these books; and Jerome informs us, that he "heard one of the Jews deriding the history of Susannah, who said it was invented by some Greek he knew not whom." It is unnecessary to add further testimonies, because the fact that the Jews never did receive the Apocrypha as a part of their canon, cannot be denied.

3. The third argument against the canonical authority of the afore-mentioned books is, that they are never cited or referred to as a part of Sacred Scripture, in the whole of the New Testament. We are aware that on this point we are at issue with the Roman Catholics. They even pretend to prove their right to a place in the canon, from quotations said to be made from them by Paul. One of the passages alleged is, "For who hath known the mind of the Lord, or who has been his counsellor?" (Rom. xi. 34.) And the other is, "For before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God." (Heb. xi. 5.) But both these passages are taken from the canonical books of the Old Testament; and there is no reason to think that the apostle had any thought of the Apocrypha when he cited these texts.

4. The fourth argument against the divine authority of these books is, that they were not received as inspired by the Christian fathers; but were expressly rejected from the sacred canon, almost with one consent, by those who were best qualified to judge of their claims. In all the catalogues drawn up by fathers and councils, for the very purpose of teaching the Church what books should be received as of divine authority, these are uniformly omitted. Justyn Martyr, Origen, Athanasius, Hilary, Gregory Nazianzen, Jerome, Epiphanius, and Cyril, together with the Councils of Laodicea and Carthage, have left catalogues of the canonical books of the Old Testament, among which not one of these is to be found. And they almost all number the books agreeably to the Jewish custom, and make the number twenty-two, according to the number of letters in the Hebrew alphabet. And not only so, but many of these learned fathers make express mention of these books, and explicitly reject them from the sacred canon. This is especially the case in regard to Jerome, who wrote prefaces to most of the books of the Old Testament, and in these he takes occasion to mention those now in question, and declares them all to be apocryphal. And this continued to be the common opinion among the most learned theologians down to the time of the Reformation, as Dr. Cosins has abundantly shown in his "Scholastic History of the Canon of the Old Testament."

5. As the external evidence is unfavourable to the

canonical authority of the books in question, so also is the internal evidence.

Books which contain palpable falsehoods, abound in ridiculous and incredible stories, which contradict the plain acknowledged doctrines of the Bible, and which can by no means be reconciled with the recorded history of the Jews, cannot be a part of the sacred volume. And when the books under consideration are tried by these principles, they manifestly appear to be apocryphal.

In the Book of Tobit an angel of God is made to tell a downright falsehood, by declaring that he was "Azarias the son of Ananias;" and in the same book, he declares, that he was "Raphael, one of the seven holy angels, which present the prayers of the saints, and go in and out before the glory of the Holy One."

Although Judith is celebrated for her devoted piety, and the book under her name was intended to exhibit her as a bright example of a person wholly consecrated to God, yet she is represented as speaking scarcely anything else but falsehoods to Holofernes; but what is still more inconsistent, she is made to pray to the God of truth, "Smite by the deceit of my lips, the servant with the prince, and the prince with the servant." She also commends the conduct of Simeon in the cruel slaughter of the Shechemites, of which God has expressed his strong disapprobation in various ways. Besides the objections to the Book of Judith, already mentioned, there is another of great weight, arising from the difficulty of finding any room for such transactions, and such a state of things as are therein described, in any period of the Jewish history; nor is it easy to identify the places mentioned in this book. These difficulties have led some of its advocates to maintain, that the whole is an allegory; and that by BETHULIA, we should understand the Church of God, and by Nebuchadnezzar, the enemies of the Church; and that the victory achieved by the courage and address of Judith, is intended to teach us, that the Church's deliverance is not to be accomplished by human power, &c. This perhaps is as favourable a view as can be taken of this extraordinary story; but no one ought any longer to claim a place for this book in the sacred canon.

In the Second Book of Maccabees, Razis, an elder of Jerusalem, is much commended for destroying his own life, to avoid falling into the hands of his enemies; but surely suicide has not the approbation of God.

Between the two Books of Maccabees there are irreconcilable discrepancies; and some statements respecting Jeremiah's taking the ark and the golden altar to Mount Pisgah, and hiding them in a cave, are manifestly fabulous.

The Book of Wisdom is written under the name of Solomon, the son of David, and he talks about his being appointed to build the temple of the Lord; whereas it has been clearly shown by Jerome, that this book never could have been written by Solomon.

The absurd story in Tobit, of driving away the devil by the smoke of the liver of a certain fish, and

of healing blindness by its gall, could not have been given by divine inspiration.

There are several things in the Book of Baruch, not reconcilable with the sacred record; and the account given of Mardocheus, in the chapters annexed to Esther, is not consistent with what is said of Mordecai in the genuine parts of that book; and in this apocryphal writing, Haman is declared to be a Macedonian, whereas in the canonical book of Esther, he is called an Agagite; and he is represented in the former to have entertained a design of transferring the kingdom of Persia to the Macedonians—which is utterly incredible—for at that time the kingdom of Macedon, if it existed, must have been most obscure, and, in all probability, unknown at the Persian court.

6. And finally, these books are not canonical, because they were not written by prophets, or inspired men; but by writers who speak of their labours in a way wholly incompatible with divine inspiration.

The uniform belief of Jews and Christians is, that the spirit of prophecy ceased among the Jews after the time of Malachi. He has, therefore, been denominated *the seal of the prophets*.

We know not the author of the Books of Maccabees. Both Jerome and Eusebius ascribe them to Josephus; but they can scarcely be believed to have the same author, as they contradict one another. By the "Compiler of Jewish History," quoted by Drusus, these books are placed after the writings of Josephus. The Second Book of Maccabees is professedly an abridgment of the work of one Jason of Cyrene, in which five volumes are reduced to one. If the original work of Jason was not inspired, neither is this abridgment.

The Book of WISDOM is the only one which claims to have been written by an inspired man. But this very claim condemns it; for it may be demonstrated that it was composed long after the death of king Solomon. It contains manifest allusions to Grecian customs and to Grecian philosophy. The author praises himself, and flatters the Jewish nation, in a style entirely foreign to that of the inspired prophets. It has been by some ascribed to Philo Judæus; but it is more probably the work of some other Jew. If Solomon had written it, it would have been in the Hebrew, and always inserted in the Jewish canon.

The Book of ECCLESIASTICUS is the most valuable of those denominated apocryphal, and would have the best claim, as far as internal evidence is concerned, to a place in the canon; but the modest writer of this book is so far from pretending to be inspired, that he professes merely to have reduced to order a work of his grandfather, which he received from Sirach his father. And he entreats the reader to peruse his work with indulgence, and to pardon him if he should be found coming short in some words which he attempted to interpret. Evidently the writer was conscious of no divine inspiration.

To evade the force of the above arguments, the Roman Catholic writers have invented a distinction between *primary* and *secondary* canonical books; but this is a delusive distinction. A book is either

inspired, or it is not; it belongs to the canon, or it does not. There is no conceivable medium in this case. There may be an intermediate class of books, between the canonical and spurious; that is, human compositions, which though not inspired, nor claiming a place in the canon, may be read with profit, on account of the history or moral lessons which they contain. Some of the fathers made this distinction, and call these *ecclesiastical*, in contradistinction both from the canonical and supposititious. Such books, too, were read in some churches in the early ages, not as of authority, but merely for edification; and thus they became mingled with the canonical books. The Greek fathers were accustomed to use the Septuagint version of the Old Testament; and several of these books, now in question, being also in Greek, became mixed with the canonical books in the copies of this version. The oldest Greek MSS. of the LXX. contain them intermingled with the other books, so that they must have become so at an early period. But from the testimonies of the fathers, and the catalogues of canonical books which they have left, these books do not appear to have been included in the Sacred Volume, in the very earliest ages of the Christian Church. These books, indeed, were known to the fathers; but they were careful to distinguish them from the canonical books. And as some of them even disapproved of their being read, and warned their hearers against them, it cannot reasonably be supposed that they were then included in the volume of Holy Scripture.

"EVER WITH THE LORD."

"*EVER with the Lord;*" this puts lilies and roses into the ghastly face of death, and makes the king of terrors to outshine Solomon in all his glory. "*Ever with the Lord*"—this makes death not only tolerable, but amiable, desirable; for in this we groan, in this tabernacle, for this is earthly, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house, which is from heaven; the reason is, because that house is eternal in the heavens. A saint looks out of the windows of this earthly tabernacle, and crieth out, as the mother of Sisera: "Why stay the wheels of his chariot thus long?" When shall I be carried to those eternal mansions, where I shall ever be with my Lord and Bridegroom?

Then tremble thou not, believer, at the approach of death, but go forth and meet him with this friendly salutation, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; art thou come to fetch me to my Father? Welcome death! thou art my best friend next to Jesus Christ; death is only my passage into a blessed eternity." Death is Joseph's chariot, not to carry the saints down into Egypt, but up into Canaan; and how quickly doth he carry a believer thither! It is but winking, and he is at home; as soon as the eye of the body is closed here, the eye of the soul is open there! O blessed vision! to behold at once all the glories of eternity! Say then, with Jacob, Jesus, my Lord and Redeemer, is yet alive, and seated on the throne at the right hand of the Majesty on high, there proclaiming in the ears of all his trembling followers, "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I live for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and death." (Rev. i. 18.) Fear not, O thou believer, to say with Jacob, "I will go and see him," not before I die, but I will

die, that I may go and see him. Death is but the flame that must singe asunder the cords of thy mortality—the hand that shall open the cage, that thy soul may get loose, and take her flight for the mountain of spices, the glorious immortality and liberty of the sons of God.—*Case.*

SINFUL SHIFTS.

SINFUL shifts and means God hath always cursed and blasted. Achan's golden wedge was but a wedge to cleave him, and his garment a shroud to shroud him. Ahab purchases a vineyard with the blood of the owner, but presently it was watered with his own blood, according to the word of the Lord. Gehazi must needs have a talent of silver, and two changes of raiment, and that with a lie. Well, he hath them, and he hath with them a leprosy that cleaved to him and his seed for ever. (2 Kings v. 20–27.) With those very hands that Judas took money to betray his Master he fitted a halter to hang himself. The rich and wretched glutton fared delicately, and went bravely every day; but the next news you hear of him is of his being in hell, crying out for a drop, who, when he was on earth, would not give a crumb.—*Brooks.*

NAMES OF HEAVEN.

LET us take notice of some names, titles, and epithets attributed to heavenly joys, eternal glory, which may yet further represent to us their incomparable sweetness and excellency. They are called—

1. A kingdom. (Matt. xxv. 34; Luke xii. 32.) Now a kingly throne is considered the top and crown of all earthly happiness; the highest aim of the most eager and restless aspirations and ambitions of men; a confluence it is of riches, pleasures, glory, all royal bravery, or what man's heart can wish for outward welfare and felicity. What stirs and stratagems, what murders and mischiefs, what mining and countermining, what mysterious plots and machiavelian depths, what strange adventures and effusions, sometimes even of bloody seas, to catch a crown! Witness Lancaster and York, nay, all habitable parts of the earth, which from time to time have become bloody cock-pits in this kind.

2. A heavenly kingdom (Matt. vii. 21, xviii. 3), to intimate, that it surpasses in glory and excellency all earthly kingdoms, as far as heaven transcends earth, and inconceivably more.

3. The kingdom of God. (Acts xiv. 22.) A kingdom of God's own making, beautifying, and blessing, who doth all things like himself; replenished and shining with majesty, pleasures, and ineffable felicities, becoming the glorious residence of the King of kings.

4. An inheritance. (Acts xx. 32.) Not a tenement at will, to be possessed or left at the landlord's pleasure; but an inheritance settled upon us, and sealed unto us by the dearest and highest price that ever was paid, which will be as orient, precious, and acceptable, after as many millions of years as you can think, as it was the very first day it was poured out and paid.

5. A rich and glorious inheritance (Eph. i. 18), fit for the majesty and mercy of Almighty God to bestow, the invaluable blood of his Son to purchase, and the dearly beloved of his soul to enjoy.

6. An "inheritance of the saints in light." (Col. i. 12.) Every word sounds a world of sweetness.

7. "An inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." (1 Pet. i. 4.) There can never possibly be the least diminution, much less any abolishment, of the least glimpse of heavenly glory. But all bliss above will be as fresh and full, innumerable years hence, as at our first entrance, and so through all eternity.

8. "A crown of righteousness." (2 Tim. iv. 8.) Fairly come by, and full dearly bought. "A crown of life." (James i. 12.) "A crown of glory." (1 Pet. v. 4.) Glory itself. (Rom. ix. 23.) Nay, a far more "exceeding and eternal weight of glory" (2 Cor. iv. 17), which crowns, kingdoms, pearls, jewels, feasts, &c., do but weakly shadow out unto us. "A superlative transcendent phrase," saith one, "such as is not to be found in all the rhetoric of the heathens, because they never wrote of such a theme, nor with such a spirit."

9. "Fulness of joy, everlasting pleasures." (Ps. xvi. 11.) A swift flowing river and torrent of pleasures. (Ps. xxxvi. 8.) The very joy of our Lord and Master. (Matt. xxv. 21.)—*Bolton.*

VIEWS OF THE BALL-ROOM.

JEREMIAH EVARTS, in answer to an argument in favour of dancing, says: "Sir, can you say to the youth in this community anything which shall encourage them in their fondness for the frivolities of the ball-room, that shall blind them to the vices and the many dangers of this scene of delusive charms and merriment? Can you do this, when rising from your knees in prayer, having offered the petition, *Lead us not into temptation*, and, with the sound of this request still vibrating on the ear, enter the ball-room; or direct your pupils to offer this prayer, and then tell them that they can with safety, or with innocence, resort to the ball-room and lead the dance?"

Legh Richmond remarks: "Serious consistent Christians must resist these things, because the dangerous spirit of the world and the flesh is in them all; they are the pomps and vanities of the world renounced at baptism. To be conformed to these seductive and more than frivolous scenes, is to be conformed to this world, or to be opposed to the character and precepts of Christ. They who see no harm in these things are spiritually blind, and they who will not bear friendly admonition against them are spiritually deaf."

Again he says: "There may be no sin in dancing, but it is a preparation for appearing hereafter where, I think, there is scarcely any thing but sin."

Wilberforce has this language: "Must it not, then, excite our grief and indignation, when we behold mothers, forgetful at once of their own peculiar duties, and of the high office which Providence designed their daughters to fulfil, exciting, instead of endeavouring to moderate in them the natural sanguineness of youth, hurrying them night after night to the resorts of dissipation, thus teaching them to despise the common comforts of the family circle; and instead of striving to raise their views, and to direct their affections to their true object, acting as if with the express design studiously to extinguish every spark of devotional spirit, and to kindle in its stead an excessive love of pleasure?"

J. A. James says: "Circumstances are connected

with this amusement, the tendency of which is more than questionable. The mode of dress adopted at the fashionable resorts; the nature of the employment; the dissipating tendency of the music; the conversation, and the elegant uproar; the lateness of the hour to which the dazzling scene is protracted; the love of display which is produced; the false varnish which is thrown over many a worthless character, by the fascinating exterior which he assumes in a ball-room, have a tendency to break down the mounds of virtue, and expose the character to the encroachments of vice. I look upon dancing, among some classes, to be a practice fraught with immorality: it dissipates the mind, and poisons it with a vain and frivolous taste for dress and personal decoration, and completely unfits the soul for piety, or even the necessary occupations of domestic life."

Hannah More, in speaking of this subject, says: "Who, seeing the almost infant daughters, even of wise and virtuous mothers, carried with most unthrifty anticipation to the frequent and late protracted ball, would believe that we were of a religion which has required from those very parents a solemn vow, that these children should be reared up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord?"

Miss Beecher, in an article on dancing, says she was once inclined to the common opinion, that dancing was harmless, and might be properly regulated; and she allowed a fair trial to be made under her auspices by its advocates. The result was a full conviction that it secured no effect which could not be better gained another way; that it involved the most pernicious evils to health, character, and happiness; and that those parents were wise who brought up their children with the full understanding that they were neither to learn nor to practise the art. In the fifteen years during which she has had the care of young ladies, she has never known any case, where learning this art, and following the amusement, did not have a bad effect, either on the habits, the intellect, the feelings, or the health.

"STRENGTHENED WITH ALL MIGHT."

WALK cheerfully. Troubles around us are many, and likely to be more. Christian's hearts begin to shake and faint. I like it not. I wish I could speak from this point, to the comfort of such; what shall I say? what can I say more than this point bids me? Infinite power is your servant; it is subjected to work strengthening in you; it is not for a man to plead his own weakness that hath such an attendant. Every one is to hardship, as the divine power that relieves him: "Out of weakness were made strong." (Heb. xi.) Relieving power, however it finds a Christian below this work, yet it leaves him above it: "Out of weakness were made strong." What can you say, weak souls, more than this, that you are weak, very weak? Why, it is meet that you should say of yourselves as you are, and it is as meet that you should say of divine power as it is. You are far below your work—your work is farther below that divine power which waits upon you. Come what can, can worse come than what came to these worthies, or can we find men worse? They were weak, yea, weakness itself, and yet out of weakness were made strong, and carried through all, bravely scorn- ing base deliverance.—*Lockyer.*

THE BARREN PROFESSOR.

BY JOHN BUNYAN.

THE day of grace is like to be past, when a professor hath withstood, abused, and worn out God's patience. Then he is in danger; this is a provocation; then God cries, "Cut it down." There are some men who steal in unawares, nobody knows how; even as this fig-tree was brought into the vineyard (Jude 6), by other hands than God's: and there they abide lifeless, graceless, careless, and without any good conscience to God at all. "What have I here?" saith God—"what a fig-tree is this, that hath stood this year in my vineyard, and brought me forth no fruit! I will cry unto him, Professor! barren fig-tree, be fruitful! I look for fruit, I expect fruit, I must have fruit; therefore bethink thyself." At these words the professor pauses; but these are but words, not blows, therefore off goes this consideration from the heart. When God comes next year, he finds him still, as he was, a barren, fruitless cumber-ground. And now again he complains, "Here are two years gone, and no fruit appears; well, for my name's sake, will I defer mine anger; and for my praise, will I refrain from thee that I cut thee not off." (Isa. xlviii. 9.) "I will yet wait to be gracious." But this helps not; this hath not the least influence upon the barren fig-tree. "Tush," said he, "here is no threatening: God is merciful—he will defer his anger—he waits to be gracious." (Isa. xxx. 18.) "I am not yet afraid." O how ungodly men, that have crept unawares into the vineyard, "how do they turn the grace of God into lasciviousness!" (Jude 4.) Well, he comes the third year for fruit, as he did before, but still he finds but a barren fig-tree—no fruit. Now he cries out again, "O thou dresser of my vineyard, come hither: here's a fig-tree hath stood these three years in my vineyard, and hath, at every season, disappointed my expectation, for I have looked for fruit in vain. Cut it down; my patience is worn out, I shall wait no longer."

And now he begins to shake the fig-tree with his threatenings: "Fetch out the axe!" Now the axe is death; death therefore is called for: "Come, death, smite me this fig-tree;" and withal the Lord shakes this sinner, and

whirls him upon a sick bed, saying, "Take him, death; he hath abused my patience and forbearance, not remembering that it should have led him to repentance, and the fruits thereof. Death, take away this fig-tree to the fire—take this barren professor to hell." At this, death comes, with grim looks, into the chamber; yea, and hell follows with him to the bed-side, and both stare this professor in the face; yea, begin to lay hands upon him; onesmiting him with pains in his body, with head-ache, heart-ache, back-ache, shortness of breath, fainting, qualms, trembling of joints, stopping at the chest, and almost all the symptoms of a man past all recovery. Now, while death is thus tormenting the body, hell is doing with the mind and conscience; striking him with its pains, casting brands of fire in thither, wounding, with sorrows and fears of everlasting damnation, the spirit of this poor creature. And now he begins to bethink himself, and to cry to God for mercy: "Lord, spare me! Lord, spare me! O spare me this one time, I beseech thee, and I will be better." "Away! away! you will not. I have tried you these three years already: you are nought; if I should recover you again, you would be as bad as you was before" (and all this talk is while death stands by). The sinner cries again, "Good Lord, try me this once; let me get up again this once, and see if I do not mend." "But will you promise me to mend?" "Yes, indeed, Lord, and vow it too; I will never be so bad again; I will be better." "Well," saith God, "death, let this professor alone for this time. I will try him a while longer; he hath promised, he hath vowed that he will amend his ways. It may be he will mind to keep his promises. Vows are solemn things; it may be he may fear to break his vows. Arise from off thy bed." And now God lays down his axe.

At this the poor creature is very thankful—praises God, and fawns upon him, shows as if he did it heartily, and calls to others to thank him too. He therefore riseth, as one would think, to be a new creature indeed. But by that he hath put on his clothes, hath come

down from his bed, and ventured into the yard or shop, and there sees how all things are gone to sixes and sevens, he begins to have second thoughts, and says to his folks: "What have you all been doing? How are all things out of order? I am I cannot tell what behind-hand; one may see, if a man be put a little to a side, you have neither wisdom nor prudence to order things." And now, instead of seeking to spend the rest of his time to God, he doubleth his diligence after this world. "Alas! all must not be lost, we must have a provident care." And thus, quite forgetting the sorrows of death, the pains of hell, the promises and vows which he made to God to be better—because judgment was not (now) speedily executed, therefore the heart of this poor creature is fully set in him to do evil.

These things proving ineffectual, God takes hold of his axe again—sends death to his wife, to a child; to his cattle: "Your young men have I slain with the sword, and have taken away your horses." (Amos iv. 10.) "I will blast him, I will cross him, disappoint him, and cast him down, and will set myself against him, in all that he putteth his hand unto." At this the poor barren professor cries out again: "Lord, I have sinned; spare me once more, I beseech thee. O take not away the desire of mine eyes! spare my children, bless me in my labours, and I will mend and be better!" "No," saith God; "you lied to me last time; I will trust you in this no longer;" and withal, he tumbleth the wife, the child, the estate, into a grave; and then returns to his place, till this professor more unfeignedly acknowledges his offence. (Hos. v. 15.)

At this the poor creature is afflicted and distressed, rends his clothes (1 Kings xxi. 27), and begins to call the breaking his promise and vows to mind; he mourns and prays, and, like Ahab, a while walks softly, at the remembrance of the justness of the hand of God upon him. And now he renews his promises, "Lord, try me this one time more; take off thy hand and see." They go far that never turn. Well, God spareth him again—sets down his axe again: "Many times he did deliver them, but they provoked him with their counsel, and were brought low for their iniquities." (Ps. cvi. 43.) Now they seem to be thankful again, and are as if they were resolved to be godly indeed. Now they read, they pray, they go to meetings, and seem to be serious a pretty while, but at last they forget. Their lusts prick them,

suitable temptations present themselves;—wherefore they turn to their own crooked ways again. "When he slew them, then they sought him; and they returned, and inquired early after God; nevertheless they did flatter him with their mouth, and they lied unto him with their tongues." (Ps. lxxviii. 34, 36.)

Yet again, the Lord will not leave this professor, but will take up his axe again, and will put him under a more heart-searching ministry—a ministry that shall search him, and turn him over and over—a ministry that shall meet with him, as Elijah met with Ahab, in all his acts of wickedness; "and now the axe is laid unto the roots of the trees." (Matt. iii. 10.) Besides, this ministry doth not only search the heart, but presenteth the sinner with the golden rays of the glorious gospel. Now is Christ Jesus set forth evidently; now is grace displayed sweetly; now, now are the promises broken like boxes of ointment, to the perfuming of the whole room. But, alas! there is yet no fruit on this fig-tree. While his heart is searching, he wrangles; while the glorious grace of the gospel is unveiling, this professor wags, and is wanton; gathers up some scraps thereof; "tastes the good word of God and the powers of the world to come;" drinketh in this rain that cometh often upon him (Heb. vi. 3, 8), but bringeth not forth fruit meet for Him whose gospel it is; takes no heed "to walk in the law of the Lord God of Israel, with all his heart" (2 Kings x. 31); but counteth that the gospel consisteth in talk and show, and that our obedience thereto is a matter of speculation; that good works lie in good words, and if they can finely talk, they think they bravely please God. They think that the kingdom of God consisteth only in word, not in power; and thus proveth ineffectual this fourth means also.

Well, now the axe begins to be heaved higher, for now indeed God is ready to smite the sinner; yet before he will strike the stroke, he will try one more way as the last; and if that misbeth, down goes the fig-tree. Now this last way is to tug and strive with this professor by his Spirit. The Spirit parleyeth a second time, and urgeth reasons of a new nature; but the sinner, like Israel of old, still refuseth to return. (Amos iv. 6-11.) At this God's fury ariseth; now he comes out of his holy place, and is terrible; now he "swareth in his wrath they shall

never enter into his rest." "I exercised towards you my patience, yet you have turned not to me," saith the Lord: "I smote you in person, in your relations, in your estate, yet you have not returned unto me," saith the Lord, "In thy filthiness is lewdness: because I have purged thee, and thou wast not purged, thou shalt not be purged from thy filthiness any more, till I cause my fury to rest upon thee." (Ezek. xxiv. 13.) "Cut it down, why doth it cumber the ground?"

THE PROGRESS OF RATIONALISM.

(From D'Aubigné's "Germany, England, and Scotland.")

I do not mean to describe Rationalism as I (in 1817) found it in Germany—that *rationalismus vulgaris*, as it has been called, adopting the terminology of botany—that edifice which has now nothing left to show but here and there a crumbling wall—that unbelieving world in which two doctors, who are still living—Paulus of Heidelberg, and Wegscheider of Halle—were long the fathers of the infidel church. A celebrated theologian (now indeed too celebrated!) has already done this in a work which we are happy to have it in our power to praise. I refer to the book entitled "A Historical Inquiry into the probable Causes of the Rationalist Character lately predominant in the Theology of Germany, by E. B. Pusey, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. London, 1828."

But this worn-out Rationalism has been succeeded by a new one. The tree is withered; but from its roots has sprung an offshoot, which seems likely to extend its branches still farther than the old one. I will, therefore, say a few words of this more modern Rationalism, which I found in Germany at the time of my journey in 1845. My remarks will be a short supplement to the work of the celebrated divine before mentioned, with whom, however, I would in no way compare myself. I know not whether, during his residence in Germany (which as to time corresponds, I think, with my own), he suffered like me from the attacks of Rationalism. If such was the case, as it well might be, Dr. Pusey, I presume, made his escape through tradition; while I, as has been seen, was saved by the Word of God. The weaker of the two found the stronger support.

The political hopes which Germany entertained in 1813, 1814, and 1815, having been disappointed, and the religious movement not having been successful in renewing the Church, the more serious Germans were driven back upon themselves. The emancipation of the State and the Church having failed, they turned to the emancipation of the mind. A philosopher (Hegel) was the great liberator: He sought to regenerate the people by the most

profound speculations. To *know*, instead of to *believe*, was the grand principle enthroned by the great Gnostic of the nineteenth century; and thus he arrived at three great denials—the denial of a personal God, the denial of a personal Christ, and the denial of the personality of man after death.

The fundamental principle of every pantheistic doctrine is the basis of Hegel's religious philosophy. The idea of a God is, according to him, a development, by virtue of which the non-existent becomes a being (from *not to be*, to *be*), from *non-ens* to *ens*. We do not find in the system of Hegel the historical Christ, the God-man of the Bible. According to him, the appearance of God in the flesh took place at a certain time, in order to make known the unity of the divine with the human—in order that the finite spirit (man) might recognise his unity with God, and know that God has his being within him.

"Christ is merely the first who acknowledged in himself this unity of God and man," says the German philosopher.

"A man must believe in the unity of God and man in the person of Christ, in order that he may recognise the same unity within himself."

"Christ is not the only God-man, he is not even so in any special manner. The idea of God-man belongs to all mankind."

"There is a universal incarnation of God which does not proceed from Christ, and which renders all men essentially equal to Christ."

Such is Hegel's Christology.

This philosopher, however, did not pretend to substitute philosophy for religion. He knew, as a recent writer observed, that in a time of famine, a dissertation upon the organs and process of digestion will satisfy nobody's hunger. But the disciples have done what the master could not accomplish.

He formed two principal schools; that on the right hand, which drew nearer to Christianity, and that on the left, which rushed into a vulgar pantheism, dressed up in a few scientific terms; or, as these two parties have been called, the orthodox and the heterodox tongues. Every adept of the latter might now be seen endeavouring to exalt his own personality (his *ego*) by the sacrifice of the personality (the *ego*) of the Divine Being. Each would dethrone God to make a god of himself, and each presents to us the ultimate expression of Christianity and of Protestantism, the dreams of ancient Paganism, or of some obscure sects of the middle ages.

The doctrine of Hegel found at first but few adherents among the youth of the German universities. It was too profound for the majority of intellects; but his disciples soon tried to vulgarize it. The mystical lucubrations drawn from the deep abysses of the Berlin professor

were dispersed abroad in a thousand different channels—in pamphlets, newspapers, ladies' books, novels, and poetry. Its followers did for Hegelism in Germany what is doing for Puseyism in England, and it soon became the gospel of the day.

Strauss was the most powerful promoter of this pantheistical gospel. Though the notion of sin had wholly disappeared from the new German theology, there still remained some faint traces at least of the doctrine of redemption. In Strauss not a glimpse of it is left. "The whole of evangelical history is one great myth—an allegory, the meaning of which is to be sought out. The Christ of the gospel is," according to Strauss, "the produce of the monotheist supernaturalism of the Jewish nation. Here arises a dilemma: Either this Christ Jesus is a miracle—that is to say, a contradiction—or else he has never existed." The latter supposition alone is admitted by the mythological Christology. Humanity is the Christ in which God incessantly makes himself flesh."

The work of Strauss popularized the ideas which might, perhaps, have remained within the boundaries of science; and a crowd of idle young men rashly yielded to these fatal illusions. Strauss possessed, at least, science, method, critical skill, and a real talent for exposition. All these were now neglected. The essential object was to bring forward something strange and startling, and thus gain both reputation and money. Wider and wider spread the opinions of the youthful pantheist, the author of a work on the Rehabilitation of the Flesh, who exclaimed, that if the world had never heard of God it would have been very happy, and would peaceably have enjoyed the intoxication of life! "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

"They had gone very far, but the limit was not yet reached. The German youth—I mean those who were grouped around these doctors—were hurrying down a deep descent which terminated in the abyss of atheism. This they quickly reached, nay, even rushed beyond it. Then began in Germany a fearful race of intellects, each striving to outdo the other in impiety. Scarcely had one of these rebellious spirits reached a certain stage of irreligion, when another started off to outrun him, and assert falsities still more diabolical. Strauss had stripped Christianity of every positive and historical element. Bruno Bauer, a theologian likewise, went still farther. He stigmatized the "theology of the heart," the pastoral theology, as he called it, and exposed what he termed the theological shamelessnesses or indecencies (*schamlosigkeiten*); and, rejecting Christianity altogether, held it up to the ridicule of his countrymen.

A general idea of religion still remained. But then came forward Feuerbach, another of those

champions of impiety, who undertook to deliver his nation from the "illusion of religion." And scarcely had the wretched man arrived at this pitch of atheism, when he was overtaken by another still bolder than himself, Max Stirner, who, as he passed on, jeered at him, calling him a priest (*pfaffen*), a superstitious man, seeing that he had allowed one idol to subsist—the love of mankind! "Down," he cries, "down with this superstition also! Egoism, selfishness! that is all that is left. Behold the supreme ruler of the world! All these forms of impiety have thus devoured each other. Antichristianism has been swallowed up by atheism, and this in its turn by egoism. This Satanic principle has asserted itself to be the ultimate expression of human wisdom. These are clouds without water, carried about of winds; raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever.

Thus Germany has exhibited within these last few years a terrible, yet no doubt a salutary spectacle. The great lesson to be derived from it is to yield nothing when the truth of God is concerned. If we take but one step backwards, we give the first impulse to go a hundred, a thousand, and we know not what will be the end.

A MINISTER'S DEATH-BED.

WE have much pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to a little volume which has just been published, entitled "Discourses by the late Rev. Andrew Tod of Balerno, with a Memoir of his Life." The discourses are excellent specimens of faithful scriptural preaching. The memoir has interested us greatly; and also the account of the illness and death of Mr. Tod's eldest son, which is appended to the volume. From the former, we take the account of his closing experience:—

"Next morning it became quite evident that the disease was attended with the most imminent danger. An intimation to this effect having been given by the physician, in answer to his own particular inquiry, Mr. Tod said, 'Well, I'll submit myself passively to whatever remedies you may think necessary, as I think it proper to use the means to prolong life; but I am perfectly willing to die.' Soon afterwards Dr. C. suggested that it would be prudent, without delay, to write to Mrs. Tod, who was with the sick boy at Lesswade. 'Ay,' he said, 'it will be a terrible stroke to her; but God will support the widow and the fatherless.' And here you can see how truly

He regarded himself as, without doubt, a dying man. But in these trying circumstances his faith, resignation, and patience, continued unwavering. To a brother minister who visited him in the following morning, he expressed his conviction that the case was hopeless; "but," he added, "I have reason to be thankful that my mind is so composed in the prospect of death. I hope it is the grace of God which keeps me calm. Often, Mr. T., have I said to myself when in health, what shall I do in the swellings of Jordan? But God does not promise to

give us dying grace when we do not need it. He promises to give it when it is needed; and I have found, as I believe many have, that God grants support to his people in these circumstances in an unexpected degree. As thy days, so shall thy strength be." He then alluded, in a very touching manner, to recent occurrences, deeply involving his comfort as a minister, made an acknowledgment of Mr. T——'s kindness in connection with these trials; and then added very solemnly, "I had hoped that after these things had occurred, God was purposing to keep me a little longer in his service, and that days of usefulness were before me, but he knows *what is best*; and I now begin to see that he was just intending, by means of these troubles, to wean my heart from this world, and to prepare me for suffering his will." After Mr. T—— had repeated some passages of Scripture, with the view of reminding him that God brings the blind by a way which they knew not, and leads them in paths which they had not known, he said, "Nothing can comfort the mind in my present situation but those truths which you and I have been preaching to others: 'The blood of Jesus, Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin. It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'"

He then alluded to the sermon he had intended for the following Sabbath,* and to the likelihood that he should before that time know far more of the subject. "He seemed," says Mr. T——, "to dwell in thought for a few moments on the solemn nature of the final account, and the earnest expression of his eye showed that his soul was, so to speak, on fire under the contemplation of the momentous reckoning which lay before him; but he seemed instantly to fall back on the Saviour's work as the ground of his acceptance and acquittal, as if he had been previously asking himself, 'Who shall abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth?' he said, — 'But, it is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, &c. This was obviously his soul's quiet and sure resting place. He then requested me to pray, and with a bursting heart said, 'Mind my poor family when you engage in prayer.' When I again entered his room, after having left him for about an hour, I reminded him of the 23d Psalm, said that I believed he found it much suited to his present case, and asked him whether he could use the language it contained. 'My wife,' he said, 'has just been repeating it to me; it is very appropriate to my circumstances.' He then quoted the verse, 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will, &c.' 'It is my wish,' he added, 'that Christ may be magnified in me, whether by life or by death.' He said that, when I came to be placed in the same situation as himself, which sooner or later I would be, I would find that the finished work of the Redeemer was the sinner's only stay. I remarked to him that I had just been wishing that when my time came, I might be enabled to meet the last enemy in a spirit something like his own; he said, 'Oh! I have been an unworthy servant; and if I am calm, not to me, but to the name of God, give glory for his mercy and his truth's sake.' He then made some very interesting remarks on the passage in Hebrews, 'No affliction is for the present joyous, but grievous,' &c. He spoke of the joy which he had experienced under his trial; and expressed his hope that he and his partner, who then stood beside his pillow, would be rightly 'exercised thereby.' I spoke of the presence of Christ with his afflicted people, and repeated some passages of Scripture in which the Saviour pledges himself to be with his own under trial; and he followed up my remarks by

pointing out the connection between Christ's completed work and his gracious presence with them, quoting the passage in the Psalms: 'Thou hast ascended up on high, thou hast led captivity captive, thou hast received gifts for men, yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them.' He then stretched out his hand to me; pressed mine affectionately, said that he was too weak to be able to say more, and took farewell of me."

On the same day he addressed many words of consolation to his wife, and sent many advices to the children. Towards evening he requested that part of the 20th chapter of the Second Book of Kings to be read to him, which records the sickness of Hezekiah. At the customary hour of evening family worship, he expressed a desire to engage in the exercise, and directed Mrs. Tod to give out Psalm xxxi., the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th verses, and to read the 8th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, beginning at the 33d verse. He then prayed, but was unable to finish.

Next morning, the writer of this brief sketch was permitted to visit, converse, and pray with his dying friend. There were at that time some slight indications of a favourable crisis in the disease, which it was deemed highly desirable to do nothing to counteract, so that the interview was very short. Mr. Tod said, that "he knew not whether the sickness was to be unto death; he thought it would, but had committed all to God." After some necessary allusion to his temporal affairs, he remarked that "he was a wonder to himself, feeling so comfortably even in his body;" and then he repeated in substance what he had said the day before to his brother in the ministry who had visited him, "that he had often asked himself what he should do in the swellings of Jordan? but now found in happy experience what he had exhibited to others as a promise, that God gives dying grace in a dying hour." "Is, then, the fear of death?" it was asked, "quite taken away from you?" "Yes," he said in his own scrupulous and exact manner; "yes, I think it is." "I know," he added, "that I have many sins, many deficiencies; and, if God were to mark iniquity, I could not stand; but the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin, and my sole dependence is on the Lord Jesus Christ." Then, after a pause, "His word is abiding in me, even the word which I have heard from the beginning; and it shall remain with me to the end." He could wish, he said, to live—to part with his beloved wife, and his children, especially at their tender age, was painful; "but I commit them," said he, "to God, who will be the Judge of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless." When prayer was concluded, he held his friend's hand in a long and warm grasp, uttered a benediction on him and his ministry, and bade him farewell.

The calmness, the fortitude, the resignation and lively hope in lighted by these brief memoranda, continued to characterize his exercise throughout the whole remainder of his illness. On several occasions, indeed, natural feeling acquired the temporary ascendancy, and he was overcome at the thought of parting with those who were dear to him. But he was always anxious to let it be known, that his confidence in God and resignation to his will were not borne away by the emotions of human weakness. "The doctor I daresay thinks," he said on one occasion to his wife, "that I am very fond of life, for I cling to every little hope, and am anxious to try every means; but it is when I think of you and the children, and think of all your love, and the kindness with which you would nurse me, I have a wish to live that I may do more good as a minister." *The love of life has not left me, but the sting of death is removed. I desire to have no will of my own.* But

* On the text Eph. ii. 7.

he was not altogether exempt from the assaults of the adversary. At one time he said: "O it will be dreadful if, after all, I turn out to have been a hypocrite and self-deceiver!" Almost immediately, however, he checked himself, and said, "I will banish such thoughts from my mind;" referred to the Saviour's finished work, and to the promise, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;" and so had peace.

Sometimes his peace and hope rose to triumph, and broke out in praise. On one occasion he was literally "joyful in glory, and sang aloud upon his bed." "He had been left," says Dr. C., "a few moments alone, when he commenced to sing a song of praise. I listened, and when he had finished, he said, 'It is a good thing to give thanks, and praise the Lord, and pleasant and profitable;' when I stepped forward, he said, 'I daresay you think I am exerting myself too much; but I don't feel the worse for such exercises.'"

To a friend who was inquiring for him he sent this message—"Say that the hand of the Lord is very heavy on me; but that his grace is sufficient, for his strength is made perfect in weakness."

His gratitude to all who ministered in any way to his comfort was most remarkable; he was much concerned about the trouble he supposed he occasioned them, and often expressed himself anxious lest they should be injured by their toil and watching. His perfect self-possession and calmness also were evinced in many minute directions as to temporal matters, which he desired to be arranged.

His concern for his relatives was expressed in messages which he sent to them, suited to their several circumstances. Among others, he sent a message to his oldest boy, whose illness prevented an interview with his dying father: "My dear William, live near to God, and he will never leave you, nor forsake you."

With regard to temporal provision for his family, he repeatedly expressed the strongest confidence in the faithfulness of God to show them kindness after his decease. On one occasion he said to his wife, "God has, in the first place, pledged himself to me. Leave thy fatherless children, and let thy widows trust in me;" and he has, in the second place, pledged himself to *you*. A husband of the widow, and a father of the fatherless." It happened, very remarkably, that at this very time a relative of the family generously made a particular arrangement, which could not fail to add, in some considerable degree, to their worldly comfort. When this was announced to Mr. Tod, his feelings were greatly overcome with expressions of gratitude to the friend; he spoke of it as a proof of the divine faithfulness, and, a speedy return of prayer, quoting the words, "It shall come to pass, that before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear."

He prayed much for his wife, his family, and friends. He prayed particularly for the presbytery, for his elders, and for his congregation. Latterly the congregation and its interests seemed to be constantly on his mind. He wished to send a message to his congregation; it was imperfectly recorded; but part of it was to this effect: "Tell them that I am not able to say much to them, but that their spiritual interests are much on my thoughts; and that I hope God, when I am taken away, will give them a pastor after his own heart, who will be more efficient than I have been. I wish it to be said to them, that I die in the faith of the truth which I have endeavoured to preach, fully satisfied that there is no other name under heaven given among men, whereby we can be saved, but the name of Jesus Christ, and fully satisfied that he is able to save to the utter-

most all that come unto God by him. His finished work is the sole ground of my hope towards God for acceptance, and the enjoyment of the heavenly inheritance. However I have preached to them the doctrines of grace, I have endeavoured to do so faithfully, so far as I knew them; and I trust that the congregation will continue to hold fast the form of sound words in faith and love; which are in Christ Jesus." He sent also advices to the young people in his congregation, and admonitions to all to improve the warnings given in his illness respecting the uncertainty of time, and the need of instant preparation for death. He then said: "Tell the congregation, if they get another minister, to stand by him, strengthening his hands and encouraging his heart. Tell them to pray much for him; that there is nothing supports a minister more than the affection of his people, and that there is nothing so much fitted to hinder his efficiency, as to have his mind burdened with care, and distrust of his people."

Towards the close of his illness, when very weak and oppressed, he was even longing to depart, and to be with Christ. "O when!" he exclaimed, "will the days of my mourning be ended?" His sister asked him "if he were wearying to get away?" He replied, "Yes!" She reminded him of the words of Job, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait until my change come!" With his usual scrupulous regard to his convictions, he replied, "If I understand that passage aright, it refers to the resurrection—an evidence this how calm and collected he was in so trying a moment! Soon afterwards he said, with great emphasis, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." At another time he uttered the triumphant language of Paul: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give unto me at that day; and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing."

In the immediate prospect of death he embraced those present, said to them he hoped to meet them at the right hand of God, and bade them farewell. To Mrs. Tod in particular, he said, "I am sorry to part with you, but happy to depart to be with Christ. Farewell!" He also said that he hoped to meet her on the right hand; "and O," he added, "bring all the bairns with you!" His last words were, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word!" He died at half an hour past ten, on the morning of the last day of the year.

On Thursday, the 7th of January, we did "lay up the mantle of this translated prophet in the wardrobe of the grave." He sleeps in the churchyard of Currie until the heavens be no more.

BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN

MACDONALD, and to various letters and communications sent to various friends.
Concluded from page 553.

His last and fatal illness commenced on Wednesday, the 25th August. In the afternoon of that day he called to see a friend, to whom for several days previously he had paid visits of a ministerial character, for peculiar ties of spiritual affection bound him to the household of which that honoured friend was the head. He called to sympathize and console, in hours of suffering and anxiety, and no one who looked on his outward appearance in those days, or even on the day when he first felt unwell, would have then supposed that he would be the

next to enter into rest. His visits were made very profitable and were felt to be very cheering. He returned home, and made arrangements for going to the weekly prayer-meeting that evening, in which he was to take a part. But a sense of feverishness warned him to remain at home. He stayed away from the Institution also the next day, but in the evening was able to receive a visit from the Rev. A. F. Lacroix, the excellent and long-tried missionary of the London Society. This was his last interview of any considerable duration with any earthly friends, and there is now a melancholy interest attached to it. From Mr. Lacroix we have received the following account of it:

"You have been correctly informed; it was my privilege to spend with our beloved friend Mr. Macdonald, the last evening before he was taken seriously ill. Mr. Macdonald had not of course, then, the slightest idea that the term of his earthly existence was so near at hand; nevertheless his conversation (as indeed was always the case) might well have benighted one who expected a speedy removal;—it was entirely on subjects connected with the glory of God and the best interests of men, and carried on in the spirit of one who was in the habit of living very close to his Lord. At any other time, this kind of conversation would not particularly have struck me; for I was accustomed to the same things in our friend every time I met him. When this, however, eventually had proved the last occasion I had been so favoured, I treasured up in my memory the things which fell from his lips, and they will not be easily effaced from my remembrance. I could not undertake the task of repeating all that our excellent friend said. Sufficient to mention the topics he chiefly dwelt on.

"Our conversation happened first to turn on his venerable father, Dr. Macdonald. This was always a favourite theme with him; and on this occasion, he seemed particularly to enjoy describing to me the character of that eminent servant of God, and his unwearied labours in the Highlands of Scotland. This led him to speak of the state of religion in his native country, and with peculiar animation did he describe to me a communion scene in the Highlands, when the members of numerous churches assemble together in the open air to commemorate the dying love of their Redeemer and to devote themselves afresh to his service. The recollection of the simple-hearted, fervent piety exhibited at these meetings seemed to soften his mind, and to bring him temporarily into a mood very akin to what we Swiss call *mal du pays*. The associations which produced this mood, however, were not connected with the beautiful scenery of his native land, but altogether with the people and the momentous concerns which engaged their attention on those solemn occasions; it was that kind of home sickness which leads the Christian to wish himself away from these scenes of sin where God is dishonoured, to enjoy the company of the holy angels and of the spirits of just men made perfect.

"The next subject of our conversation was the late case in the Supreme Court in connection with the young convert Radhacant Dutt, and the recent baptisms by Mr. Anderson at Madras. This induced our friend to make various remarks as to the desirableness of using great caution before receiving new converts, and being well sure, when admitting them, that they are under the influence of the Spirit of God. He dwelt also much on the tender treatment

which young converts require, and of the watchfulness which is needed to be exercised over them in order to further the work of grace in their hearts.

"We were then, by a natural transition, led to speak of the absolute necessity in all professing Christians, and in missionaries in particular, to exemplify the truth of Christianity by a conscientious and holy walk. He thought that the exhibition of such holy conduct would go much farther to convince the natives of the truth of the Gospel, than all the books of Evidence which have ever been published. On this topic he dwelt at great length and with much feeling, mentioning some instances corroborative of this opinion.

"The lateness of the hour reminded me of returning home, he accompanied me down stairs, and with a cordial shake of the hand, took leave of me, saying with an expression that came from the heart, Farewell, friend! These were the last words I heard from his lips, and it was the last time I saw him till within a few hours of his departure, when he lay stretched on a bed of death quite insensible.

"This is a short sketch of what passed between us on the evening which to me is now such a memorable one. Being aware of your warm attachment to the deceased and of your high esteem for him, these few particulars, imperfect as they are, I am sure will not be uninteresting to you."

On the day following Mr. Lacroix's visit, and on the following Saturday, he was much worse, and suffered from sickness and confusion of mind; but on Sabbath the 29th he was considered better, and on Monday morning in speaking for a few minutes to the Rev. T. Smith, he said that he had had a severe attack, but that it seemed to have passed off, and that he principally wanted sleep to restore him. But soon after there was a relapse. He suffered much again from confusion of mind and nausea, with great restlessness, and he regretted the crowd of vain thoughts that seemed to be rushing upon him, and his inability to fix his attention on the subjects of which he wished to think. At night the fever continued to disturb him, but towards the morning it passed away; and so treacherous was the attack that he was able, after he rose, to walk into the adjoining room, and he felt and spoke cheerfully and without the slightest apprehension of danger. Soon after he went to sleep, and his wife, whose fears had been excited, rejoiced in this as a token of improvement, and thought that if he slept he would do well. But the sleep became a stupor, and except one word, in reply to a question how he felt, about the middle of the day, he never spoke again. All remedies failed, his breathing became loud and difficult, and the alarm gradually spread that he was about to be removed from us. Anxious friends crowded to the house, and at length began to press into his room to see his face once more. He was lying in a state of entire unconsciousness; around him were his wife, and his brethren in the mission, and his Christian friends, and the awful silence of the chamber was only broken by the loud sound of his respiration. It was difficult to think that death was near; his countenance was unmoved, and

his athletic frame unwasted. Towards midnight there was a recurrence of fever, and the breathing seemed to be more easy. But the slight gleam of hope which then for a few minutes cheered the hearts of those who loved him, soon departed; his strength rapidly gave way, and life ebbed gradually, till as the new day began, soon after twelve o'clock, his soul took its flight from the body, and from the sleep to which he had so cheerfully resigned himself in the morning, he awoke up in the presence of his Redeemer. There he now worships without weariness and distraction; and his cares and his labours are all ended for ever.

Such was his end. A great company followed his remains to the grave. Natives and Europeans, high and low, rich and poor, men of different Christian Churches, joined in "the great mourning," and all who were assembled at the solemn scene when Mr. Mackail prayed by the side of the remains, felt that it was only a part of their own emotions that checked his utterance. On the Sabbath following, Mr. Mackail and Dr. Duff preached funeral sermons, and after the second, four native converts were baptized. On the very day that Mr. Macdonald was first taken ill, he had opened the work of the Institution by praying with peculiar emotion for the conversion of the youths trained in it, and especially that they would beware of the great sin of unbelief and rejecting the offer of Christ's salvation. On the day following three young men from the branch school at Baranagar came forward seeking Christian baptism. It may be, that the last public prayer of the departed missionary may be yet more directly answered, through his own death speaking to the hearts of some who were instructed by himself. "By terrible things in righteousness" does the Lord fulfil our desires! They who resisted the warnings of the living voice, may now read an effectual lesson from the tomb, and be led to consider within themselves, how their departed teacher lived and how he ended, and where, at the last, and before long, their final lot must be, if they turn not from their dumb idols to serve the living God.

Many may have expected to hear, when such a man as Mr. Macdonald died, that an emphatic parting testimony was given with his latest breath to the power of the truths which cheered and sustained his soul. But God's ways are not as our ways, and he has denied us this ultimate confirmation of our belief respecting the habitual state of our beloved friend. He bids us look to his life—by which he being dead yet speaketh. He tells us also, in the last dying day of which we have been speaking, of the awfulness of the parting hour, and of the amazing infatuation of all who postpone their reconciliation with God to a time in which they may be tortured with pain, or be lying unconscious of their danger on the borders of the tomb, even if they be not cut down, as in

a moment, without the opportunity to frame a single prayer, or to consider whither they are going. And yet further: in this case of Mr. Macdonald's death, sudden and unexpected as it was, we have a new and a joyful proof of the peculiar blessedness of a life of strict Christian consistency. He was an epistle known and read of all men, and now, though he was carried off without giving any fresh evidence of his readiness to depart, there is no dread uncertainty about his state; all who knew him rejoice in the certainty that he, had long ago made all safe for eternity, and that he was found, at the last, as one whose lamp was trimmed and whose light was burning, and who was waiting for his Lord's coming. He was familiar with death as the ordinance of God, and as the means of his complete emancipation from sin. He had died to sin in Christ, and in him was alive to righteousness. The life he lived in the flesh was a life of faith on the Son of God, who loved him and gave himself for him; so that it only remained that he should put off his earthly tabernacle, and enter into the house not made with hands, which is eternal in the heavens.

THINGS FOR PARENTS TO THINK ON.

(From an old Author.)

EVERY one in the family ought to serve God according to his abilities, as his place gives him occasion or advantage. Many a one, if he were head and master of a family (as he is but an inferior), would do more good than there is done. Therefore they that have such advantage of place, should glorify God accordingly; and they should be like those wheels in the clock, which move first of all, and carry round all the rest with them; they should be leaders in praying, in reading, in meditation, in holy conference, in humility, in zeal, in sobriety, in admonition, and in a heavenly conversation.

Parents should pray earnestly to God to heal their children's souls. They should also be very careful to purge out the vanity of their hearts and conversations; that as they may take heed of increasing the sinfulness of their nature by an evil example. By a vain and evil conversation you do no less than confirm, and even water, those roots of sin which you have planted in them.

1. Evil examples are most dangerous which are practised by men that have most authority. The child, especially when he is in his childhood, when his disposition receives its first shape, looks upon his father as his prince, as it were; he fears and regards him more than any prince; and so the parent's look, his word, and especially his example, is a law unto him, and he looks for no better warrant. It has been said, "Much reverence is due to children." We say, and that truly, that children owe great reverence to their parents and elders; and it is as true, parents and elders should carry it reverently towards children, because their example emboldens children to imitate them in a likeness of speech, or behaviour.

2. That example is most dangerous, which is most commonly in sight. Now, the child looks upon the father and mother almost every day; when they rise up, lie down, go forth, come in, talk, eat, or drink, he is still with them. Other men's courses he sees but now and then, but these, always. Now, when

unmortified, unrestrained, vanity shall break out in every passage of their lives, and their children be witnesses of it, is it not likely that they will be followers of it also? The child, perhaps, hears a neighbour swear once in a week, or month, but when he hears his father every day dishonour God this way, it is very dangerous.

3. Evil examples are most dangerous in those whom we specially love; for love is a cover for many blemishes in persons and things that are beloved. Now, whom doth the child love so much as his father and mother? therefore their evil examples will soon influence him. That which is evil in parents, seems good to their children, because of their natural love toward them. Therefore, ye parents, how careful should ye be of your carriage in regard of your children! Ye would have your children love you, and so they ought; but take heed lest ye make their love to you an occasion of destruction to them! That were a most wicked, unnatural parent, who, knowing his child would love something which should poison it, would purposely lay it in his child's way, that he might swallow it. So when a parent knows his children love and embrace him, and that which he does, his courses and actions; what a woful thing is it, if he shall defile himself and his actions with sin and wickedness! and so occasion his children, by imitating him in love, to take into their hearts and affections his sin and wickedness also, whereby he and his actions are poisoned!

4. The evil examples of those on whom we depend most, are most dangerous. Now, upon whom on earth do children so much depend as on their parents? They look for meat, drink, clothes, protection, portions, from them; therefore their examples are even a law unto them. Therefore, parents should walk unblamably before their children, that their sins may not be stumbling-blocks and occasions of falling to them.

5. The evil examples of such persons as have a special nearness and likeness to us in natural dispositions, are most dangerous. Now, whose natural tempers are commonly more like, than the child's to the father's and mother's? And when they, being of like temper to the children, shall walk before them in a vain conversation, this will be a dangerous means to draw them after them. Therefore, ye that are parents, take heed—let not your children learn of you to lie, swear, to be drunk, to cheat, to profane the Sabbath, to scoff at piety, to speak filthily, to be malicious, to be revengeful, to be greedy of the world, to be proud, to be wanton, to be obstinate, to be idle, to contemn the Word of God, to neglect the worship of God, or to perform it carelessly. It is little considered what mischief fathers and mothers do to their children in this respect. When the poor child, not yet knowing the right hand from the left in matters of religion, nor what belongs to salvation and damnation, shall see the print of his father's foot in the way of sin and death, will he not be apt to make his father's footsteps his direction? Fathers, by giving evil examples to their children, give evil statutes to their children. The Lord saith, "Walk ye not in the statutes of your fathers." This he spake to the children. Their fathers gave them statutes, namely, they gave them their evil examples as a law and rule unto them. The Lord charges them to walk in his laws, and keep his statutes, and not to make the evil ways and examples of their fathers a rule unto them. (Ezek. xx. 15-18.)

Therefore, ye parents, be ye very careful of your conversation, even in regard of your children; for be ye sure of this, that if you perish in your sins, and by your example bring your children to the same place of torment, every one of them shall add exceed-

ingly to your woe and misery. On the other hand, in tender pity towards them, and your own souls, labour all ye can, by exhortation, example, and by all good means, to set your children in the way of life, that they may be a crown unto you at the last day. Blessed are those parents which so walk before their children, and blessed are those children, which so follow such parents, as they follow Christ!

TO SINNERS STUMBLING AT THE FALLS OF PROFESSING SAINTS.

Q. WHY do you injure your own souls by other men's examples? Because they stumble and break their shins, will you fall and break your necks? I desire all such as harden themselves by these things, and take up a good opinion of their own deplorable condition, would soberly consider, and answer these three queries.

Query 1. Doth religion any way countenance or patronize the sinful practices of its professors? or doth it not rather impartially and severely condemn them? It is the glory of the Christian religion, that it is pure and undefiled. (James i. 27.) No doctrine so holy. (Ps. xix. 8.) Nor doth any make more provision for a holy life. (Tit. ii. 11, 12.) Indeed, there is a case wherein we may charge the evil practices of men upon their principles, but that is when their practices naturally flow from, and necessarily follow their principles. As, for example, if I see a Papist sin boldly, I may charge it upon his principles; for they set pardons to sale, and so make way for looseness. If I see a Pelagian slight the grace of God, and proudly advance himself, I may cry shame upon his principles, which directly lead to it: but can I do so where such practices are condemned and provided against by their own avowed principles who commit them?

Query 2. Is it not a most irrational thing to let fly at religion because of the scandalous ways of some, whilst, in the meantime, you wholly slight and overlook the holy and heavenly conversation of many others? Are all that profess godliness loose and careless in their lives? No, some are an ornament to their profession, and the glory of Christ; and why must the innocent be condemned with the guilty? Why the eleven for one Judas?

Query 3. If you condemn religion because of the scandalous lives of some that profess it, must you not, then, cast off all religion in the world, and turn down-right Atheists? Surely this is the consequence of it: for what religion is there, but some that profess it walk contrary to their profession? And then, as Constantine told the Novatian, you must set up a ladder, and go to heaven by yourself.

But, alas! it is not our printed apologies for religion, but the visible reformation of its professors, that must both save its honour, and remove those fatal stumbling-blocks at which the blind world strikes and falls into eternal perdition. Flavel.

LIFE UNTO LIFE, OR DEATH UNTO DEATH.

SINCE the word comes not to any man in vain, but returns glory to God, either in his conversion or in his hardening, it greatly concerneth every man to

come into it, with meek, penitent, docile, tractable, believing, obedient resolutions, and to consider how vain and desperate a thing it is for a potsherd to strive with a rod of iron—for the pride and wrath of man to give a challenge to the justice and power of God—for briars and thorns to set themselves in battle against fire. As our God is a consuming fire himself, so his law is a fiery law (Deut. xxxviii. 2), and his word in the mouth of his ministers a fire. (Jer. v. 14, 23, 29.) If we be gold, it will purge us; if thorns, it will devour and feed upon us. "This is the condemnation," saith our Saviour, "that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light." (John iii. 19.) There was damnation in the world before while it lay in darkness, and in mischief, and knew not whither it went; but not so heavy damnation as that which groweth out of light. When physic, which should remove the disease, doth co-operate with it, then death comes with the more pain and the more speed. The stronger the conviction of sin is, the deeper will be the wrath against it, if it be not by repentance avoided. No surfeit more dangerous than that of bread, no judgment more terrible than that which grows out of mercy, known and despised. "The word which I have spoken," saith Christ, "the same shall judge you at the last day." (John xii. 48.) Every principle of truth, which is by the word begotten in the hearts of disobedient sinners, and is held down, and suppressed by unrighteousness, lies there like fire raked up under ashes, which at that great day will kindle into an unquenchable flame. The word can bring much of hell upon the spirit of impenitent sinners here. It can hew, and cut, and pierce, and burn, and torment, and root out, and pull down, and destroy, and strike with trembling and amazement the proudest and securest sinners. (Hos. vi. 5; Acts vii. 54; Heb. iv. 12; Isa. xlix. 2; Pa. xiv. 5; Rev. xi. 5, 10; Jer. i. 10; 2 Cor. x. 4; Acts xxiv. 25.) We need no messenger from the dead to tell us of the torments there: all the rhetoric in hell cannot set forth hell more to the life than Moses and the prophets have done already. (Luke xvi. 31.) But, oh, what a hell will it be at last, when the word which warned us of it, shall throw us into it! when every offer of mercy which we have refused, and every threatening of wrath which we have despised, shall accompany us unto the tribunal of Christ, to testify against us, and into the fire of hell, to upbraid us with our own perdition! Oh, the doleful condition of impenitent sinners! If they have not the word, they perish for the want; and if they have it, they perish doubly for the contempt of it. Oh, that men would consider the terror of the Lord, and be persuaded! and that they would learn so much wisdom as not to arm the very mercy of God against themselves! A bridge is made to give us a safe passage over a dangerous river; but he who stumbles on the bridge, is in danger to fall into the river. The word is given as a means to carry us over hell into heaven; but he who stumbles and quarrels at this means, shall fall in thither, from whence otherwise he had been delivered by it.—*Reynolds*

A COVETOUS CHRISTIAN.

YES, I recollect something of him. He lived in Moses' day. He coveted a goodly Babylonish garment and a wedge of gold. It was a sad thing however. It brought him to a fearful death, and involved others in a dire calamity. I am not quite certain, however, that Achan was a Christian. Perhaps he is not the person, to whom reference is made. Balaam may be the person intended. He was sufficiently

covetous; but though he said, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his," I think it far from clear that Balaam was a Christian. Ahab was remarkably covetous. So much so that he committed murder to secure the coveted vineyard. But probably no one would think of calling him a Christian. Gehazi had something of the same lust. His covetousness led him into falsehoods, and made him a leper, and brought the same dreadful disease on his posterity. Is it certain that Gehazi, though he had a pious master, was a true believer? There was one of wretched memory, who lived in the days of our Lord. Judas was one of the original twelve professed disciples. He was so covetous as to betray his Lord for the pitiful sum of thirty pieces of silver. I know that there are those who positively affirm that Judas was a Christian, and is now in heaven. They are not certain of it. Judas betrayed the Lord, and died a suicide. Ananias and Sapphira made a profession, but their end has left us little evidence that they were Christians. They were professors. And I would suggest whether it would be better to say a covetous professor, than a covetous Christian. The Bible calls covetousness idolatry. What sort of a Christian is an idolater? I know there are not a few in the Church visible who are covetous to a proverb. Whether they belong to the Church visible, is altogether another matter.

Perhaps there is some risk in speaking thus plainly of a popular class. There are many of the rich and influential among them. I fear they are more accustomed to flattery than rebuke. But were it not as well that the truth should be told, though it give offence to some? "The wicked boasteth of his heart's desire, and blesseth the covetous, whom the Lord abhorreth." We are assured that the covetous shall not inherit the kingdom of God. If it is so, they are not Christians.—*N. Y. Evangelist*

NO SINNERS IN HEAVEN.

As for such as are without holiness, to them the apostle sends this word expressly: There is no room for them in heaven. And, indeed, what should such do there? There is nothing in heaven but what is holy; holy angels and holy saints, and, above all, a thrice holy Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty (Rev. iv. 8); the beauty of whose face is holiness: alas! there is nothing for them to see or hear, but what is an abomination to their souls! Holy words, yea, the very word holiness, they now stop their ears at it; it is vinegar to their teeth. Holy ordinances, they cannot bear them; the impurer the ordinance is, the better they like it. A Holy God, they say of him, "Cause the Holy One of Israel to depart from before us." (Isa. xxxi. 11.) Preach as much as you will of the Merciful One of Israel, and of the Bountiful One of Israel, &c., but tell us not so much of the Holy One of Israel. Molest us no more with messages of holiness, and the severities thereof; yea, they say not only so of God; but they say as much to God, to his very face. They say to the Almighty, "Depart from us, we desire not the knowledge of thy ways" (Job xxi. 14); they say so by interpretation, if not in words at length. He that can expound actions as well as language tells us they say so; yea, they are not ashamed of the very language.

It is a piece of their gallantry to profess to them that reprove them, or but meekly admonish them, I say, to answer, with scorn enough, "We are none of your saints." Proud scorner, what art thou then? An unclean swine, yea, an unclean spirit, incarnate devil, a profane scorner, for thy speech betrayeth thee? What need of further proof? Put such an herd of swine into heaven, and verily they would need no other damnation. But God made heaven for better purposes than to be a hell for the haters of holiness. Tophet is prepared of old for them (Isa. xxx. 33), and thither they must be cast, with the reprobate angels; down they came when they had laid aside their holiness; and shall such maligners of holiness and holy ones ever come there? Let them not fear, the company of saints shall never molest them; they would have none of their society on earth, and they shall have none of their society in heaven. Possibly, with their elder brother Dives, they may have a prospect of heaven, where they may see Lazarus in Abraham's bosom (Luke xvi. 23), and, with others of the reprobate family, they may see Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, in the kingdom of God (Luke xiii. 28); but that vision will be so far from beatifical, as that it will be, the aggravation of their damnation; for as it follows, "They themselves shall be thrust out;" cast out with as much contempt and violence as ever they themselves cast the saints out of their societies. Certainly that vision will be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. Then shall the backslider in heart be, indeed, filled with his own ways. (Matt. xxv. 41.) They banished God and his saints out of their company, and now they themselves shall be banished from the presence of the Lord and his saints, "and from the glory of his power." (2 Thess. i. 9.)—*Close.*

"BEHOLD, HE PRAYETH!"

As speech is common unto all men, so is prayer unto all Christians. God hath none of his children born dumb. As soon as one of your children is born, it cries, it feeds, and it sleeps. So with every man that is born of God. As soon as he is born, he cries unto God in prayer, he feeds on the promises, and he sleeps in the bosom of God by divine contentment, being dead unto all the world. It may be, he cannot pray as he would; but though he cannot pray as he would, nor hear as he would, nor perform any duty as he would, yet he prayeth. It may be said of him, "Behold, he prayeth." Turn him where you will, and, Behold, he prayeth; sick, yet Behold, he prayeth; tempted, yet, Behold, he prayeth; at home or abroad, yet, Behold, he prayeth.—*Bridge.*

ANTINOMIANISM.

Good works are now as necessary under the covenant of grace, as ever they were under the covenant of works; but only to other ends and purposes. The covenant of works required them, that we might be justified by them; but the covenant of grace requires them, that we might be justified by faith. Let none think, that the covenant of grace gives any dispensation from working; or that an airy and speculative faith and a barren and empty profession are enough to answer the terms of this covenant: "Can faith save him?" and yet what other is the faith of many professors? Should I bid them show me their faith by their works, I much doubt that, besides phrases and canting, we should have but very slender evidences

or their Christianity; and yet these men are very apt to condemn others for carnal legalists and low attainments. But let such notionists flatter themselves as they please, yet, certainly, they will find such low attainments, who work out their salvation with fear and trembling, more exalted saints in glory than those who think both working, fear, and trembling too slavish and servile, and below the free spirit of the gospel.—*Hopkins.*

"THAT IS WHAT I HATE."

We stepped into an omnibus that runs our streets, a few evenings since, and found it filled with young gentlemen, who, we learned from their conversation, had spent the night previous in scenes of revelry and dissipation. They were recounting their pleasures and their enjoyment of these scenes when we came opposite to a grave-yard, and one of them suddenly called the attention of his companions to it, and said, "That is what I hate." "Boys, these pleasures will soon be over—and what then?" Although this was spoken in the midst of boisterous conversation and loud peals of laughter, a sudden pause of more than five minutes ensued, and nought was heard but the rattling of the wheels and the tread of the horses' feet. No answer was made, and the conversation in a subdued tone was commenced upon other topics. We soon reached the point of our destination, and left them; but the young man's voice and expressive look, when he said, "That is what I hate," were still impressed upon our mind and ringing in our ears. We almost regretted that we had not spoken a word of encouragement to deepen the train of thought which seemed to be passing through his mind, although his appearance indicated that he had not yet entirely recovered from the stupifying effects of the last night's dissipation. Perhaps, thought we, that young man is the son of pious parents, and these reflections in the midst of his waywardness are the fruits of the seed sown by the hand of a pious mother in his infancy, and watered by her prayers and tears, though it may be that she is in some far-off land or has passed to the home of departed saints. His conscience is not easy; for he knows that he is doing wrong; violating those principles of virtue which were taught him in his infancy, and offending that God whom he was taught to fear and reverence. 'Tis this that makes him hate the sight of the grave-yard, for after death comes the judgment. His companions, too, seemed awed into silence by the thought. It burst upon them like a thunder-clap, and stilled their boisterous mirth.

But, ah! if the thought of death when thus viewed in the distance be so terrible to their minds, what will it be when they come to meet it face to face? Now they have a few more pleasures mingled with and interrupted by these smittings of conscience to look forward to, and doubtless they fully intend before the grim monster meets them to be prepared for him; but then he will be upon them, and the whole work of preparation, which requires the diligent efforts of a lifetime, will all have to be commenced. Backward they will look upon a life of sinful enjoyment mingled with much sorrow and misery, and forward to an eternity of punishment unmitigated

by any of the short-lived pleasures which they enjoyed in this world. It is not strange, then, that this young man should hate the grave-yard and every thing that reminds him of death, unless he had made up his mind to begin the work of preparation for it in earnest. But will his hating it, and avoiding it put off the hour when he will be conveyed to it as his final resting-place, or lessen that terrible account which he must render at the bar of an offended God? Ah! that is the question for every sinner to propound to his own conscience. His joys will soon be over—and what then?

A DYING MEDITATION.

EVERY place I have lived in has its monuments of divine love. Every year and hour of my life has been a time of love. Every friend, neighbour, and even enemy, have been the messengers and instruments of love. Every state and change of my life, notwithstanding my sin, have opened to me the treasures and mysteries of love. And shall I doubt whether the same God loves me? Is he the God of the hills, and not of the valleys? Did he love me in my youth and health, and will he not also in my age, and pain, and sickness? Did he love all the saints better in their life than at their death? My groans grieve my friends, but abate not their love. God loved me when I was his enemy, to make me a friend. God will finish his own work. Oh, the multitude of mercies to my soul and body, in peace and war, in youth and age, to myself and friends! Have I lived in the experience of the love of God to me, and shall I die doubting of it? I am not much in doubt of the truth of my love to him. I love his word, works, and ways, and would fain be nearer to him, and love him more, and loathe myself for loving him no better. Peter may more confidently say, "Thou knowest that I love thee," than I know that thou lovest me; because our knowledge of God's great love is less than his knowledge of our little love; and without the knowledge of our love to God, we can never be sure of his special love to us. I am not entirely a stranger to myself. I know for what I have lived and laboured, and whom I have desired to please. The "God whose I am, and whom I serve," hath loved me in my youth, and will love me in my aged weakness. My pains seem grievous; but love chooses them, uses them for my good, moderates them, and will shortly end them. Why, then, should I doubt of my Father's love? Shall pain or dying make me doubt? Did God never love any but Enoch and Elijah? And what am I better than my fathers? Oh, for a clearer, stronger faith, to show me the world that excels this, more than this excels the womb that conceived me! Then I should not fear my third birth-day, for any pangs that precede it. Methinks Daniel's title, "A man greatly beloved," should be enough to make one joyfully love and trust God, both in life and death. And have not all the saints that title in their degrees? What else signifies their mark, "Holiness to the Lord?" It is but our separation to God as his peculiar, beloved people. And how are we separated but by mutual love?

Baxter.

THE LORD'S DELAY.

THE Lord, in this life, will certainly recompense, and make his children amends for all the delays and put-offs that he exerciseth them with in this world;

as he did Abraham, in giving him such a son as Isaac was, and Hannah, in giving her a Samuel. He delayed Joseph long, but at length he changed his iron fetters into chains of gold, his rags into royal robes, his stocks into a chariot, his prison into a palace, his bed of thorns into a bed of down, his reproach into honour, and his thirty years of suffering into eighty years' reigning in much grandeur and glory. So God delayed David long, but, when his suffering hours were out, he was anointed, the crown of Israel was set upon his head, and he was made very victorious, very famous and glorious, for forty years together. Well, Christians, God will certainly pay you interest upon interest, for all the delays that you meet with, and therefore hold your peace.—*Brooks.*

THE SPIRITUAL LOSSES AND RISKS OF TRADE.

SUCH are the triumphs of our trade. But are there no drawbacks to be noted on the balance-sheet? no moral losses? no spiritual risks? Commerce, like "the law, is good, if we use it lawfully." It is a gift of God, and a proper employment for man. It is fitted to improve men's capacities with their comforts; and, unlike war, while it exalts many, this is at the expense of none—binding nations, too, in the bonds of brotherhood. But the best things may be overdone, and so perverted. This high pressure of trade among us is, therefore, not without its hazards and its ills. Oh! tell me, is there no loss incurred when, usurping the throne of the heart, it leads us to give God a secondary place there—to overlook the giver in straining our eyes on the probable gift? Is there no loss, when the avaricious spirit is quickened within us, and the Holy Spirit quenched by the dross of this world's getting? Is there no risk lest, while forecasting our bargains or counting our gains, we may hold at discount "the one thing needful," and see, dimmed by the glories of commerce, "the glory that is to be revealed?" Is there no risk, amidst the eager competitions that prevail, lest, in our expedients, though we cross not the line of honesty, we may yet contract a wiliness of habit which is at variance with "the simplicity that is in Christ?" Is there, when disappointed in our sanguine speculations, no hazard of having our minds envenomed by envy and chagrin? or, amidst sudden successes, of being inflated with pride, which tramples down the lowly graces of the Christian? Ah! there is, there surely is, danger, and that of the darkest cast. And what if God, to counteract these hazardous influences, send a hail among our merchants, which may reach from the loftiest Exchange to the lowliest cottage in the land!—*Rev. A. Munro of Manchester.*

Fragments.

THAT Satan may work our final overthrow, it is his usual custom to tell the true believing Christian—that he is destitute of faith; and contrariwise, the unbelieving worldling, that he hath a strong faith; whereas, in truth, there is nothing in him but secure presumption.—*Bolton.*

How unsuitable as well as sinful is it for them to lust after worldly things (such are all the lustings of the flesh), who are themselves but strangers in the world! It is both the honour and safety of those who are strangers in the world to be strangers to it; and because they have but a little while to stay in it, to look but little after it, and for little from it.—*Caryl.*

INDIA : THE PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS OF ITS CONVERSION.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR.*

THE first system, coming from without, that challenged Brahmanism was Christianity. It does not, however, appear to have made a powerful impression on any Indian country except Travancore, into which it was originally introduced. There it existed, and to some extent, thrived, up to the era of European discovery. About eight centuries and a-half ago Mohammedanism first formally reared its banner in India. Since then its votaries have won in the sacred land of the Brahman magnificent triumphs and resplendent empire. Consequently, scarce a village exists without some followers of the prophet; and in such countries as are still under a Mussulman prince, they form a considerable proportion of the people. But their numbers and their influence are on the wane; their own faith is corrupted by Hindu superstitions, and though an important section of the population, they still leave Brahmanism the religion of India. One important effect of their power is the diminished lustre of the native hierarchy. In the north, where their dominion was first established, and where it always held its centre, Brahmanical pride and caste scruples are much abated. In the south, also, the same effects are visible, but in a less degree, for there the foreign yoke was imposed much later and less completely. In some districts of the extreme south, where the Brahmans were never fairly humbled by Mussulman rule, they bear themselves with a loftiness now unknown in the other parts of India.

The arrival of the Portuguese brought a fresh rival to the pretensions of the Brahmans. The new teachers had claims of a divine mission more distinct than the native sectaries, and more ancient than the Mussulmans. They had also, with the people, the advantage of demanding but very inconsiderable changes. They called themselves Brahmans from the north, thus accounting for a lighter complexion and foreign tongue. They left caste untouched, image worship they slightly modified, but

monasticism, penance, and processions were fully confirmed. Then the most nominal adhesion constituted discipleship; and all, of whatever character, who would submit to baptism were numbered with the flock. For a time their success was great; their numbers and their power became considerable. But bitter internal dissensions, the proverbial bad character of their converts, and the rigours of their inquisition, combined to check their advance; and political influences becoming adverse, large defections resulted.

When the Romish missions were in their decadence, a new agency entered the field. This was at first represented by a few Germans and Danes, men of simple mind and fervent zeal. When they had already begun to reap encouraging fruits in the south, fellow-labourers appeared in Bengal. A poor and humble man in England had become inspired with the sublime resolution to attempt to confer on India the boon of Christianity. His work and his weapon were truth. He sought not to reconcile native superstitions and Christian laws, or to raise a host of untaught proselytes. He believed in good faith that truth existed under the sun; that to mix it with error, was to destroy its identity; and that God who gave it would make it prevail by its own mild light. Simply to spread that light was his task. In this he and his brethren in the south were one. They each in his own sphere brought into action three agencies hitherto little known in India as the instruments of Christianity, namely, the sermon, the book, and the school.

The surrender of a foreign flag to that of England flatters our pride; and when that surrender is made without bloodshed, a Briton's heart is warmed. But one flag has, not long ago, been peacefully struck in favour of our own, which I would fain have had to wave while the world stands. There was a day when an English nobleman formed the resolution to drive our bright Christianity from the shores of India, because she disturbed native priestcraft, and exposed English crimes. The apostolic Carey, disowned by the standard of Britain, took shelter under that of Denmark,

* The volume recently published by Mr. Arthur, entitled "Missions to the Mysore," is a valuable work, and abounds in vivid and interesting sketches.

at Serampore. "Our governor-general demanded that he should be delivered up! The noble Dane refused, and added, that should the missionary be taken by force, he would strike the flag of his nation. That flag was respected; Carey pursued his work; helpers came to his side; the sermon, the book, the school multiplied themselves; an invisible hand passed over the thrones of India, and levelled every barrier that shut out these three agents; until at this day they speak and spread wherever the Churches will. I say again, that I should have loved that Danish flag to wave over Serampore to the world's end.

Brahmanism might still laugh at the Protestant missionaries, if it regarded only their numbers. Two or three hundred strangers attacking a system that has stood for three thousand years, and is defended by millions of hereditary priests, would not, ordinarily, cause alarm. But alarmed and disheartened the Brahmins are. The new teachers have met them in a way before unknown. They have published in nearly all their tongues another Shastra, of which the strange purity casts the very gods into disrepute. They command unheard-of lights of science, whereby they give dazzling proof that on every possible subject the Shastras abound in lies. They circulate, far and wide, books and pamphlets of immaculate ethics and high doctrine; they carefully teach the young, and powerfully address the populace. Though so contemptible in numbers, they have about them a deep faith that they are sent of God, which in itself makes them terrible; and in ardent prayers they appeal to Almighty power to work in some wondrous ways the overthrow of all the Brahmins venerate. Already their zeal has made impression; and unlikely answers to their prayers have seemed to fall from above. The sacrifice of suttee, which appeared secure beyond any daring, is offered up no more; and the worthiest compatriots of the Brahmins join in the gratulation of their foes. The British Government gave to idolatry a powerful support, which being at once flattering to the crowd, advantageous to the hierarchy, and gainful to the executive, seemed to be, as both governors and Brahmins wished it to be, perpetual. As though an invisible hand had moved at the prayers of the strangers, this support has sunk away. A law was administered by the tribunals, disinheriting every man who forsook the creed of his fathers. That law alone was a wall of fire around the altar of the Brahmin;

but it has disappeared, and the most timid now may desert the ancient fane, nor fear to be consumed. Caste itself, old, they thought, as creation, and immutable as the hills, has begun to waver. The schools of the Christian teachers confer on base-born out-castes lights by which, in some respects, even the Brahmin is outshone; and now offices and honours are laid open to all who can make good the vulgar claim of ability. In many places, too, the sacred rites of other times are openly laughed to scorn. The dread of the priest is gone, and that of the gods passing away. Cases, too, ever and anon occur in which the foreign creed is deliberately embraced; all persecutions being unheeded by the apostate, and all argument foiled. Again and again the world hears of even a son of the sacerdotal line resigning the pride of his birthright, and meekly accepting from a foreign guru the sign of discipleship in another faith. "It is foretold," does many a Brahmin say, "that in the degenerate *Kali Yuga*, a time will come when all power will pass from the hands of Brahmins; and, alas, the time is come!" "It is foretold," will others say, "that in the degenerate *Kali Yuga*, a religion will come from the West, before which all others will disappear: and, alas, the time is come!"

In speaking of the decay of Hinduism, it is undesirable to use expressions that may be misinterpreted. To say that its foundations crumble; that its sun has set; that its citadels capitulate; that it is feeble with age; that it lies on its death-bed, and similar metaphors, may, with the writer or speaker, have a clear and just meaning. But a reader or hearer does not interpret language by previous information; he looks for information to language, and nine out of every ten will take from such expressions a meaning far beyond the truth; while not a few will expect to hear forthwith of the abolition of idolatry all over Hindustan. Now all that can truly be said is something to this purport: Veneration for the Shastras, fear of the priests, and belief in the divinity of caste, have much declined, and are rapidly declining; around all the older mission stations great numbers despise the prevalent superstition; this feeling is fast extending; just views of Christianity and prepossessions in its favour are daily spreading; numbers of natives have embraced the Christian faith, and not a few are intelligent labourers in its cause; the building of a temple or other sign of vigour in Hinduism is rare; the Brahmins are generally

alarmed; and all close observers find in their system marked symptoms of decadence. Thus much may, thank God, be safely stated of India as a whole. But it must be remembered that many Hindu nations have not, as yet, received from Christianity the least impulse, except in an indirect way. Perhaps it could not be affirmed that, in any one country of Hindustan, Brahmanism and caste hold at present ground equally high with that which they occupied fifty years ago. But in several of those countries the change is very slight, and not the result of direct Christian labours, for these have not been given; but the result of political changes, of such public measures as Christian influence has won, and of the insensible spread of new feelings. That Brahmanism is declining cannot be denied, nor do any admit it more fully than the Brahmans themselves.

"Do you seriously believe that India will be converted to Christianity?" is a very natural question. If put by a man of the world, I should reply to it by asking, "Do you seriously believe that a people so rational and inquiring as the Hindus will for ever worship, stocks, cows, birds, monkeys, and snakes?" Do you seriously believe that they can long continue to do so after the light of Christianity has reached them?" But if that question come from a Christian, I reply, Yes. And do you seriously doubt that the power which converted your soul is unequal to the conversion of the Hindus? I do seriously and joyfully believe that the rapid conquest gained over India by the British arms, is the preparation and will prove the type of the conquest to be gained over it by the glorious gospel. "If," said the venerable Bishop of Calcutta, preaching before the Church Missionary Society, "the succeeding ten years should be blessed at the same ratio as the last ten, half-a-million of souls would be brought under Christian instruction in India alone, and at the end of a period equal to the length of the Society's past labours (say forty years) the whole population of British Hindustan would be the Lord's." Nor can this chapter be more impressively closed, than in the sage and moving words of that same apostolic discourse:—"And yet we are inert. The immense number of families enriched by India are asleep. The spiritual Church shrinks back. Selfishness lays its icy hand on the warm seat of life. The mother starts at the thought of parting with her beloved son. The kindred interpose between Christ and the testimony of his blood before the nations. Our universities

and colleges refuse the flower of their students. An outburst of inquiry is beginning. India is in a state of transition from a prostrate, timid, slavish apathy, to thought, activity, and enterprise. God is at work. I firmly believe that, from the first promulgation of the gospel, a crisis of such importance as the present, for the salvation of such a population as India, has not occurred. Occupy it then. Not a moment is to be lost. Eternity presses on. Souls are perishing."

A GOOD FELLOW NOBODY'S ENEMY BUT HIS OWN.

It hath oftentimes been matter of wonderment to me how many phrases do come to be received as current coin in the world, which for certain were never lawfully stamped in the mint of either religion or reason; and among these brass shillings of society, I know none that better deserveth to be nailed to the counter than the one above placed; for many an idle young man hath, before now, found it the last in his pocket, and haply hath exchanged it for a pistol bullet, thinking himself a gainer by the bargain. If man grew to a rock like a limpet, then might he haply be his own enemy without any great harm to his neighbours; but he who liveth in society, and faileth to perform his part aright in the station assigned to him, doth all that in him lieth to destroy the body politic. He who is delivered over to vice and drunkenness—for such, being interpreted, is the meaning of a good fellow who is only *his own enemy*—setteth a bad example to his dependants; squandereth his fortune on unworthy objects, to the neglect of all that he might and ought to have done towards the relief and advance of the deserving; plungeth his family into difficulties—grieveth, shameth, and perhaps starveth them; ruineth his health, so as to make himself a burden to those about him; and finally, after having been a bad citizen, a bad master, a bad husband, a bad father, sinketh into the grave with a soul so irrecoverably poisoned by habits of sensuality and gross earthiness, that it would seem rather fit to rot with its putrefying companion, than to enter into any region of spiritualized existence. And this man who hath fulfilled no one duty, but on the contrary hath spread around him a dank atmosphere of sin, is called "a good fellow," merely because he hath done all this with an air of reckless gaiety, which showed an utter absence of any feeling for the beings he was rendering miserable!—Verily the world's measure is woefully short of the standard cubit and ephah of the sanctuary.—*Exposition of Vulgar Errors*, by Thomas B. Redivivus.

THE LADDER.

In the year 1830, there lived a little boy who spent all his Sabbaths in studying the Bible, in which he felt the greatest interest. To be free from interruption, he would repair to the garret; and that no one might find him, he used to "take the ladder up after him." This little boy loved Jesus Christ, and delighted to do his will. He had read those words of the Saviour:—"And when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father in secret." He had no closet; but he could climb into a garret by means of a ladder; and that he might study the Bible, and pray to God in secret, "he took the ladder up after him."

In 1831, this youth died—he climbed to heaven. He is now enjoying the presence of Jesus in a mansion where he needs no ladder; but free from the approach of interruption, can unite with angelic spirits in praise to the God of the Bible, and in adoring the love of that Saviour who died, that even a little child believing on him might inherit the kingdom of heaven.

A GREAT MAN ON THE VANITY OF GREATNESS.

(Bonaparte speaking in St. Helena.)

WHAT recollections (said he) crowd upon my memory, when my thoughts are no longer occupied here [St. Helena] with political topics and local vexations! I am carried back to my first impressions of the life of man. *It seems to me always, in these moments of calm, that I should have been the happiest man in the world with 12,000 francs (about £500) a-year, living as the father of a family, with my wife and son, at our old house at Ajaccio.* You remember its beautiful situation. Happy hours!—the native soil has its infinite charms. Memory embellishes it with all its powers, even to the very odour of the ground, which one can so realize to the senses as to be able, with the eyes shut, to tell the spots first trodden by the foot of childhood. Come, place your hand upon my bosom! See how it beats! [And true it did beat with great rapidity.] It is like the sound of a bell (added he). There is none here [St. Helena]. I am no longer accustomed to hear it. The sound of a bell never strikes my ear, without carrying back my thoughts to the sensations of my youth. The Angelus bell led me back to pleasant reveries, when, in the midst of earnest thoughts, and burdened with the weight of an imperial crown, I heard its first sound under the shady woods of St. Cloud; and often have I been supposed to be revolving the plan of a campaign, or digesting an imperial law, when my thoughts were wholly involved in dwelling upon the first impressions of my youth.

"CUT IT DOWN."

If thou be a professor, read and tremble: if thou be profane, do so likewise. For if the righteous scarcely can be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinners appear? Cumber-ground, take heed of the axe! Barren fig-tree, beware of the fire!—*Bunyan.*

A GOODLY HERITAGE.

CHRISTIANS should be comforted from this point. All the wealth of Christ is communicable: heaven is communicable—communicable to you, to saints! The complaints of God's people are many; this point answers all. My losses are great, says one; so says another. Will not heaven make them up? Thou hast neither money nor goods, thieves and plunderers have stolen all. Hast thou not treasure laid up in heaven, where no spoil can be made? In cases of persecution, Christ teaches us to comfort ourselves with heaven—how all is doubly made up there! "When men persecute and revile you, rejoice, and be exceeding glad," (Matt. v. 11, 12). Upon what ground? Why, upon this: "Great is your reward in heaven." Loss hath its quantity. It is great, that makes it so heavy; reward hath its quantity too: "Great is your reward in heaven." If a man had lost a kingdom on earth, is not the kingdom of heaven responsible? If a man had lost all this world, is not the world to come as good as this? Is not heaven as large as earth? as good as earth? as much good? as lastingly good? Will not your heaven above be as sweet as your hell here is bitter? Suppose there is nothing above but Christ, to make up all thy loss here below, is not He enough? Canst thou not comfort thyself in Christ alone? What a soul hast thou? It was high time thou didst lose thy treasure here; it was thy god. Thou wouldest otherwise have lost thy soul.—*Lockyer.*

Fragment.

Dr. Bogue used to reconcile young ministers to a plain meal after preaching, by saying, "Your Master had worse meals after preaching much better sermons."

He used also to say—

"When bad men combine, the good must associate."

"Every narrow way is not the way to heaven. Every toilsome way does not lead upwards. Some dig into hell."

When thou art going up the mount of meditation, take heed the world doth not follow thee, and throw thee down from the top of this pinnacle.—*Watson.*

God may sometimes delay a promise, he will not deny it. The promise may lie a long time as seed hid under ground; but it is all the while ripening. The promise of Israel's deliverance lay four hundred and thirty years hid under ground; but when the time was come, the promise did not go a day beyond its reckoning.



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